**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 01**

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Hey! My name is TT; well that’s what most people call me, my full name is Tanya Bethany Turner. I got the TT nickname from one of my friends in school. After my friends started calling me TT some of the boys started calling me Tiny Tits or Tit-less Tanya (when no teachers were around). I always used to get embarrassed and ashamed of my little breasts when one of them called me that.

I’m now 23 years old and am still quite small and skinny. I’m only 4 feet 9 inches tall and weigh 94 pounds – when soaking wet. My figure is 28AAAA – 22 – 30. I have light brown shoulder length hair and have to carry my passport everywhere I go so that I can prove how old I am.

My body stopped growing just as I started puberty. My breasts never got passed being little bumps. Fortunately my nipples grew quite big and I’m quite proud of them. My pussy developed in a perfect way (well to me anyway), I have small labia (never really grown from when I was a kid) and nice big clit that sticks out most of the time. One thing that my pussy might be slightly different to other girls is that whenever I spread my legs wide and my labia open, my hole is open just a bit as well. If the air is cold I can feel it going inside me.

My pubic hair never even started growing and the skin all around my pussy is the same colour as the rest of my body. My butt is small, but bubbly. I often wonder if nature couldn’t decide if I was going to be a boy or a girl.

My parent are devout catholic and they tried to bring me us the same. It didn’t work out that way and I now haven’t been to church since I left home to go to university. I still have some of that horrible catholic guilt that they ram down young girl’s throats.

Even though I have virtually no breasts my mother insisted that I wear a bra all the time. The only ones that she could get to fit me were little girls training bras.

Another thing that used to annoy me was tights. They always had to be nude colour. I couldn’t see the point because they were see-through and you could see my legs and granny style knickers.

After reading that lot you’ll probably realise why I didn’t have any boyfriends at school.

**My University Days**

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I was really glad to move out and go to university. Just after I had got accepted I came across an advert for someone to share a house with other university students. It was within easy walking distance of the university so I jumped at the chance; and moved in 2 weeks before my course started.

I shared that house with 2 second year male students (Harry and James); 1 first year male student (Ryan); and Sophie, a first year girl. I was dead nervous when I first moved in, but all of the others are really friendly, and I soon relaxed and started to enjoy myself. It was sooo good to get away from my over-bearing parents. Harry and James were a great help to us first year students, telling us just about everything that we needed to know.

After a couple of months we were all best of friends and were forever going out together and having our own parties.

One thing that we did agree on quite early on was that none of us would try to hit on any of the others; we would stay as friends. We thought that life would be less complicated that way. It was a bit of a shame really because I thought that Ryan was quite cute.

Anyway, after about the 10th night out boozing we all rolled back to the house and someone suggested that we play cards – strip poker. We thought it would be a laugh and Sophie told me that she was good at poker and that we’d soon have the lads naked. It was a good job that I had drunk quite a bit; if I’d been sober I would never have agreed to play.

Guess what? Sophie was as bad at it as I am and it wasn’t long before I was topless. Even in my drunken state I was sooo embarrassed when I had to take my top off. You see, when I moved out of my parent’s house I decided to get rid of all my bras. My 28AAAAs don’t need any support and I was rebelling against my upbringing. In those days I used to wear thick, baggy tops to hide my small breasts and nipples that always seemed to be hard. One other thing that I did as soon as I got to university was to go and see the university doctor. I had been suffering painful periods for years. My mother said that it was ‘God’s will’ and that it was a cross that I’d have to bear for as long as God wanted. I’d read on the internet that going on the pill could sometimes help and I wanted to try it.

That was the only reason for wanting to go on the pill. I never imagined for one minute that any man would want to go out with a scrawny, short, flat chested girl like me. The other thing about the pill was that I was hoping that it might trigger a growth spurt, both in height and breast size. Sadly it didn’t.

When I went to see the doctor I didn’t think that he would want to physically examine me, I just thought that he’d ask me a few questions. I was so embarrassed when he told me to strip, get on the table and put my feet in those stirrup things. I was so tensed up that he had to use lots of lubrication to get that speculum thing inside me.

Anyway, back to the poker. I sat there with my arms crossed not wanting anyone to see me.

Before long, Sophie was down to her thong and bra and I was down to just my small see-through knickers that revealed that I hadn’t any pubic hair. It was a good job that I was drunk.

Ryan and James were down to just their boxers, but Harry hadn’t had to take anything off.

When I lost again, I got my knickers off; then bolted for my room. Even in my drunken state I couldn’t just sit there naked while the others played on.

The next morning I stayed in my room until everyone else had left and then went and retrieved my clothes. I still tried to hide as much as I could that evening. It was Ryan that talked me round. He made me feel better by telling me that I have a beautiful body that I should be proud of. He said that he bet that I was ashamed of my small breasts, and told me that I shouldn’t be. He said that most men really like small breasts; that all this talk about big breasts was just male ego talking.

I decided that I liked Ryan.

One night the following week after another night in the pub, we played strip poker again. I ended up naked again, but I stayed until there was only 1 piece of clothing left on anyone. Harry managed to keep his boxers.

I spent most of the time that I was naked, with one arm across my chest and the other in front of my pussy; and with a bright red face. I was surprised that Sophie didn’t get embarrassed at all. When the time for her to take her bra or knickers off, she just quickly did it and never once tried to cover her bits.

I got to see Ryan and James’s hard cocks and started to have dirty thoughts.

That was a night for a couple of firsts for me. It was the first time that I’d seen a naked man in the flesh and the first time that I’d seen an erection (Ryan). When I saw Sophie’s bald pussy I didn’t feel bad that my pubic hair had never even started growing.

To cut a long story short, we often played strip poker and I was so crap at it that I was always naked first, and for the longest time.

One thing that came out of the games of strip pokes was that everyone started wandering round the house in their underwear every morning (sometimes evening as well). I got used to seeing the boy’s morning woodies tenting their boxers. Sophie started coming down to get her breakfast in her undies as well. It was usually a bra and a thong, but sometimes it was just a thong.

One morning when it was just a thong Harry called her an exhibitionist. Her response was to tell him to get over it; saying that he’d seen her naked lots of times, so just a thong was positively decent.

I always wore a T-shirt and knickers and frequently wished that I was as brave as Sophie; or permanently drunk.

Another game that we played a lot was truth or dare. It was during that first game of truth or dare that I revealed that I was still a virgin. Guess what I was dared to do quite early on in the game? Yes, I had to strip naked. Why was it that my first dare during each game was always to get naked? Okay, the other often ended up naked, but I was always the first one that had to strip. It was a good job that I’d had a few drinks.

I was always the ‘embarrassed naked female’ trying to cover my rock hard nipples and bald pussy with anything that I could, whereas Sophie did whatever she was dared to do, acting as if she still had clothes on. I wouldn’t say that she was flaunting herself, or teasing the guys, just acting as if she was fully clothed. Two or three times that I watched her I cursed my upbringing and wished that my embarrassment would just go away.

I remember one time when most of us were naked, Ryan was dared to French kiss me for 5 full minutes while we were standing up. Ryan’s hard-on was pressing against my stomach the whole time and I got feelings that I’d never had before. Okay, I’d experimented like all girls, and masturbated and had lots of orgasms; but this was different. A naked man’s hard cock was pressing against my naked stomach. My pussy had never been as wet as it was that night.

The dares that Sophie and I had to do got crazier and crazier. One night I had to run to the end of the street and back, naked. I was really glad that it was 2 o’clock in the morning. Twice I was dared to wear a miniskirt and no knickers for 24 hours. Each time I had a nerve wrecking time being paranoid that everyone was trying to look up my skirt. Whenever any of the others saw me at the university they would grin and embarrass me by telling whoever I was with that I was going commando. Even Sophie embarrassed me. One time she pulled my skirt right up to my waist, right in front of a group of lads. I ran off with a face redder than a London bus.

We also did some stupid bets for a while. It was always girls vs. boys, betting on things like football matches or car races. Of course Sophie and I knew nothing about these things and we always lost. Our forfeits always included us being naked. I’d sort of got slightly used to my house mates seeing me naked, but I got real pissed one evening when our forfeit was to serve drinks and snacks, whist naked, to the lads while they watched a football match on the television. What they hadn’t told us was that they’d invited 4 other guys over to watch the game with them.

Sophie took it all in her stride and was even teasing some of them with suggestive comments and bending over in front of them. I wasn’t so happy, and tried to keep away from them as much as I could. Ryan came into the kitchen at one point and tried to cheer me up by again telling me that I was beautiful and that I shouldn’t be ashamed of my body and small breasts. It helped a bit.

Another time our forfeit was to go to the local park with them and streak from one end to the other. It was a frosty day and my nipples were almost blue and so painful. On the other hand, my pussy was hot and throbbing.

After about 6 months in the house, the bathroom door lock got broken. We contacted the landlord and he promised to come and fix it. The only problem was that it look him 2 months to get round to it. In the meantime everyone promised to knock and wait for a few seconds before going. This worked fine most of the time. One time I heard Sophie shout at Harry to get out, and another time I got a shock when I went in and saw James in all his glory. He had a cute morning woody.

Another time I was in the bathroom and had just finished having a shower. It was my period and I was stood facing the door, naked, with one foot up on the side of the bath un-wrapping a tampon when Ryan came in.

We just stood there for a few seconds looking at each other. I was about to shout at him to get out when I saw his towel start to get a large bulge in the front. The way that Ryan had wrapped his towel round himself meant that his erection created a tent near where the towel over-lapped a bit.

As I stared at the bulge, the towel slipped off his erection and it sprang free. In those couple of seconds my nipples went rock hard and I got that wonderful, randy tingling in my pussy.

Ryan broke the moment by saying,

“You know TT, you really are quite beautiful.”

My embarrassed, red face went even redder. I was going to shout at him to get the fuck out, but what came out was completely different. I quietly said,

“I think you should leave now Ryan.”

I think that it was at that moment that I realised that I loved Ryan.

We continued doing stupid things for the whole of our first year at university and (apart from the humiliation and embarrassment), I really enjoyed myself.

At the end of that year everyone was planning what they were going to do over the summer break. I had no intention of going back home and planned to stay in the house on my own.

Three days after everyone else had left I was in bed one morning when I heard noises from downstairs. I was only wearing a very short, tatty, old T-shirt; not even any knickers because I hadn’t done any washing for ages.

I slowly crept downstairs with my heart pounding. I was relieved when Ryan came out of the kitchen. I ran to him, put my arms round his neck and hugged him. I was so relieved. As I started to calm down I realised that my T-shirt was high up my back and Ryan’s hands were on my bare flesh.

We went and sat on the sofa and talked. Ryan confessed that he had missed me being around and wanted to be with me. I told him that I felt the same. We kissed (properly) for the first time. After a few minutes getting over the euphoria of what was happening. I suddenly realised that I was exposed from my waist down. Ryan looked down and smiled as I tried to cover my pussy. He got hold of my hands and moved them out of the way, then held the hem of my T-shirt and lifted it right off me.

My heart was pounding, my nipples throbbed and my pussy gushed. Ryan stared at my naked body for a minute or so; then he took my virginity.

We spent the next week having sex in every position we could think of. I learnt how to take Ryan’s cock down my throat and he became good at using his tongue and mouth on my pussy. We only put clothes on when we had to go to the shop for food.

The weather was warm one day and we went out into the back yard and had more sex out there.

It was the best week of my life.

**Mobile Home on the Coast**

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Ryan got a phone call from his parents one day, and after explaining everything (well not about the sex) to them he hung up then phoned one of his uncles and asked to use his mobile home on the coast for a couple of weeks.

We packed a few things and left. The thing was; Ryan didn’t want me to take any shorts, trousers or knickers. I was so happy that I would have agreed to go naked if he’d asked.

We got the train to the coast and found the site. On the way there Ryan got me to sit with my legs open so that he could see my pussy. Every time that someone walked along the corridor I shut my legs, whispering that I didn’t want them to see my pussy. Ryan told me that because all the skin around my pussy was the same colour as the rest of me and that I didn’t have any pubic hair; people wouldn’t be sure what they’d seen. I wasn’t convinced, but I eventually agreed to keep my legs open and really got flustered when one or two people had a look.

I was sooo embarrassed and didn’t want to expose myself like that, but Ryan wanted me to, so I did it. I really struggled to keep my legs open. The strange thing was that my body seemed to be enjoying having strangers look at my pussy. It got all wet.

Ryan could see that I was embarrassed but he just grinned. He told me that it was just my religious guilt that was causing the embarrassment and that I was enjoying it really. He said that my wet pussy proved it.

After a while the frustration was too much and we sneaked into the toilet and Ryan fucked me as I sat on the front edge of the sink.

As we straightened our clothes, Ryan rolled the top of my skirt over a couple of times. I tried to stop him, but he just asked me if I loved him. I knew that I was going to have to be very careful when there were strangers around.

When we got to our destination I was half way up the stairs to go over to the other side of the rail track before I remembered how short my skirt was. I looked round and saw a couple of youths staring up at me with big grins on their faces.

I moved in front of Ryan.

The mobile home was great. The site was right on the coast and Ryan’s uncle’s home was in the far corner of the site right next to a path to the beach. When we went out of the back door we could see the beach and sea. As soon as we got inside Ryan was taking my clothes off and we fucked for ages.

That night we went to the food store and to the bar for a drink. Ryan had me wear just one of his T-shirts – nothing else but shoes. It just covered my butt and I had to be real careful when I bent down in the shop. In the bar we sat at a table with our backs to the wall just near the entrance. Ryan wanted me to sit with my legs open. I got a little upset saying that I would be too embarrassed; but he asked me if I loved him and if I wanted to please him.

Of course he got his way; I would do anything that he wanted.

It was embarrassing; about 7 or 8 men looked over to me when they went out to the toilet, and again when they came back in. Each time I got all embarrassed and had to fight hard to keep my legs open. My body betrayed me again and my pussy got sooo wet.

When I told Ryan he asked me to rate how aroused I was. He called it my ‘arousal factor’ (AF). I told him it was a 5, and getting higher.

As more and more people looked at my legs and up my skirt, Ryan kept asking me what my AF was. When I told him that it was a 9, and that I needed him to fuck me very soon, he decided that we should leave. We quickly walked back to the home and he fucked me just inside the door.

The next morning (student time) when I woke up, Ryan wasn’t beside me in the bed. I wandered around and found him sat out the back enjoying a cup of coffee and the sun. He was naked. About 10 feet away, people were walking passed on their way to the beach.

I was naked as well, and didn’t want to go outside like that. As usual, Ryan won and I ran out and sat on his lap. He laughed at me and told me to stop being so shy.

“It’s alright for you; you didn’t have religious guilt rammed down your throat for years.” I said.

“Don’t worry TT, we’ll work on that.” He said, then, “Can you get me a refill when you get one for yourself please?”

I had to get up and go and get the coffee. When I came back both my hands were full and I couldn’t shield my privates. There was no one on the path when I stepped out, but no sooner than I was out, a man and a couple of little kids walked by. What’s more, the man looked at me.

As I went bright red, the man just kept walking; but he did have a grin on his face.

I felt so exposed sitting there not knowing if anyone passing was going to look over to us. Ryan seemed to enjoy my humiliation and he soon got a hard-on. It wasn’t long before he got me to go stand up then sit down again, but with his cock inside me. Although I was enjoying it I just couldn’t relax enough knowing that at any time someone could look over and see us fucking.

In the end, Ryan lifted me up and carried me in to the sofa where we satisfied each other.

After a couple of days fucking, eating and more fucking, we decided that we should really get out a bit. We wanted to go swimming, in the site’s pool, and the sea. Ryan could get away with wearing his boxers, bit I had nothing so we decided to go to the nearest town and see what we could find.

There were 3 things that we wanted from town; food that we couldn’t get in the site’s small shop, a swimsuit for me (Ryan said that he’d use his boxers) and a vibrator. Ryan, and I, wanted to experiment.

On the bus into town Ryan suggested that I go for the groceries while he went and got me a swimsuit. Then we’d meet up and both look for a sex shop. I wasn’t too happy letting Ryan chose a swimsuit for me; I had visions of him getting a skimpy bikini or a full one piece. Ryan persuaded me that he knew what I wanted, and that he wouldn’t disappoint me.

When we met up to go looking for a vibrator Ryan wouldn’t show me what he’s bought. He just asked me if I trusted him.

It took a while, but we did find a sex shop. I was so nervous going in, and my face felt like it was on fire. Anyway, we did find a vibrator that we both liked. It’s a remote controlled one. That both scared and excited me. On the one hand I loved the idea of Ryan being able to control my orgasms; but on the other hand I was scared as to where he’d do it. I was also scared that we’d lose it inside me and have to go to the hospital to get it removed. The humiliation of that thought terrified me

We rushed back to the mobile home to try it out. My pussy was dripping as Ryan slowly pushed it up my hole. When he switched it on it was ecstasy. I’d never felt anything like it.

After 2 orgasms I told Ryan that I needed to find out how easy it was to get the thing out of me. We spent the next 2 hours with me practicing squeezing it out or Ryan delving in with his fingers to get it out. Ryan suggested that I give myself 4 orgasms then jump up and down with my legs wide open. He said that I’d be so wet that gravity would take over and it would just fall out. I tried it after 3, but it didn’t fall out. In the end I was quite confident that I’d be able to squeeze it out on my own.

That night Ryan persuaded me to wear it when we went for a drink. He took the remote control in his pocket and didn’t touch it until we were on our second drink.

Ryan had told me to keep my knees open a bit, but when he suddenly switched the vibrator on I clamped my thighs together and had to supress a scream. I was sure that half the pub looked at me. You can’t imagine how embarrassed I was; especially when Ryan kept it switched on.

Ryan kept asking me what my AF was. When I told him that it was an 8, I also asked him to turn it off. When it got to a 9 I asked him if we could leave. His answer was to turn the vibe up to full.

I had my first public, humiliating orgasm that night.

As we walked back to the home Ryan told me that he was really proud of me and that he loved me so much.

The next afternoon we decided to go to the site’s swimming pool. It wasn’t much, but it was a chance to take a rest from the fucking, and have a swim.

I wanted to see and try-on the swimsuit that Ryan bought me but he wouldn’t let me; he told me that it was a surprise. He told me that I’d have to go to the pool wearing just a towel, and he’d give me the suit there.

I wasn’t happy but I went along with it. I didn’t feel too happy as we walked there.

When we got there we grabbed a couple of sun loungers and Ryan had me flash my pussy to him. Then he wanted to sunbathe for a while before we swam. He said that he’d give me the suit just before we went for that swim.

We lay on those sun loungers with me wearing just that towel for about half an hour. My pussy was feeling the fresh air, but Ryan said that no one could see up the towel. I wasn’t convinced and caught a couple of boys looking at my legs.

Ryan decided that it was time for the swim and told me to stand in front of him and close my eyes. I did, and I heard the rustle as he opened a bag. He then told me to lift my feet, one at a time, and I felt something being pulled up my legs. I was facing Ryan and no one could see my front.

Ryan continued and pulled the suit right up. Something didn’t feel right, and the next thing that I knew, Ryan had pulled the towel off me.

One arm went to cover my little breasts while I looked down and saw that I was wearing a thong. Not only was it a thong, but it was a see-through one that had tie-sides. I was virtually naked, in public, and with lots of people around.

This was not the type of swimsuit I was used to wearing. I was quite good at swimming when I was a kid; I even got a life-saving certificate, and I always wore a one-piece.

I quickly sat down (still covering my boobs) and asked Ryan for the bikini top. He grinned and told me that I was wearing everything that he’d bought for me to go swimming in.

“You can’t be serious; I can’t walk around like this, I’ll get arrested; not to mention my embarrassment (my face was already showing that), I said.

“You’ll be fine!” Ryan said, “Look around. There’s a woman over there wearing a thong, and 2 women over there that are topless.”

“Yeah,” I said, “They’ve got tits, all I’ve got is a couple of tiny mounds with nipples; I look like a little 12 year-old girl.”

“Okay, what about those young girls over there? Most of them are topless, and 2 of them are naked.” Ryan said.

“They’re kids Ryan; I’m 20 years-old.”

“You keep saying that you look like a little kid TT; how about pretending to be one for a while? Ryan asked.

He’d got me there. I looked at the kids then thought about what I’d seen in the mirror that morning. There wasn’t much difference between how we looked. I looked at the kids again then looked around at everyone else there. No one was even looking at me. I slowly moved my arm from in front of my boobs.

“There,” Ryan said, “nobody’s looking at you.”

He was right. I looked down at the front of the thong. I could see my slit through the yellow material.

“Tell you what,” Ryan said, “let’s go for a swim. If you see anyone staring at you we’ll grab our towels and leave.”

That made me feel a little better so I agreed. I felt sooo naked as we ran and jumped into the pool.

We messed about for a while and I relaxed. Ryan kept grabbing my little tits and butt. I almost forgot that I was just about naked.

After a while we got out. I was half way back to the sun loungers when I remembered what I was, or wasn’t wearing. My hands moved to cover my bits.

When I lay on the sun lounger I looked down at the thong. It was completely see-through; it may well have not been there. What’s more, it had moved forward and the bottom of the triangle had worked its way between my lips.

I quickly adjusted it.

“That was fun wasn’t it?” Ryan asked.

I had to admit, I had enjoyed swimming virtually naked. It felt good.

We soaked up the sun for a while. I even relaxed and let the sun get to my little breasts. When I turned over and lay on my stomach I forgot that my butt was exposed.

Ryan took great pleasure rubbing the suntan lotion on me. I had to push his hands away from my tits a couple of times when he started playing with my nipples; and I got sooo wet when he rubbed the oil all around my pussy. I’d both wanted him to, and not wanted him to finger fuck me when his hands were rubbing the oil around my pussy.

Later on, we went for another swim. I was a bit more relaxed walking to the pool. In the pool Ryan got his hard cock out of his boxers and ran it along my slit from behind. I sooo wanted him to fuck me in the water, but not there with all those people around.

We started messing around again, and all of a sudden Ryan swam to the side and got out. As he climbed the steps he said that he needed some more sun.

I followed him and I was back on the sun lounger when I looked down and saw that my thong was gone. I was naked; and what’s more I had walked from the pool naked; with all those people around.

My hands moved to those places again, I blushed and looked round. No one was looking at me; but Ryan had a big grin on his face. As our eyes met he opened his fisted hand. My thong fell out.

I went to grab it, but Ryan was too quick. He said that I had to lay there naked for a while. He told me to look at the little girls at the other side of the pool.

Four girls, all about 11 or 12 were spread out on sun loungers and all were naked. No one was taking a blind bit of notice.

“If they can do it, then you can.” Ryan said.

“Yes, but they’re about 11 or 12,” I said, “I’m 20.”

“With those gorgeous little tits and bald pussy you look about 12 to me; and I bet that everyone else here will think the same.”

I sulked a bit.

Ryan tapped my head with a finger and said,

“You may look only 11 or 12, but there’s more to you than that gorgeous body; I love what’s in there. That’s what makes you, you and I love you.”

That made me feel better. That smile on his face melted my bad thoughts.

We stayed there for a while and I eventually relaxed and let my hands fall by my sides. I’d closed my eyes and was dozing when I heard Ryan say,”

“Go get us an ice-cream please TT.”

I opened my eyes and saw a 5 pound note held in front of my face. Without thinking I got up and walked over to the little bar. It was only as I was getting served that I realised that I was naked.

I blushed and my hands started to move to those places. They’d only just got there when the man behind the bar said,

“There you are little girl,” and he handed me 2 ice creams and my change.

I had no choice; I had to use my hands to carry the ice cream.

As I walked back to Ryan with a flushed face, I looked round at all the people; no one was looking at me.

I lay back on the sun lounger and Ryan came and sat at the bottom of my sun lounger. I had to raise my knees so that there was room for him. While we sat eating out ice creams Ryan ran his spare hand up and down my legs. It felt good.

Ryan’s hand got closer and closer to my pussy each time it went up and down, eventually touching my pussy. The next time his hand got to my pussy, he pressed on my clit for a second. A bolt of pleasure shot through me just before the hand disappeared. The next time it did it again and I shook and moaned. It was a good job that we’d finished my ice cream.

Ryan did it again, this time slipping a finger inside my pussy.

I moaned again.

Ryan stood up. I could see his cock bulging in his boxers.

“Come on, were leaving. I have something that needs to be taken care of.” He said.

Ryan grabbed all our things, pulled me up and started pulling me towards the exit.

“Ryan,” I whispered, “I’m still naked.”

“It doesn’t matter, let’s go.” He said, and tugged on my hand.

We quickly walked back to the mobile home with me looking all around to see if anyone was watch me. We turned a corner and 2 teenage boys were walking towards us. They both looked directly at me, or should I say my pussy. All of us just kept walking.

We just got back inside the mobile home when Ryan turned to me and started kissing me. We never made it to the bedroom; Ryan fucked me as I bent over the dining table that is just inside the door.

We got a drink and Ryan took me out the back to sit on the chairs and watch the waves. He wouldn’t let me put any clothes on.

“Did you see the faces of those 2 teenage boys?” Ryan asked me.

“Yes I did. They were staring at my pussy. If I hadn’t been so desperate for you to fuck me I’d have been sooo embarrassed.” I replied.

“I told you that you had a nice body, you shouldn’t get embarrassed, those 2 lads really enjoyed looking at you.” Ryan replied.

He turned to face me and continued,

“We’ll have to show your body to more people, I bet that they’ll all enjoy the sight.”

“No! I can’t, it’s too embarrassing.” I said.

“Yes you can, trust me, it’ll be fine. I guarantee that you’ll enjoy it, and the sex afterwards will be magic. Push that religious guilt to one side and enjoy yourself.” Ryan said.

Now I love and trust Ryan, and will do anything for him, but I wasn’t convinced that I’d enjoy being naked in front of people. But it was for Ryan, so I just knew that I’d do it.

After a while, Ryan went back inside and came back out wearing a pair of boxers. He threw something at me and told me to put it on because we were going for a walk along the beach.

I looked at what he had given me. It was his blue string vest. I hadn’t seen him wearing it for ages, and had missed it. It shows his chest and abs off quite well.

“You want me to wear this?” I asked.

“Yeah, put it on and let me have a look at you.” Ryan said.

I put it on and smoothed my hand down the front. One of my nipples was poking through one of the holes and I shivered a bit as my hand made contact. My hand went to the hem, front and back. It covered my pussy and butt – just.

“Ryan, it’s totally see-through. Everyone will be able to see everything.” I said.

“Yes I know; great isn’t it?” He said with a big grin on his face and a bulge starting to grow in his boxers. “Let’s go before I jump on you again,” he said as he grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the gate.

We walked onto the beach and then started off along the water’s edge. There were a few people there, but no one took any notice of us. At first I was very self-conscious of my exposure, but I relaxed when I realised that no one was looking at me.

After about 10 minutes walking, Ryan decided that we’d head inland.

“Ryan, look at me, we can’t go off the beach with me like this; hell, I shouldn’t even be dressed like this on the beach.” I said.

Ryan put his arm round me and said,

“You look amazing; no one will care about what you’re wearing.”

“Or not wearing.” I replied.

As he said that, his hand that was around me slid into the arm hole of the vest and he squeezed my hard nipple. They had been hard all the time that we’d been walking. My pussy was tingling as well. I guess that it was the breeze that was causing it.

We walked along a path not knowing what we’d find. What we found first was 2 young men walking towards us carrying surf boards. Both stopped talking when they saw us, and their eyes never left my body until we were passed them. My face went bright red.

A few yards further on Ryan said,

“They liked your body. I told you it would be alright.”

“If alright means me exposing my tits and pussy to strangers, then yes, it was alright.” I said.

“I bet that your pussy enjoyed it.” Ryan replied. “I bet that you had a little wet rush.”

I blushed again and quietly said,

“Yes, I did.”

Further down the path we came to a car park. We walked through it and along the road. It wasn’t long before we were in this little village. The place was quite quiet and we only saw 2 cars driving by.

At the other end of the village we came to a grassy area with a kid’s playground and went and sat on one of the benches. We talked for a bit then went and sat on one of the swings. Well I sat on the swing and Ryan stood in between my legs. We started kissing and Ryan started to finger fuck me. It was sooo good.

Ryan started to take the vest off me. I stopped him and looked round. There was no one else anywhere in sight so I let him continue.

Ryan pushed the swing back and every time it came forward my legs went either side of him and he grabbed at my pussy or little tits. It felt so good and natural being out there naked and having fun.

After a while Ryan told me to go and climb on the climbing frame while he went and sat on the bench.

I was hanging upside down facing away from Ryan when these 2 kids (about 10 years old) appeared next to me and said ‘hello’.

“Shit! kids, parents, me naked! Oh fuck!” I thought.

“Can we climb up there as well?” One – the boy said.

I looked at them while I still hung upside down. They were both wearing only their underpants. The girl had little breasts about the same size as mine, and she wasn’t wearing a bra. I looked all round but couldn’t see anyone other than Ryan so I said,

“Yeah, come on.”

They were treating me like a little kid and I was in a playful, happy mood. I pulled myself up and started playing silly kids games with them. We climbed up and down then went to the swings and see-saw.

I was on one end of the see-saw and the boy was on the other end when I noticed him staring at my pussy. Before I had a chance to lose my legs he suddenly said,

“Where are your clothes?”

“That’s a long story,” I said.

“Has your dad got them over there?”

I looked round to Ryan and saw that he was wearing the vest. Not only that, he was talking to a man who was sat at the other end of the bench.

When the 2 kids saw their dad they shouted,

“Come on, my dad will have some sweets.” The girl said.

The nerves and embarrassment hit me. I realised that I was walking over to Ryan and the man, and I was naked.

The kids were already with their dad and they were getting sweets. I heard the girl say,

“Can I give one to my new friend?”

The man looked up at me and I went bright red.

“Yes, or course you can,” he said.

The girl came over and offered me one. I took it.

“Pete, this is my little sister Tanya. Our mother has tried to get her to wear clothes, but every time we get clothes on her she just takes them off as soon as she can.” Ryan said.

Pete stared at me, I could see that his eyes were moving from my little nubs to my little slit. I went even redder, but managed to keep my hands away from my goodies. I thought that if Ryan’s story were true I wouldn’t be trying to cover-up.

Pete then said,

“Yes, kids can be quite stubborn little creatures at times can’t they?”

All the time Pete’s eyes were glued on my body.

I have to admit that underneath my embarrassment my pussy was getting hotter and hotter. I could feel my nipples throbbing.

Ryan and Pete talked for a couple of minutes then Pete said,

“Come on kids, we’ve got to go and meet your mother.”

The kids groaned then they all left.

Just as soon as they were out of sight I jumped on Ryan and fucked him right there on the bench.

After a very pleasurable few minutes Ryan asked me if I’d enjoyed myself running around naked. I had to confess that I had.

“Come on TT, let’s head back, I’m getting hungry.”

“Can I have the vest back please?” I asked.

“Not yet lover; let’s see how it goes.” Ryan said and grabbed my hand and pulled me behind him.

We walked along the road towards the mobile homes site and saw no one until we got to the gate. I asked Ryan for the vest again, but he wouldn’t let me have it. I had another embarrassing naked walk across the site to our home. A few people were about, but only 1 young man stared at me as we passed him.

When we got back in I jumped on Ryan again. Why do I get so randy when I’m so embarrassed? It’s like my body isn’t listening to my brain.

We had a quiet couple of days without going outside because the weather wasn’t too good. One evening we decided to go to the bar again. Ryan would only let me wear a thin T-shirt and my shortest skirt. I had to sit with my legs either side of a table leg. I tried to avoid looking to see how many people got to see that I was going commando.

About 4 times that we were there we got food from the take-away at the back of the pub. After Ryan got his vest out I had to wear just that when I went to the take-away. I was both happy and unhappy doing that. On the one hand it was dark when I was walking around the site, so no one saw how little I was wearing. On the other hand I didn’t have the security of Ryan being with me, and I had to stand at the brightly lit serving counter virtually naked. All the other customers could see every bit of me.

Every time I saw someone looking I went a brighter shade of red and tried to turn away.

Each time that I went there my pussy was dripping and my nipples were rock hard. One time as I walked away after being served, I looked back and saw 3 men all staring at my virtually naked butt. I wanted to run, but I didn’t.

When the sun returned, Ryan wanted to go to the pool again. He wanted me to go there naked, pretending that I was a little kid again. I refused, but eventually agreed to go wearing just the yellow thong. Ryan carried the towels and suntan lotion.

There appeared to be a lot more people about, but only a couple of men stared at me.

At the pool we managed to get a couple of sun loungers and spread our towels. The sun was warm and Ryan said that we should put some lotion on. I volunteered to do him first and giggled at the rising bulge in his boxers. The end of his cock was sticking out and I had a little play with it before pushing it back in.

Ryan really took his time putting lotion me; it was more like a massage. His hands worked wonders and I was so relaxed. He did my back first and I turned over when he told me to.

His hands worked on my legs and arms then he started on my chest. I whispered for him to leave my breasts, saying that I’d do them. He ignored me and massaged them and pulled my nipples. I asked him to stop, telling him that I was embarrassed that someone was watching. He ignored me.

He moved down to my stomach and the tops of my legs. When he started on my pubic bone and pussy I suddenly realised that the thong wasn’t there. Somehow Ryan had removed it without me knowing.

It felt so good as he massaged me, letting his fingers slide inside my lips and hole. I even let my legs drift apart.

As he started finger fucking me I suddenly remembered where we were. I clamped my thighs together and lifted my knees a bit. Ryan asked what was wrong.

“Not here.” Was all I could say as I looked round to see who was looking at me; one man was, and he was grinning. He also had a newspaper on his lap. I wondered what it was hiding.

I looked around again and saw quite a few kids playing in the water and on the slide. A couple of them were naked as well.

“At least I’m not the only one naked,” I whispered to Ryan, “even if the other naked people are kids.”

“I keep telling you TT, you look like a kid. I bet that if you went and joined in their game they’d treat you just like one of them.” Ryan said.

I declined Ryan’s suggestion and we lay there sunbathing for quite a while. At first I kept my knees bent a bit so that no one could see my pussy, but eventually I relaxed and lay with flat legs.

A short while after I’d turned onto my stomach I dozed off (too much late night fucking). When I woke up I realised that my legs were wide apart. I tried to close them but my feet hit something. I looked over my shoulder and saw that Ryan was sat on the end of my sun lounger looking down at my butt and pussy.

When he saw that I was awake he told me that I must have had a great dream. I’d moved my legs apart myself and he’d moved to my sun lounger so that he could watch my pussy convulsing and getting very wet.

I remembered my dream and told Ryan that I’d been getting gangbanged in the middle of a shopping centre with hundreds of people watching.

“Wow!” Ryan said, “I’m not sure that I could organise that for you, but I’ll have a damn good try if you like.”

“Don’t be silly,” I said, “It was only a dream, they’re never happen.”

I pulled my legs up, turned over and sat facing Ryan with my knees bent.

Ryan opened my knees and leant forward and kissed me while one of his hands felt my pussy.

“You’re soaking wet, it looks like you really do want that dream to come true.”

“No I don’t.” I said. “I’m quite happy with your big cock.”

Ryan smiled and sat up, flicking one of my nipples as he did so. When he went back to his sun lounger I kept my knees bent a bit so that no one could see my pussy.

After a while we decided to go for a swim. Ryan slowly walked to the pool but I ran and jumped in. I wanted to limit the number of people who saw me naked.

We messed about in the pool for about an hour. Most of the time we were grabbing at each other’s genitals; I even went underwater and gave him a bit of a blowjob. He finger fucked me and played with my clit. I hung onto him tightly as he brought me to a wonderful orgasm.

After that I just had to return the compliment. I reached down between us and got his cock out. I wanked him with the tip rubbing on my stomach. I felt his cock jerk and watched the white cum float away.

After that Ryan wanted to get out and lay down for a bit. I didn’t so I stayed in the pool. I watched the kids playing, and when their ball came over to me I threw it back. That happened a couple of times and when one of the girls got close to me she asked me if I wanted to join in. She said that there were too many boys playing.

“What the hell.” I thought and I joined them. A few minutes later the game changed and it involved getting out of the water and ‘bombing’ the others. I never thought anything about getting out of the water and walking around the side of the pool. I did notice that one of the girls and two of the boys were naked like me. No one seemed to care.

About 5 minutes later the lifeguard came over and told us to stop splashing everyone. Two of the boys decided that we were going over to the kids play area. I looked over to Ryan, he had a big grin on his face and he nodded to tell me that it was okay for me to go with the kids.

Hell, there I was running around the site, naked, with half a dozen 11 or 12 year- old kids and I was enjoying myself.

The play area was similar to the one in the village that we’d walked through. The boys got to the swings first so the girls went and climbed on the frame. As I got near the top the other naked girl, who was just below me, said,

“Your pussy looks different to mine. It’s a lot more puffy. It looks like my older sister’s pussy.”

“Hmm, good point,” I said, stalling while I thought how to answer that one.

“How old is your big sister?

“Eighteen and she’s got a boyfriend who plays with her pussy.”

“Yeah, and I’ve got a boyfriend who plays with mine.” I thought, before saying,

“My dad says that all pussies look a bit different, it’s like faces, they’re all basically the same, but we all look different.”

“When my sister’s boyfriend plays with her pussy he hurts her.” The little girl said.

“What makes you say that?” I asked.

“I’ve watched them and when he had his hand on her pussy she moaned and screamed.” The little girl said.

I nearly laughed out loud before saying,

“My dad tells me that when girls get older they sometimes moan and scream when they’re enjoying something. Perhaps the boy was rubbing her pussy and she was enjoying the feeling. Do you know that rubbing your pussy can make you feel really good?”

“Mandy Smith has told me that she rubs her pussy and gets a weird feeling inside. I haven’t tried it yet. Have you? Is that what you mean?“ The little girl said.

“Yes I have, and it’s a really good feeling. I haven’t wanted to scream yet but daddy says that I will one day. When you try it remember to play with that little lump of skin at the front of your slit. That what works for me.”

I said, looking down at the girl and realising that she was still staring up my stretched legs at my pussy.

“Can you show me how to do it please?” She said.

“Shit!” I thought. “Listen to me. I’m telling a 12 year-old girl how to masturbate and now she wants me to show her how to do it. No way!”

Fortunately I was saved by 2 teenage boys who’d decided that they wanted to use the swings. They were shouting at the other kids to get lost. I was a bit annoyed. I wasn’t going to let 2 teenagers spoil my ‘friends’ fun.

I climbed down, went over to them and gave them a mouthful about bullying. It was only when one of them started saying something about a skinny little girl trying to tell them what to do, that I remembered that I was naked. I got scared and embarrassed and started shaking.

“I think it’s time that you two moved on, don’t you?” a voice from behind me said.

It was Ryan. He’d seen what was going on and come to my rescue. The two teenagers left and the other kids got on with doing what kids do.

Ryan stood beside me and put an arm round me.

“Bloody hell TT that was a bit brave wasn’t it. I’ll have to draw a big ‘S’ for Superwoman on your naked chest.” Ryan said as he reached round me and squeezed a nipple.

“Looks like that turned you on a bit.” He said.

Ryan moved round in front of me and ran a finger along my pussy.

“Definitely turned you on girl; I think that we should go somewhere and take care of that.” He said.

As we walked away I waved at the naked little girl who was still on the climbing frame.

We went straight back to our home and fucked like rabbits for ages.

Another time that we went to the pool Ryan persuaded me to have the remote controlled vibrator inside me. I didn’t mind that part, what I wasn’t happy about was him taking the remote control. I managed to get Ryan to agree to leave it behind on condition that I walked to the pool naked. I wasn’t happy about that either, but I thought that a naked walk would be less embarrassing than Ryan playing with the remote control while I was getting a tan.

We got to the pool and spread out on sun loungers. We put lotion on each other with Ryan paying particular attention to my nipples and pussy.

About 5 minutes after I’d settled, and was dozing a bit, I suddenly gasped and sat upright. I looked over to Ryan. He had a big grin on his face.

“You bastard!” I said, and lay back down with my knees slightly bent. I didn’t want people looking at my pussy if Ryan was going to get me all worked-up.

The vibe went off for ages and I wasn’t sure if I was going to have fun, or get frustrated.

I needn’t have worried. When Ryan switched it back on he set it on low speed and left it on.

“That’s nice.” I whispered and relaxed so that I could enjoy it.

I was just starting to get all worked up when Ryan turned it up a notch.

As my sexual pleasure increased I let my feet slide down and opened my legs a bit. I could feel that my pussy was getting quite swollen and wet. I closed my eyes knowing that there was nothing that I could do to avoid the ultimate humiliation – having an orgasm whilst being naked in public.

All of a sudden I heard a man say,”

“Hi Ryan, I see that you still can’t get your sister to put some clothes on.”

I opened my eyes and saw the father of the 2 kids that we’d seen in the play area in the village. I looked down and saw 2 little bare bottoms jumping into the pool. I also saw my wide open swollen pussy; a pussy that was about to cum.

I couldn’t face having an orgasm with that man looking down on me so I jumped up and ran to the pool. I bombed in just as the orgasm hit me.

I nearly drowned as the waves of pleasure hit me. What’s more, Ryan hadn’t switched the damn thing off. I surfaced, gasping for air with a screwed-up face, and shaking all over.

The 2 kids looked at me and said hello. Then the girl asked me if I was all right.

“Yes. No. Yes.” I said to 2 confused kids as I grabbed for the side of the pool as another orgasm hit me.

Thankfully, Ryan switched the vibe off. I looked over to him and mouthed,

“Thank you.”

“Hi.” I said to the kids, “Been having fun?”

They started telling me where and what they’d been doing; but I wasn’t really listening. My thoughts were about my still tingling pussy. The orgasms and cold water hadn’t cooled it down.

After a while Pete came to the side of the pool and told his kids to get out; they had to go.

Thank Fuck for that I thought and got out after them.

Back at the sun loungers I lay down with my knees slightly bent. Ryan looked at me and said,

“That was a shame; it was just getting to the fun part. I suppose I’ll have to start all over again.”

I felt the vibe start again and thought,

“Oh no, he just can’t get enough of my embarrassment can he.”

Ten minutes later my legs were flat on the sun lounger with my heels just over the sides; and I was breathing very heavily.

It hit me; I sat upright with a loud,

“Aaaarrrgggghh.”

Then I lay back shaking. My eyes were shut, but Ryan later told me that 4 or 5 people looked over to me when I shouted. Most of them stayed watching until I stopped shaking. One man guessed what was happening and was smiling.

When I calmed down I asked Ryan if we could leave. He said no.

The bastard wanted to humiliate me some more. He sent me for some ice creams and switched the vibe on while I was getting served. At that point I wasn’t bothered about being naked; I had a bigger problem. I was having another orgasm while standing in front of the man selling me the ice creams.

The man looked at me as if I was some sort of mental nutcase. That was until he saw me lifting each foot in turn and squeezing my thighs together. It suddenly dawned on him what was happening and his face turned into one big grin.

He gave me the ice creams for free.

I could feel my juices running down my thighs as I walked back to Ryan. He had a big grin on his face and watched my every squirm.

Ryan wasn’t finished with me; after we’d finished the ice creams I lay back and closed my eyes; I needed a rest. Ryan switched the vibe onto low, and left it on.

About 10 minutes later I was gripping the sides of the sun lounger ready for it to hit me, but it never arrived. All of a sudden the vibe slowed right down and stopped. I looked at Ryan but the control wasn’t in his hand.

In a way I was glad that I hadn’t been humiliated again, but at the same time it had left me sooo frustrated.

I relaxed and closed my eyes, forgetting that my legs were wide apart and my open hole visible to anyone who looked.

Ten minutes later Ryan asked me if I was okay.

“Wonderful.” I said. “You’d better get some more batteries before you want to use that thing on me again.”

“Bloody hell.” He said, “Just when things were getting exciting again.”

On the way back Ryan decided that we would take a walk along the beach. I reminded him that I didn’t have any clothes with me, but he wouldn’t let me go and get any, or borrow his T-shirt.

I was so nervous walking along the beach but Ryan convinced me that I shouldn’t try to cover my pussy or little tits; if I did it would attract people to look at me. As it was, I didn’t see one person looking at me. In a way I was a bit disappointed.

On evening Ryan was looking around the place and he looked into a cupboard that contained some DIY tools and materials. He looked at them for a minute, smiled, and said to me,

“TT, you know that you said that you wished that you had a bikini top; well I think that I might just have found one.”

He got out a tennis ball, a knife and some string. I looked at him wondering WTF was he doing. He proceeded to cut the tennis ball in half and attach some pieces of string to the 2 halves. He then came over to me and put the 2 halves of the ball, one on each of my breasts. It wasn’t difficult as each tit couldn’t even fill the half of the tennis ball.

Ryan then tied the strings so that I could get up and the ball halves stayed in place.

We both laughed at how stupid I looked. Then I said,

“Are you going to make the bottom half of my new bikini as well?”

Ryan laughed, then thought for a minute, then said,

“Well Tennis Ball Tits, maybe I can do something about that, lie down and I’ll be back in a minute.”

When he came back he said,

“You’ve heard of a string bikini, well you my little tit-less wonder you are going to have the ultimate string bikini.”

He then cut some pieces off the ball of string that he had brought over, and tied them round me into roughly the shape of a bikini bottom, but without the material. There were 2 pieces that went over my pussy. They were supposed to go one each side of my lips, but as he pulled them tight they slipped over my lips and ended up either side of my clit, as he pulled the string they squeezed my clit.

“That’s nice.” I said, and before long we were fucking again.

Ryan started calling me TBT (Tennis Ball Tits) a few times after that.

The next morning when I woke up I was surprised that Ryan wasn’t fucking me to wake me up (I love being woken up that way). Instead he was cutting long pieces of string off the ball.

“Hi there sexy; what are you doing?” I asked.

“Hi to you too; turn on your back and spread your arms and legs for me please.”

I did, and he started tying my wrists and ankles to each corner of the bed.

“Are you going to tie me up and have your evil way with me?” I asked.

Ryan smiled and said,

“You’ll love every minute.”

And I did; although he really teased me and kept me waiting for an orgasm. You see he fucked me for a while then went and got the vibrator. He tortured me with that thing, turning it off just before I peaked. He did this over and over again. In the end I was begging him to make me cum.

When I did cum it was a big one; I was jerking about and hurt my wrists and ankles as I writhed about.

Before he untied me, Ryan climbed on top of me and fucked my mouth. It wasn’t fair that I’d had such a good time and he’d not even cum.

The next morning we did the same, only outside the back of the home. Ryan put a towel down and I lay there whilst he tied me to the fence and bits on the mobile home. It was early when we started, but I lay there for quite a while. Whilst Ryan was torturing me with the remote vibe I could hear people walking passed to the beach. I don’t think that anyone saw us, but I’m not sure.

We had a few more afternoons at the swimming pool and a couple of night at the bar. All were very similar to the previous ones.

**Back at the University House**

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When we got back to our university house no one else was there so Ryan decided that we’d stay naked 24 x 7 – unless we had to go out. That was okay with me, but I was glad that he wasn’t expecting me to be naked when the others were there.

We did go out a few times before the other got back. On two of the sunny days we decided to go for a walk in the local park. Each time Ryan asked me to wear my shortest skirt and no knickers. In fact he talked me into putting all of my knickers in the rubbish bin. He didn’t want me to wear knickers ever again.

The park was great, it was as relaxing as walking along the beach; and with clothes on too. When we got to a cross-roads in the paths Ryan decided that we’d sit on the grass for a while. It wasn’t long before that sitting was laying and enjoying the sun. In reality it was me flat on my back and Ryan sitting beside me.

After a few minutes Ryan asked me to uncross my legs. He promised that no one would be able to see up my skirt. A bit later he eased my legs a few inches apart while he kissed me. Then he slid my skirt up to pussy level. He told me that no one was around to see up my skirt.

Ryan stroked my hair and kissed me again. It was so relaxing and I actually dozed off in that warm sun. When I woke up I could hear people. I raised my head and saw lots of people walking passed us. I looked at my skirt and I could just see the top of my pussy. If I could see my pussy, then the view must have been total for the people walking passed my feet.

“Ryan, you could have told me.” I said.

“What, and spoil their fun; and mine.” Ryan said.

As I sat up, Ryan ran a finger along my pussy then held it up to my face. It was quite wet.

“You enjoyed letting those strangers see your pussy didn’t you?”

“No I didn’t.” I said.

“Your little lie detector says otherwise.” Ryan replied.

It was another example of my body betraying my brain. Why can’t my brain control my pussy?

The second time that we went to the park Ryan persuaded me to take pity on a homeless man and flash my pussy to him. Ryan made me feel a bit guilty by saying how fortunate we were; and how unfortunate that poor man was. In the end I just gave in and stood in front on the man (who was sat on a park bench).

I stood there for about 10 seconds with my skirt up round my waist and my feet apart. In a way, my embarrassment was out-weighed by the knowledge that I’d made that unfortunate man’s day.

One Saturday afternoon Ryan took me shopping for some new skirts. He’d asked, and I’d agreed to wear a skirt whenever it was warm enough, and practical to do so. That meant 90+% of the time. That was a complete reversal of my first year at university. We went in three shops and managed to find a few skirts that were small enough for me. In each one Ryan wanted me to model the skirts that I’d chosen. He wasn’t happy with the first 2 that I chose because they were too long. I got the message and the rest that I tried on were much shorter.

The second shop had changing rooms off the main store and Ryan asked me to leave the curtain open a bit as I got changed. Even though I was only trying on a skirt he asked me to strip naked before putting the skirt on. Just as was about to put the skirt on the curtain flew open and Ryan was stood there watching. So was a man who was probably waiting for his girlfriend.

I froze for a few seconds as my eyes met those of the stranger. He smiled and I closed the curtain.

I thumped Ryan’s arm when I went out to him. His response was to run his finger along my slit then hold his finger in front of my face.

“Tell me that you didn’t enjoy it.” He said before sucking his finger.

We went home with 4 new skirts. None of them are longer than 12 inches. I knew that I was going to have to be very careful wearing them; especially as the only knickers that I now owned was one see-through thong that I’d promised Ryan that I’d only wear when he asked me to. I reckoned that he never would ask. It turns out that I was right.

One time after we’d been fucking in the living room, I’d fallen asleep on the sofa. I was still naked and had one leg on the floor and the other up on the sofa. My pussy and open hole was fully on display. I hadn’t worried about that when I fell asleep as there was only Ryan and I there.

Anyway, while I was still asleep, the landlord arrived and Ryan let him in. He had a gas engineer with him and he wanted to check the gas fire, some legal requirement.

Ryan brought them into the living room with me still fast asleep. Apparently he’d whispered to them telling them to be quiet as his house mate was asleep.

As they’d all walked in on me they’d all had a good look at my naked body and spread pussy. Apparently Ryan had whispered,

“Cute isn’t she?”

The gas engineer started doing whatever, while Ryan and our landlord continued to look at me.

The gas engineer made a noise and I started to wake-up. In my half-awake state I kept my eyes closed and wondered what the noise was. I assumed that Ryan was doing something so I started to go to sleep again.

Then I heard whispering. I froze and woke up quickly, still keep my eyes shut and not moving.

“Shit, who the fuck is that?” I asked myself.

I thought that if I pretended to be asleep I wouldn’t have the embarrassment of them seeing me naked. It worked a bit, but I quickly realised that my body was betraying me again. I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter; and it was tingling again. My AF was rising.

Ryan must have realised that I was awake because he started talking a little louder.

“Not a bad body eh! Tits are small, but I like them that way. I’m told that she’s bloody good in bed and that she gives an amazing blowjob. Apparently she swallows every time.”

“Yeah, I’d love to fuck that piece of cunt. It would be like fucking a 13 year-old, but legal. Do you mind?” Our landlord said.

“Be my guest.” Ryan said.

Ryan wasn’t inviting our landlord to fuck me was he? I thought.

The next thing I heard was.

“Click! Click! Click!”

Fucking hell, the dirty bastard was taking photographs of me. I so wanted to jump up and tell him to fuck off, but if I did I knew that he’d know that I was awake and accuse me of loving it. Besides, Ryan was obviously happy about it.

“Yeah, real cute. Look at those nipples.” Our landlord said.

“Click! Click! Click!”

“Better not touch mate, you might wake her up then the shit would really hit the fan.” Ryan said.

At least Ryan was stopping him from groping me – or worse.

I felt air move near my pussy.

“Click! Click! Click!”

Shit he’s getting close-ups of my pussy and it’s wet. It got wetter and I felt my lips part. That randy tingling got stronger, really stronger.

“Click! Click! Click!”

“Look at that! She’s wetter than my wife ever gets.” Our landlord said.

“Maybe she’s having a wet dream.” Ryan said.

I heard 3 men laughing.

“My God!” I heard the gas man say. “That one hell of a piece of cunt, best one I’ve seen all day. Okay, week. All right, year.”

I felt warm air gently blowing on my pussy, then a different tone,

“Click! Click! Click!”

Another fucking phone camera I thought; but the blowing had pushed me to the point of no return. I tensed up then started shaking. My back arched and with a long argh, then sigh I had a very intense orgasm.

“Fucking hell!” One of the men said.

How the hell I managed to keep my eyes shut I will never know, but I did. With another satisfied sigh I turned over and curled up into a ball with my back to them. I forgot that my pussy would be staring at them.

“Click! Click! Click!”

“Click! Click! Click!”

“Okay gents, I think that we’d better leave her alone now.”

A few seconds later I heard the door shut then Ryan saying,

“TT, they’ve gone now,” and he put his hand on my butt.

I rolled over and pulled him to me. I opened my legs wide and said,

“Fuck me, NOW!”

Afterwards Ryan told me that I’d been brilliant. He’d loved watching me cum and squirt.”

“Squirt!” I said, “What do you mean squirt?”

“When you were cumming some white liquid shot out of your pussy.”

“You mean I pissed myself?” I said.

“No, no, it was white and it definitely came out of your vagina. It was wide open and convulsing.” Ryan said.

I blushed, that had never happened to me before.

“It was nice,” Ryan said, “I want to see you do that again.”

“I hope that they keep those photographs to themselves.” I said, “I’d hate for anyone I know to find them on the internet.

“I’m sure they’ll stay on their phones.” Ryan said.

I wasn’t convinced.

About a week before the others were due back we had a talk about us and the others. We both knew that we’d all promised not to hit on each other and neither of us knew what we should do. In the end we reluctantly agreed that it would be best if we both pretended that we were not an item.

We both hated it and knew that it would be hellish difficult to keep our hands off each other.

We made the most of those last few days hardly ever getting out of bed.

Sophie was the first back. It didn’t take her long to comment of how happy I looked, and the fact that I was wearing skirts not trousers. I told her that I’d been away for a couple of weeks, met someone and had a good time.

Sophie was pleased for me. We had a great time talking about what she’d been up to while poor Ryan played on his Xbox for the first time in months.

The next few weeks were difficult for Ryan and me; we did manage to sneak into each other’s room a couple of nights and relieved the frustration. The other thing that was difficult for me at first was going to university every day in a short skirt and no knickers. I say at first because I was surprised at how quickly I got used to it. After about 2 weeks I never even thought about being knickerless. It was only when I caught a man staring at my legs that I checked that my pussy was covered.

University life soon got us back into the routine, but it would have been so much more bearable if I’d had Ryan on my arm and in my bed more often.

We even had a few games of strip poker. Everyone was surprised to see that I wasn’t wearing knickers when I had to get naked. Well, not everyone; Ryan obviously wasn’t and Sophie said that she suspected that I’d stopped wearing them as she hadn’t seen me washing any.

James said that he was pleased that I’d become more relaxed and liberated about being naked.

Harry said that I must be getting fucked on a regular basis.

“If only!” I thought, and looked at Ryan.

The next day I managed a few minutes alone with Ryan and asked him if he was okay with me playing strip poker, losing and having to get naked.

“Of course I am; I want everyone to see my beautiful girlfriend and her gorgeous body. I want them to know how lucky I am.” He said.

I quickly kissed him, squeezed his cock through his trousers and whispered,

“I’m coming to get that tonight.”

Just before Christmas, after a trip to the pub, we played truth or dare. At my first T or D, James asked me to tell us why I’d started wearing skirts and stopped wearing knickers. Even though I was half pissed I confessed that my boyfriend wanted me to.

The game went on and Sophie, Ryan, James and I ended up naked. At my next T or D Sophie asked me how long I’d been fucking Ryan.

Everything went quiet and I blushed. I looked at Ryan who nodded.

“Since July.” I said.

“Well good for you.” Harry said.

“How did you know Sophie?” I asked.

“Well I could easily tell that you were getting fucked; it was just a question of who by? Body language gave me my first clue. The way that you and Ryan touched each other as you moved past each other; and the looks that you gave each other. The final clue was when I saw you sneak into his room late one night with no clothes on.” Sophie said.

“Sorry guys!” Ryan said; we wanted to tell you but we remembered what we all agreed when we first moved in here. We didn’t want to cause any trouble.

Harry then told us that he’d suggested that rule because he wasn’t sure what we were all like. If he’d known then what he knew now he wouldn’t have mentioned it.

Sophie spoke next,

“Well I for one am happy for them. They make a great couple and I think that we should let them get on with it…. On one condition; that they don’t keep us awake with headboards banging against the wall and load moaning and screams of pleasure.”

“You can fuck each other in front of me anytime you want.” James said.

“Is that all agreed?” Harry said.

Three hands went up and both Ryan and I breathed a sigh of relief; and all that was said with the 4 of us stark naked.

That night Ryan slept in my bed, and we managed to keep it quiet.

Early in the New Year we had another game of truth or dare. Before we started Ryan announced that no one was to dare him and me to fuck in front of them. He said that it was okay for someone to dare me to frig myself or fuck myself with a dildo, even a blow-job, but not for us to fuck.

I was a bit shocked by that statement, I didn’t want to fuck Ryan in front of the others, and I’d never even thought about masturbation or dildos. No one had ever mentioned that before.

The game started and as usual I ended up naked first. Then it came to Ryan’s turn to T or D me, he dared me to make myself cum.

I looked at him wondering why he was doing this to me. The others looked a bit stunned at first. Then Sophie said,

“Yeah TT come on, get those fingers working for us.”

Now I’ve never refused a dare. It’s like a bet; a bet is a bet and it has to be honoured. The first person to refuse a dare would spoil the game for everyone so I slowly spread my legs and moved my hand to my pussy.

I was amazed at how wet I was.

Looking at Ryan, my fingers started rubbing. Ryan was grinning, he was enjoying it. He really did get pleasure out of me being embarrassed. I have to admit, although I get embarrassed as hell, and scared; my body does enjoy these ‘experiences’.

I rubbed and rubbed and found that little spot that really gets me going. As I started to feel myself getting close, I looked up and saw 4 faces staring at me. I’m sure that I blushed, but seeing them watching me masturbate made my orgasm come quicker. I didn’t hold back on the noise either. I think that I remember shouting for someone to fuck me.

After I peaked and started coming down I looked at the others; and really did blush. I was so embarrassed about what I had just done. I remember squeezing my legs together as if that would make it all go away.

Everyone was congratulating me. I looked at Ryan. The look of pleasure on his face was amazing.

Sophie leaned over to me, kissed my cheek and whispered,

“Well done babe; that was brilliant.”

Have you ever felt proud and total embarrassed at the same time? I was confused.

After that, all of us got dared to masturbate. I really did enjoy watching the boys wank. When it came to Sophie’s turn she really went for it. Her legs were wide open and her right hand was rubbing her clit furiously. Her left hand went from pulling her nipples to finger fucking herself – with 3 fingers. When she came she must have woken the neighbours. I was quite impressed, so were the boys. The ends of their cocks were covered in pre-cum. Harry had been the first to wank, and he did it again while watching Sophie.

I love the way the boys cum goes flying across the room.

Ryan was spending every night in my bed, and he got back into the habit of waking me up each morning by playing with my pussy; or if I was sleeping with my back to him he would cuddle-up and start fucking me from behind.

He also started pushing the remote vibrator into me (switched off) some mornings before we left to go to lectures. He wanted me to keep it in all day as a reminder of his cock being there. It was a little uncomfortable at first, but I soon got used to it and almost forgot it was there.

About a week later I was in the restaurant with some friends when the vibe suddenly burst into life. After the initial surprise, which caused one of my friends to ask be if I was all right, I looked round for Ryan. I couldn’t see him anywhere. The vibe was on low so I knew that I could take it for a while.

Something like 5 minutes later I looked round again; still no Ryan. Another 5 minutes went by and there was still no sign of Ryan.

I started to get a bit anxious. I had visions of me cumming during my afternoon lecture. Another of my friends asked me if I was okay. I lied again.

It came time to go to our respective lectures. I rushed to the nearest loo and into the nearest cubicle. I’d promised Ryan that I wouldn’t take the vibe out so that wasn’t an option (why am I such an honourable person?). I thought,

“If I bring myself off now, perhaps I can hold off until the end of the lecture.”

I furiously rubbed my clit, and within a minute I was cumming. It was sooo good. With the vibe still purring, I quickly cleaned myself and ran to the lecture. I just made it on time.

I’d managed to ignore the vibe as I ran, but as soon as I sat down I realised that I was in for a rough time. The vibe was purring away and I was getting more and more flushed.

About 20 minutes later, and with a VERY flushed face. I started to cum. I squirmed around in my seat fighting to keep quiet. The orgasms kept coming; I just couldn’t stop them. How I managed to keep quiet I will never know.

Eventually the batteries ran out and I stopped cumming. I actually managed to hear the last 10 minutes of the lecture.

It was a good job that the back of my skirt had ridden up as I squirmed about. I felt like I was sitting in a pool of my juices. I had to wait until everyone else had left before I attempted to stand up. I walked straight to the toilet to clean-up.

When I got back home I jumped on Ryan. Afterwards I asked him why he hadn’t turned the vibe off before I left the restaurant. He denied ever going near the place. I think that I believe him; but if it wasn’t him, who the hell had switched me on?

After a few weeks Harry asked Ryan if he was ever going to use his room again. When he said that he doubted it, Harry asked if it was okay to get someone else to move in. Ryan said that it was.

A couple of days later when we were all together Harry checked with us all and then asked if any of us knew anyone who was looking for a room. Sophie said that she might know a girl and we agreed to let her talk to her. We all agreed that it would be on a one month trial, just in case we didn’t get on with her. Also she’d have to come and meet us all first.

We all met Fiona in the pub one night. Harry insisted that she come back to the house with us for a formal interview.

After giving Fiona a tour of the place Harry asked her why she wanted to live there. She told us that it was too noisy in her dorm, and that she was sick of other girls just barging into her room.

We all promised not to do that.

Harry then told Fiona that we sometimes went to the pub as a group and sometimes got a little ‘’happy’. On some of those times we’d come back to the house and play truth or fare, or strip poker. Harry said that we didn’t expect her to join in, that was her choice, but would she be offended if she saw some of us in various states of undress?

Fiona laughed and told us that it wouldn’t be a problem, that she was good at poker. I laughed quietly, remembering that Sophie had said the same, and look where that ended up.

Anyway, Fiona moved in the next weekend.

She settled in quite quickly and wasn’t at all upset by the boys coming down to breakfast in their strained boxers. In fact she had a smile on her face and couldn’t take her eyes of Ryan’s undies.

It wasn’t long before Fiona started wandering around in her underwear (thongs) too.

Fiona joined us the next time that we went to the pub, and for the game of strip poker. She again told us that she was good at poker, but she was the third person to end-up naked. As usual, I was first and Sophie was second.

Fiona has a nice body, about a B cup; and a shaved pussy. I was jealous. All the boys were staring at the new piece of naked female. I don’t blame Ryan for looking, or getting a hard-on. Her body is better looking than mine. When we were fucking later that night I wondered if he was thinking about me or Fiona’s body.

When it came to the mutual masturbation session, sorry, truth or dare, Fiona was up for it as well. She wasn’t as loud as Sophie, but she sure does know how to get herself to cum quickly. The boys loved watching her.

Things quietened down around exam time, then came the wind-down before the end of the year. All of our courses were coming to an end so we’d all be moving on. The poker and truth or dare just faded away.

One thing that Ryan and I did do that we’d never done before, was to go to the university swimming pool. Neither of us had swimming costumes but Ryan told me that the university was very relaxed about costumes at certain times of the day. He told me that boys and girls often swam in their underwear, and some of the girls went topless.

It was alright for Ryan, he had his boxers, but the only underwear that I had was that little see-through thong that we’d bought on holiday. Ryan assured me that I’d be okay, so we went.

In the changing room I took my time, sneaking looks to see what the others were wearing. I should have been real quick as I was only wearing a top and skirt. I should have been out in seconds.

I saw a few girls come and go wearing bikinis and a couple in bras and knickers or thongs. One girl was in just a thong.

I put the thong on and felt really naked. It only has a tiny triangle of see-through material covering my pussy and delicate pieces of string holding it in place.

I plucked up the courage and went out to the pool.

Ryan was waiting and as soon as he saw me he said that I looked amazing. I was stood in front of him with both my hands under my chin and my elbows as near to my belly button as I could get them.

Ryan reached out for my hands and eased them down, letting a rock hard nipple see the light. He squeezed my hands and told me that everything would be fine. And it was; no one took any notice of me.

We jumped in and did a few lengths, then went to the side of the pool that wasn’t for the serious swimmers. We messed about a bit then kissed. As Ryan pulled me close to him he put his hand on my pussy. It was then that I realised that my thong had gone. I was naked.

Ryan told me not to panic and that we’d find it. After all, where could it have gone?

We both swam underwater all over that pool but couldn’t find it. I guess that it didn’t help that it was white and very small. In the end Ryan told me that I’d have to get out quickly and run for it. I took a few minutes to pluck up the courage and waited till I thought that there was a good chance that only a few people would see me then I sprang into action.

As it turned out, luck wasn’t with me. I was running down the side of the pool when 4 lads came out of the men’s changing room, right in front of me.

Male students confronted with a naked girl will always make lots of rude comments and tell her what they’d like to do to her; well these youth were no exception. They even blocked my way so that they could get a better look. I was getting more and more embarrassed.

In the end they just moved out of the way and let me go.

I quickly disappeared into the ladies changing room and got dressed.

As we walked back to the house Ryan put his hand in his pocket and produced the thong. All he said was.

“Sorry!”

I could have thumped him, but I didn’t.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 02 - Post University Days**

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Ryan invited me to go and stay with his parents with him for a few weeks while we waited for our results and planned what we were going to do for the rest of our lives. I’d already decided that if Ryan asked me, then I’d go with him to where ever he got a job, and then look for one myself.

I discussed knickers with Ryan. I said that I thought that I should get some and wear them at his parent’s house. I told him that I didn’t want to upset his parents or brother if I accidentally gave them a flash of my butt or pussy.

I told him that if I accidentally flashed my knickers to my parents or any guests, I’d get a sermon from my mother. She would go on and on about girls having to be more careful. She said that only harlots showed their knickers and that they’d brought me up better than that.

Ryan laughed saying that no one in his family would be upset. His family are quite broadminded and would just treat it as an accident.

Ryan’s parents are really nice; they welcomed me as if I was their own daughter. They were even happy for me to share Ryan’s old room with him.

Ryan’s parents both work so we were at their home on our own quite a lot; his younger brother – Tom was in his last year at school.

After the first few days of fucking all over the house we decided that we needed to get out a bit. One of the ideas we had was for Ryan to show me around the neighbourhood by cycling. Ryan had his old bike and he said that I could borrow his father’s (his mother didn’t own one).

Obviously it was a man’s bike with a cross bar, and it was way too big for me, I could manage to ride it, and I did, but it certainly was an interesting experience.

I was still (still am) not wearing underwear, and always wearing short skirts. I had to wait until no one was looking before getting on the bike, and when on it I couldn’t touch the ground when sat on the saddle. To be able to touch the ground I had to slide forward off the saddle. The cold metal crossbar pressed on my bare pussy. Ryan took great delight in rolling the bike back and forwards when I was standing like that.

To ride the bike I had to slide my butt from side to side as I peddled. It wasn’t only my legs that got a workout. I had trouble concentrating of where I was going quite a bit of the time; I think that I would have seen more of the place if I’d walked.

Ryan wasn’t a lot of help; all he’d do was ride behind me and watch my butt as the wind blew my skirt up.

Another place that we went to was the local leisure centre. Ryan used to play squash and I wanted him to teach me. Before he could we had to go into town to get me some trainers and a white top and skirt.

The tops that Ryan chose were all tight fitting and very thin material. I wanted one with thicker material, with two layers, but Ryan persuaded me that his choice was best. The top that we final bought has a lace band around the top. When I wear it normally the lace band is above my breasts, but if I pull it down as far as the straps will allow, the lace is over most of my breasts. When my nipples get hard they poke through the little holes in the lace. Needless to say that Ryan pulls it down every time that I wear it, and I pull it back up when he’s not looking.

The tennis skirt was also made of very thin silky material. It was slightly pleated, and flared; and so short that it barely covered my butt. It was so light that I hardly knew that I had it on.

Of course Ryan wanted to see me try them on in the shop. He kept pulling the curtain back and I’m sure that at least 3 people saw me without any clothes on.

When I put my new clothes on at the leisure centre I looked positively indecent. My nipples poked out and I’m sure that anyone following me when I walked would be able to see my butt. I was glad when we got on to the squash court.

When Ryan showed me how to swing the racquet he would stand behind me and press against me. He must have found it difficult as he always had a hard-on that pressed into my butt.

When it came to running to get the ball I frequently tripped and ended-up flat-out on the floor.

The second time that we went I had a wardrobe malfunction when putting the skirt on. The one waist button came off. I walked out to Ryan holding the skirt up with one hand. I told Ryan what had happened and that we’d have to cancel.

Ryan was having nothing of it. He took me to the squash court and asked me how many people were watching us. Then he asked me where anyone could watch us from. I couldn’t see anyone and couldn’t see anywhere that people could watch from and I told him so.

“Right, now that it’s impossible for anyone to see you, drop the skirt and we’ll play with you bottomless.” Ryan said.

I was stunned. I’d never even considered that. I started to protest, then realised that he was right; no one would be able to see me, other than Ryan; so I took off the skirt.

Okay, the skirt was so light that I hardly knew I had it on, but I certainly knew when I didn’t have it on. It was a weird, but nice feeling.

Being bottomless didn’t make me a better squash player and I still ended up on the floor quite a bit.

Towards the end of the lesson I was on my back one time and I looked up, towards the back of the court.

Blankety, Blank! There were 3 men looking down on us. I quickly got up and ran to the back of the court where they wouldn’t be able to see me. I called Ryan over and asked,

“How did they get there? How long have they been there?”

“Relax TT, They’ve only just got there; and they couldn’t have seen much of you anyway.” Ryan said.

“Well I don’t like it.” I said, “Can we go now please?”

“No TT, we can’t. You’ve got to master that backhand swing.”

Reluctantly, we continued the lesson. I kept looking up to see if the men had gone. They hadn’t; they stayed there until our time was up.

We also went to the swimming pool at the leisure centre. Before we could do that we had to go and buy me a bikini. I wanted a proper bikini, but in the end Ryan bought me a semi see-though bra to go with the only thong that I owned.

I told Ryan that I wasn’t happy wearing such a brief, see-though outfit in such a public place, but he assured me that I wouldn’t feel out of place once I got there.

It was late July and Ryan and I had got ready to go to the pool. As we walked downstairs Ryan saw Tom watching television. Ryan asked Tom if he wanted to come with us. I wasn’t too happy that Tom would be able to see me virtually naked, but I didn’t say anything.

Tom said that he didn’t want to come if he’d be intruding on anything. Ryan laughed and told Tom that we weren’t going there to have sex on the diving board.

We waited while Tom went and got ready.

When I put the ‘bikini’ on in the changing room I looked in a mirror and thought,

“Shit, I’m virtually naked; everyone is going to see everything.”

I looked around at the other girls there. Most were wearing conventional bikinis and two had bottoms that were cut high so that a fair amount of butt cheek was showing. I saw one thong bikini bottoms. At least I wasn’t going to be the only one wearing a thong, even if mine was an underwear thong.

I took a deep breath and walked out.

Ryan and Tom were waiting for me.

Ryan smiled and Tom wolf-whistled. I blushed.

We jumped into the pool and swam a couple of lengths before deciding to go and have a go on the 2 slides that were there. We got out of the pool and joined the queue. I checked that my thong was still covering my pussy. It was, but I could see the front of my slit through the material. I could also see my dark areolas and every little bump on my little tits. I held my hands below my chin to cover my tits and hoped that no one could see my bits.

As we climbed the steps I could feel the eyes of a couple of youths, below and behind me, burning my butt. I kept my legs tightly closed. At the top the lifeguard looked me up and down and smiled.

At the bottom of both of the slides I quickly checked the thong. Each time I had a front wedgie and had to pull the thong out of my pussy. I think that I managed to do it without anyone noticing.

The slides weren’t that good so we went back into the pool. Ryan had his arm round my waist as we went back.

We started messing about in the pool because there were too many people there to do lengths safely.

We played silly games like ‘tag’ and see which of us could stay under for the longest. Tom had a bit of an advantage as he had a face mask with him.

We ended up in the shallow end diving between each other’s legs and doing handstands and somersaults.

I surfaced in front of Ryan and leaned forward to kiss him. He put his hand on my hips.

“Don’t you go unfastening my thong.” I said.

“Don’t you worry about that, I won’t.” Ryan said.

Not fully trusting him because of his previous track record, I put my hands to my hips to check that the sides were still tied properly. I panicked, I couldn’t find the thong. It had gone.

I told Ryan. He told me that he already knew. I’d lost it soon after we’d got back into the pool.

“You mean I’ve been swimming bottomless all this time and you didn’t tell me. You 2 have been diving between my legs and I’ve being doing handstands. My butt must have been way out of the water; and what’s more, Tom’s got that face mask on. That’s why he swam between my legs face up. He must have had a good look at me; and how many other people will have seem my pussy?”

Ryan smiled and I thumped him.

“You’ve got to find it for me; I can’t get out like this.” I said.

We were stood in the shallow end. I looked down at my front. At least my bra was still there, even if everyone could see my hard nipples and areolas. I ducked down so that my chest was covered.

Ryan and Tom went off in search of my thong while I stayed neck deep against the side of the pool looking at everyone around me to see if they were staring at me.

About 5 minutes later Ryan and Tom came back to me and told me that they couldn’t find the thong.

I had a quick panic attack. I knew that I was going to have to go back to the changing room bottomless.

Ryan told me to relax, and held me against him. I could feel his hard dick pressing against my stomach. He was enjoying my predicament.

I asked Ryan and Tom if they would walk in front and behind me. They agreed and we swam as close to the changing room entrance as we would. Ryan got out first while Tom hung back waiting for me to get out. I pulled myself up on my arms then swung a leg up onto the pool side. I suddenly realised that Tom would be getting a great view of my open pussy. There was nothing that I could do.

I was struggling to pull myself up and asked Ryan to pull me up. I knew that Tom was looking at my pussy, but there was nothing that I could do.

Ryan pulled me up then Tom jumped out. I wished that I could get out that easily.

The 3 of us started walking and got in line. Why was Ryan walking so slowly? One woman and 2 boys saw me (that I knew of), and I heard a wolf whistle; but no one said anything.

As we got to the changing room entrance and I turned in, a female lifeguard was coming out. She saw me and stopped me. She wanted to know where my bottoms were. She asked me if I’d gone into the pool like that. I blushed and told her that I did have some on, but they’d come off and I couldn’t find them.

As she told me to leave my name and address with reception and if they turned up they would contact me. As she was telling this to me I looked back towards the pool and saw a couple of boys staring at me.

I was glad to get round the corner to where there were only girls. I showered and got dressed. Ryan and Tom were waiting for me in reception.

I didn’t leave my name and address with reception.

Back at Ryan’s home I took our wet things to the laundry basket. As I unrolled Ryan’s towel my thong fell out. Ryan had done it again.

Another thing that we did to get out and pass the time was 10-pin bowling. It was only when I saw that a group of men had gathered around our lane that I realised that they must be watching me bend over each time that I bowled.

You see, when we started the game Ryan and I were the only ones near our lane and I wasn’t worried about Ryan seeing up my short skirt. Besides, Ryan had told me that he couldn’t see my pussy when I first bowled.

I’d got so into the game that I hadn’t noticed the men. From then on I tried to keep upright but it ruined my game. I lost.

There was another really embarrassing incident that happened while I was at Ryan’s parent’s house. Ryan and I had been late up one morning, and it was a sunny day for change so we decided to go out the back and lay on the sun loungers. Ryan’s parents were both at work, and his brother Tom was at school.

Ryan said that I should top-up my all-over tan so I took my skirt and top off and lay back to enjoy the warm sum on my body.

I dozed and vaguely remembered him saying something about going inside for something. A few minutes later I heard a sound close by. I started to open my eyes to see what Ryan was doing, but as soon as they opened just a little bit, the sun blinded me so I closed them again. I was sure that I’d seen the silhouette of Ryan at my feet so I said,

“Hey babe, can you rub some sun tan lotion on me please?”

A few seconds later I heard the sun tan lotion bottle being opened, then felt it dripping onto my legs and arms. I relaxed even more as my legs then arms had the lotion rubbed on them.

“Don’t forget to do the rest of my front please.” I said.

I felt lotion dripping onto my shoulders then my belly; then it being spread over me.

“Don’t forget my little girls.” I said.

A few seconds later my tits were massaged.

“That’s nice.” I said, still keeping my eyes shut.

I felt lotion dripping onto my stomach then hands rubbing it all over.

“Don’t forget my puss; we don’t want that to get burnt do we?” I said.

His hands stopped for a few seconds then a hand landed on my pussy.

“Hmm, that’s nice.” I said and opened my legs wide.

“Are your fingers going to work their magic on me again?” I asked.

The fingers gently probed my lips then my clit. I moaned.

“Inside please.” I said.

The fingers started fucking me and I moaned again. I started getting close to cumming when I heard Ryan say,

“Would you like a drink TT?”

“That’s a stupid time to ask about a drink” I thought. Then, hang on a minute, his voice was coming from near the back door.

“Whose fingers were in my pussy?”

I brought my hand to shield my eyes from the sun and opened my eyes.

OMG! It was Tom finger fucking me.

Tom jumped back. I jumped up and covered my pussy and tits. Both of us started apologising to the other.

Tom was saying that he thought that I knew it was him, and I did ask him to do it; and I was saying that I thought that he was Ryan.

Ryan called for us to shut up then said,

“Okay, lots of misunderstandings and everyone’s sorry. You’re both still alive and neither has been hurt. Let’s just put it down to a misunderstanding and move on; okay?”

I was still stood there naked, covering my bits; my heart was pounding and my face was red, and it was nothing to do with the sun.

Both Tom and I agreed, and after a few seconds I asked Tom why he wasn’t at school. He told us that he had free periods that afternoon so he’d decided to come home.

Tom went inside and I sat down and picked up my top. Ryan said that we wouldn’t see Tom for ages. He was too embarrassed to show his face for a few hours so I should relax and enjoy the sun.

I tried to relax, but I just couldn’t. I asked Ryan if he was upset that his brother had fingered me. He replied saying,

“You looked like you were enjoying it, were you?”

“Well yes, but I thought that it was you.” I said.

“If you enjoyed it then I’m not upset. After all, Tom’s my brother, it’s not like it was some stranger.”

I let it go at that, but I did wonder how long Ryan had been watching.

A short while later I got dressed and we went inside.

Talking of Tom, he caught us having sex one time. School had finished and just the 3 of us were at home. It was mid-morning and Ryan and I hadn’t got up yet. We hadn’t been awake long and I was on top of Ryan with my knees either side of him, facing him. I had been riding him and had cum before him.

I’d leant back and put my arms behind me to support me so that he could see his cock buried deep in my pussy. That always makes him cum quicker.

Anyway, I’d just felt him cum fill me up when the door to his bedroom flew open.

At this point I should explain that the door is next to the head of the bed, so anyone stood in the doorway can see all of the bed from beside the head of the bed.

So, the door flew open and in walked Tom. As soon as he saw us he froze, so did I. Ryan had no choice, I was on top of him. Tom stared at us, and my pussy with Ryan’s cock still inside it.

A few seconds later Tom said,

“Sorry, I’ve just got up and I thought that you’d gone out. I wanted to borrow that DVD that we talked about.”

“It’s on the table.” Ryan said as I felt his cock get harder and jerk inside me.

Tom got the DVD and left, looking at me as he went.

Ryan went on to shoot another load inside me. I guess that his brother seeing me spread wide like that had really turned him on.

I caught Tom looking up my skirt a few times; his father as well. After I’d been there about a week I realised that every time that I went upstairs one of them would follow me up. At first I just thought that it was a coincidence, but I also spotted them staring at my legs while we were watching television.

One time Ryan and I were sat on the sofa watching television and Ryan’s father was sat opposite. Ryan’s father kept talking to Ryan about stupid things. Of course when his father spoke to him he would look over at us.

It didn’t help that Ryan had uncrossed my legs so that he could put his hand on my thigh. He’d been pulling my leg nearer to him so my legs were a bit apart. I guess that Ryan’s father would have been able to see my bald pubes and maybe a bit of my pussy.

We also went jogging a few times. Ryan said that I’d be okay wearing the tennis skirt and a top. Apart from cross-country running at school I’d never been running before. Ryan planned a route and we set off.

When I started running I felt like I was bottomless, the little skirt bounced about and I could feel the air rushing passed my pussy. It felt good. I got Ryan to run behind me for a while to see if anyone could see my butt. He said not, but I wasn’t sure.

We only jogged about 3 miles the first time, out towards the countryside, through a park and back. I enjoyed it actually. I could have a good look around and think a few things through.

Of course Ryan wanted to stop while we were going through the park; he had me up against a tree before we set off back. That tree got a bit popular as Ryan fucked me against it each time we went that way.

Ryan started getting job interview in some of the surrounding cities and went off on his own each time, leaving me at home. He said that it was better that I stayed back so that he could concentrate on the interview and not worry about me waiting in some strange city on my own.

The first time that he went I was home alone. It was the first time that we’d been apart for weeks. It wasn’t a sunny day so I couldn’t sunbathe. After a couple hours of boredom I decided that I could go for a jog on my own. I knew the route that we took so I wasn’t worried about getting lost.

I was just fastening my trainers when I decided that I knew what I could do to remind me of our love making that morning. I got out the remote controlled vibrator and slid the business part into my vagina. I gave myself a quick buzz then switched it off while I finished getting ready. Just to spice things up a little more I put on the top with the lace band at the top and pulled it down so that my nipples poked through the holes. I looked forward to the cool air rushing passed my nipples and pussy.

Just before leaving the house I switched the vibe on low and put the control back in the drawer then set off jogging.

I thought of Ryan’s cock as I jogged along the street with my little skirt bouncing up and down. I ignored the rude comments from a couple of builders working on a house and continued towards the park.

By the time I got there it felt like someone had upped the speed of the vibrator. I was getting quite worked up. My pussy was tingling and my inner thighs were wet. I started to regret putting the vibe in.

When I got to our fucking tree I remembered the times that Ryan had fucked me against it and started to cum. I stopped running, bent forward and held my knees for support.

I wasn’t thinking about the skirt riding up my backside revealing my naked butt to the world. That was until a man on a bike suddenly flew passed me from behind. As he passed me he shouted,

“Nice buns!”

For once I didn’t care; I had my orgasm to worry about.

Eventually the orgasm passed and I was able to stand up; but the vibe was still purring away inside me.

I started running again, albeit a bit slower.

I got out of the park and started going through a housing estate. There were people around and some youth were heading my way. I could feel another orgasm building.

As I got close to the youths the comments started.

“Fucking hell, her skirts short.”

“She hasn’t got a bra on.”

“Doesn’t look like she’s got knickers on either, I’m sure I just got a flash of her cunt.”

“Look at those nipples!”

As I passed them they must have turned to watch me.

“What a fucking ass. I’d like to get my hands on that.”

“Fuck, she definitely hasn’t got any knickers on.”

All those comments moved my pending orgasm closer.

I turned another corner and saw some men working in a hole in the road. I’d have to pass them to get back to Ryan’s house. As I got closer one of the men saw me and the comments started again.

“Flash your pussy for us.”

“Show us your tits.”

One man grabbed his balls and shouted,

“Want some of this meat luv?”

I was getting close to cumming and wasn’t concentrating enough on the path. Just as I passed the workman’s van another man got out of the side door. We went for the same piece of footpath at the same second and I ran into him.

He was about twice my size so I came off the worst. I bounced off him and went flying onto someone’s front lawn.

Winded and shocked, I just lay there trying to work out what had happened. The vibrator was still running and my pussy was still throbbing.

The next thing that I knew I was looking up at 5 burly workmen in their mud covered clothes. I realised that my skirt was up round my waist and moved a hand to pull it down.

“Don’t move luv,” one of the men said, “Dave here is a first-aider; you’d better let him check you out before you move.”

I put my hand back on the ground as the orgasm hit me. I started shaking and moaning. I could feel my pussy muscles convulsing.

“Fucking hell, she looks like she’s cumming.” I heard one of the men say.

“No, it’ll be the shock from running into that fat bastard.” Another said.

Dave (presumably) knelt down beside me and said,

“Relax luv, just stay where you are, you’ll be okay in a minute. I’ll soon get you checked out and you can get on your way.

If only he knew.

I stopped shaking as the orgasm subsided. I wanted, I needed, to pull my skirt down. My knees were apart, my pussy was open and dripping; and 5 men were looking at it. I could feel my face burning.

Dave reached out for my arm and ran his hands up it.

“Nothing obvious, can you move you hand please?”

I made a fist.

Dave did the same with my other arm.

I made another fist.

Dave’s hand went to my shoulders and searched for any anomalies on my shoulders, neck and head.

“Good,” he said, “everything seems to be normal there.”

I started to sit up but Dave pressed down on my shoulder.

“Not yet, you could have damaged something lower down.” He said.

Dave put his hand either side of my waist on my up-turned skirt and gently pressed.

“Does that hurt?” he said, then, “something’s shaking in there, are you sure you feel okay?”

“Yes.” I said as I went a brighter shade of red.

Dave stood up, went to my feet and knelt down again. He was at my feet and looking straight up to my open hole. I got that feeling in my guts and another rush in my pussy.

One of my legs was reasonable straight, but the other was bent at the knee with the foot close to my other knee.

Dave started on my straight leg and gently ran both hands up either side. He stopped about an inch from my throbbing pussy.

“It feels okay to me!” Dave said.

Dave’s hands went to the foot of my other leg and gently lifted it up. He looked me straight in my eyes as he gently straightened my leg and put it down close to my other leg. At least my pussy was no longer open.

Dave’s hands started sliding up that leg. Just as he got close to my pussy I came again. As the waves of ecstasy flooded over me I started moaning and shake – again. I looked up and saw 10 eyes still staring down at me.

“What’s happening Dave?” One of the men asked. “What’s wrong with her?”

Dave had a puzzled look on his face.

“Are you……” Dave started to say then he smiled and said, “You are aren’t you?”

I was starting to feel more in control so I jumped up and ran like hell. My skirt was taking it’s time falling back to its proper place, but I just kept going.

I was still on an adrenaline high when I got back to Ryan’s house. I ran upstairs to our room and grabbed the remote control. The strange thing was, instead of turning it off, I turned it up to full. I lay on the bed and had yet another orgasm, one of the most intensive ever.

What was wrong with me? Why had that horrible experience got me so aroused? Did I actually like men seeing me naked? No, no, that wasn’t possible. I’m not that type of girl. My naked body is for me and Ryan to see, no one else.

I managed to put my confusion to one side for a while and dozed off. When I woke up I stripped and went and had a shower.

Feeling much better I put a dress on and went downstairs. Tom was there watching television. I got a bite to eat and joined him. The programme was boring, I started thinking, searching for answers. The suddenly I remembered the vibe. It was still inside me.

“Shit, I’m even getting used to having that thing inside me. What’s wrong with me?”

A few minutes later Ryan came in, I jumped up and ran to hug him. We went upstairs and as soon as we got in our room I unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor.

“Take me!” I said. Then I remembered the vibe, “but before you do there’s a little thing inside me that you’ll have to remove.”

Ryan grinned,

“Wow TT your turning into a right sexaholic. Have you had it in all day?”

“Please!” I said, “Get it out and fuck me then I’ll tell you everything.”

He did, we did, and I did. Then I told him all about my concerns about myself.

Ryan smiled, kissed me then told me that I sounded quite normal to him. Okay, getting knocked to the ground isn’t normal, but all my feelings where normal.

I felt a little better, but I wasn’t totally convinced. It just didn’t seem right.

The crazy thing was, each time that Ryan went for an interview I put the same clothes on, the vibe inside me (switched on) and went jogging. Okay, I had orgasms at different places and I didn’t get knocked over; and I didn’t deliberately flash anyone; but I did have a fantastic time.

Eventually Ryan got offered a job in a city about 30 miles away. We had about a week to find somewhere to live. Fortunately his new employer had given him a list of estate agents and suggested areas of the city to live in.

For the next 3 days we got an early train to the city and spent the entire day looking for somewhere to rent. On the third day we found somewhere. It’s a one bedroom apartment in a small block. It’s quite modern, but has very little furniture.

The deposit that we had to put on the apartment took nearly everything that we had left from out student loans. Ryan wouldn’t get paid until the end of the following month so we were going to have to be very careful with money for a few weeks.

Ryan’s father drove us there the day before Ryan’s first big day working for a living. His father was really good; he helped us do all the things that you should do when moving into a house so that you can’t get ripped-off.

We had a car full of bags and boxes that we had to carry up to the apartment on the third floor. On each trip it was always,

“Ladies first,”

And Ryan’s father went up behind me. He must have had a few good looks up my short skirt, especially as I had to bend over to put bags down, to open doors etc. For once I didn’t care, I was so happy getting a place of our own, and after all, he’s nearly family.

We were both really grateful and I gave Ryan’s dad a big hug and kiss on his cheek before he left us.

**Our first apartment**

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It was great having a place of our own. We celebrated that night with a take-away and a good fucking.

The third floor apartment had no curtains or blinds and there were other apartment blocks out the front. When it got dark we could see into some of the other apartments; so I guess that they would be able to see into ours.

Ryan told me to ignore that fact; no one would bother looking at us. I wasn’t that sure, but I was so happy that when Ryan undressed me in the living room I didn’t object.

We got up early the next morning so that Ryan had plenty of time to get to his first day of work. The plan was that I would spend the first day cleaning the place, then get out, find out what was where, and start looking for a job.

A few minutes after starting the cleaning I realised that I was going to get all sweaty and dirty. I thought for a minute; no one else was in the apartment and I wasn’t expecting anyone to call so I decided that if I did all the cleaning without any clothes on I could have a shower just before Ryan got home and I would still have a clean skirt and top.

So I did.

Late afternoon I had just about finished when I got a phone call from Ryan telling me that he would be home in about half an hour. He sounded happy so I decided that I’d give him a nice surprise as soon as he got home. I put the cleaning stuff away and went and had a shower.

I heard the doorbell ring (we only had one key at that stage) so I ran to the door still naked. I flung the door open and shouted,

“Surprise……. Oh shit!” I slammed the door shut then opened it enough to put my head round.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“We’re your new neighbours; we’ve come to welcome you and give you these.”

The woman held out a bunch of flowers while the man smiled at me.

Just then Ryan appeared on the Landing.

“TT, don’t be rude, invite our new neighbours in.” He said as he pushed the door open.

I made a run for the bedroom. Our new neighbours had seen me full frontal when I opened the door, and they were now watching my butt as I run away from them.

I heard Ryan say,

“Sorry about that, my girlfriend’s a bit shy.”

“That’s okay; we shouldn’t have come without warning. Here, you’ve obviously got a lot to do, we’ll leave you to get on with it. If there’s anything that you want to know about the area please come and see us; we’re at number 37 over the landing. By the way we’re John and Sandra.”

I heard Ryan tell them our names, then they left.

I came out to Ryan and apologised to him. He told me that it was okay, and that we must get a spy hole put in the door, and another key cut.

I then asked him if we could start again.

Ryan went out onto the landing and shut the door. A few seconds later he knocked on the door and I opened it,

“Surprise!”

We had a pleasant evening.

The next morning after Ryan left for work I got my laptop out and started looking for jobs.

By lunchtime I’d given up and decided to go for a walk to get to know the place a bit better.

Then I had an idea, why don’t I go for a jog? I could cover a lot more ground and get some exercise on the way. I got changed into my white tennis skirt and the same top that I’d worn on that horrible day when I’d collided with a road worker.

As I checked myself out in the mirror my body took control over my brain again. I’d sworn to myself that I would never go out jogging again with the vibrator inside me, but there I was pushing the damn thing up my pussy.

What was I doing? Sex was starting to control my life. I switched it on low, shivered a bit as it burst into life, and pulled my top down a bit so that my now hard nipples were poking through the lace holes.

I got the key and let myself out, hid the key and started down the stairs.

I’d got down 2 flights of stairs when I met our neighbours coming up. Thinking about what happened the previous evening I wanted to ignore them and keep going, but I couldn’t; they were our neighbours, and probably nice people.

“Hi!” I said, “Look, I want to apologise for last night, it was very rude of me to slam the door like that and then to run off. I shouldn’t have done it and I’m sorry.”

“That’s okay,” Sandra said. ”I used to surprise John like that when we first got together. We’ll have to get together for a coffee sometime.”

As Sandra was talking I looked at John and smiled. He was looking me up and down. That got me embarrassed and more aware that my nipples were poking through my top and the vibe was purring away in my pussy.

“I’m just off out for a run, I’ll come over sometime and we can get to know each other better.” I said.

“Okay, have a good run.” Sandra said and we all got on our way.

The fresh air hit me as soon as I got outside and started running. I felt my nipples harden even more and the air rush passed my naked pussy.

Off I went down the road, not sure where I was going. I didn’t intend going too far, I didn’t want to get lost. I was happy that there weren’t many people around.

I jogged round a few streets and passed a park and came to a busy shopping street. I didn’t want to run down there with a flushed face, throbbing pussy and my nipples poking out of my top. I wasn’t ready to have an orgasm with so many people around.

WASN’T READY!

WTF was I thinking, Of course I wasn’t ready. I’d NEVER be ready for that. I just couldn’t do anything like that. Shit, was that my body trying for control my mind again?

I turned round and headed back home. I was 2 streets from home when I felt the orgasm building. I wasn’t sure that I could make it home so I looked round and, seeing no one, I ducked behind a parked car.

I leaned against a wall and bent forward putting my hands on my knees.

A few seconds later it arrived.

“Aaaarrrgggghhh.” I uttered and started shaking.

Just as I started to come down I heard something behind me. I stood up straight and turned round.

Shit, there was a big, fat, ugly, caring traffic warden stood behind me. I saw a camera in his hand.

“Are you all right Miss?” he asked.

“Err yes. I was just getting my breath back. I’ll be okay in a minute. Thank you for your concern.

“Are you sure? I can call for an ambulance if you want.” He said.

“No, it’s okay. I’ll be fine in a minute thank you.”

“Right, I’ll be off then.” The man said and he turned and walked away.

Shit! I was bent over; he’ll have been able to see my naked butt and pussy. I hope he wasn’t bright enough to take a photo.

That thought triggered a mini orgasm. I shook myself and started jogging again.

The next afternoon when I went jogging I decided to go into the park. Again, I couldn’t stop myself from pushing the vibe up my pussy and turning it on; this time, up a notch. I think that going into the park was a sub-conscious decision; I must have known that I was going to cum at least once.

The park turned out to be quite big. It had a football pitch, wooded area, a small stream train running through it and a big kids play area.

I jogged round the football pitch and the through the woods. Just as I got to the end of the woods the first orgasm hit me. I stopped and leaned against a tree until I could get going again. Fortunately, the park was really quiet. I’d only seen one old couple walking through.

I ran on, passed the kids play area and came to the other end of the park. There was a little car park (empty) then a main road. As I turned to go back I felt another orgasm building. As I got to the kids play area I had a crazy idea. There was no one there, and no one in sight anywhere.

I went over to the climbing frame and climbed up a bit. I wasn’t sure that I could hold back until I got into the position that I wanted.

I sat on one of the crossbars (it was cold on my butt) then slid back so that my spread knees were over the bar. Then I lowered myself backwards so that I was hanging upside down. Gravity had sent my skirt close to my face and I was total exposed from waist to ankles.

I wanted to experience an orgasm while upside down. I reached up and touched my clit. Within seconds it hit me. It was slightly different – still good. I think that the extra blood in my head caused it. I wondered if having one after being upside down for a lot longer would make it even better. I thought about bringing Ryan there late one night and letting him fuck me while I was upside down. I didn’t work out how we could do that.

As I calmed down I looked round. I saw swings, a see-saw, climbing ropes and a little fort with little slides for the little kids.

The climbing ropes looked interesting. I pulled myself up, climbed down and went over to the ropes. Could I climb up and then slide down with the rope pressing against my pussy?

I looked all around and couldn’t see anyone. I jumped up and grabbed the rope. It was hard work, but I managed to get to the top – only about 15 feet.

Holding onto the top bar with one hand, I adjusted the rope so that it went over my pubic bone and pussy (it pressed on my clit). I wrapped my legs round it and gripped it with my legs. I let go of the top bar and gripped the rope with my hands.

Hoping that I wouldn’t get rope burn on my pussy, I eased my grip and started slowly sliding. I’d only got about a third of the way down when I got hit with a big one. I gripped the rope hard.

“Fuck that was good.” I thought.

As the orgasm subsided I loosened my grip. A couple of feet later another one hit me.

Shit, I’m going to come here every day. I’ve got to bring Ryan so that he can see the effect it has on me.

Another couple of feet lower and I had another one.

My feet reached the ground and I stood there calming down.

Then I heard a voice,

“Hello little girl, where’s your mummy? You shouldn’t really be climbing those ropes without your parents being here.”

I looked round. It was an elderly man with a dog on a long lead.

The dog walked over to me and started sniffing at my pussy. I pushed it away but it came back. I had to push it away again before the man pulled it away.

Putting on my best little girl voice I said,

“My daddy is just over there, he’ll be here in a minute. He lets me climb on these ropes and he knows I’ll be careful.” I said.

The man told me to be careful then walked off.

I decided that I’d had enough for that day and headed back home. As I jogged I felt a bit guilty, thinking,

“What a slut! Why did I do that? What’s wrong with me? I’ve got to stop doing these things; but I just knew that I wouldn’t stop.”

When I told Ryan all about it that night he told me that we were going to go back there one night.

I went back there on a few of my afternoon jogs. Most of the times I couldn’t have any fun because there were people around; but I did manage to have some fun a couple of times.

There was one time when I was hanging upside down on the climbing frame with my legs spread wide, my skirt round my chest, and my right hand bringing me to climax when I saw a man cycling passed. He saw me and nearly ran into the fence round the play area. Knowing that he was looking at me made my orgasm come quicker.

The rope was (still is) my favourite. Sliding down with those rough, nobly bits rubbing against my bare pussy is pure pleasure.

My problem is that I always feel guilty afterwards. Ryan says that I shouldn’t, but I always do.

The first few weekends there we decided to go into town and have a look round. We knew of a few things that we wanted but didn’t have the money. They would have to wait, but there was nothing stopping us looking.

We trawled around a few shops then saw that the city had an Ikea so we decided to get the bus out there.

When it’s a double decker bus Ryan always wants to go upstairs. When we’re going upstairs he wants to go up first; going downstairs he wants me to go first. He says that going up, he wants to see where we’re going to sit; and going downstairs, he says that he wants to be able to grab me if I slip.

I suspect that he wants anyone following me up to be able to see up my short skirt to my bare butt and pussy; and hoping that anyone going down in front of me will turn round and maybe see my pussy.

Anyway, Ikea; we got some great ideas. One thing that we need is a new bed; we’re both not all that keen on sleeping on a second-hand mattress.

Ikea has lots of beds on display, and you can lay on them to try them out. Ryan wanted me to lay on lots of them. He wasn’t at all worried by the fact that I had a very short skirt and no knickers on. He told me to lay on each bed, flat on my back, on my side, and curled up in a ball. In each position I had to tell him if I was comfortable.

The beds were comfortable, but I wasn’t most of the time. I was okay when he was the only person watching me, but a couple of men started following us. They always seemed to be standing at the bottom of the bed that I was trying out. I tried to keep my legs together and my skirt pulled as far down as it would go, but they must have had a great show. Ryan was often stood near them and must have seen what they were seeing. He seemed to be enjoying my exposure; I could see a nice bulge in his trousers.

I started to get that randy tingling in my pussy and I felt my pussy get quite wet. When I got off the last couple of beds that I tried out I could see a little wet line where my exposed pussy had slid across the mattress. I got embarrassed, even more so when Ryan told me that the wet lines had the nickname of ‘snail trails’. Okay, I can understand the comparison, but that name only made my face redder.

We moved on to the market area after my second ‘snails trail’.

**My first Job**

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One evening about 2 weeks after we moved in, Ryan came and told me that he had got me a part-time job for a couple of weeks. He then told me that he’d seen an advert for a model for an art class.

“What sort of model?” I asked.

“A nude model of course; what other type are there?” Ryan said.

“I can’t be a nude model.”

“Why not?”

“Well, for starters” I said. ”I haven’t got the body for it.” Cupping my little tits I continued, “They’ll want someone with bigger tits than these 28AAAA. Then there’s my modesty. I’ve never done anything like that and I just couldn’t. The humiliation and embarrassment would be way too much for me.”

“TT, it’s okay,” Ryan said, “I’ve told them all about how big you are and they aren’t bothered. In fact the teacher that I spoke to told me that it would be good for the students to draw a woman that doesn’t have massive breasts. As for your embarrassment, it’s not as bad as you make out. You even go jogging in a really short skirt on your own; and besides, it’s cash-in-hand and we need the money.

“Ryan,” I said, “it’s one thing running passed someone in a short skirt that covers my puss and butt, but it’s something completely different standing in front of a group of people for 2 hours without any clothes on.”

“Yeah, you’re right, but think of the money, and I want you to do it. Please say yes?”

I looked at Ryan; he looked as if he’d be heartbroken if I refused. What else could I say?

“Okay, I’ll do it, just for you though.”

“Great, I’ll phone the teacher and confirm it. Oh, the first session’s tomorrow night.” Ryan said.

Shit, what had I just let myself in for. My nerves went into overdrive. I just knew that I’d die of embarrassment.

Fortunately Ryan didn’t give me much chance to think about it that night. He had other things on his mind.

The next morning was spent hunting for jobs again. I had a bit more enthusiasm as I just didn’t know what other humiliating job Ryan would find for me.

The afternoon was spent jogging. I didn’t put the vibrator in that time as I didn’t want reminding of what I had to do that evening.

That evening I got a bus to the college where I was going to have to get naked in front of lots of stranger. I had butterflies in my stomach and felt sick. It was something that I really didn’t want to do, but knew that I had to.

As I walked into the college and followed the signs to the art room I did something that I never thought I would do again; I prayed that there would be no one there.

As usual, my prayers weren’t answered. I knocked on the door and was really disappointed when I heard a voice say,

“Come in.”

There were about 2 dozen people in there. Their ages ranged from my age to pensioners and about half of them were men.

A middle-aged man came up to me and said,

“Hi, you must be Tanya. I’m Dan.”

A hand came out for me to shake.

“Thank you so much for volunteering to be our model, it’s so difficult to get people these days. I’m sorry to ask you and I know that your boyfriend said that you’re 20 years old and look a lot younger; but you really do look a lot younger than 20. Do you have anything on you that will confirm your age? I’m sorry but the college governors have demanded that I get proof that all models are over 18.”

In total silence I put my hand in my bag and got out my passport. I opened it at the appropriate page and showed it to Dan.

“Sorry about that Tanya, but I could get in real trouble if I didn’t ask. Now, the way it works here is that students have been selected to put you in a pose, one at a time that is. You will then hold that pose for 20 minutes. After that you will have a 5 minute break then another student will put you in a pose, followed by another 5 minute break. This will go on until we run out of time.

The same will happen at the next 2 sessions that you have volunteered for, but with different students. The next week will be a repeat of this weeks; but with different students putting you in poses.

I’ll bring your money in at the last session.

Is that okay?”

I was shaking and stunned. Something like 60 people were going to see me naked. Not only see me naked, but stare at me for 20 minutes at a time. Ryan, what have you done to me?

I felt like turning and running but I didn’t want to disappoint Ryan.

“Is that okay?” Dan asked again.

I just nodded.

“Right then, you can go and take you clothes off behind that screen, then come out and we’ll get started. Oh, I do hope that you haven’t got any strap marks, we don’t want to spoil things for the students, do we?”

I wanted to laugh at the strap marks comment, but I was too numb. I turned and walked to the screen.

I put my bag down and held my hand out flat. It was shaking. I slowly took off my jacket and top, then my shoes. Finally resigning myself that I had to do it, I unfastened my skirt and dropped it to the floor.

I was naked. I took a deep breath and with a very red face, I stepped out from behind the screen.

I was so tempted to cover my breasts and pubes, but somehow resisted.

Dan was there waiting.

“Good, good Tanya, the students will not be disappointed. It’s so good not to get a girl with ginormous breasts.” Turning to his left Dan continued,

“This is Sheila, she’ll get things started.”

Sheila smiled at me then led me to a table in front of the class.

“Climb up.” Sheila said.

She then told me to stand facing the class with my legs about shoulder width apart, my left hand on my left hip, and my right index finger just touching my lower face lip. She asked me to put a puzzled expression on my face.

As I opened my legs I suddenly realised that my pussy was dripping. My lips were swollen and all wet and shiny. Then I thought about my nipples; they were rock hard. All those people would be able to see that I was aroused.

OMG – why does my body do that? I wanted to die.

After a couple of minor adjustments Sheila has happy and she told me not to move.

Not move! I thought. I was shaking and my face was burning. The woman cannot be serious.

I looked round the room. Yes, about 2 dozen people were staring at me, but none of them had that lustful look to their faces. Well, maybe 1 man.

Somehow I managed to stay reasonably still for the 20 minutes. What’s more my face was burning, my pussy was still swollen and wet and my nipples were still rock hard; for all of that 20 minutes. If anything, my pussy was wetter.

Sheila came over and thanked me; then told me that I could climb down and walk around.

Walk around! I wanted to run and hide.

I stood there for a minute and Dan came over to me. He asked me if I was okay. After I lied and said that I was, he told me that I could walk round and look at the drawings.

I was feeling like a pig at a Jewish wedding so I started to move around. It helped my legs as well.

I walked amongst the students trying to look interested in their drawings of me. Most ignored me, a couple smiled at me and said. “Hi.” Two men and one young woman looked me up and down and I’m sure that they were thinking about sex. The woman even licked her lips.

“Tanya, Vicky, can you both come to the front please?” Dan shouted.

Vicky said “Hi” then asked me to get back up on the table. She then surprised me by asking me if I’d done any yoga. One of my friends at school had taken me along to one of her classes so I said,

“A little.”

“Have you done the Warrior II position?” Vicky asked.

“Is that the one where you spread your legs and then hold your arms out straight?” I asked.

“Basically, yes.” Vicky said, then directed me into the position that she wanted me in.

I wasn’t happy about that pose on 3 counts; firstly it was hard keeping my arms up like that. Secondly, I was naked; and thirdly, my pussy was spread wide and I could feel the cool air inside my hole. If I thought that my pussy was totally exposed on the first pose then this was obscene. What’s more, my body was being nasty to me again; I could feel my juices leaking out of me. I just hoped that they weren’t dripping down onto the table.

Thankfully I managed to last the 20 minutes and was sooo relieved when Vicky told me to climb down.

I wandered around the room again, looking at the drawings. Most of students had drawn my pussy lips as hanging down a bit; a couple of them had even drawn my clit as being more like a little dick.

Did I really look like that down there?

The third student to tell me how to pose was a man. My initial reaction was that he was going to produce a dildo and tell me to stick it half way in my pussy and hold it there for 20 minutes; but thankfully I was wrong. The man just wanted me to lie on my side, propping may head up with one arm. My top leg had to be bent with my foot next to the other knee.

Again, my pussy was spread and my hole was open, but the pose was easy to hold.

At the end, Dan came and thanked me and reminded me when the next session was. He told me that I could go and get dressed.

I was out of there within a minute, and running to the bus stop. I really did hope that none of the students got on the same bus.

The next 2 sessions were very similar to the first one. Okay, the poses were different, but none of them were any more obscene than the first 2 sessions. It was only by the third session that I started to relax just a little bit. I wasn’t shaking as much, but my face was still red with embarrassment for the whole session.

As I was getting ready to leave to go to the fourth session Ryan decided that he needed to spice thing up a bit. When I asked him what he meant, he went and got the remote controlled vibrator.

“No, no, Ryan you can’t possibly expect me to go and pose naked with that thing inside me. Please say that I’ve got it wrong.” I said.

“Why not, you said that the bus trip there and back was boring; this will spice it up a bit.”

“Yes but,” I said, “what about standing on that table with my legs spread wide?”

“You’ve always managed to keep it in before, why would it slide out then?” Ryan asked.

“It’s not it sliding out that I’m worried about,” I replied, “that thing will be purring away in my pussy for over 3 hours. I can’t possibly survive that long without cumming at least once. It’s one thing having an orgasm out on the street with a skirt and top on, where no one is really looking at me, but when I’m stood on that table, naked, with 20 people staring at me all the time it will be something else. What are they going to think of me; and what’s more important, think how humiliating it will be for me.”

“They’ll look at you and see a beautiful woman. It will be a wonderful experience for you. Think how strong those orgasms will be; think about what’s waiting for you as soon as you get back here.”

I wasn’t convinced, but I always end up doing what Ryan wants.

Ryan switched the vibe on to the lowest setting and put the control back in the drawer.

I picked up an extra pack of tissues and walked out of our apartment with that thing vibrating in my pussy, hoping that the battery would run flat pretty quickly. I even considered sitting at the back of the bus and getting the damn thing out of me; but that wouldn’t have been fair on Ryan.

I was already quite wet and aroused when I arrived at the college. When I went behind the screen to take my clothes off I had to wipe my pussy dry before going for the first session.

Dan told me that the second week’s sessions were going to be a bit different. He told me that the theme for that week was ‘erotic art’. The students would be putting me in various yoga poses that could be considered erotic.

I looked a bit puzzled. Did he mean that someone was going to fuck me on that table? They wouldn’t be able to do that because I had the vibe, purring away, inside me.

“Don’t be alarmed Tanya.” Dan said, “We’re not expecting you to climb on that table and masturbate or have sex with anyone. It’s just that the poses will be based on some yoga positions and some people could call them erotic, especially when performed by a naked, beautiful girl.

Pete here will put you in the first pose, you’ll be just fine.”

What was Dan’s version of ‘just fine?’ Pete told me to get on the table and stand facing away from the students. He then told me to spread my legs as wide as I could.

“God, this is going to be embarrassing.” I thought.

Next I had to bend forward until my head rested on the table. Finally I had to move my hands so that they were on my feet. When Pete was satisfied he told me that I was in the ‘wide leg forward bend’ pose. He told me that I shouldn’t have a problem keeping that pose for 20 minutes.

That was true, unless I died from embarrassment. My pussy was spread wide and I could feel the air on the inside of my pussy. The students would be looking right inside me. I saw so worried that the vibe would slide out. What’s more, the vibe was doing what it was designed to do. If Ryan started to eat me out there and then he would probably drown.

The more I thought about what I was displaying and how it was being displayed, the closer I got to an orgasm. I tried to think about other things, but my thoughts always came back to my pussy. That damn vibe was giving me hell.

I was hoping that I could survive the 20 minutes then rush behind the screen and cum with no one looking. In the end I just couldn’t hold out any longer.

I started to cum. I started shaking and had all on not to moan or scream. I opened my eyes and saw everyone looking at me. Were they drawing, or were they staring at me as I had an orgasm?

Then I saw the drips.

OMG my pussy was leaking that much that I was dripping onto the table.

How I didn’t die there and then I will never know.

Finally the 20 minutes was up and Pete came and told me that I’d been great. I bent my knees and collapsed onto the table. After a minute composing myself I got off the table and went and used some tissues to dry myself. As I was doing that I seriously considered squeezing the vibe out, but that would have been letting Ryan down.

I just managed to have a look at a couple of the drawings before Dan introduced me to Mary. Those drawings were so detailed, and so obscene. It was a good job that they’d concentrated on drawing my pussy and not my face.

Mary told me that I was going to do the ‘wheel pose’. My initial reaction was that I’d have to curl up unto a ball. How wrong could I be?

The table was turned length ways and I was told to stand at the front end with my feet slightly more than shoulder width apart. I than had to lean over backwards until my hands were on the table.

At least this was another pose that the students couldn’t draw my face. No doubt that they would be concentrating on my pussy again. So was the vibrator.

The one thing about that pose was that my back hurt. I think that the pain over-rode the pleasure coming from the vibrator, and I didn’t cum during those 20 minutes. I did feel my juices escaping and running down my legs.

I was sooo relieved when the 20 minutes was up. I had to ask Mary to help me to get up.

Fortunately the pain soon went and I was able to go behind the screen and dry myself again.

Again I managed to look at some of the drawings. Is my clit really that big? I must ask Ryan.

Pete introduced me to Kim. She told me that she was going to put me in a slight variation of the ‘king pigeon’ pose. I had to get on the table and kneel facing the students. Then I had to open my knees wide and lean back so that my head touched the table. Finally I had to twist my arms round so that my hands touched my feet.

Shit, yet another pose where my pussy was wide open and facing the students. The thing was; this pose was very much like how Ryan and I sometimes fuck. I remembered the time that Ryan’s brother walked into our room and I was riding him like that.

I couldn’t get that moment out of my mind as that damn vibe purred away. I soon got that randy tingling in my pussy again. I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter. My juices trickled down to my butt and I felt the orgasm coming on.

The students must have seen my stomach going up and down with the heavy breathing; and my convulsing pussy.

I was so relieved when the 20 minutes was up. I quickly got up and was off behind the screen to dry and get dressed. I was out of there within 5 minutes.

When I got back to the apartment Ryan was doing a bit of homework. He stopped when I went in and came and hugged me. He just knew that I wasn’t happy.

“Tell me all about it.” He said.

“Ryan, it was horrible; twice I had an orgasm with 20 plus people staring at my swollen, wet, leaking, open pussy. I’ve never been so humiliated in all my life.”

Ryan hugged and kissed me before saying,

“TT, you can’t tell me that you didn’t enjoy it. You’ve just admitted that you had 2 great orgasms. You can’t possibly say that didn’t enjoy them.”

“Okay, okay, I did enjoy it; it’s just that it’s so humiliating.” I said.

“But the embarrassment is part of what really turns you on.” Ryan said.

“No it isn’t, it’s horrible.” I said then thought for a minute.

“Maybe” I said, realising that he was right.

We fucked hard that night.

I was dreading going back to the art class on both of the remaining nights. I anticipated 2 more night of my pussy being on full display; and I wasn’t disappointed. No, disappointed isn’t the right word. Subjected to 3 x 20 minute humiliating torture sessions would be a better way of describing it.

Both nights went similar to the first night that week. They put me in 2 of the poses that they had me hold on the previous night; the one that they replaced was the ‘wheel pose’. They replaced it with the ‘Reclining Angle Pose’.

For that one I had to lie on the table on my back with my head nearest to the students. Then I had to swing my legs up so just my shoulders and head were on the table. Next I had to spread and lower my legs until my toes touched the table where my outstretched hands were.

This left my open hole staring at the students.

With the vibe purring away inside me all evening I couldn’t stop myself from having an orgasm during each pose.

My brain was soo pleased when I finished the last pose. I’m not so sure that my pussy was pleased.

At the end of the last night I got dressed and went and saw Dan. As he gave me my money I told him that the sessions that week seemed to centre on the vagina, my vagina. Was that deliberate, or just coincidental that the students chose those poses?

“Well spotted Tanya, this week’s subject was the vagina. I didn’t want to tell you at the start of the week in case it frightened you off, sorry.”

“That’s okay Dan (I lied – I think). I might just have done a runner if you’d told me.” I said.

“Good, I could see that you were enjoying yourself at times, perhaps I could call on your services again sometime.”

“Yeah, that would be nice.” I said as I left to catch the bus home.

Why the hell did I say that? There was no way that I wanted to go through that humiliating experience again.

On the bus that damn vibe gave me another orgasm.

So did Ryan when he removed the vibe and fucked me later on.

After about 3 weeks we decided that the job market was lousy, and that I’d be better getting some temporary work until something better came up. I went and signed for a ‘temp agency’.

I filled in the application form and this woman asked me lots of questions. One thing that she wanted to know was what work experience I’d had. I started telling her that I’d done a couple of weeks as a nude model at an art school. As I was talking I suddenly thought,

“Why the hell am I telling her this? There’s no way that I would ever do that again.”

But I kept talking about it. I could see the woman looking at my flat chest so I said,

“They knew all about my flat chest before I went there. They said that they’d had way too many models with double Ds and that I was a refreshing change.”

“So would you consider a similar line of work again?” the woman asked.

I was thinking,

“No, never,” but when my mouth opened, out came, “Oh yes, it was fun.”

WTF was I saying? Why would I say such a stupid thing?

The woman then asked me if I had any PPE.

“What’s that I asked?”

“Personal Protective Equipment.” She said.

“Oh, Ryan and I don’t need any of that, I’m on the pill.” I said.

“NO, no, I mean things like shoes with steel toecaps.” The woman said with a grin on her face.

I felt like such an idiot; my face went all red.

A few days later the agency phoned me offering me a job working at a hotel. It was only for 4 weeks and didn’t involve any night work. They were looking for a house-keeper to help out while the owners were on holiday. The agency told me that I’d be expected to wear a black skirt or trousers and a white blouse. Since I don’t own any trousers it would have to be a skirt and both my black skirts are minis, about to mid-thigh. As for the white blouse; I only have one, one of the ones that I wore at school. I tried it on and it still fitted. The only slight problem was that when I wore it at school I wore a bra underneath. Now that I don’t own any bras I could just make out my dark areolas through it.

I talked it over with Ryan. It was only 4 weeks and included weekends, but we needed the money. As for the blouse, he said that it wasn’t really noticeable and that we could go and buy some new blouses at the weekend if I still wanted to. I also asked Ryan if I could wear the only thong that I own. He told me that it wasn’t worth it because I’d have to wash it every night.

The following morning I went and found the hotel for my first day. It’s a small hotel (21 bedrooms) with its own small swimming pool and small workout room. The owners consider it to be up-market.

The owners weren’t there; they’d already left on their holiday. They had left Karen and Henry in charge. Karen and Henry are in their late twenties, and are not a couple, but they are good friends. They have a cook and an elderly lady that look after the breakfasts and evening meals. The only other employee is Jane who is 18 and has worked there since leaving school.

When I arrived Karen took me into the back office and interviewed me. She wanted to know all about me and what I’d been doing since leaving school. When it came to work experience I told her that I’d done a couple of weeks at an art college as a model.

With a surprised look on her face, Karen said,

“Not as a nude model?”

I blushed and was going to say,

“No, just an ordinary model.”

“But what came out of my mouth was,

“Yes.”

Karen looked at my chest and said,

“A bit under qualified aren’t you?”

“No, they knew about my small breasts before they took me on.” I said.

“Did you have to do some embarrassing poses then?” Karen asked.

My face got redder as I said,

“Very!”

Karen then asked me if I had any non-academic qualifications and I told her about my lifesaving certificate.

Karen seemed satisfied and went on to tell me what would be expected of me. Basically it was to clean the rooms and other public areas. Jane normally did these but she was needed to do other tasks while the owners were away. Karen told me that there were rarely any guests there during the day during the week; so I’d be able to get on with my tasks uninterrupted.

Karen then showed me around the place and how to clean the rooms. When it came to making the beds, Karen showed me how; then I had to do it. Karen stood to the side of the room and watched me.

When I’d finished she told me to stay where I was, she said that she was going to get Henry as there was something that she wanted him to see.

I was a little puzzled while I was waiting, and when they both arrived back Karen told me to strip the bed; then make it again.

As I was bending over in front of them I suddenly realised what it probably was that Karen wanted Henry to see. I had to bend over to make the bed and my skirt rose up. I guessed that they were looking at my bare butt and possibly my pussy. I got a move on, stood up and turned my red face to them.

Henry had a smile on his face and a bulge in his trousers.

OMG, he had seen my pussy.

Henry left and Karen continued showing me some of the things that I would be expected to do.

After we finished in the bedrooms and dining room we went down to what they called the leisure centre. Karen showed me what I’d be expected to do and where all the equipment was kept. Then she told me that if I complete all my tasks by mid-afternoon I’d be able to use the leisure centre provided that there were no more than 4 quests there.

I made a mental note to talk to Ryan about getting a proper swimsuit.

I was then given my tasks for the day and left to get on with them.

Everything went well for the next 3 days, although I never managed to get finished in time to consider using the leisure centre.

On the fourth day my last task was to clean the leisure centre changing rooms. I’d done the men’s and went into the ladies and saw some clothes there. Being a bit curious, I went through to the pool and saw Jane in the pool. When she saw me she told me to join her. I said that I couldn’t because I hadn’t got a costume. Jane laughed, telling me that she hadn’t either.

Jane got out of the water and I saw that she was indeed skinny dipping. She told me that she always did. Only once had she seen a guest at that time of day; and he’d been a cute man so she didn’t mind.

I was a bit reluctant, but Jane persuaded me. I took my blouse and skirt off and joined her.

After a bit of swimming Jane came over to talk to me; she told me that the owners of the hotel were on a 4 week holiday at a naturist resort in the Caribbean, which was why they didn’t mind her skinny dipping. I asked Jane if Karen and Henry ever went skinny dipping. Jane told me that she’s never seen either of them in the pool, but she’d seen Henry watching her sometimes.

She then told me that Henry was watching us right then; and that if I turned round and looked up to the little window I’d see for myself.

I did, and there he was. My hands went to my chest and pubes, and Jane laughed at me.

“You’re under water, he can’t see anything.” Jane said; then she did something that really surprised me. She swam to the side of the pool, climbed out and stood facing Henry.

“Come on Tanya, get yourself out and stand next to me.”

I was shocked, but for some strange reason I did what Jane said. What’s more, I stood there with my arms by my sides, just like Jane.

I looked up at the window; Henry was still there, staring at us.

I blushed and felt my pussy tingle.

After a minute or so Jane took hold of my hand and pulled me back into the pool.

“That’s enough for today; I don’t want to give him the wrong idea.” Jane said.

She then told me that Henry often watched her but he wasn’t the one to worry about; she told me that Karen could be really nasty if she wanted to, so she told me to be careful round her.

“I know; Karen saw me bending over making the beds. I didn’t realise I was showing until after she’d called Henry for him to watch me make the bed. It was so embarrassing, and on my first day here as well.”

Jane then changed the subject completely and asked me if I often went without underwear.

“Always,” I said, “I stopped wearing bras for 2 reasons, firstly I’ve got nothing to put in a bra, and secondly, my mother told me that I MUST always wear one.”

Jane laughed.

“As for the knickers,” I continued, “my boyfriend got me to start not wearing any and we had a little ceremonial dumping of all my pairs. I’ve got used to it now and would never go back to wearing any.”

“I bet that you have to be very careful especially as you wear such short skirts?” Jane asked.

“I’ve had a few embarrassing problems,” I said, “but I’ve got over them; besides, it’s much more fun with my boyfriend.”

Jane then told me that we should go; it was getting close to the time when guest often appeared, but before we went, Jane took me to one end of the pool and told me to stand next to the side, right in the middle. I was puzzled, but did as she asked.

As I got close to the side I felt the water pound my pubic region.

“Oow, that’s nice.” I said.

Jane told me that it was where the water jet to fill the pool was and that she often just stood there and let the water pound her pussy.

“Try it the next time you’re here.” She said.

I looked up the window; Henry had gone. We got out, dried and dressed.

On the Monday of the second week I was late getting up and had to leave without breakfast. I got 2 rooms done then came to one where the guest hadn’t eaten his room service breakfast. It was still covered in the stretch-wrap on the tray on the table. Knowing that I was told to put any leftover foods in the rubbish bin I decided to eat the croissants and the apple.

I had eaten the croissants and just taken a bite out of the apple when Karen came in. She looked at the apple, then the breakfast tray and asked me where the apple came from. I confessed that I’d eaten the croissants and the apple because I’d missed my breakfast.

Karen got all mad and accused me of theft. She called down to Henry and when he got there they both started on at me. Henry played the good cop and Karen the bad cop. Karen wanted to call the police but Henry didn’t. All the time I was pleading for them not to call the police. I knew that technically I had stolen the croissants and the apple and I didn’t want to risk getting a criminal record because it would really ruin my chances of a good career. I told them that I’d do anything just so long as they left the police out of it.

In the end, Henry won, providing that I did as I was told.

“Of course.” I said.

“Okay then Tanya. You can start by taking that blouse and skirt off.” Karen said.

“What! You can’t make me do that.” I said.

“Okay Tanya, if that’s how you want to play it, Henry give me your mobile phone.” She said.

“Please don’t make me do that. Anything, but not that.” I pleaded.

“I wouldn’t have thought that a nude art school model would have a problem with getting naked in front of just 2 people.” Karen said.

I was beaten, and I knew it. I slowly started unfastening my blouse. As my rock hard nipples came into sight I saw that Henry was getting a little uncomfortable in the trouser department. When I dropped my skirt and Henry saw my bald pubes the bulge in Henry’s trouser looked painful.

“Right Tanya, now that that minor hurdle is out of the way, you will get on the bed and make yourself cum.” Karen said.

“You can’t make me do that, it’s not right.” I said.

“Henry, the phone.” Karen said as she put her hand out.

Henry got his phone out and gave it to Karen who unlocked it and started to dial.

“Okay, I’ll do it.” I said as I got on the bed and lay flat on my back.

“Open those legs and get rubbing.” Karen said.

So I did. As I started to get turned-on I saw that Karen was using the phone’s camera. She was videoing me.

“Please don’t do that?” I pleaded.

“Oh Tanya, did you really think that we wouldn’t want proof of you stealing from us? Now tell the camera what you did.” Karen said.

“I stole 2 croissants and an apple from this hotel.” I said.

“Very good Tanya. Now get those fingers working and finish what you started.”

What choice did I have, I had to go on.

It took a little longer than it normally does, but I did have an enjoyable orgasm, even if the circumstances were all wrong.

Afterwards, Karen said,

“Right Tanya; we now have your confession on camera alongside with a detailed video of you masturbating. From now on you will perform your duties as we have previously agreed; but you will be naked. You will strip naked in the back office as soon as you get here, and remain naked until just before you go home.

“Nooooooo, please don’t make me do that.” I pleaded.

“If you should happen to bump into any of the guests,” Karen continued, “you will tell them that you are being punished, and why, and tell them that they may also punish you by giving you 10 slaps on you bare butt. Is that understood?”

“Yes Karen.” I meekly said.

Karen and Henry left and I got on with cleaning the rooms. It was a weird feeling walking round the hotel with nothing on. I have to admit that it was a little scary and exciting knowing that a guest could appear at any time.

I finished the rooms and went downstairs to the dining room. Jane was there and looked a bit shocked when I walked in naked. I told her everything that had happened.

“I told you that Karen has a mean streak; at least your shifts finish before the guests usually arrive. You might even get away without seeing any of them before you finish here.” Jane said.

I suppose that that made me feel a little better.

I finished my tasks and hid until my shift was finished. I could have gone for a swim, but I just wanted to hide.

When the time came for me to go home I went to the back office and saw my skirt and blouse on the desk. Henry watched me get dressed in silence. I went and got my jacket and left.

I was glad to be out of there.

On the way home I thought about not telling Ryan anything and not going back the next day; but that wouldn’t be fair on Ryan. In the end I decided that I’d tell Ryan everything.

When I did, he told me that technically I had stolen the breakfast, but the chances of the police doing anything about it were virtually zero.

As for the video of me masturbating, Ryan told me that he’d love to have a copy. He said that when we get some money he’d get a decent camera and make lots of videos of me.

Ryan asked me how wet my pussy got. When I said that it got very wet he said,

“You must have enjoyed it so it couldn’t have been that bad. Besides, you know that you love people seeing you without your clothes in.”

“No I don’t.” I said.

Ryan put his hand up my skirt and slid a finger into my pussy.

“Your pussy says otherwise. It’s dripping.” Ryan said. “Tell you what, go there tomorrow and see how it goes. If it gets too much for you, just go and get dressed and walk out. You don’t have to tell them anything, just walk out.”

After a quick think I said that I would. Ryan put his finger back inside me and we fucked on the sofa.

The next day Henry was in the reception when I walked in. I walked straight passed him and headed for the stairs.

“Forgotten something Tanya?” Henry called after me.

I was hoping that they had; but my luck wasn’t good. I slowly walked to the back office and Henry watched me get undressed.

Luckily I was able to get on with my jobs without seeing anyone other than Jane. In a way I enjoyed the day; I was on a bit of a sexual edge all day; on the one hand I was scared about being seen by a guest; but on the other hand I was excited about being seen by a guest. Explain that if you can because I can’t. What I do know is that my pussy was wet all day.

When I got home that night I tried to explain my feelings to Ryan. He told me that I wanted to get caught. I didn’t believe him.

The next few days went the same then the weather cooled down a bit. I told Ryan that I was going to dig out my old duffle coat to wear to work, but I was worried that I might be too warm. The reason why I kept the duffle coat was that it’s a very warm coat; not too good to look at, but warm.

Ryan suggested that I wear just the coat and shoes to travel to and from work. He said that it was daft wearing a skirt and blouse underneath since I would be taking them off just as soon as I got there. It would cut down on the washing.

I said that I couldn’t do that; it wouldn’t be decent, or right. When he asked me to expand on that I realised that I didn’t have a good argument so I said that it wouldn’t feel right.

His answer to that was for me to strip off and put the coat on. Then we went for a walk round the streets.

It felt weird at first, but after a few minutes I felt okay. We walked for a while and came to the park that I’d jogged through. As we walked in I reminded him about what I’d done at the kids play area there.

He asked me to show him where it was. When we got there he asked me to climb up the frame. I started to climb, but he told me to take the coat off first.

Feeling a bit naughty, I looked round, it was dark and I couldn’t see anyone else around, so I unfastened the toggles and passed the coat to Ryan.

When I leaned back to hang upside down my head was close to Ryan’s cock, and his face was near my open pussy. I reached out and unzipped him while he started eating my pussy.

It didn’t take long for Ryan to cum and I swallowed every drop. I didn’t cum, so Ryan told me to climb up one of the ropes. I knew that sliding down a rope would soon make me cum. I did, and I did – twice.

When I got to the bottom Ryan had to hold me because my legs were feeling weak. We’d only been stood there for a minute when we heard someone approaching so I quickly put the coat on and we headed back home.

On the way we passed a pub and Ryan decided that he wanted a drink. He ignored my complaints that I couldn’t go in dressed in only a coat and shoes and in we went.

It was crowded in there and we had to stand facing each other. After a short while one of Ryan’s hands started playing with the bottom toggle on my coat; the one that’s at pubic area height. The inevitable happened and he undid it and slid his hand inside. As his hand slid round to my bum the front of the coat, below the still fastened 3 toggles, opened. I asked Ryan to stop because my pussy was visible, but he just said that we were too close together for anyone to see anything.

I wasn’t sure and got a bit worried. The annoying thing was that I started to get that tinging feeling in my pussy. My brain didn’t want anyone to see, but my pussy certainly did.

So next morning I left for work wearing just the duffle coat and shoes. Everything was fine until I sat down on the bus. The coat opened right up to the bottom toggle showing my legs right up to my pubic area. I think that I managed to get my bag onto my lap before anyone saw anything.

When I walked into the hotel Henry asked if it was cold outside. I ignored him and went straight to the back office. He followed me in and was surprised when I took the coat off and he saw that I had nothing underneath.

“Wow!” he said, “I’m impressed. What happens if Karen decides to stop your punishment?”

I ignored him and went and got on with my work.

My day was pretty boring and I never saw any guests. I did manage to finish everything in time for a swim and decided to let the water jet pound my pussy for a while. Wow! That was nice; I got so close to cumming.

I didn’t want to have an orgasm there so I got out. Henry was watching me.

I decided that I’d got to the workout room and try to work off my sexual excitement. It didn’t work. They’ve only got 2 machines and 1 is an exercise cycle machine. I got on it and was immediately reminded of the fun I had on Ryan’s father’s bike. I got off it and raised the height of the seat so that I had to slide from side to side as I peddled.

It didn’t take long for me to cum. Just as I was calming down, and still peddling slowly. Jane walked in. With a big grin on her face she said,

“I’ve done that a few times; it’s nice isn’t it? Be careful that you don’t let Henry see you cumming; I did once and it was a week before he stopped asking me to ride him like I rode the exercise cycle. He’s just too creepy for me.”

It was in my third week that I was there that I bumped into a guest. It was the middle of the afternoon and I was making the bed with the door open when I heard a sound behind me. I was bent over so I stood up and turned round.

“I didn’t know they employed child labour in this hotel.” The man said.

“I’m sorry sir, I’ll come back later and finish.” I said as my hands moved to cover my bits.

“That’s okay,” he said, “you can finish up now. Are you old enough to be working here; and why haven’t you got any clothes on?”

I stood there covering my nipples and pussy and said,

“Yes, I am old enough, and I’m being punished.”

“And what did you do to deserve having to work with no clothes on?” He asked.

I told him and then told him what Karen had said about guests being able to spank me. Why I added that part I will never know. I’m sure that I could have got away without telling him that he could spank me.

“Is that right?” the man asked. “And do you think that I should spank you?”

I really was going to try to get out of being punished by saying that I didn’t think that stealing an apple was a spanking offence, but when my mouth opened I said,

“Yes sir,”

“Okay then,” he said and went and sat on the end of the bed. “You’d better lay across my lap then.”

Why didn’t I just walk out of there right then? What’s wrong with me? Do I really want to be spanked?

I walked over to the man and stood next to him.

“You won’t be able to lay comfortably with your hands there.” He said.

I put my hands to my sides, letting him have a clear look at my little tits and pussy. I got that tingling feeling and felt my pussy get wet. As I lay over his lap I could feel his hard-on pressing on my stomach.

I’d just got comfortable and was waiting for it to start when I realised that my knees were a few inches apart. That man must have had a great view of my butt and wet and swollen pussy. I felt horrible and horny all at the same time.

Slap 1 hit my butt without warning.

“Oww!” I shouted as I jumped a bit.

Slap 2

“Ouch!”

That one hurt like hell. I felt my eyes well-up.

Slap 3

“Ugh!”

The tears started and my butt was burning.

Slap 3, 4 and 5 came in quick succession.

The tears were in full flow.

Slap 6

“Please, no more. It hurts too much.” I said

“Only 4 more,” the man said, “I’m sure that you can take it.”

Slap 7

“Ouch!”

Slap 8

I didn’t say anything; in fact, it didn’t hurt anywhere as much.

Slap 9

I just lay there and felt a wet rush in my pussy. Why was I getting so aroused? I could feel the start of an orgasm.

Slap 10

I didn’t move. I’d been counting the slaps and knew that it was over. I was happy and sad. I was really happy that the humiliation was about to end, but my stupid body wanted that bit more so that I’d cum.

“Stand up.” The man said.

I did and stood in front of the man. My pussy was inches from his face.

“Right,” the man said, “you can tell your boss that you’ve had your punishment. Oh, forget finishing the room.”

“Thank you sir.”

I walked out of that room with very mixed feelings. One thing that I really did know was that my butt was hurting like hell.

Fortunately I had only one more room to do before I could go and cool my butt in the pool.

Unfortunately, Karen saw me as I headed to the pool. I knew I had to tell her what had happened, so I did. Karen could hardly stop laughing. She grabbed my butt cheeks and said,

“Wow! They are hot. Does this hurt?”

“Yes, it does.”

Karen walked off laughing.

In the pool I headed for the water jet; I was still feeling horny and the jet pounding on my pussy felt good; so good that I came after a few minutes.

I had to sit down slowly on the bus and my butt still hurt when I got home. Ryan noticed my butt straight away and he gently rubbed cream onto it as I told him what had happened.

“I guess that we’re going to have to explore this pain pleasure thing TT.” Ryan said as he turned me round and bent me over the table. I got what I’d wanted for hours.

Another time that I got caught by a hotel guests was about 30 minutes before I was due to finish one day. I’d decided to have a go on the exercise cycle and had really got into it, sliding my pussy from one side to the other.

I was close to cumming when the door opened and in walked a man in his thirties. I was so close to cumming that I just didn’t care who saw me, and I kept going with my head down.

I think that the man was a bit gob-struck at the sight of a naked girl peddling away, and on the verge of having an orgasm. He just stood there and watched me.

Seeing him watching me brought my orgasm even closer and I started to cum. I tried to stifle the moans, put a couple of them escaped.

As I slowed down I heard the man say,

“Was that as good as it looked?

I didn’t answer him, and as the embarrassment took over from the pleasure, I hurriedly wiped the cycle seat and left.

The rest of my time at that hotel was pretty much uneventful.

Ryan took me to the pub a few times in the next few weeks, and each time I had to wear that duffle coat with nothing underneath. We often went shopping on a weekend with me dressed the same way.

One time when we were stood in a queue in McDonalds Ryan was behind me with his arms round me. I didn’t realise that he’d undone the toggles until he pulled the coat off my shoulders. My whole front was exposed to the ‘extra fries’ guy. I was sooo embarrassed. It wasn’t until I sat down that I realised that I was horny and all wet. I told Ryan and he said,

“I told you that so you are a little exhibitionist.”

I said that I wasn’t, but I had to confess that I’d been turned on by it.

A few weeks later it was December and Ryan was invited to their companies Christmas bash. What’s more, I was going as his ‘plus 1’.

I had nothing to wear so we went into town to see what we could find. After quite a search and a bit of fun in the changing rooms we found this beautiful dress. It’s grey and made of very thin, silky material. It’s so light that I feel naked when I’m wearing it. I was worried that my nipples would stick out too much but Ryan said that I looked great.

Finding some heels to go with it was a lot easier.

The big night came and I felt really proud walking in on his arm wearing just my new dress and new shoes. Lots of his colleagues and his boss wanted to meet me.

They had an official photographer there and I was sure that he was taking a lot of photos of me; the flash was going off all around me for ages. I couldn’t imagine why, I was only the ‘plus 1’ of the most junior person there. There must have been lots of more interesting people there than me.

I found out a couple of days later when I went on the company’s web site. There I was in quite a few photos, and my dress was see-through; you could see my tiny tits and even my pussy slit. In one my legs there slightly apart and you could see the inverted ‘V’ of my pussy and my clit sticking out.

Ryan wasn’t home from work but I still blushed. I went and looked at the dress. I put my hand inside and looked at it. I could see the shape but that was all.

What the hell had the photographer done to the pictures? Had he photo-shopped them? As soon as Ryan got home I opened my laptop to show him.

“Oh! I thought that you knew; the material goes see-through whenever a really bright light shines on it.” Ryan said.

“You’ll have to get another job; I’ll never be able face those people again.” I said.

“Yes you will, everyone said that you were wonderful. When they saw the photos they all wanted to know when they could see you again.” Ryan said.

“You mean see my naked body again.” I said.

Ryan grinned and said,

“Well, you can’t blame them for that, you just so beautiful.”

My anger disappeared and I kissed him.

Christmas was great; we spent a couple of days with Ryan’s parents. One of the things that Ryan got me was a proper bikini. I say a proper bikini, but it wasn’t what I expected. We opened all our presents at his parent’s house on Christmas morning. When I opened the package with the bikini I was so embarrassed. The bikini is just 4 triangle of material fastened with strings. It’s unlined and made of very thin, yellow material. Ryan later told me that he’d bought it over the internet form and Australian company.

When I opened it I held it up to work out what it was. Ryan was saying nothing, but his brother realised straight away and told everyone.

“It’s so small I said.”

“Where is she supposed to wear that?” Ryan’s mother asked.

Ryan told everyone that it’s what all the girls are wearing these days.

Tom – Ryan’s brother asked if I was going to try it on. I said that I wasn’t, but Ryan pleaded with me. In the end I gave in and went and changed in to it.

Now I’m a small girl, but this looked like it would be about the right size for a 5 year-old. Okay, the top just about covered my thimble sized breasts, but I could see the shape of my nipples and all the little bumps on my areolas.

As for the bottoms, half my butt cheeks were exposed. The little triangle at the front was so small that if I’d had pubic hair it wouldn’t have been covered. The thin material moulded itself to the shape of my pussy lips. I had a perfect camel toe.

When I looked in the mirror I realised that I couldn’t go and show it to Ryan’s parents or brother; it was bordering on the obscene.

I was just about to change back into my skirt and top when Ryan came in. He loved it; he said that I looked fantastic; and that everyone would be so disappointed if they couldn’t see me in it.

I pointed out what I described above. But Ryan insisted.

My face was so red when I walked downstairs with Ryan.

Tom and Ryan’s dad loved it and he asked me to do a twirl. Ryan’s mum wasn’t happy. She agreed with me that there was just way too little material. She said that I’d get arrested if I went out in public dressed like that.

All the time that they were talking about me, and looking at me, I was getting more and more embarrassed. But the crazy thing was that I was getting turned-on by it. I had to get changed back into my clothes before the wet patch that was forming became visible to everyone.

I asked Ryan if I could go and get changed, but he told everyone that we should go back to opening the presents. I had to endure another hour of embarrassment as the 3 men there spent most of that hour looking at me; or should I say my breasts and pussy.

When I finally managed to persuade Ryan to let me go and get changed, I stood up and saw a wet patch on the sofa where I had been sat; the other thing was that the bikini had worked itself in between my pussy lips. Both Tom and Ryan’s father really did get a great view. I had been so embarrassed, but my body was loving it. Why?

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 03 - Ryan’s Training Course**

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

At the end of the January Ryan had to go on a one week training course in London. He was told that I could go with him providing that I paid for my own travel. Something about being able to cover-up the extra hotel charges, but not the extra train ticket.

Just before we left home Ryan had given me a little package. He told me not to open it then, but to wait until I needed it. He told me that it was an alternative bikini bottoms to go with my yellow bikini. I put it in the suitcase and promptly forgot about it.

We were put up in a big, nice central hotel; a touch of luxury. Our room was on the ninth floor but we were on the side where the only view we had was to the hotel across the street. The first thing that Ryan did was to open the curtains and net curtains. He said that we way too little sunlight in this country at this time of year and he didn’t want to miss any of it.

We arrived there late Sunday afternoon and as soon as we’d settled in our room we went out to get something to eat, and for Ryan to get his bearings; he didn’t want to have any problems getting to the training centre on the Monday morning.

**Monday**

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

We went down for breakfast that first morning to a relatively quiet hotel restaurant. I was a little surprised to see a couple of guests there in their hotel bath robes. We assumed that there must me a swimming pool in the hotel leisure centre.

After Ryan left for his course I decided to go for a wander round the hotel and see what I could find. I found the leisure centre with a swimming pool and a jacuzzi nearby. It also has a sauna and big workout room. It put that little hotel that I’d worked in to shame; although I never saw one naked housekeeper there.

There were quite a few people in the leisure centre and I learned from signs on the walls that it was open to members of the public – subject to a horrendous

‘membership’ fee.

I decided that I’d go and have a look round some shops then come back to the hotel and relax in the leisure centre until Ryan got back.

The shops that I found in reasonable walking distance weren’t that interesting so I headed back and got changed. Luckily, before we left home, Ryan had been told that the hotel had a leisure centre and I had packed the clothes that I would need.

I put on my little tennis skirt, the white top with the lace band, and trainers and headed to the leisure centre. In the little reception area they got me to sign-in and gave me a towel. The man there also told me that I shouldn’t use any of the exercise machines without an adult there. I was going to put him right, but I couldn’t be bothered.

I had a little wander around then went to the workout room. There was no one there so I had a look at all the machines and decided that the only one that I knew how it worked was the exercise cycle.

I got on it and peddled for a couple of minutes. As I peddled I thought back to the exercise cycle in the hotel where I had worked. I remembered how I’d set the seat so high that my pussy was rubbing from side to side as I peddled.

No one else had come in so I got off the cycle and raised the seat.

Yes, that was much better; my clit started getting a workout as well. I got wetter and wetter and the arousal factor increased. Before long I was cumming and struggling to keep quiet.

As the waves of pleasure receded I slowed down and then got off the cycle. After wiping my juices off the saddle with my towel I went to the water machine that was just round the corner from reception. As I was drinking I heard the receptionist man tell another man that everything was quiet apart from a cute piece of jail-bait.

I went back to the workout room and was just stood there deciding what to do when another man came in. He introduced himself as Jim, ‘the personal trainer’. He told me that he’d just started his shift and would be pleased to help me use any of the machines if I wanted.

I’d just about got my AF down to a 2 and I had plenty of time before Ryan got back so I said,

“Yes please, I’ve never used any of these machines, apart from the cycle, before; could you show me how they all work please?”

“Sure, I’m sure that I can set them up for someone your age and size.” Jim said.

I couldn’t be bothered to put him straight and we went to the end of the row of machines. We went to about 4 machines where Jim gave a demonstration then set them up for me; then talked me through using them. Some were hard work and I got a bit of a sweat on.

We got to the rowing machines. They were lined up facing a big mirror. When I sat on one and started rowing I could see myself in the big wall mirror. I suddenly realised that I could see more of myself than I expected. What’s more, Jim was stood beside me so he would be able to see my pussy in the mirror as well.

I stopped and told Jim that I’d had enough of that one.

The next machine was one that Jim told me was for toning my thighs. When Jim showed me how it worked my initial reaction was that there was no way that I could use it. It spread my legs very wide. As Jim squeezed his thighs together I thought that I would be okay if I pushed a lot of my skirt between my legs before I started. When my legs got wide apart there would still be enough of my skirt between my legs to keep me decent.

I got on and adjusted my skirt as Jim set-up the machine. He must have set it so that there was hardly any pressure as I pushed my legs apart. As my legs got wide apart I looked down at my skirt and saw that I was still decent. Jim was stood in front of me and I relaxed knowing that he couldn’t see my pussy.

Jim got me to open and close my thighs a few times. I was only after about the fourth that I looked at Jim’s shorts and saw that he had a hard-on.

“What had caused that?” I thought.

I looked down at my skirt and saw that all the material that I’d pushed between my legs had come up and my skirt was tight across the front. Because my legs were wide apart at that moment, my pussy was on display. Jim was looking into my open hole. I flushed with embarrassment, felt my pussy get very wet, and my AF increased to about a 3.

My body won out over my brain – again, and I stayed on that machine for 4 more spreads, my AF raising to about a 7. Jim must have loved it.

“Okay, that’s enough of that.” Jim said, “Let’s do a bit of weightlifting. We’ll just do one exercise then I think that you will have had enough for one day. We’re going to do bench presses; they’re best done with 2 people, the one doing the lifting, and the other standing close-by just in case the lifter gets into difficulty. That’s called ‘spotting them.’”

“Okay.” I said as Jim got a lifting bar and put what looked like a light weight on each end.

Jim put the bar on 2 stands and lay on the floor with his chest under the bar. He then told me to stand close to his head with my feet slightly apart to make it easier for me if I had to help him with the weights.

As I moved into place I realised that Jim would be able to see straight up my skirt. My body was dulling my brain and I moved my feet further apart. There was a few seconds silence in which I was sure that Jim was having a real good, close-up view of my pussy. I got another wet rush and hoped that I didn’t drip onto Jim’s face.

Jim lifted the bar off the stands and raised it 3 times before replacing it on the stands.

“Now it’s your turn!” Jim said as he got up.

I lay down and shuffled up, under the bar. As I shuffled I felt my top come down a bit. I didn’t check to see if my nipples were still covered.

I lifted my hands to the bar as Jim moved in to ‘spot’ me. I looked up and saw up his shorts leg. He was wearing underwear.

“You may want to put your feet on the floor to help you get a more solid base.” Jim said.

I slid my feet onto the floor either side of the bench. Jim was stood at my head so he couldn’t see up my skirt.

I managed to push that bar up twice. The second time Jim told me to hold it up. There was a long silence as I strained to hold it up Jim seemed to be miles away, and looking straight ahead, passed me.

I looked in that direction and saw the mirrored wall.

Shit! Jim must be looking in the mirror and seeing right up my skirt.

“Jim!” I shouted, “Can you help me please?”

“Sorry,” Jim said, “I was miles away.”

More like the distance between your eyes and my pussy I thought.

Jim lifted the bar back onto the stands and I got up; thinking that my arms ached. As I got up I saw that one of my nipples had escaped through the lace at the top of my top; I quickly straightened it.

Jim told me that I should stop for the day, and go and relax in the sauna or jacuzzi. He also told me that he’d be there for the next 4 afternoons if I wanted another session.

I got my breath for a minute then went to the water machine again. I overheard Jim telling the man in reception that, “that girl was a right little tease, shame that she was just a kid.”

I smiled and walked towards the pool. I had to decide whether to try the sauna, the jacuzzi or the swimming pool.

I remembered that I didn’t have my bikini with me so I opted for the sauna, I’d never been in a sauna before so it was going to be a first for me.

When I got there I realised that I couldn’t go in there wearing a skirt and top so I went to the changing room, took them off and wrapped my towel round me.

As soon as I opened the door to the sauna the heat hit me. I realised that I wasn’t going to last long in there. There was no one else in there so I decided that I’d last longer if I didn’t have the towel wrapped round me. I took it off and spread it on the bench at one end.

I sat on the bench then turned so that I could lean back against the wall. To make it more comfortable I lifted one leg up onto the bench leaving my legs wide open.

I got bored quickly and one of my hands wandered to my pussy and started playing with my clit. I felt my AF rise.

I got hotter and then hotter. My hand lost interest in my clit and I just sat there. I started to think that I had to get out, but that needed effort.

Just then the door opened and a middle-aged man with a towel round his waist walked in. I knew that I had to cover-up but I didn’t have the energy.

The man looked at me and smiled. Then he asked me if I was alright, I didn’t answer.

“No you’re not are you? Here let me help you.”

He came over to me, lifted me up and carried me out. He put me down on one of the sun loungers that were outside the sauna, then went back into the sauna and got my towel.

He spread my towel over my naked body and disappeared. A couple of minutes later he was back with a plastic cup of water.

“Drink that.” He said, holding it out for me.

I drank it and started to feel better.

“Children your age shouldn’t really go into a sauna without their parents being there, the heat creeps up on you and…. Well you know the rest. Stay there for a few minutes until you feel better.”

As the man turned and went towards the sauna I managed to thank him for his help.

I lay there for a while with the towel just covering my body. When I felt a bit better I looked around and saw a shower and decided that I needed a cold one. I slowly got up and walked over to it.

That cold shower made me feel a lot better. I was just deciding that I could get my towel and go and get dressed when I heard voices; foreign voices. I looked round the curtain and saw 4 Japanese men wearing only towels. They were stood talking right next to the sun lounger with my towel on.

My brain told me to stay there until they’d gone, but I pulled the curtain back and boldly walked towards them. Two of the men saw me straight away and said something to the others. They turned and saw me in all my naked glory.

I fully intended to pick up my towel and wrap it round me, but instead I spread it on the sun lounger and lay on it. What’s more I kept my knees apart. Why the hell was I doing that?

The 4 Japs looked down at me and I felt my heart pounding and my pussy getting wet. My AF was increasing.

The Japs kept looking at me and talking, maybe about me, maybe not, for what seemed like hours. I reality it was probably about a minute; but in that time my AF rose to about a 6.

I really did want to play with my clit; and at one point I wished that I had the remote controlled vibrator inside me and Ryan was controlling the speed.

Eventually the Japs went into the sauna and I saw 2 naked, middle-aged butts as they took their towels off. Not as nice as Ryan’s butt.

My clit needed attention. I thought of 2 choices; one was to get dressed and go back to our room and take care of it there; the other was to go and sit in the jacuzzi and do it underwater.

My brain was telling me to go to our room, but my body won and I got up; wrapped my towel round me and walked out to the swimming area.

I was half way to the jacuzzi when I saw a couple, about my age, in the jacuzzi. What’s more there were 3 people in the swimming pool.

As I got closer I decided that if I timed it right I could take the towel off and quickly slip into the jacuzzi while the man was looking the other way. I got to the place where I could hang my towel and looked at the couple. They were both staring at me. I fiddled with my hair a bit, but they kept looking at me. My heart pace increased and I decided that I had to go for it. I unfastened the towel with my back to them.

My nervous let me down and I accidentally dropped the towel. Without even thinking I bent over to pick it up. As I stood up I realised that the couple must have had a great view of my butt and pussy.

With a red face I turned and quickly got in the jacuzzi.

I looked down, not wanting to make eye contact, but my head lifted and eye contact was made. The man smiled and the woman said, “Hi!”.

I said “Hi!” back then the couple started talking to each other.

I relaxed in the bubbles knowing that I was covered. My eyes closed and my right hand found my pussy and clit. I looked forward to a long slow masturbation session.

I was making good, slow progress when the bubbles stopped. Everything went quiet and my hand kept working.

After a couple of minutes I heard someone stand up. I opened my eyes and saw the woman reaching over to a button on the wall. As the waves settled I looked down and realised that I could see my whole body, and what my hand was doing. If I could see, then the couple could. My fingers stopped and my hand went flat over my pubes.

I looked at the woman and saw that she wasn’t wearing a bikini; it was her underwear that I could see, and they were quite thin and slightly see-through.

The bubbles started again, the woman sat down again, the man took his eyes off me and my fingers started again.

It took a few minutes, but I finally released my pussy pressure and relaxed back to enjoy the bubbles.

I was laying there with my eyes shut, enjoying the feeling when someone else got in the jacuzzi.

“Oh shit! I thought, “Two more men.”

I had a decision to make. Did I try and wait until they got out or did I be brave and get out, letting them see me naked.

I pondered the decision for a while as my AF started to climb then all of a sudden I was standing up, right in front of them. Their faces were inches from my pussy. What the hell was I doing?

I’d started, so I couldn’t stop; I turned and climbed out, letting everyone see my butt and pussy as I lifted a leg to climb out.

“Fuck that was horrible;” I though as I wrapped my towel round me. So why was my pussy so wet? I wish that I could understand my body’s needs.

I walked back along the side of the pool, into the changing room, got dressed and went up to our room.

It was dark when I got there. I looked out of the window and saw into some of the rooms in the hotel over the road. I saw 1 naked man (no erection) and 2 women (separate rooms) in just their underwear.

I was just deciding if I would (I knew that I should), close the curtains before putting the light on; when the door opened and Ryan walked in.

As I turned to face him I dropped the towel and rushed to give him a naked hug.

I undressed him and pulled him on top of me on the bed.

After he’d filled my pussy, we lay there and talked about our days. We’d both had good days. Ryan told me that we’d go to the leisure centre together one evening and that he’d fuck me in the jacuzzi. He also told me that I should go and have more workouts.

I asked him about the curtains, saying that it didn’t feel right leaving them open.

He reminded me that we hadn’t got any curtains for our apartment and I didn’t seem worried by people watching us fucking all over the place at home.

I told Ryan that I’d never seen anyone watching us at home; but he was adamant that we’d been watched a few times. I thumped him and told him that we needed to get some curtains soon. I also felt a wet rush in my pussy.

He told me to leave the curtains open.

We showered, got dressed then went out for something to eat.

When we got back to our room Ryan slowly stripped me and fucked me hard. As I lay on the bed, naked, he got his ties out and tied me, spread-eagled to the 4 corners. He stuffed my bikini bottoms into my mouth and used my bikini top to cover my eyes. I thought that he was just playing games and didn’t object; I knew that he would never hurt me.

The next thing that I knew, Ryan was talking to room service on the phone and ordering a bottle of beer.

“Ryan, untie me - please.” I said, but all that he could hear was garbled noises.

Ryan sat beside me and rubbed my clit until there was a knock on the door.

“No, no, yes, yes!” I tried to say, and struggled with my restraints.

Ryan got off the bed and went and opened the door. I heard Ryan telling the man to put it on the table. I froze and went bright red. I was so ashamed, yet so turned on. I felt like dying, but I wanted to cum.

There was a long pause during which I didn’t die, and didn’t cum. Then I heard Ryan say,

“She likes playing bondage games; she looks cute doesn’t she?”

“Ryan, why are you doing this to me, I love you?” I thought.

A minute later I heard the door close and Ryan came and took my bikini away from my face.

“You bastard Ryan!” I said as I saw him start to drink the beer.

“You loved it, I know you did.” Ryan said. He ran a finger along my slit and held it up.

“You’re wetter than my beer,” he said, “want a drink?”

He held the bottle to my mouth and I took a drink. He got that mischievous look on his face and the next thing that I knew was that the beer bottle was being slowly pushed up my cunt.

“That’s cold,” I said, “but nice;” as Ryan started to fuck me with the bottle.

Lubrication wasn’t a problem and my pussy made a few slurping noises as Ryan pushed and pulled and twisted the bottle to get it deeper inside me.

I felt my pussy stretching. It wasn’t painful, just different.

“Wow!” Ryan said, “You’ve got to see this.” Ryan said.

“Untie me then.” I said.

He did, and I sat up.

“Where’s the bottle?“ I asked, knowing full well where it was.

Ryan untied my ankles as I put my hand on the half inch of bottle that wasn’t inside me.

“Can you stand up?” Ryan asked.

I slowly moved to the edge of the bed and asked Ryan to help me up. With a few ‘aaarghs’ and ‘ouches’, I (we) managed to get me to my feet. The bottle started to slide out, but I managed to hold it in using my hand. I started to shuffle along and found that it wasn’t too bad. As soon as I tried to walk I stopped, it was too painful.

I moved my hand and let the bottle slide out onto the floor.

Ryan picked me up and put me back on the bed. His hand went to my pussy and he started to explore my stretched pussy. He easily got 4 fingers inside me. He was going to try to get his whole fist inside, but I asked him to stop. It was hurting too much. I promised to let him try again in a few days.

Ryan lay beside me and said,

“I bet that the audience over the street enjoyed that.”

“Shit!” I said, and reached over and switched the light off.

I woke up the next morning to that wonderful feeling of Ryan slowly fucking me.

**Tuesday**

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

After our shower Ryan told me not to get dressed; he told me to do what we’d seen others do the previous morning; go to breakfast wearing the hotel robe. I started to get my bikini out but Ryan stopped me telling me to wear just the robe. I wasn’t sure, but Ryan persuaded me.

In the lift on the way down, a man got in and stood in front of us, facing the door. Just as we started going down again I felt Ryan pull my robe open. My whole front was exposed to the man’s back. I quickly re-tied it.

I had to keep re-tying my robe all through breakfast as Ryan kept trying to get me to flash the other diners.

In the lift on the way back to our room Ryan gave me a long kiss and managed to undo the robe without me knowing. As the doors opened he pulled the robe right off me. I screamed and ran down the corridor, naked, to our room. When I got there I remembered that my key was in the robe pocket, and Ryan had that.

I stood outside our door, hoping that no one would come out of their room. Ryan was taking his time so I stood in the middle of the corridor, facing him, and did some star jumps until he got there.

“I think that you need to go and work off some of that energy.” Ryan said as he opened our door.

“Did you see the security cameras?” Ryan asked.

“NO! Oh shit, what have I done?” I said

“Only joking.” Ryan said.

I thumped his arm then hugged and kissed him.

Ryan pushed me away, telling me that he didn’t have time; he had to leave.

I decided to take Ryan’s suggestion and go for a workout. My next decision was what to do when I got there, and what to wear.

In the end I decided to wear my white tennis skirt and my bikini top. I would carry my bikini bottoms rolled up in my towel.

As I walked along the corridor I looked down at my bikini top. In the bright lights I could see the nipple bumps and make-out the change of colour for my areolas. I hoped that no one else noticed.

When I got in the lift I had to stand in front of 4 men. Two of them were facing me as we went down, and both were looking at my bikini top. I felt my nipples get rock hard and my face blush.

At the leisure centre I went straight to the workout room and was surprised to see 6 men and 1 woman there. Fortunately no one was on the exercise cycle so I went to it and adjusted the saddle height. I wanted to get myself worked-up, but I was going to stop before I had an orgasm; I didn’t want to have one with all those people there.

I got on and started peddling - slowly. I looked round; everyone was doing their own thing. The woman was wearing a sports bra and tight lycra shorts. She had a bit of a camel toe.

My pussy started to lubricate and the sliding became easier. I leaned forwards to put more pressure on my clit and I started to feel good.

My legs started to speed up and I got hotter. Before I knew it I was getting close. I knew that I should stop, but I couldn’t. I just had to keep peddling.

Two of the men left the room, one gave me a strange look bit I ignored him.

My face got redder and redder as I started to cum. I bit my lip to try to hold in the moans. I think that I managed okay because no one turned to look at me although the woman did give me a quick grin. I guessed that she had used the exercise cycle before.

My peddling slowed down and eventually stopped. I got off the cycle and wiped the seat with the towel. My bikini bottoms fell out and I quickly picked them up.

The others in the room were still doing their thing, the woman had moved onto the thighs toning machine. As her legs opened the tight lycra pressed into her pussy making the slight camel toe a big camel toe. I smiled to myself and left.

I decided to go for a swim so I went into the ladies changing room, found a locker and swapped my skirt for my bikini bottoms. It felt a little strange wearing something that covered my pussy.

I had a great swim, the pool wasn’t that big, but I could get a fair bit of speed up and practiced my racing turns.

When I stopped I checked my bikini, it was still there, no Ryan to undo it.

I got out and headed for the jacuzzi; I wanted to relax in those bubbles. There were a couple of young men in there already, but there was plenty of room. As I got close I saw one of the men staring at me. He said something to the other man and he too stared at me.

I had to check that my bikini was still where it should be. I looked down and saw that the yellow bikini might well have been back in our room; it was totally see-through. My hands moved to cover my bits as I quickly got into the bubbles and closed my eyes. I didn’t want to see the men looking at me.

The men started talking about football and I relaxed. So much so that my right hand moved to my pussy and my fingers got to work.

A couple of minutes later the bubbles stopped and I had to move my hand. I hoped that one of the men would get up and press the button to start the bubbles again, but they didn’t.

The water settled and I could see my nipples; fortunately my pussy was hidden by me being sat down.

I waited for one of the men to move, but neither did. I had a dilemma; did I just sit it out, or did I stand up and press the button, letting the men have a good look at my virtually naked body. My brain was telling me to sit it out, but I just stood up and reached for the button.

Sitting down again I said to myself,

“Tanya why the hell did you do that?”

I relaxed a bit, and then all of a sudden the men got up and left.

My fingers got to work and brought me to a nice orgasm.

When I decided that it was time to leave I had another problem. I didn’t want anyone to see my virtually see-through bikini; or more importantly what was under it; so I had to work out how I could get to the changing room without being seen.

I decided that I would wait until the swimmers were swimming away from me and quickly walk alongside the pool to the changing room. I waited for my moment and quickly got out.

Everything went well until I got close to the changing room entrance. All of a sudden the 2 men from the jacuzzi re-appeared right in front of me. There was nothing that I could do. I blushed and rushed passed them.

In the safety of the ladies changing room I took my bikini off and went for a shower. As I dried myself I realised that the only dry clothing that I had was my skirt. I had no choice; I wrapped my towel round me and went back to our room carrying my bikini and skirt in my hand.

Back in our room I went into the bathroom to do what comes naturally. When I came out I got a shock. The first thing that I saw was that our room door was open. I turned towards the bed and saw this young woman making the bed. As soon as she saw me (naked) she said something in a language that I didn’t understand, and rushed out.

I was still feeling horny when I was deciding what to do that afternoon. I knew that it was wrong and that I shouldn’t do it, but I went out wearing just my shoes, duffle coat and the remote vibrator. I’d set it on low just before I left our room, putting the control back in the drawer.

The first place that I went was a McDonalds. I remembered what Ryan did to me the last time that we were in McDonalds; and for once I was grateful that Ryan wasn’t with me. It would have been horrible being exposed to all those people in there.

I giggled to myself as I wondered what they would think if they knew what I was wearing under that coat.

It was busy in there, and the only place that I could get to sit was on a high stool at the long bar at the front window.

As I climbed up the front of my coat fell open and I could see all of my legs, right up to my stomach. I quickly put my food down and made myself decent. On those stools there is no way that a girl can cross her legs so I had to sit there hoping that my coat wouldn’t fall open. I was facing the street so none of the other diners would be able to see my legs.

I sat there eating and thinking about my morning and how I’d let those men see me virtually naked. How could I have done that? All of a sudden I remembered what that vibrating in my pussy was. Instead of ignoring it, I couldn’t stop thinking about it.

By the time I’d finished my food I was feeling quite worked up. Instead of holding my thighs together, they had drifted apart and my coat had fallen either side of my legs. As I looked down I could see my bald pubes and the top of my slit.

I knew what was going to happen and I couldn’t stop it. I looked round; no one in there was looking at me. I looked outside; again no one was looking at me.

I picked up a napkin and held it to my mouth. I had to supress the moans that would be coming any second.

I looked outside again. A young man was stood talking to a young woman and he was looking my way.

I thought that I might break one of my teeth as I clamped them together to try to stay quiet as it hit me.

The young man outside was grinning. Was he looking at my pussy? Another bolt hit me.

I reached my peak and started to calm down. As I did so I looked around again. I was happy that no one was taking any notice of me. When I looked outside the young man had gone.

I relaxed and enjoyed the afterglow for a couple of minutes before getting off the stool and going to the toilet to clean myself up a bit. As I climbed the stairs the vibe felt good, but I had it under control.

Walking down the street I came across an underground station. On impulse I went in and saw that I was on the Circle line. I bought a ticket that would let me go all the way round and back to where I started. As I went down the escalator I felt that lovely warm draught up my coat onto my pussy. It felt nice. I was also pleased that the coat was long enough for me not to have to worry about people looking up it.

I got on the next train and found a seat; it was one that backed to the side of the carriage, facing a similar one on the other side. There was no one sat opposite so I didn’t cross my legs; I just held the sides of my coat so that my legs were covered.

The vibe, along with the vibrations of the train felt good. I blushed as I had visions of having an orgasm with lots of people all around me.

A couple of stations down the line some more people got on. A middle-aged man came and sat opposite me so I crossed my legs. With the vibe purring away I felt uncomfortable, so I uncrossed them. The man opposite was reading a paper but he was holding it quite low; I could see his eyes going from side to side as he read. I decided that I could ignore him and just put my hands on my lap.

At the next station a lot more people got on. As one walked passed me he accidentally knocked my knee and my legs went wide open for a second. The man looked down at me and said that he was sorry, but I’m sure that he would have had a good view of my bare legs.

For the next 4 or 5 stations the vibe kept me simmering. A couple of times I suddenly noticed that my knees had drifted apart and I had to quickly pull them together. On the second time, I looked over to the man opposite and saw that he was pretending to read, but his eyes were looking straight at my legs.

I blushed and wondered if he’d seen my pussy. Why hadn’t I sat more upright?

The thought of that man seeing my pussy pushed my AF up one. I suddenly realised that I’d let my knees drift apart again; even wider.

I didn’t want that man to see my pussy, so why was I opening my knees? My coat was sliding down the sides on my legs. I looked up and saw another man looking down at me.

Shit, two of them looking at me; it was like someone had turned the vibe up to full.

The train pulled into a station and when it stopped I panicked and got up and ran off the train.

I sat on a bench and cooled down.

I watched one train go passed then got on the next. It was crowded and I had to stand and hold onto one of the upright poles. A few stations along I realised that I’d been holding the pole quite high up. As a result the bottom of my coat was gaping open. I looked down at the person sat in front of me. It was a girl about my age, and she was staring at me; or should I say, my bare thighs. I wondered just how much she could see. I wasn’t that worried, after all, it wasn’t a man; so I didn’t bring my arm down any lower.

What I did do was slide my feet further apart. I needed better balance. Well that’s what I told my brain.

The girl noticed and smiled up at me. I blushed, but didn’t move.

Was it the vibe that was getting me more worked-up, or was it the fact that another girl was staring at my pussy; I had to believe that it was the vibe; there was no way that I’d get turned-on by another girl.

I looked down at her again and our eyes met. She smiled at me then licked her lips.

I looked away as I felt another wet rush flood my pussy.

Fuck! I WAS getting turned-on by another girl. What was wrong with me, I love Ryan.

At the next station the girl stood up and got off the train. As she stood up she whispered to me,

“Cute pussy kiddo, but be careful, there’s a lot of perverts about.”

I blushed – again; and quickly sat in the just vacated seat. I crossed my legs, even though it wasn’t comfortable.

The crossed legs didn’t last long, at the next station a whole gang of young men got on and I moved to the end of the carriage to get out of their way. The problem was that they moved along the carriage as well. I was trapped in amongst then, standing at the end of the carriage.

I got a bid scared, even more so when I felt one of them putting his arm round me. While laughing and joking with his mates, he slid his arm round to my front and into my coat. I nearly jumped a mile when his hand touched my bare stomach.

I think that he was a bit shocked at first because his hand froze for a couple of seconds; then it started to explore my naked flesh.

As soon as the hand found my pussy I exploded. It was a good job that his arm was round me as my legs went all weak. I nearly screamed.

All of a sudden it was over as quick as it started; the train stopped at the next station and all the noisy young men got off. I was left there wondering what the hell had happened. I leaned back against the end door and slowly regained my composure. After that I sat down and waited for the train to get back to where I first got on it.

Back in our room I squeezed the vibe out and had a short nap and I was in the shower when Ryan got back. He was later than the previous day but I wasn’t worried. As soon as I came out of the shower I saw that he had a little box with him. It was a present for me. When I opened it I saw that it was another remote controlled vibrator. I looked a bit confused and reminded Ryan that I already had one.

“Not like this you haven’t. It has an amazing feature that you are going to love. It has a program called ‘random’. When you turn that on it will switch itself on and off at random times and random intensity.”

“So,” I said, “I can be talking to someone and in the middle of our conversation this thing will suddenly give me a full throttle blast for anything from 1 second to 20+ minutes. That could be sooo humiliating.”

“You’ll love every second of it.” Ryan said.

“Well yeah, but…….”

“Come on babe,” Ryan said, “get on the bed and show me your pussy. I want to give this baby a trial run.”

“Later,” I said, I’ve got to tell you all about my day first.

When I told Ryan about the housekeeper incident he told me he’d had an idea for some fun, but wouldn’t tell me what. He said that I’d have to wait.

I then told Ryan about my visit to the leisure centre and my trip on the underground. He told me that it just proves that I’m an exhibitionist. Of course I disagreed with him; he couldn’t possibly be right.

Ryan was a bit hungry so we decided to go and get something to eat.

One thing that Ryan had me do before we went to bed that night was to send me to get a bottle of water from the vending machine near the lifts. The thing was, he sent me without any clothes on. At first I refused, but as usual I gave in and said that I’d do it.

I opened the door and waited until everything was quiet, then I set off. It wasn’t far, but it may well have been a mile. My heart was pounding as I walked along. I made it to the vending machine, but as I picked up the bottle I heard the lift coming up. Was it going to stop at our floor, and if so, who would get out?

My heart was pounding as I walked.

“Ping!”

The lift doors opened. I had about 10 yards to go and Ryan was stood at the door watching me.

I heard voices behind me, but I didn’t dare look.

I was just getting to Ryan when he went back into our room and closed the door.

The bastard; I thought.

I knocked on our door but it didn’t open.

I knocked again then looked round to see who had got out of the lift. It was a thirty-something couple, and they both had grins on their faces.

I knocked again.

This time the door opened and I barged in passed a grinning Ryan.

I turned to Ryan and called him a bastard; then I jumped on him and gave him a long kiss.

“I knew that you’d enjoy that.” Ryan said as he carried me to the bed.

**Wednesday Morning**

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

The next morning I woke up before Ryan. It was my turn to wake him up in a nice way. I slid down the bed and found his cock. He woke up to the feeling of me giving him a blowjob.

Ryan wanted me to go for breakfast wearing just the hotel robe, so after a shower I sat on the bed waiting for him to get ready. When he came out of the bathroom he went and got the new remote vibe and held it up in front of me. I grinned and lay back on the bed for him to work it into my pussy.

I thought that he wasn’t going to switch it on because he put the control in one of the drawers, but as we were walking down the corridor to the lift it suddenly burst into life. I froze and gasped. It only lasted a few seconds but it certainly surprised me.

I had just finished my breakfast and was drinking my coffee when I got another blast. I nearly sprayed Ryan with a mouthful of coffee.

When we got back to our room Ryan asked me to keep it in all day. I promised to try to.

When Ryan left I decided that I’d go to the leisure centre and have a lazy day. I planned to do just a bit of swimming then lay around until I got bored. I wrapped my bikini in a towel and left our room. I was in the lift when I got blasted again. I was stood behind an elderly Japanese couple and when I gasped they both turned and looked at me. I blushed.

When I went into the ladies changing room there were 2 teenage girls who looked about 13 or 14 there; from what they were saying I think that they were German. I assumed that they’d only just got there because they were dressed and had dry hair.

I took my robe off and put it in a locker then I unrolled my towel and got my bikini. I pretended to have trouble with a knot in the strings and watched the girls as they got undressed, I don’t normally watch other girls get undressed, but something about these 2 told me to watch them. As they took off their tops and skirts I saw that neither had underwear on. Both had breasts bigger than mine, at a guess I would say they were both a 32B. Both their pubes were bald and they both had some sort of clit jewellery.

They were laughing and giggling, and in a world of their own. What they did next totally surprised me; they both walked out of the door towards the pool, totally naked.

Wow! Either the Germans are a lot more liberated than the English or I had missed something about this hotel.

The vibe kicked in again, this time with a long fast blast. I could feel my pussy getting wet, and tingling.

I did something really stupid then, I put my bikini back in the locker and followed the teenagers out to the pool.

I was very nervous and excited as I went through that door. What I saw was 2 naked teenage girls playing games in the pool with a man that looked like their father. There were a few other swimmers that were ignoring the 3 naked girls.

I dived in and swam a few lengths. I love the feeling of swimming naked, it feels so natural. When I went swimming as a kid I often used to think about swimming naked.

I’d done about 10 lengths when the vibe zapped me again; it was another long one so I had to stop swimming and just stand there with a tortured expression on my face.

The vibe had got me to a point where I wanted to take it further. As I didn’t have the control I decided to go into the jacuzzi and bring myself off under the bubbles. I swam to the end of the pool and climbed out. There was no one in the Jacuzzi as I pressed the button and climbed in.

I lay back and started frigging. I was going to enjoy it. I closed my eyes and brought myself to a very nice orgasm. Just as I was about to cum the vibe zapped me again. It was only a short one, but it was long enough and strong enough to push me over the edge.

I opened my eyes to see that the 2 girls and their father had joined me. I blushed as I wondered how much they’d seen.

The 2 girls were all over their father, sitting on his lap and rubbing their breasts on his arms. Another time one of them was straddling his lap with her breasts in his face; she looked like she was fucking him, except that he was wearing swimming shorts. I wondered if he had a hard-on.

I remembered the relationship that I’d had with my father. It was the complete opposite of these 2 girls. I was jealous.

The bubbles stopped and one of the girls got up to press the button. As she leaned over I could see every bit of her pussy. Her clit jewellery was a horizontal barbell stud that was in the hood. Her clit was peeking out too. Was she aroused as much as I was? I stared at her jewellery as long as I could and decided that I wanted one.

I decided to leave them to it, got out and walked towards the sauna. I wanted to try it again. As I walked alongside the pool I got zapped again. I stopped and squeezed my thighs together. Fortunately it was a quick one and I managed to continue without anyone noticing – I think.

In the sauna area I decided to lay on one of the sun loungers for a few minutes as I plucked up the courage to go in.

While I was there a middle-aged man came out of the sauna with a towel wrapped round him. I recognised him as the man that had rescued me the other day. I smiled at him then remembered that I was naked. I bent my knees to cover my pussy.

“If you’re thinking about going in there don’t stay long. As soon as you start to feel funny come out. There might not be anyone there to rescue you the next time.” The man said.

“Yes I will,” I said, “and thank you for rescuing me the other day.”

The man walked off into the gents changing room.

“Okay” I thought, and stood up and went into the sauna. The heat hit me, but this time I knew what to expect. There was no one in there so I lay flat on the bottom bench and let one leg drop to the floor.

I’d just got comfortable when the door opened and in came the 2 girls. I resisted the urge to sit up and cover my pussy. I needn’t have worried, the 2 girls climbed to the top bench and one sat at each end with one leg on the bench below; their pussies were as spread as mine. I looked at both of them and saw that they both had similar barbell jewellery in their clit hoods.

They continued talking so quickly that my schoolgirl German was of no use to me.

The door opened again. This time it was their father; and he was naked too. What’s more his cock was pointing straight out in front of him; he has a semi.

He climbed up and sat between the 2 girls, which was directly above me. He joined in the conversation as I turned my head and looked at the 3 of them. The 2 girls were not at all embarrassed about letting their father see their open pussies, and he wasn’t at all embarrassed by his cock that was getting harder. I wondered if it was anything to do with him looking down at my pussy.

I know that I was embarrassed, but I was so amazed by the 3 of them. I was just thinking about going out to cool off when I got zapped again. That time it was a long fast one and I realised that I was going to cum.

And I did, shaking and moaning and arching my back a little as I did. As I reached my peak I opened my eyes and saw the 3 of them looking down at me. I was soooo embarrassed that I wanted to crawl into a corner and die.

Needless to say that I didn’t die; instead I got up and went out and into the shower. As I went through the shower door I heard the 2 girls giggle. I was sure that they knew that I’d just cum.

As I stood in the shower I felt a little proud on myself; I felt that I’d made a small step towards getting rid of my shyness and guilt. So much so that I went back into the sauna and lay in the same place with my legs wide open.

As I went back in the 2 girls giggled again and I saw that their father still had a hard-on. The 2 girls still had their legs wide open, but one of them had her hand on her pussy. Was she frigging? I wondered. She was the one at my feet end so I could watch her. Yes, she was definitely rubbing her clit. Wow, I would never have dreamed of doing that in front of my father.

A couple of minutes later I got zapped again and I jumped a bit. I so wanted to rub my clit. Another minute later I decided that if she could, then I could, and my right hand moved to my chest, squeezed my nipple then slid down to my pussy.

There was silence as I cupped my pussy then tweaked my clit. My AF was still quite high from before and within seconds I was cumming again. I started shaking and arched my back a lot this time. It was another good one.

The embarrassment kicked in again, and I went to the shower again. When I came out I went and lay on one of the sun loungers; I couldn’t face going in to the sauna again.

All the sun loungers had their backs up so I was half sitting with my knees bent; and wide open. I was looking down at my pussy and feeling pleased with myself when the 2 Germans came out of the sauna. The fathers cock was soft. The father went to the gents changing room and the 2 girls both went into the shower. I heard them giggling.

When they came out I expected them to go and get changed, but instead they went and sat on sun loungers that faced me. As they sat down they both cupped their little breasts and pulled their nipples. What’s more they sat the same way that I was. With their knees up and spread wide. They could see my pussy and I could see both of theirs.

They were both talking and looking at me; or should I say my open pussy.

I was still randy from my previous orgasms and without realising it I found my left hand on my tiny breast. What’s more, my right hand was rubbing my lower stomach.

The 2 girls stopped talking and stared at me.

My right hand moved down and touched my clit. I gasped a bit and moved my hand away. Both girls, at exactly the same time, moved their hands, one to a breast, and the other to their pussies. They both started frigging in total silence.

I wanted to see how far they would go so I took it really slow. I knew that it wouldn’t take much for me to cum again.

Both of those girls went for it; all 4 hands were busy and it didn’t take that long for them to cum. I saw the signs and speeded up my own fingers. I think that all 3 of us came within a minute.

Afterwards there was a long silence as the 3 of us sat there with our legs wide open. I was feeling well pleased with myself and I was sure that Ryan would be as well.

I was brought back to reality as I got zapped again. I jumped a bit and gasped. That broke the spell and the 2 girls got up and went into the changing room.

The zap was a short one and I quickly recovered and went and had a quick shower before going into the changing room.

Both girls were just starting to get dressed in denim miniskirts and tops. I dried myself and was just putting my robe on as they walked passed me to leave. We all smiled at each other. One of them said,

“Danke.”

She was thanking me!

When I got back to our room I didn’t know what to do; I wanted more excitement, and my new found courage was egging me on; but at the back of my mind I was still fighting my upbringing.

I decided to order something from room service and looked at the menu. When I’d decided what I wanted I picked-up the phone and ordered.

My brain was fighting my pussy; should I open the door naked, or keep the robe on. In the end I decided that I would chicken out but as I walked to the door I wiped the robe off and threw it on the bed.

I opened the door and looked the man straight in the face. His eyes opened wide for a second then he said, in very poor English,

“Room service.”

“Come in;” I said, “Put it on that table please.” Then I walked over to the window so that he could watch my butt as he carried the tray in.

I turned and stood facing him with my back to the un-curtained window as my pussy tingled and got quite wet.

The man put the tray down and turned to me. There was a long pause before he thanked me and walked to the door. I followed him as he turned for one last look before disappearing down the corridor.

“Wow!” I’d done it again; Ryan was going to be so proud of me.

I ate my lunch, thinking about what I was going to do that afternoon. I could stay in the room and let the vibe tease me all afternoon or I could go out and do something; but what?

**Wednesday Afternoon**

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

In the end I put a skirt, top and my coat on and went out. I felt quite over-dressed as I went down in the lift.

I decided to go to Oxford Street and look in clothes shops. I had no intention of buying anything, but I like to look.

I got the tube and decided to be a good girl and keep my legs together. The vibe gave me a few ‘moments’, but nothing that I couldn’t handle. I even tried on a few skirts and dresses having to strip naked to do so, but I was a good girl and kept the curtains firmly closed.

I got back to the hotel about the same time as Ryan and told him all about my day. When I’d finished he hugged me, kissed me and told me that he was proud of his little exhibitionist.

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I said – again; wondering if perhaps I was.

Ryan looked in the hotel information booklet the told me that we were going for a quick meal then going back to the leisure centre. He wanted to get me naked in public again.

We went to a Chinese restaurant and I have to say that I’ve never eaten so fast. The bottle of wine went down quickly, with me drinking most of it.

Back at the hotel Ryan told me to squeeze the vibe out while he put his swimming shorts on. I squatted down and squeezed. As the vibe hit the floor Ryan reached down and picked it up, put it in his mouth and sucked, then put it in the drawer. I reached for my robe but Ryan told me to leave it and put on my bikini; but to wear the bottoms that I hadn’t even tried on yet. As I went and got the package I told him that I hoped that it wasn’t a thong with sides that he’d undo as soon as he got the chance.

He said that it had elastic sides so he couldn’t untie it. I felt a bit relieved, but that didn’t last. As I pulled it out of the package I held it up and said,

“What’s this, there isn’t any material here, only edging.”

I moved it around in my fingers and saw that it was like an ordinary underwear thong, elasticated strings everywhere, but where there’s normally material to cover your pussy and pubes there was nothing, just a big hole.

“Put it on.” Ryan said.

I did and looked at myself in the mirror. From the back and sides it just looked like any other thong bikini (the colour even matched my bikini top).

“I can’t go out in this Ryan; I’m virtually naked.” I said.

“Yes I know, and you look great. Come on, let’s go.” Ryan said as he pulled me out of the door.

We walked to the lift with me feeling VERY naked. I felt extremely under-dressed when the lift stopped on the floor below and a couple got in, both dressed as if they were going out to a posh dinner.

As we got close to the leisure centre Ryan told me that I was going to be his daughter for the evening.

“Okay!” I thought, I’d played that role before; but I was surprised when he pulled me into the gents changing room.

I looked round; there were 3 young men in various states of dress and one naked man in the shower. I could see his cock.

Ryan called me over to him by the lockers and told me to take my bikini bottoms (ha!) off and put them in the locker.

“Yes daddy.” I said in my little girl voice.

As I did so I looked round and saw 2 men looking at me. One had turned to face me and I could see his rising cock.

“Now the top princess.” Ryan said.

I reached round my back and pulled the strings undone. I put my bikini top in the locker, pulled my nipples and turned to look at the other men.

Wow! I’d caused 2 hard-ons; I was pleased with myself.

Ryan got hold of my hand and said,

“Let’s go and have that swim now princess.”

We went out of that room and I immediately saw the 2 German girls again. This time they had little bikinis on. I was disappointed that they had clothes on, and they looked surprised that I’d come out of the gents changing room.

“Guten Abend.” I said to them, remembering a little German.

We dived into the pool and swam to the other end; the 2 German girls having disappeared. I looked round; I was the only naked person there, but there again there were no kids there; only about 15 other people, one third women and two thirds men.

We did another couple of lengths then got out and went to the Jacuzzi. As we walked there Ryan whispered that he was going to fuck me under the bubbles.

We sat in the bubbles talking for a couple of minutes.

“Those 2 were the teenagers from this morning then?” Ryan asked.

When I said that they were he said that he thought that they were naked. He sounded a bit disappointed when I confirmed that they were that morning.

“Sorry babe, you’ll have to settle for seeing me naked today.” I said.

“And I’m very happy seeing you naked TT; especially here.” Ryan said.

The bubbles stopped so I stood up, reached over and pressed the button. As I pressed it I realised that Ryan was right behind me. I kept my finger on the button and moved one leg sideways to that he got a good look at my pussy.

As I turned to sit down Ryan pulled me onto his lap so that I was sideways to him with me facing the pool. He’d pulled his shorts down so his hard cock pushing against my pussy. I kissed him and asked if he was going to fuck me now. He smiled and I opened my legs a bit so that his cock could slide inside me.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling and the excitement of being fucked in that public place.

I opened my eyes occasionally to check that we were still on our own; but I didn’t check often enough. One time when I opened them I saw that we’d been joined by the 2 German girls; and what’s more, they were topless; their nipples showing as the bubbles burst.

I looked at Ryan as if to say that I wanted to get off him, but he held me firm. Ryan was going to let these 2 girls watch him fuck me.

When Ryan eased his grip on me I swivelled round on his cock so that I was facing the 2 girls and pushed myself up and down, just a bit, just enough for them to know what was going on.

Ryan and I stared at the 2 teenagers and they stared at us.

The bubbles stopped but no one moved. The girls had confirmation that we were fucking, and I saw that the girls hadn’t got their bikini bottoms on either. I pushed down on Ryan’s cock and felt that familiar feeling.

“That didn’t take long,” I thought, “was Ryan turned-on by the sight of the 2 girls?” I quick pang of jealousy hit me then I decided that there would be something wrong with him if he wasn’t turned on.

I waited a couple of minutes for Ryan’s cock to go soft then I stood up; my just fucked open hole was inches away from the girl’s faces.

As I got out Ryan adjusted his shorts and followed. We walked along the side of the pool to where the sauna was. Just as we went through the door Ryan looked back and saw that the girls were following us.

“Quick!” Ryan said as he pulled his shorts off; “into the sauna and do what I say.”

“Don’t I always?” I said as we went in and closed the door. We were the only ones there, which was good, suspecting that Ryan was going to do something naughty.

Ryan sat halfway along the bottom bench and told me to lay across his lap.

“What have I done to deserve a spanking?” I joked.

It wasn’t a joke. I heard the door open just as Ryan slapped my butt.

The 2 girls stopped and looked at us for a second, then climbed up to the same 2 corners that they’d occupied that morning. They sat the same way as well – one leg on the bench below, showing their bald pussies.

Ryan slapped my butt again and told me that I had to stop teasing my father like that.

With my face pointing to the floor I smiled and knew that we were in role play mode again.

“Sorry daddy.” I said, “I need to be punished more so that I won’t do it again.”

I hadn’t a clue if the girls understood what I was saying or not, but they sure as hell knew what a spanking was.

Ryan slapped me 4 more times and I pretended to cry.

Ryan then told me to stand up. I did and held my head low. I wiped a non-existent tear from my eyes.

“Get on your knees girl.” Ryan said.

As I got down I thought that there was no way that he was going to get me to give him a blow job, not in front of those girls. But he did. He only had a semi to start with, but it wasn’t long before it was as hard as I’ve ever felt it.

As my head bobbed up and down I looked up at him. He was loving every second. I looked at the girls as well. Both were frigging themselves.

Just before Ryan came, he held my head back and shot his load all over my face. I looked at the girls, their faces were totally emotionless. They just stared at us.

Ryan motioned for me to stand up so I did.

“Let that be a lesson to you my girl.” Ryan said.

“Yes daddy.” I replied, wondering if the girls knew what ‘daddy’ meant.

“Okay, go and get a shower and come back here.”

I did as I was told. Ryan later told me that he’d laid flat on the bottom bench and the girls had watched his cock slowly get hard again. They never stopped frigging.

That was the position he was in when I went back in. I went up to him and bent over and kissed his cock before sitting like the girls at the end of the bench near Ryan’s feet.

I started frigging like the girls were.

I was just getting happy when one of the girls spoke to the other and they both girls got up and went out.

We stayed for another 5 minutes before going out as well. In those 5 minutes Ryan told me to make myself cum. I did, and it was a loud one. I must really have needed that one.

When we went out I was surprised to see the 2 girls sat on the sun loungers, facing each other. Their knees were bent and their right hands were still rubbing away.

We went straight into the gents changing room. There were 4 youngish men in there in various states of dress. I assumed that they’d come from the workout room. Three of them looked at me then got on with changing.

We got some soap and shampoo and went to the communal showers.

Why do men have a communal shower when the women have individual ones?

As we were showering, one of the other men came over and stood under the showerhead at the other end. Ryan had just got me covered in soap when we heard the door open, and in came the 2 girls.

At least I had an excuse for being there; I was with my ‘daddy’. There was no sign of the German man so these 2 girls had obviously decided to show themselves to any man that was in there without their father knowing.

The girls went to a locker and got soap and shampoo and came and joined us. The other man that was there was obviously enjoying the view; he was standing facing the girls and he had big hard-on.

Ryan stood in front of me, squirted some shampoo on my head and rubbed it in. He too had a hard-on again and I gently wanked him as he rubbed my head.

I rinsed off and we went over to our locker. As I dried myself and put on my virtually non-existent bikini, I watched the 2 girls. They made a big production of soaping and shampooing each other; their hands concentrating on each other’s tits and pussies. Mr hard-on was joined by Mr hard-on 2 but neither girl acknowledged them.

They were still there when Ryan and I left.

In the lift on the way up Ryan hugged and kissed me; his hands wandering down to my butt. We were like that when 2 women got in on the third floor. We didn’t look at them and they said nothing.

About half an hour later, with both of us naked, Ryan asked me to go and get him a bottle of water out of the vending machine near the lifts. I said that I would and went to get a robe.

“No, like you are.” Ryan said.

“But I’m naked.” I replied.

“So I see.” Ryan said with a grin on his face.

“Not again!” I said, and held my hand out for the money.

I picked-up the card key (he wasn’t going to lock me out this time), opened the door and checked that it was all clear.

With a pounding heart and a tingling pussy I started walking. I told myself that it wasn’t far, and that I’d be back in seconds.

I got to the vending machine and my heart dropped. No water. I didn’t want to disappoint Ryan so I tried to think where I’d seen another vending machine. I seemed to remember that there was one on each floor near the lifts. Did I go up or down? I chose down.

Next choice, did I use the lift or the stairs? I chose the stairs on the assumption that at that time of night there was more chance of someone coming up in the lift rather than using the stairs.

Totally naked, I started down the stairs, stopping every time that I heard a noise.

I opened the door on the floor below and looked at the vending machine. No water.

This happened again, and again. By the time that I got down to the first floor I was a little less nervous and a little annoyed. No water again. The floor below was where reception was. I knew that there was water in the vending machine there because I’d seen it when we came out of the leisure centre.

I gingerly went down that last flight of steps and opened the door. I could see the vending machine, but I could also see the receptionist; a girl about my age. I could also hear men’s voices.

I waited for a minute while I plucked up the courage then boldly walked out and to the vending machine. All went well until the noise of the bottle of water dropping, to the place where I could get it, attracted the attention of one of the noisy men there.

“Hey lads, we’ve got a flasher over by the lifts.” He shouted to his mates.

They all turned and started cheering. My face went bright red and my left hand (with my card key in it) went to my nipples. That’s all I could cover with one hand while my right hand got the bottle of water.

I made a dash for the lifts, figuring that I’d get back to our room quicker in the lift. I just hoped that there would be a lift waiting. I was wrong, and in that time 5 of the young men came over to me.

The started telling me what they’d like to do to me. I remembered the workmen when I’d been out jogging.

I heard one of them say,

“Fuck, she’s only a little kid. Leave her alone lads”

That seemed to have the desire effect and they all walked off muttering. For once I was really glad that I had the body of a little kid.

I started to relax a little and heard the ‘ping’ of the lift arriving. It was empty and I quickly walked in. Just before the doors completely shut an arm came in and the doors opened again.

“Shit!” I thought as a couple in their thirties walked in.

“Holy cow!” a very American man said. “You Brits are something else.”

The woman just smiled at me.

They both stared at me as the lift went up. After a few seconds the woman said,

“A dare or a bet?”

“A dare.” I said.

“I hope that it was worth it.” She replied then looked at her man.

“Winston, take your eyes off the poor girl; can’t you see that she’s embarrassed enough?”

Winston didn’t take his eyes off me and I was glad when the lift stopped at the ninth floor. As I walked out the woman said,

“I hope that your parents don’t find out.”

I didn’t really care if my parents did find out, but I wasn’t going to tell them that.

When I got back to our room I told Ryan all about my adventure. He told me that he’d though that I’d got lost, or arrested.

“I just knew that you’d enjoy it.” He said.

And he was right, I had enjoyed it; even though it had been scary and potentially dangerous; I had enjoyed it. My body had as well, I was dripping.

I went to sleep that night with my back to Ryan and his cock filling my hole.

**Thursday**

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I woke up early the next morning and I wasn’t feeling good. It wasn’t anything to do with the wine the night before, it was guilt. I felt ashamed at what I’d done. Masturbating and even fucking in front of those girls and getting changed in the gents changing room; it just wasn’t right.

When Ryan woke up I told him how I felt and, bless him, he did his best to convince me that we’d done nothing wrong, He asked me if I’d enjoyed myself (I had – a lot), then if anyone had been hurt or corrupted. He correctly said that those girls had done just the same as me, and it was obvious that they’d enjoyed themselves. Neither of us had had sex with anyone under-aged; not even touched or spoken to them. As for walking round naked and changing in the gents changing rooms, I had to confess that the men that saw me probably got as much pleasure out of it as I did, possibly more.

Part of me knew that Ryan was right, but there was still that nagging part of my brain that said that it was wrong, that I’d been bad girl. Ryan blamed my upbringing and told me that if he’d thought that I’d been a bad girl he’d put me over his knee and give my butt a good spanking. I told him that I probably deserved it.

Ryan tried to snap me out of it by teasing my clit. It worked a bit, but only a bit.

I was still feeling bad when we got back from breakfast and Ryan had to leave for the training course. I decided to have another shower to see if that made me feel better. It didn’t.

I didn’t bother to put any clothes on and lay on the bed thinking and still feeling guilty and ashamed.

I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing that I heard was the door opening. I was in a deep sleep and didn’t wake-up properly. I’d turned onto my stomach and had one leg bent, like in the recovery position. I heard a woman gasp then run out.

I was just getting back to sleep when I heard someone come in again. Then I heard the woman say,

“Is she dead Mr Green?” in a funny foreign accent.

That got my attention, but I didn’t dare move or open my eyes. Then I felt someone touch my neck. A few seconds later a man’s voice said,

“No Zuzinka, she isn’t dead; drunk or drugged maybe, but not dead. You go and do another room, I’ll check her out.”

I heard the woman walk out then there was a pause. I wondered what the man was doing. My first thought was, ‘is he going to rape me?’ then I realised that he must be some sort of hotel manager and being accused of rape wouldn’t do his career much good.

Then I heard a clicking noise, then another. The man was taking photographs of me. I felt a draught on my open hole then heard more clicks. Shit, he was getting close-ups of my pussy. I felt that familiar, nice tingling in my pussy and felt it get wet.

I felt warm air being blown on my pussy; was he blowing on my pussy? It certainly felt good because I had another wet rush.

Why I did this I will never know, but I sighed and turned over onto my back, still keeping my eyes closed. What’s more, as I turned over I moved my legs apart and put my right hand on my stomach.

After a minute of nothing I heard more clicks. I got another wet rush. Shit, I was getting horny.

More clicks.

There was another pause then my hand moved down to my pussy. Before I knew it my finger was rubbing my clit.

More clicks.

I was just on the verge of cumming when I heard the woman’s voice again. My finger kept going as I heard the man say,

“Okay, okay Zuzinka, I’ll be right there.” The next thing that I heard was the door shutting.

I waited a minute or so then opened my eyes. I was alone. Had I dreamt it or had I just frigged myself for one of the hotel managers. I touched my pussy; it was soaking. Maybe it wasn’t a dream.

I sat up and looked out of the window to see that it was raining. I looked at the clock and realised that it was 12 o’clock; I must have slept for a couple of hours. Anyway, I felt a lot happier. So much so that I decided to go to the leisure centre and have a workout. Before I did anything else I opened the mini-bar and got out 2 little bottles of vodka. I downed them like I drink shots.

I pushed the new remote vibe up my pussy, switched it on, put my bikini top, tennis skirt and trainers on and skipped down the hall to the lift.

I picked up a towel and went straight into the workout room. No one was there so I went straight to the exercise cycle, adjusted the seat and started peddling. I’d dried my pussy after I’d put the vibe in and it was still dry as I started to slide from side to side on the seat. My clit dragged a bit at first and it was a little uncomfortable, but that didn’t last long.

I was just getting a good rhythm going when I got zapped. Soon after that I started to cum. It felt good; all my negative feelings had well and truly gone.

I’d started slowing down when the door opened and Jim came in.

“Hi Tanya, come back for some more have you?”

“More what?” I thought, but said, “Yeah, I’d forgotten that you said you worked afternoons this week, but now that you’re here, could you help me with some of the machines again please?” I pointed to the thigh stretcher, the weights and the rowing machines.

“Sure, which one would you like try first?” Jim said.

I pointed to the rowing machines.

Jim told me to sit on one and to put my feet on the foot rests. To do that I had to bend my knees and my skirt bunched-up round my waist. I looked at myself in the big mirror and I could clearly see my shiny pussy. I hadn’t realised it, but my bikini top had moved sideways and part of my right nipple was visible. I pretended not to notice.

As Jim fastened the straps round my trainers I looked at him in the mirror. He was looking at me in the mirror, or to be more precise, he was looking at my pussy in the mirror.

I blushed, but thought,

“What the hell, I’ll be going home tomorrow and I’ll never see the man again.”

I felt another wet rush as I looked at my pussy in the mirror. It was very swollen and very wet.

Then I got zapped again. This time I gasped out loud.

Jim came back to earth, turned and asked me if I was okay. I nodded.

Just then the door opened and a man came in with a video camera. Jim introduced him as Sam, another staff member. Jim explained that Sam was making a promotional video for the hotel and that he wanted to include footage of a personal trainer tutoring a guest. Jim asked if I minded if Sam videoed our session.

Fuck! That means that this Sam would have me on video, not only me, my pussy and nipples as well. I thought for another second then thought that it was a con there was no way that this big hotel would use an amateur with a little video camera like that. They’d use professional people with mega expensive cameras. If this was a con then would the video end up on the internet, on one of those porn tubes? The thought scared me, but at the same time it excited me. I just knew that Ryan would want me to agree to it. I had visions of someone showing it to my mother. I smiled and said,

“Okay, do you want me to sign some sort of release then, and will I get paid for being in it?”

Sam told me that it was early stages yet, but if and when the session got published they’d contact me about payment. He said that the hotel had my address.

Published! I thought, you mean go viral on the internet.

“Okay then, can we get started?” I said.

“Just pretend that I’m not here.” Sam said.

Jim looked down at me and said,

“Okay, you can start now, take it easy to start with then build up speed.”

I started pulling with my arms and pushing with my legs. Each time I went forwards I could feel the draught inside my pussy as knees widened. Jim was watching me in the mirror, so was Sam with the video camera. I swear that he was using the zoom button.

I did this for 3 or 4 minutes then stopped. I told Jim that my arms were aching.

“Good,” he said; “That means that you’re making progress. Which machine would you like to try next?”

I pointed to the thigh stretcher.

“Okay, you sit on it and I’ll adjust the settings.”

After Jim had finished he came and stood in front of me alongside Sam. Unlike the previous time I’d used that machine I didn’t bunch my skirt between my legs. I just left it where if fell when I sat down – stretched across the front of my thighs. From where they were standing they could probably see my pussy even before I stretched my legs wide.

“Okay, Jim said, “You can start.”

I took a deep breath and pushed my thighs wide apart. My skirt was covering nothing and the video camera was pointed at my soaking pussy.

Just as I was taking a breath to start to push my thighs together I got zapped again; a quick one.

I gasped and Jim asked me if I was okay. I nodded and took that deep breath. My face flushed as I squeezed. When my legs were as closed as they could be, Jim asked me if I was okay. When I told him that I was, but that it was harder than last time, he told me that he’s set it one notch harder because I’d found it easy the last time. I told him that I’d give it one more go.

And I did; when my legs were wide apart I took a breather. I looked up at Sam and saw that his shorts weren’t doing a good job of hiding his hard-on. I smiled

a bit then took another deep breath and squeezed.

I was panting a bit when I’d finished. I waited a few seconds then got off the machine. As I did so I looked at myself in the mirror. Mr right nipple was totally on show. I heard a noise and looked round to see that another young man had come for a workout. He had a good look at us then went to the exercise cycle.

Ignoring my exposure I asked Jim if he could demonstrate ‘spotting’ again for me. I told him that some of the girls at school had been talking about working out and I wanted to make sure that I knew what they were talking about.

“Okay,“ Jim said, “I’ll spot you, then you can spot me, just so that I’ll know that you’ve got it right.

We walked over to a bench and Jim got the weights and stands out.

“Right Tanya,” Jim said, “You lay on the bench with your chest under the bar and I’ll move in to spot you.

As I sat on the bench with my feet on the floor either side, I saw that Jim had set things up so that he and Sam, and that camera, would be able to look at the mirrored wall and get a good view up my skirt. I was feeling very naughty and as I lay back I pulled my skirt up a bit. I could feel that my pubic bone wasn’t covered.

I’d misjudged it a bit and my head was partially hanging over the end of the bench. I shuffled down a bit, feeling my skirt get even higher.

Sam and the camera moved to near my feet.

Shit, my dripping, swollen pussy was going to fill the screen when that video was being shown. I could even feel my clit throbbing. I wanted a copy of that video for Ryan to look at.

I got into the right place and put my hands on the bar. Jim moved in and stood either side of my head. I looked up and could see up his shorts to his balls and the base of his hard cock. I licked my lips then looked up at Jim’s face. He’d seen me looking up his shorts and I blushed.

“Right Tanya, lift the bar and extend your arms.”

I did.

“Sometimes, if you push yourself too far, you can get in a position whereby you can’t get the bar back on the stands. If that happens, the spotter can grab the bar and help you put it back on the stands.”

Jim grabbed the bar and helped me put it back on the stands.

“Let me try that again.” I said, and lifted the bar right up.

The weights were virtually nothing and I guess that Jim wasn’t anticipating any problems, so when I got zapped again, and suddenly lowered the bar to my chest Jim wasn’t ready for me.

His reactions were good and he grabbed for the bar, getting hold of it just as it got to my chest. The thing was that his hands were between the bar and my nipples. What’s more, the movement had pushed my bikini top well away from my AAAAs. When Jim lifted the bar off me both my little tits were on display. I pretended not to notice, but did notice that Sam was now pointing the camera at my chest.

“Okay Tanya, I think that you’ve got the idea. Would you like to try spotting me now?” Jim said.

“Okay.” I said and shuffled down the bench so that I could stand up. Sam moved back and I pretended not to notice that my bikini top was all twisted round and covering nothing that it was designed for. I looked round and saw that the man that had come in a few minutes ago was slowly peddling away on the exercise cycle and staring at us.

Jim got down and into place. Then he asked me to move into the right place. My heart pounded as I moved my legs to either side of his head. I didn’t know how dark it would be under my short skirt but I just knew that Jim we getting a great view of my wet thighs and pussy. His face was inches from my pussy. I got another wet rush and wondered what would happen if the vibe zapped me with a long hard blast right there and then.

I never got the answer to that question.

There was a long silence as Jim took in the view. I looked at Sam and he was still recording. Then I looked in the mirrors. I gave a fake gasp and moved my hands to my breasts.

“Guys, why didn’t you tell me that my bikini top had got all out of place? I think that you’ll have to edit that video Sam, you don’t want to have a little girl showing her little tits on a public video do you?” I said as I put my top back to where it was supposed to be.

“Jim. Lift the weights and I’ll see if I can hold them off you.”

Jim did and I leaned forward to grab the bar. It was so light that I easily lifted it out of Jim’s hands and put it back on the stands. I stepped back and told Jim that I was happy that I knew what spotting was.

For a few seconds Jim just lay there. I saw the big bulge in his shorts and wondered just how big he was.

Jim stood up and asked me if there was another machine that I’d like him to show me again.

“No. I think that’s it, but I have a question about sit-ups. Everyone that I talk to seems to tell me a different way of doing them. What’s the right way Jim?” I asked.

Well, there is no right way Tanya, and people do do them in different ways. Would you like me to show you some of them?” Jim asked.

I said that I would so Jim told me to go over to the mat near the exercise cycle and lay on my back. When I got down I went to lay with my feet near the mirrored wall. I got it a bit wrong because my head was hanging over the edge of the mat. To put that right I shuffled my butt down the mat about a foot. As I did I felt the back of my skirt bunch up round my waist and my bare butt come into contact with the mat.

I propped myself up on my elbows and checked that the front of my skirt was still covering my pussy. I then looked in the mirror and saw my slit. I let out a little giggle.

Jim and Sam came and stood at my feet.

“Right Tanya, Jim said, “Lay flat and hold your hands behind your head.”

As I did that I felt my bikini top rode up. I was sure that it was above my nipples.

“Some people do it with bent knees. If you’re doing sit-ups like that it’s best to have your feet and knees about 18 inches apart. Would you like to try that Tanya?”

I bent my knees and brought my feet up near my butt and spread them about 18 inches. As I did that I felt the front of my skirt drop round my waist and a gentle breeze on my soaking pussy. I looked at Sam and saw that the video camera was pointing at my pussy, and recording (the red light was on).

“Good.” Jim said, “Now try to sit up, keeping your hands behind your head and your feet flat on the ground.”

I did, and felt my tummy muscles strain.

“Try doing it 5 times please Tanya.”

I managed 3 then I got zapped. It was a medium length blast and I lay there and shivered. I felt my pussy muscled clench and wondered it that would show on the video.

“Okay Tanya, now put your legs flat, still with your feet about 18 inches apart.” Jim said.

I did, and realised that my skirt was staying bunched round my waist. I turned my head towards the exercise cycle and saw that the man on it was just sat there staring at me; or should I say my pussy. So were Jim, Sam and the little red light.

Ignoring my exposure (unlike everyone else), Jim told me to try to sit up like that.

I did, but it was harder, and my feet automatically rose up a few inches as I sat up.

“That’s harder isn’t it?” Jim asked.

I giggled a bit and thought that it wasn’t the only thing that was harder. Jim continued,

“Your legs coming up like that are your body’s reaction to make it a bit easier. What a lot of people do is to ask someone to get down by their legs and hold them flat on the floor. Would you like me to hold your legs down while you try and sit up again?”

Jim didn’t wait for an answer; he got down on his knees between my feet and put his hands on my ankles. I was a bit disappointed that he didn’t put his hands on my thighs.

The first time that I managed to sit up my stomach muscles strained like hell, so did my face; and I fell back to the floor.

I tried it twice more before giving up.

We all stood up and I looked at myself in the mirror. I was pleased to see that my skirt had fallen back into place, but my bikini top hadn’t. The bottom part of the triangle was resting on the top of my nipples. I ignored it.

“Right!“ I said, “Thank you for that Jim, you were very helpful, and Sam, I hope that you got the footage that you wanted. I guess that I’ll be able to see the finished video on the hotel’s web site, but would it be possible for you to let me have a copy of what you’ve recorded today please; the un-cut version? I’d like to see it and as soon as I tell my father about it I know that he’ll want a copy. He’ll be mad with me for not having a copy when I tell him about the fun that I’ve had. I don’t want to get my bottom spanked - again. I’m going to go and relax in the sauna now so I’ll see you around; unless you want footage of a guest in the sauna Sam?”

“Err yes Tanya, that would be very helpful.” Sam said.

“Okay then, I’ll see you in the sauna.” I said and started to walk off.

As I walked through the door I heard Sam say,

“Fucking hell Jim, that was fantastic. There’s 2 LED light strips in my bag, can you go and get them and follow me to the sauna?”

As I walked through the door into the gents changing room I heard Sam start to say,

“That’s the gent…..”

But he cut himself short and followed me in.

There was one man in there, in the showers; he wasn’t looking my way.

I went straight to the lockers and opened one. I took my bikini top off and put it in the locker, squeezed my nipples then unfastened my skirt letting it drop to the floor. The only noise in there was the shower running. I stepped out of my skirt and bent, knees straight, picked it up and put it in the locker.

I turned to Sam and said,

“I won’t be long; I’ve just got to take my trainers off.”

While facing Sam I saw that the camera was till recording; he was getting footage of me undressing as well. I also saw the door open and Jim walk in. When he saw me he stopped dead in his tracks then after a couple of seconds he said,

“Tanya, this is the gents changing room, you shouldn’t be in here.”

I told him that I always went into the men’s changing room when I went swimming with my daddy; and that I was in there with him last night.

Jim looked a little confused as I turned and bent at the waist (legs straight and feet a bit apart) and untied my trainers. I stood up and leaned back against the lockers and lifted each foot in turn to take my trainers and socks off. I put them in the locker and closed the door.

“Shall we go then?” I said to Jim and Sam. As I walked out I looked at the man in the shower, he was looking at me and covering his cock with his hands.

I walked straight through the rest area and opened the sauna door. I was pleased that no one was in there.

It wasn’t as hot as it had the last times that I’d been in there so I climbed up to the top bench and sat in the corner like the German girls had – one foot on the same bench as my butt and the other foot on the bench below.

Before they came in I heard them talking outside the door, Jim said,

“Remember Sam, this kid is 100 per cent jailbait. Okay, maybe she is the biggest tease that we’ve ever met, and she probably wants it as much as we do, but she’s a kid, and I for one don’t want to risk going to jail. Don’t even think about touching her.” Jim said.

“Yeah I know.” Sam said as he opened the door for them to come in.

When they saw me up in that top corner with my pussy spread wide, they just stared for a few seconds.

“Wow!” Sam said; “you look gorgeous Tanya. Jim, will you switch the lights on and hold them up please?”

Jim did and I was immediately blinded. As my eyes adjusted to the bright light I asked Sam if he minded me sitting up there. I told him that every other time that I’d been in the sauna the 2 German girls had been in there, sitting just like I am now.

“What German girls?” Sam said.

“You know, I told you about them. They’re about 14 and are here with their father.” Jim said.

“And they use the gents changing room as well.” I said, “And they don’t wear any clothes in the leisure centre as well. One time that they were in here sat like this I watched them play with themselves like this.” I started rubbing my clit.

”They both had a big ‘O’ as well.”

“A big ‘O’, what’s that Tanya?” Sam asked.

“You know; an orgasm. Daddies been showing me how to do it; I’m getting good at it, do you want me to show you?” I asked.

Neither of them spoke, but I could just make out the red light on the video camera move a little.

I started rubbing my clit harder. The lights were so bright that I could only see a silhouette of Jim and Sam.

After a couple of minutes of frigging I got zapped, a long one. After having my pussy stared at for so long I was ready to pop. My AF was a 9.5. Just a little more rubbing and sticking a finger inside me took me over the edge. I arched my back, started shaking and said (quite loudly).

“Aaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrgggggggggghhhhhh Oh fuck, that’s good!”

As the waves of pleasure started to subside a couple of aftershocks made me gasp and arch my back again.

When I was able, I said,

“See, I told you that I was good at the big ‘O’. My dad tells me that my big ‘O’s make him proud of me.”

I think that I’d shocked Jim and Sam a bit because all that Jim could think of to say was,

“Yeah, I bet that your father is real proud of you”

After a slight pause I pointed to the bottom bench just where both of them were stood, and said,

“That’s where my father spanked me last night. He gave me a sore butt; do you want to see, there might still be some red marks.”

Without waiting for an answer I climbed down to the bottom bench, stood in front of them, turned away from them, opened my feet a couple of feet and bent over. My butt and spread pussy were within a foot of their faces.

“Can you see any red marks?

I waited a few seconds then said,

“Well, can you see anything?”

“We can see plenty,” Sam said, “but we can’t see any red marks.”

I stood up, climbed back up and sat the way I was before. I put my hand on my pussy and slowly rubbed my clit.

“After daddy had spanked me he did what he always does and got me to suck him.” I said.

“What did he get you to suck?” Jim asked.

“His cock silly, what else would he get me to suck?”

“You mean you gave your father a blow-job?” Jim asked.

“Yeah, that’s what he calls it. And both those German girls were watching all the time. Do you want me to pose for you? I’ll get into any position you like.”

“Errr, no, thank you Tanya, I think that I’ve seen, err, got everything that I need.” Sam said.

“Good, I’m getting a bit hot up here, I need to go and lie down and cool down.” I said.

I climbed down and walked passed them to the door.

Outside I saw the 2 German girls sat next to each other, legs together and reading magazines. Although the magazines covered a large part of their fronts I could tell that they were both naked.

I went and sat on one of the sun loungers opposite the Germans, only I sat further down the sun lounger with my legs wide apart.

Sam and Jim came out of the sauna and saw the 2 Germans but ignored them. They came and sat on the side of the sun lounger next to me and facing me. I started rubbing my clit with one hand and my nipples with the other.

Sam had the video camera in his hand, but he put it on my sun lounger between my legs, with the lens pointing at my pussy. I could see the red light was on so I said,

“Is that thing still recording?” When he nodded I said, “You naughty boy, they’ll never let you put that part on the hotel’s web site.”

Sam didn’t switch it off and I didn’t stop rubbing.

I started getting quite worked up – again. I looked over to the 2 girls, both had stopped reading and their hands were getting active. Both had opened their legs wide.

Sam and Jim had noticed as well. They didn’t know which way to look.

“I’m going to get my clit pierced you know.” I said.

Jim and Sam both turned to look at my pussy.

“My friend Amy Johnson was staying at our house on a sleepover a couple of weeks ago and she’s had hers done. She showed it to me and I decided that I wanted mine done too. I took her to show it to my daddy and he said that if I still wanted it done in a couple of weeks then I could have it done.”

I spread my legs even further apart then used 2 fingers to spread my pussy lips even more.

“It’s not actually my clit that will get done; it’s the hood.” I said as I touched my clit hood with a finger from my other hand.

“This bit.” I paused for a few seconds to make sure that they’d both had a good look at my hood; then I continued,

“That way people will be able to see it all the time. I’m going to get a ring in mine not one of those barbell things that those 2 have got.

I’m going to get my nipples pierced as well,” I said as I pulled one of my nipples out as far as I could. Just then I got zapped again, that time it was a quick one, but I still gasped and shook a little. After a short pause I asked.

“Do you think that my nipples are big enough to have rings in them?”

Both Jim and Sam looked bemused; they just didn’t know what to say.

I kept pulling on my nipple until Jim said,

“Tanya, your nipples and your clit will look great with rings in them. By the way, I can’t help noticing that you look like you’re in pain some times, are you alright?”

“Oh that,” I said, “It’s not pain; it’s a surprise shock that I keep getting. You see most mornings my daddy puts this vibrator thing inside me and it keeps bursting into life and surprising me, that’s why I jump.”

“What! You mean that…”

I cut Jim off by saying,

“Look, I’ll show you.”

I squeezed my pussy for a few seconds and out popped the little bullet vibrator. I picked it up and handed it to Jim.

“It’s not doing anything.” Jim said.

“Hold it for long enough and it will.” I said, “You see it’s set to a random pattern of zaps. I never know when I’m going to get zapped, how long or how strong the zaps will be. It’s fun most of the time but it can be quite embarrassing at times. I remember one time when I had to stand in front of my class and recite a long poem. I’d just got into it when I got zapped. It was a real long and strong one. The teacher sent me to see the school nurse. Another time was when I’d just won a swimming race for our school and was getting presented with my medal beside the pool. The zap was so strong that I fell back into the pool. The coach dived in to save me.”

All of a sudden Jim jumped and dropped the vibe. It fell into my stomach and I picked it up.

“Told you.” I said.

“Blankety blank,” Jim said, “your father puts this up your pu errr vagina each morning and lets you get zapped like that throughout the day?”

“Yeah, it’s fun. Do you want to put it back inside me?”

Jim moved his hands to take it from me but suddenly stopped.

“I think that it’s best that you put it back in Tanya.”

So I did. I was so wet that it just vanished within a second.

“It always makes me so horny when I put it in.” I said, and started rubbing my clit.

I looked over to the 2 German girls, they were expressionless, but still gently rubbing their own pussies.

“Most times when my dad puts it in me I have to give myself a big ‘O’ just so that I can get ready for my day. Do you mind if I do that now?” I asked.

Neither of them answered so I started seriously masturbating. It didn’t take long and a long zap from the vibrator certainly helped. It was a really deep, satisfying orgasm; moaning, arched back, finger fucking myself, nipple pulling; the lot.

It was so good that I even felt the spasms in my pussy and I squirted; just a bit, but enough for us all to see.

As the waves of pleasure receded I looked down between my legs and saw my cum on the video camera. I scooped some of it up in my hand and said,

“Don’t worry Sam. I didn’t pee myself, it’s my cum; see, it’s white not yellow.” I licked my fingers.

I lay there for a minute, thinking that I’d really excelled myself, but time was getting on. I looked at the 2 girls who were still staring at me and masturbating, then at Sam and Jim.

“Gentlemen, thank you so much for helping me today; you have helped me in more ways than you will ever know. Sam, please promise that you’ll give me a copy of that memory card. If you don’t my butt will get red again and my father will be chasing you. Believe me, that won’t end up in a good way for you or for me.”

I stood up and walked into the gents changing room leaving 2 gob-struck men. I was sure that as soon as they got their wits about them they’d turn to the 2 German girls.

I quickly got dressed and almost ran up to our room. I’d just finished in the shower when Ryan walked in. I ran over to him, gave him a long kiss then dropped to my knees in front of him. I quickly unzipped and dropped his trousers and pants then jumped up and on to him putting my arms round his neck and my legs round his waist.

“You seem happier than when I left this morning, have you had a good day?” Ryan asked.

I kissed him again, then said,

“You will never believe what I am going to tell you. I’m a porn star.”

“What!”

Ryan walked over to the bed, turned round and laid back so that I could properly ride him while I told him all about it.

About an hour later Ryan said,

“And those 2 goons really thought that you were a young kid and didn’t touch you?”

“Not even by accident.” I said, “They were too scared about their jobs and careers. I wouldn’t have done most of that if I’d thought that they’d try and grope me or rape me.”

“I hope that you don’t get another attack of guilt tonight.”

“Not if you wake up before me and start fucking me before I wake up.”

“This isn’t a case of ‘what happens of holiday stays on holiday’ is it?”

“Nope!” I said.

“And you weren’t at all embarrassed walking around naked?”

“Nope!” I said, and went and stood in front of the window so that anyone in the hotel across the street could see me.

“Okay,” Ryan said, “You really are getting into this exhibitionist stuff aren’t you?”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I said.

Ryan laughed and said,

“TT you’re amazing, I’m so proud of you, you’re my very own little Kitty Yung.”

“Who’s Kitty Yung?” I asked.

“Kitty Yung is an Asian porn star. She has absolutely no tits at all. She makes you look like a double D. She often pretends to be a young girl who gets seduced by older men.

Maybe we should look for a porn career for you.” Ryan said.

“NO!” I said, “I keep telling you that I’m NOT an exhibitionist.”

Ryan grinned. He didn’t need to say anything.

I changed the subject and asked Ryan what he thought about me getting my nipples and clit pierced. He was all for it saying that it would give him something to hold on to when he was fucking me.

We agreed to look for a place to get it done when we got back home.

That night was the training course dinner. He knew about it before we left home, and he also knew that I would be invited. Because of that I’d packed the only decent dress that I had then; the grey one that I’d worn at his firm’s Christmas do. He promised me that there wouldn’t be any bright lights or camera flashes.

As luck would have it, the dinner was in the hotel that we were staying at, so at 7 p.m. Ryan and I went down to reception and met the other diners. I was pleased to see that there were 2 other women there, both about our age.

When I was at Ryan’s firm’s Christmas do I felt a bit exposed all night because the dress is made of extremely thin material and I felt like I had nothing on. I had that same feeling when we walked to meet the rest of the course delegates and some of their partners.

The evening went well; there was plenty of booze flowing and there were quite a few happy people. The other 2 women were really nice and friendly as well.

After the meal we were all sat around drinking and talking when the camera phones started to come out. Everyone wanted photos of everyone else. I remembered the photos that were taken as the Christmas do and published on their web site, but I dismissed that thought straight away. I was too happy to care.

I remember us 3 women standing together while everyone took photos of us. I remember giggling and thinking that someone was in for a surprise when they looked at the photos when they were sober.

A bit later I heard someone ask Ryan if the hotel had a swimming pool. He said that it did and that I’d spent plenty of time there. He told them that they wouldn’t believe some of the things that I’d done down there. Someone asked him like what? But thankfully he didn’t have time to answer before someone else said that we should go swimming.

When the 2 women said that they didn’t have a costume with them someone told them that the leisure centre would have one that they could borrow. Someone else said that they’d have to go skinny-dipping.

Us 3 women, Ryan and 4 of the men left the rest of the group and went to the leisure centre. There was only one young female staff person there and she was happy to let us go for a swim, but she said that she’d have to come and watch just in case there were any problems.

One of the other women in our group asked about borrowing swimming costumes but was told that they didn’t have any.

We all went into our respective changing rooms where I quickly took my dress off and told the other 2 that I was going skinny-dipping. One of the other women looked at me and said to me,

“I didn’t think that you had anything on under that dress.”

She unzipped her dress and let it drop revealing that she too wore nothing under her dress. We both looked at the third woman. She also dropped her dress saying,

“Me too!”

We all giggled and walked out to the pool.

We were out before the men, one of the women dived in and started swimming while the other women and I stood waiting for the men. Neither of us tried to cover our bits.

When the men came out, 3 of them were naked (including Ryan), but the other 2 had their boxers on.

We all dived in and started swimming around. It wasn’t long before the couples that were there got together and started kissing. The 2 unattached men (who were the 2 who kept their boxers on) started to lose interest and got out and left.

That left naked 3 couples and the staff woman who was watching and presumably waiting for one of us to drown.

It didn’t take long for the 3 couples to start making-out and having sex. Ryan and I were in the shallow end. I was floating on my back with Ryan between my legs and ramming into me. I looked at the staff woman and wondered what she was thinking; she did look bored.

Ryan and I went to the jacuzzi and fucked again in the bubbles. When we got out the others, including the staff girl had gone. I went and got my dress and then went to the gents changing room. Ryan was just about dressed so I started to put my dress on.

“No, don’t put it on yet TT, wait for a bit.” Ryan said then held my hand as we walked out to the leisure centre reception.

That staff girl was sat at the desk in the reception area. When she saw us (me completely naked) she said,

“Is that all of you then?”

“Yes, goodnight.” Ryan said.

As we walked along the corridor Ryan told me that he guessed that there must be some really wild parties in the hotel, and that a few skinny-dippers must be nothing to the staff.

As we were waiting for the lift 3 middle-aged men walked up. They had been talking but when they saw me they went all quiet. Ryan squeezed my hand and whispered,

“Be brave.”

I knew what he meant - not to try to cover myself.

The men came and stood next to me, looking down at me. My heart was pounding and I felt my pussy stirring.

“Must have been one hell of a party.” One of the men said in an American accent.

“Sure was,” Ryan said, “It took us ages to find her dress.”

The 3 of them laughed, still looking at me.

The lift arrived and we all got it. The 3 men let us get in first. Ryan went to the back of the lift and leaned against the wall. He opened his legs wide and pulled me to him and turned me so I was facing the lift doors. He pulled my back so that I was leaning on him between his legs; then he put his right arm round my waist and at the same time eased my feet apart with his foot.

The 3 men had followed us in and all stood looking at me.

Okay, they’d seen my tiny tits and the front of my slit when I was stood outside the lift, and they’d seen my butt when they followed me in; but with me now leaning back against Ryan with my feet about shoulder width apart, they could now see all of my pussy. My clit was throbbing.

My AF was rising. It didn’t help (maybe it did), when Ryan’s left hand came round me and started caressing my stomach and pubic area.

I leaned my head back onto Ryan’s shoulder and said,

“That’s nice.”

The lift stopped at the sixth floor and the 3 men got out. As we were waiting for the doors to close I heard one of the men say,

“Well I’ll be dammed; we got to come to this country more often.”

Ryan’s hand moved down to my pussy and he caressed my clit. When the lift stopped at the ninth floor we were so engrossed in each other that we didn’t get out before the doors closed and the lift started going down.

Ryan broke the kiss and pushed me forwards enough for him to get his cock out. Then he lifted me up high and lowered me down enough for me to guide his cock inside me. He was fucking me from behind while holding me high enough for it to be possible.

I’d just got comfortable when I heard voices. Ryan held me tight and I clamped my legs together. I looked at the lift buttons and saw that we were back on the ground floor.

When the doors opened, about 6 people walked in. The first ones saw and hesitated before continuing and turning to face the doors.

Bloody hell, I was getting fucked in a lift that was full of strangers.

We got back up to the ninth floor, having stopped twice to let the others out.

This time we got out and Ryan carried me all the way to our room with me still impaled on his cock.

**Friday**

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

Ryan woke me the next morning in the most pleasant way possible.

At breakfast I told Ryan that since it was our last day there I wanted to do something really naughty before going back to my boring life at home. I said that if I got into any trouble the worst they probably would do was throw me out of the hotel. Ryan laughed and asked me what I had in mind.

I told him that I didn’t know yet, I was still working on it.

“Give me your robe, now.” Ryan said.

“No.” I replied

“You said that you want to do something outrageous, so give me the robe.”

I blushed and just knew that I was going to do it. I stood up, unfastened it and let it drop to the floor. I bent over, picked it up and gave it to Ryan. There I was in the big post hotel’s restaurant, naked as the day I was born. The weird thing was that no one was taking any notice of me.

As we walked out of there one old woman did give me a filthy look. We saw no one as we walked along the corridor to the lifts; but when the lift arrived a man nearly walked into a big plant as he stared at me.

We made it back to our room without seeing anyone else.

The first thing that Ryan did was to change the batteries in both vibes; then he told me to put both of them in my pussy while he got ready to go to his course.

“Both of them!” I asked.

“Yeah, you’re going to have one hell of a horny day my beauty.” Ryan said.

I slide them into my hole (easily as I was well lubricated – natural lubrication), and noticed that neither was turned on. I didn’t say anything.

The next thing that Ryan did was to go out into the corridor and move one of the used breakfast trays to outside our room. That puzzled me a bit until he told me that I was going to go down to reception and ask for another room key, telling them that I’d accidentally locked myself out when I was putting my breakfast tray out in the corridor.

“What do you want me to wear to do this?” I asked.

“Go as you are right now, Ryan said, “no need to put anything on.”

“Are you serious? “ I asked.

“Deadly.” Ryan said. “Don’t worry I’m sure that quite a few people have done the same thing in the past. There might even be someone down there right now doing exactly the same thing. Remember, don’t try to cover your pussy or tits; that will only attract attention to you and you don’t want that, do you?”

My heart started pounding and my pussy tingled.

Wow! I was going to be naked in amongst lots of strangers. I was so scared, but I knew that I was going to do it regardless of how embarrassed I would get.

“If you really want me to do it then I will.”

“Good girl, now off you go.” Ryan said and he kissed me as I opened the door.

The corridor was quiet so off I went, turning and waving at Ryan as I went.

I stood at the lift and waited. When it arrived I was surprised to see 3 men in there, all dressed in suits and carrying briefcases.

Bold as brass, but with a bright red face and a pounding heart, I walked in and turned to face the door. I could feel 3 pairs of eyes burning holes in my naked butt.

When the door opened on the ground floor I got quite a shock. There were people everywhere’ walking around, sat waiting for whatever, and queuing at reception.

As I joined the queue of business men waiting to pay their bills I thought,

“What the fuck am I doing? Why the hell did I say that I’d do this? Am I stupid or what? Shit, why is everyone looking at me? Why are my nipples so hard and throbbing? Why is my pussy throbbing and so wet? Am I going to pee myself? Why does it take so long for someone to checkout and pay their bill? Why can’t time go faster?”

Of course I knew the answers to most of my own questions, but that didn’t stop me questioning myself.

People really were looking at me. No one said anything, but lots were looking at me.

It must have taken me 15 minutes to get to the front of the queue. When I did the girl who attended to me looked at me as if I were fully dressed. I got half way through telling my story when both vibes burst into life. I gasped and shivered and clamped my legs together. The girl asked me if I was okay. My face got redder as I struggled to finish my story. When I did, she asked me a few questions to confirm that I was who I was; then quite happily programmed a new card key for me. As she gave it to me she told me that there was a letter for me. I told her that I’d collect it later.

The second that the key was in my hand I turned and looked for Ryan. I wanted to thump him; but I couldn’t see him anywhere. Being dressed like that I didn’t want to go searching for him and I hurried back to the lift. When the doors opened 5 men got out and all stared at me. I brushed passed the last of them as I rushed to get in. I was still shaking when the lift stopped at the ninth floor.

I ran along the corridor to our room.

When I got in I had a big surprise. There was no sign of Ryan, and no sign of our suitcase. There was however a little package and a letter on the bed. The note said;

Hey TT,

I bet that you’re wondering what the hell this is all about. Well, remember what you said at breakfast? Yes, I know that you’ve already done 2 things that you never thought you would ever do, but I’ve just set-up bigger challenge for you.

As you can see, all our clothes are gone. I finished packing them and have taken the suitcase to the training course with me. However I’m not so cruel that I wouldn’t leave you with nothing to wear.

Remember Toby from last night? Earlier in the week we got talking about our partners and I pulled up the company’s web site so that I could show him some of the Christmas photos of you. He was well impressed with your exhibitionism and suggested a couple of things that you might like. One was your new vibe and the other is in the package on the bed. I bought it at the same time as the vibe and was going to surprise you with it when we got home, but when I thought of your third challenge for today I just knew that I should give it to you now. I just wish that I could have been there to see the pleasure on your face when you open it.

Your third challenge for today is to wear only what you can find in our room until I get back this afternoon. I will meet you at the sofas near the entrance to the leisure centre at about 4 o’clock.

I know that you love me and I’m sure that you will accept the challenge.

Oh, just in case you’re thinking about staying in the room all day, you can’t; all rooms have to be vacated at 12 o’clock on the day of departure. If you don’t want to go to reception to hand in the card key just leave it in the room. I’m going to check us out on my way out this morning.

Good luck my horny little exhibitionist.

Love,

Ryan

As I finished reading the note I thought,

“I’m not an exhibitionist,” then “The bastard, what has he done to me now? How could he leave me in a hotel nearly a hundred miles from home with not a stitch to wear?”

I got zapped and dropped the note.

Then I wondered what was in the package. I opened it and tipped the contents onto the bed.

“What the hell is this?” I thought.

There was a little pile of chain. I spread it out and saw 3 lengths of chain; one end of each was attached to the same ring. The other end of each had some sort of clip or clamp clamp on it. I was confused and picked up the piece of paper that fell out of the package.

Fucking hell! They were nipple and clit clamps.

“Ryan, are you really expecting me to attach these and keep them on for the whole day?” I thought.

I just knew that Ryan was serious, and that he knew that I would wear them. I always do what he tells me.

Never having had, or used anything like that before, I read the instructions carefully. I played with the clamps to check out how they worked then tweaked my nipples to get them really hard. I adjusted one of the clamps and put it on. I knew that they had to be tight so that they wouldn’t fall of so I adjusted them so that they hurt a little.

I gave then a gentle tug and adjusted them again so that I was satisfied that that they wouldn’t come off when I didn’t want them to. They were slightly painful which presumed was the point of them.

Then I sat on the bed and touched my clit. I had to go to the bathroom to get some tissues to dry my pussy. I knew that the clamp wouldn’t grip a slippery clit too easily. Just as I sat on the bed again I got zapped again.

My AF was already about a 7 so my clit was quite big and hard so I didn’t have any trouble putting the clamp on. Then I had to tighten it. As I did I just knew that my mind was going to be on those clamps all day.

I stood up and looked in the mirror. Wow! I quite liked the look. I thought about the nipple and clit hood piercings that I was going to get when I got home and wondered if I would be able wear the clamps and the barbell and stirrup Jewellery that I was going to get.

My excitement didn’t last long as I remembered that I was standing in everything that I had to wear for the next 7 hours. I couldn’t go and sit in reception or wander around the hotel dressed like that. What was I going to do?

I panicked for a few seconds then dashed into the bathroom.

Phew! The towels were still there. There were only 2 sizes, very big bath towels and a lot smaller ones. The bath sized ones were out because they smothered little old me. I wrapped one of the smaller ones round me.

Okay, that would work. My nipples were covered and so was my butt – just. It went round me just enough to over-lap so I could tuck it in. Okay, I’d look silly walking around the hotel dressed like that, but at least I wouldn’t be naked.

I went and sat on the bed and decided what to do next. As I sat down I saw the towel open up; although it had loosened a bit at the tucked overlap, at the bottom it opened so that I could see my stomach. I was going to have to be careful.

In the end I decided that I couldn’t stay in the room. I’d have to get out by 12 anyway. My best bet was to go to the leisure centre and stay there all day. At least I wouldn’t look out of place there; with or without the towel.

I had butterflies in my stomach and a buzzing in my pussy. I needed something to calm my nerves so I went to the fridge and downed a couple of mini bottles of spirits.

Taking one last look round the room I left the card key on top of the TV and stepped out of the room. Thankfully there was no one in the corridor.

I decided to go down to the leisure centre by the stairs figuring that there was less chance of meeting anyone. I was right, but the towel fell off me twice and, as well as the continuous purring of one vibe, I got zapped by the other one twice. Luckily there was no one there so see me.

I emerged from the stair way quite close to the leisure centre. I was a little surprised to see Jim and a girl standing at the door. Jim was dressed in smart black trousers, a white shirt and tie.

I slowly walked up to them hoping that the towel wouldn’t come undone. Jim and I greeted each other then he turned to the girl and said,

“It’s okay Sandra, Tanya is a guest here, she comes for workouts most days.”

“I thought that you were working afternoons this week Jim.” I said.

“Yeah I was supposed to be but he’s here (pointing to a poster on the wall) today and tomorrow and the last time that he was here he went for a swim. It’s all hands on deck to make sure that none of his fans pester him. Last time we ended up with about 20 girls in the pool with him. We’ve got to check that anyone who goes in the leisure centre is either a guest or a member.”

I looked at the poster. It was for a concert at the O2 arena and the star was a Canadian boy pop star; not one that I liked. Jim looked down at my towel and continued,

“No workout for you today Tanya?”

“Jim, your dirty mind is working overtime again.” Sandra said, “Just because a girl has a towel wrapped round her doesn’t automatically mean that she’s naked underneath it.”

I turned to Jim, unfastened my towel, gave him a quick flash then fastened my towel again.

Jim’s eyebrows raised then he said,

“She’s definitely not naked under that towel….. Are you still having those pains?”

“Yes, but they’re twice as bad today.” I answered with a smile.

Jim looked puzzled for a second then he grinned.

“If you’re still here when I get a break I’ll come and SEE you. Oh, a guy called Dave is looking after the workout room today; I’ve told him all about your requirements so I’m sure you’ll be okay with him.”

Just as Jim went to open the door for me Sandra said,

“Tanya, aren’t you that girl in the video that Sam made?”

“Shit, who else in here knows about that?” I thought.

“Relax Sandra,” Jim said, “You’ll get to see the rest of it later.”

Jim let me in and I went to the workout room entrance to look who Dave was. I was a little surprised to see 4 people there, all roughly the same age as me. One was a girl who was on a rowing machine. One man was lifting weights, another was doing sit-ups and the third I presumed was Dave.

I hadn’t intended to go in there because of my lack of clothes, but Dave looked cute so in I went. I automatically went to the exercise cycle, adjusted the seat and got on. As soon as I sat down I got off it, saying “Ouch!” Sitting on that saddle was painful. The clit clamp was digging in me.

Dave had seen and heard me and came over to me.

“Are you alright there? Oh! are you Tanya? I’ve seen you on the vid…. Errr, Jim described you perfectly.”

I confirmed that I was who he thought I was and saw his eyes light-up. I guessed that Jim had told him ALL the details, and that Sam had been showing the video to everyone. I blushed a bit. If I hadn’t been feeling horny and had nowhere to go, I might have left there and then.

“Jim has told me which exercises you like, which one would you like to do first Tanya?”

I decided to be different and told him that I would use one of the treadmills first.

“Okay, but let me know if you need any help.” Dave said.

I went over to the treadmills and got on one. It was easy to work out the controls and I set it to walking pace. When I speeded it up a bit the towel kept opening at the bottom and giving me glimpses of the clit clamp in the wall mirror in front of me. I got zapped twice while I was walking, but managed to keep going.

Dave came over and asked me how it was going. When I told him that I was doing okay he turned the speed up so that I had to start running. That was too much for the towel and it slid off me onto the treadmill and was thrown out the back. I was running, naked, and going nowhere.

I went straight for the controls and switched the machine off. Dave was just stood there looking at the naked girl with chains attached to her tits and pussy.

What’s more, as I got off and went for my towel, the other 3 people in there were looking as well. All had smiles on their faces.

Wrapping the towel round myself I told Dave that I thought that I’d had enough of that machine.

Dave asked me if I’d like to try any other machine and I told him that there was only one other machine that I’d managed to master.

“Which one?” Dave asked.

I pointed to the thigh spreader but said that I didn’t think I should use it as I wasn’t dressed appropriately.

Dave said,

“Ladies and gentlemen, you have all seen how Tanya here is dressed; would any of you be offended or upset if she used the thigh spreader machine?”

Bloody hell, this man was inviting the others to see me spread my pussy for them.

I got zapped again, a long, strong one. That pushed my AF up a notch and gave me another wet rush. I looked round at everyone; they all looked like they were waiting for the others to say something. I wanted to run and hide – and make myself cum.

“Well I for one have no objections,” the woman said, “it should be quite a sight.”

The other 2 men nodded so Dave got hold of my hand and led me to the machine. The others gathered round.

My heart was pounding an I thought,

“Am I really going to do this? I can’t, they’ll see my spread pussy. It will be horrible, I’ll be so ashamed.”

Instead of telling Dave that I wouldn’t do it, I told him that I wasn’t very strong and needed it setting on low.

Dave turned me round and sat me on the machine. I had to part my legs to get on the seat and the towel opened giving my audience a view of my closed, but wet pussy.

As Dave adjusted the machine I sat there thinking,

“This is horrible, why am I doing it? It’s wrong; but why am I so wet? Why is my body about to betray me in the worst possible way?”

I got zapped again and let out a loud moan.

“I think that she’s enjoying this.” One of the men said.

“I KNOW that she is.” The woman said.

Dave came back and said,

“Right Tanya, push your legs as wide as you can.”

I took a deep breath and pushed wide.

My legs instantly went from being a few inches apart to as far apart as they could possibly be. I never even had time to feel my little lips opening, or the towel sliding off the front of me.

I was shocked. It took a few seconds for me to realise what had happened and that I was totally exposed in a way that only girls can be, in front of those people. Well not totally naked, I still had the chains and clamps. I was so shocked that I never even thought of pulling the towel round me again; not that it would have covered much.

“Ooops sorry Tanya.” Dave said, “I got that wrong didn’t I?”

“Not from where I’m standing.” One of the men said.

The other man laughed a bit and the woman smiled.

“Let me try again?” Dave said, and went to the back of the machine.

After a few seconds Dave said,

“Try it now please Tanya?” Dave said.

Another deep breath and I slowly squeezed; and squeezed; and squeezed. I squeezed so hard that I felt my pussy muscles clench. I thought that I might pee myself.

“Sorry Tanya, too far the other way; let me try again.”

I was still spread wide for another minute or so as Dave played with the machine again. Was he doing this to me on purpose? I started to wonder.

Finally Dave said,

“I’m so sorry Tanya. I’m sure that I’ve got it right this time.”

“He better have.” I thought.

Another deep breath and I got zapped again.

It was just too much for me and I started having the ultimate humiliation – having an orgasm whilst being watched by strangers. I moaned (loudly), shook, arched my back and I felt my pussy convulsing.

As the waves receded I just sat there with my eyes shut; I didn’t dare look at any of them.

The woman spoke,

“That was some show honey; what would your parents say if they knew what you’ve just done?”

“Leave her alone, she’s just experimenting. No harm’s been done.” One of the men said.

Still keeping my eyes shut I squeezed as hard as I could, only to find that Dave had finally got the setting right. As soon as my legs were in a position where I could get off that damn machine I opened my eyes, got off it, grabbed my towel and ran out.

There was nowhere for me to go. I stopped and wrapped the towel round me, but not before another young man, who was just arriving, saw me.

“Cute jewellery!” he said.

I went straight through the ladies changing room to the rest area outside the sauna. I sat on one of the sun loungers and felt sorry for myself.

It took about 5 minutes, a long zap, the constant purring from the other vibe and the slight, pleasurable pain from the 3 clamps for me to start to come round. My body was starting to take over from my brain – again.

I decided that a swim was called for. With the towel wrapped round me I walked out to the pool. There were 6 people there, 3 girls who looked about 18, and 3 middle-aged men. I waited until I thought that none of them were looking, threw the towel to the edge of the room and dived in. As I glided along underwater, the thought crossed my mind that the sudden pleasure of the dive might have ripped the clamps off me and maybe caused me some injury. A quick mental check ended that thought and I got to the other end before I surfaced.

I stood up and felt a lot better. The thing was I in the shallow end and stood up right in front of the 3 girls. They noticed my nipple clamps straight away and stared at me.

“Fucking hell,” one of them said to the others, “do you see what that kid’s got on her nipples?”

“Hey kid,” Girl 2 said, “what’s with the nip clamps?”

I looked over to them, thought, “What the hell” and said,

“My daddy makes me wear them.”

“Fuck,” Girl 3 said, “and why haven’t you got them covered up?”

“Come over here.” Girl 1 said.

I walked over and stood in front of them. Girl 1 reached over and gently tugged the chain going down to my clit.

“Does this go where I think it does?” she said.

“It goes to my clit,” I said, “and daddy says that I have to wear it because I’ve been naughty; and by the way, costumes are optional in this place.”

“Is that right?” Girl 2 said.

“Come of kid, get out of the water, I want a closer look.” Girl 1 said.

I got out and stood there as all 3 of them got out and inspected the clamps. One of them told me to part my feet so that she could get a closer look. That didn’t do anything for me, but the quick zap did, and as I jumped, so did the girl.

“Piss off kid; we’ve got more important things to think about.” Girl 2 said.

I jumped back in the water but didn’t swim away. As I stood there I heard Girl 1 say,

“Do you think he’ll take more notice of us if we take out bikini’s off?”

Girl 3 said,

“I bought this bikini just for him.”

“If I take my bikini off and come out here naked, he’d better make it worth my while and fuck me.” Girl 1 said.

I smiled and thought, “And you’re welcome to him.”

With that the 3 of them went to the changing rooms and after 5 minutes they were back; all 3 of them as naked as when they were born. All 3 pussies were as bald as the day they were born as well. They dived in swan around.

By that time I’d got out and was in the jacuzzi feeling good and horny. The water in there seemed warmer than before and I got out and sat on the side dangling my feet in the bubbles. There was no one else there so I didn’t care about anything. I felt good; so much so that when one of the male swimmers came and got in the bubbles I just sat there and let him ogle me.

After the man got bored and left I went and picked up my towel and went back to the sun loungers. I spread my towel, found a magazine on a table, sat on the sun lounger, not caring if anyone came in and saw my clamps; and then looked through the magazine. Apart for a few words I didn’t read it, it was in German.

I closed my eyes and must have dozed off. I don’t know how any girl could doze off with 2 vibes running inside her; but I did, I must have really been tired.

I think that it was a long zap that woke me with a jump. When I opened my eyes I saw that the 2 sun loungers opposite were taken by a young man and a young woman. Both had swimming costumes on and were looking at me. I felt quite self-conscious so I stood up and carried my towel into the sauna.

I went and sat in one of the top corners like the German girls had and decided that I needed to cum. I planned on bringing myself off right there, then going and having a cold shower.

I was just getting warmed-up when the door opened and the 3 teenage girls walked in. Girl 2 was worried that they might miss him, but Girl 1 was sure that they wouldn’t. None of them had put their swimming costumes back on.

Girl 3 looked up at me and said,

“Hey kid, you need to go back to your perv dad cos there’s gonna be some real action in here soon.”

I ignored her. In fact after that my right hand went back to my clit and started rubbing again. As the 3 of them described what they were hoping that ‘he’ was going to do to them, I started bringing myself to what was to be a fantastic orgasm.

When I started moaning and ‘Aaaarrrrghhhhhh’ and ‘ooooooowwwww’ ing, and jerking about; the 3 of them turned and stared at me. After I started to calm down, Girl 1 said,

“Fuck, the bitch kid really is a big time slut.”

Girl 3 said,

“I wish that Toby would make me cum that good.”

Girl 2 said,

“It takes a big black cock to make me cum that good.”

I ignored them and lay there as they watched me get hit by another Zap that triggered a couple of after-shock small orgasms.

I left the teenagers to their fantasy and went and had a cold shower. When I finished I found my towel and dried myself. I wanted to go and lie down again, but I was still so horny that I walked into the gents changing room. Ignoring the shocked expressions that a naked girl with nipple and clit clamps was causing; I wrapped the towel round me and walked out the other end.

I saw that the workout room was empty apart from Dave, and went in. When he saw me Dave rushed over and said,

“Hey Tanya, I am sooo sorry about the way I treated you earlier. I totally got it wrong and I apologise. I should not have messed about with that machine the way that I did and I want to make it up to you.

“That’s Okay,” I said, “I understand why you did it. I guess that you’ve seen the video as well?”

Dave blushed a bit and said,

“Sorry.”

“No need to be, I enjoyed making it. In fact I’d like to do some more of those exercises right now, if that’s okay with you?”

Dave looked round. We were still on our own.

“That’s okay with me, where would you like to start?”

I slid my hand under my towel, rubbed my stomach and said,

“My stomach needs toning up; can you help me with some sit-ups please?”

“Yeah sure Tanya, why don’t go and use that mat over there.” Dave said, pointing to a mat up against the mirrored wall.

I went and lay down with my feet about a foot from the mirrors. As soon as I lay down my towel fell open.

“What the hell,” I thought; “It isn’t as if he hasn’t seen me naked before,” and left the towel where it was.

I got into the bent knees position and started the sit-ups. Dave was stood beside me, looking into the mirror at my pussy. It had been leaking even before I woke up that morning, and it just got a bit wetter. Where does all that juice come from? I decided that when I left that room I was going to get a drink of water.

On about the fourth sit-up I got zapped and collapsed back onto the floor.

“Are you alright Tanya?” Dave asked.

“Yes and no.” I said. “Did Jim tell you about the punishment that my dad is making me do?”

Dave blushed then said, “Do you mean the vibrator that keeps zapping you?”

“Yes, but this morning he’s been really cruel to me. I’ve got to wear a second one that’s going all the time. As well as that I’ve got to wear this (I touched the chain); and he’s left me here with no clothes for the whole day. I just can’t stop having big ‘O’s and I don’t know if I will survive the whole day.”

Why was I telling this stranger why I was so horny and behaving irrationally?

Why was I letting this stranger ogle my naked body?

It wasn’t like I was going to let him screw me. No way.

Dave was looking directly at my naked body as I lay on the mat with my knees wide apart.

“That thing does look uncomfortable Tanya, it must be hurting you.” Dave said.

“Well yes, just a bit, but it’s a nice hurt.” I said. “The 2 worst things are that everyone can see me with nothing on; and the big ‘O’s. They’re so tiring; I must have had about 20 so far today.”

“We can stop if you like.” Dave said.

“No, I’m okay. Can we do some of these sit-ups with my legs out flat and with you holding them down please?” I asked.

Without waiting for him to answer I lowered my knees and spread my legs wide enough for him to kneel in between them.

Dave didn’t answer. Instead he just knelt between my legs.

My pussy was oozing as Dave’s eyes were staring right at it.

“Okay Tanya,” Dave said, “I’m ready when you are.”

I took a deep breath and strained as I pulled myself up. Dave’s hands on my legs did help, they also felt good. Wow! Could I really feel my pussy muscles straining as well? Would Dave be able to see those muscles moving?

I lay back and did it again, this time concentrating on my pussy muscles. It felt good.

I collapsed back onto the floor on my third attempt. Not only was I getting a long zap, I was cumming. My back arched as I said,

“Aaaaaarrrrrgh.”

Then I started shaking.

It seemed to take hours for those waves of pleasure to pass. When they did I looked up and saw Jim and Sandra. They were both looking down at me and smiled.

“Were on a break and thought that we’d come and see how you were getting on.” Jim said.

“I like the clamps and chains.” Sandra said. “Are you sure that someone your age should be wearing something like that?”

“If they’re big enough, they’re old enough.” Jim said.

“Can you use the same analogy for those vibrators in her pussy?” Sandra asked.

The effects of the booze and the adrenalin from the sexual highs gave me some courage, and I needed to cum again soon, so I decided to try to get the conversation back to my needs.

“Err. Can I have some say in this please? After all it is my body.” I said.

“Yes Tanya, of course you can; and you’ve already made your choice. You’re here.” Jim said.

“Yes I have,” I said, “Or at least the man in my life has. So if you 3 want to watch me exercise and have big ‘O’s then let’s do it.”

I pointed to the thigh spreader and asked it was properly set-up for me. Jim said that he’d check it while I went and sat on it. I left the towel on the floor where I had been laying.

All 3 of them stood in front of me as I stretched my thighs as wide as I could, and back 3 times. Each time I was straining and my muscles were quivering. I was sure that I could feel my pussy muscles straining as well. I wondered if my little audience could see. I didn’t ask. After each movement I looked at the 3 of them. Their eyes were glued to my pussy. That and the constant purring of the vibe was getting my AF very high.

I was just about to try for a fourth time when I got zapped again. I gasped then went over the edge. It was a long, intense orgasm and I squirted. As I started to get back to some sort of normality Dave said,

“That was fucking awesome; someone so young as well.”

“In 5 or so years you are going to be a big hit with the boys.” Sandra said.

After a couple of minutes Jim said,

“Are you up for another one?” When I nodded he continued, “Which machine?”

I looked over to the exercise cycle and said,

“That always gives me a big ‘O’, but when I tried it earlier it hurt like hell because of this.” I said and pointed to the clit clamp.

“Maybe it won’t hurt as much this time.” I said as I walked over to it and adjusted the saddle height.

Sandra laughed and said, “Don’t worry luv, we’ve got enough first-aiders here.”

I got on the cycle. As I started to peddle the odd ‘ouch’ and ‘aaargh’ came out of my mouth as my pussy slid from side to side on the saddle. It hurt, but not as much as before.

Dave said,

“That saddle’s way too high for you Ta… Oh! maybe not.”

The 3 of them watched as my pussy slid from side to side on the saddle. After a minute or so I got zapped. It was a short one, but enough for it to cause me to push down on my pussy, All of a sudden the pain of the clamp on my clit stopped. I looked down and saw that the clit clamp had come off and the whole chain was dangling from my nipples. I kept peddling.

A few minutes later the building orgasm hit me like a bolt of lightning. I think that I actually screamed out loud. I stopped peddling and just shook, and shook and shook.

When I managed to get a little composure back I opened my eyes to see 3 mouths open wide.

“Now that really was a big ‘O’.” I said. “Would someone put this back on please?” I said, pointing to the dangling chain.

I slowly got off the cycle and walked towards them.

“Here, let me do it.” Dave said.

Sandra butted in,

“I think that I should be the one to do it, remember her age; can one of you pass me her towel, she’s going to have to be dried before I’ll be able to get that baby to stay on.”

Sandra put her arm round me and led me to one of the benches.

“Lay down on that and open your legs.” She said.

I did and felt my pussy become drier than it had been for hours.

Just as I was starting to relax a bit, the door opened and a young man walked in.

“What the fuck!” He said as he stared at the spectacle in front of him.

“It’s okay she’s a qualified first-aider.” Jim said.

If I’d had the energy I would have laughed. I just didn’t care that yet another man was looking at me naked while a woman was doing things to my pussy.

Sandra picked up the little clamp and looked at to work out what she had to do. She adjusted it then held it with one hand then got hold of my clit with 2 fingers from the other hand. As I felt my clit being stretched I had a little after-shock and a quick jerk.

Sandra didn’t let go and managed to get the clamp in place.

“Ouch!” I said as Sandra tightened it a little too much.

“There, all done.” Sandra said.

“It feels a bit too tight, I don’t want it going blue and dropping off.” I said.

“Give it a few minutes to settle, it’ll probably be okay.” Sandra said.

“Okay, I’m going to get a drink then go and find somewhere to relax for a while. Not that I’ll be able to relax much with these inside me.” I said as I tapped my stomach.

“Yeah, and we’ve got to be going too Sandra, look at the time.” Jim said.

As I walked out of the door to the water machine Jim and Sandra left, leaving Dave to watch us all leave him.

I couldn’t be bothered to wrap my towel round me as I walked through the gents changing room, round the pool to the jacuzzi. I collapsed into the warm bubbles, not even knowing or caring how many people had seen me getting there.

If it had been possible to have a nap I would have. Instead I had to settle for the warm bubbles. A couple of the times that the bubbles stopped I got up and switched them back on, but in the end I just lay there in the clear, warm water.

A couple of men came and got it then after a while got out and left. I didn’t care that they were seeing all of me, and those clamps and chains.

One thing that I did notice was the number of teenage girls in the pool increased from the original 3. There were now about 7 or 8 of them. Most of them were naked, or came out in their bikinis, saw other girls naked, went back to the changing rooms then came back out without their bikinis. At times it was amusing watching them as they made it obvious that they’d never been naked at a swimming pool before.

I guess that I’d been there about an hour when these 2 huge men in white T-shirts and black trousers came out to the pool, followed by ‘him’. All the teenage girls rushed over to him, not caring that most of them were naked. The bodyguards fended them off telling them that ‘he‘ was going for a swim and that ‘he’ would talk to some of them later.

The girls look disappointed as ‘he’ dived in and started swimming lengths.

It started with one girl sitting on the side of the pool near where ‘he’ was swimming, dangling her feet in the water, rubbing her little breasts and openly masturbating. It didn’t take long for most of them to be doing the same.

The things that some teenagers will do to get the attention of their idol is just amazing.

After a while ‘he’ got out and walked to the jacuzzi closely followed by his bodyguards. I was the only person in there and he climbed in as sat opposite me.

He actually had the nerve to try to hit on me. When the bubbles stopped I got up to switch them back on. He got a great view of all 3 clamps, and my butt when I turned to get to the switch. After that he tried again. When he said that he liked kinky, exhibitionist little girls I ignored him. I just wanted him to go away.

‘He’ beckoned one of his bodyguards over and said,

“This kinky slut doesn’t know what she’s missing. Get me that little blonde over there.” He pointed her out.

The blonde was brought over and told to get in next to him. She was one of the naked, shaved ones. He started quite politely asking her name and how old she was (19). Then he started going on about what he’d done and how great he was. I felt like throwing up. All the time she was lapping it up and staring into his eyes.

Then he told her to stand up and move in front of him, facing him. As she did she covered her pussy and tits with her hands.

“You’re no good to me if you’re going to be shy.” The spoilt brat said.

His hand went between her legs and eased them wide apart. Then he pulled her down onto him and started fucking her; less than 3 feet in front of me.

God was she noisy; I think that she was trying to wake the whole hotel. I wondered if she was faking it.

I got bored, and deaf, and decided to leave them to it. I stood up and climbed out. As I did so I made sure that ‘he’ got a good look at my pussy and clamps. As I walked along the side of the pool I got stared at by the girls. I don’t know if the looks were jealousy, hatred or what; I didn’t care.

I went into the empty sauna and sat up in one corner. The 2 vibes were pushing my AF right up and I needed to do something to reduce it. I had just reached my climax when the door opened and that man and 2 of his naked bimbo fans came in. They started to have a mini orgy so I left them to it and went and sat on one of the sun loungers.

At first I sat with my legs flat and feet together but the clit clamp was a bit uncomfortable so I put my knees up and apart. I looked down to my clit and saw that it was bright red and throbbing more than it had earlier. I decided that Sandra had tightened the clamp a bit too much so I loosened it and took it off. The relief was almost instantaneous. I sat there for a few minutes holding the clit clamp, letting the blood flow freely.

I was just putting it back where it belonged when the 2 bimbos came out of the sauna. They went back to the pool and one of the bodyguards brought 2 more bimbos in and into the sauna.

Wow! He may make crap music, be he certainly had staying power. Maybe he uses Viagra.

Ten minutes later ‘he’ came out and obviously told he bodyguards that he was leaving because all 3 of them came out and went to the gents changing room. He had to pass me to get there and he stopped and took a good look at my pussy before moving on.

A few minutes later the girls started leaving.

Those damn vibrators brought me to 3 more orgasms before I went and checked the time. I had 30 minutes before Ryan would be back. Just time for a finger- induced orgasm before a cold shower. It was a good one. As I stood in the shower I tried to count the number of orgasms that I’d had that day but I lost count after about 12. I was knackered.

I wrapped the towel round me and went and sat on a sofa outside the leisure centre to wait for Ryan. I didn’t have to wait long and as soon as I saw him I got up and rushed to greet him. After a big hug and a kiss Ryan pulled the towel off me and said,

“I see you got my little gift, have you been wearing it all day?”

“Yes and a few people have told me that I look great in it.” I said.

Just then Sam walked out of the leisure centre so I introduced him to Ryan,

“Sam, this is Ryan, my boyfriend, not my father, you see I’m 21 not 12; I’ve just got tiny tits so you assumed that I was a little kid.”

Sam was stunned.

Ryan put his hand out to Sam and said,

“Pleased to meet you Sam. And thank you for the video. A few of us on the training course watched some of it at lunch time. You did well managing to get this shy one to agree to go along with it. I hope you get some good money for it.”

“Err yes,” Sam said, “thank you. I hope you enjoyed your time here.”

Sam turned and walked off; I’m sure that he was cursing himself for the missed potential opportunity.

“You watched some of that video at lunch time with some of the guys on the course then? What must they think of me?” I said.

“I’ll never get tired of everyone looking at your beautiful, naked body.” Ryan said; which made me feel good.

Ryan opened our suitcase and got my duffle coat and some shoes out. Giving it to me he said,

“Put those on, we’ve got a train to catch and the rest of that video to watch.”

“I’ve got to go to the toilet first. I’ve just got to get those damn vibes out before they drive me insane.” I said. “And can I take those clamps off please?”

“Okay, for now.” Ryan said.

We made it across London in time to catch our train. I was so much calmer and relaxed not having the constant purring and getting zapped every few minutes. I did manage to tell him about some of my day even though there were lots of people around us. I bet that all my talk about me cumming gave a few people a bit of a thrill.

On the train Ryan was keen to watch more of the video on his laptop. Instead of sitting next to him he wanted me to sit sideways on his lap. I managed to get comfortable and decent. Ryan positioned his laptop so that it wasn’t easy for anyone else to see the screen and turned the volume right down. When Ryan told me to sit on his lap I was wondering if he was going to unzip and fuck me while we watched my humiliation.

That didn’t happen; within 2 minutes of the video starting I was asleep with my head on his shoulder.

I woke up to the pleasant feeling of Ryan’s fingers rubbing my clit. He had slid one hand under the flap of my coat and worked his fingers to my pleasure spot. I quickly checked that I was decent then asked him where we were. We were just slowing down to stop at our station.

I went to sleep that night in my own bed, with Ryan spooning me after a long slow fuck. I didn’t get to sleep as quickly as Ryan did and I spent ages wondering what the hell had happened to me. I’d done things that I would never even have fantasised about a week ago. Why had I done those things? It was all wrong and I felt really guilty.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 04 - Life gets back to normal**

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

And it did. It took a week or so and the first week back was not good. I felt so ashamed of my behaviour in London. So much so that I even wore clothes in our apartment. Ryan slowly pulled me round and it wasn’t that long before I was bouncing round our apartment totally naked.

A couple of weeks later we looked for a place to get my nipples and clit hood pierced. We managed to find one that looked clean and hygienic and was a member of the British Body Piercing Association. We made an appointment for the next Saturday afternoon. I was hoping that it would be a woman, but it wasn’t. It was a big man with tattoos all over. He was quite nice actually, and very professional. I suspected that my nipples would be painful so I took a soft cotton top.

The man talked to me before hand and explained what he was going to do. After asking if I still wanted to go through with it he told me to undress and lay on the couch. I was nervous and embarrassed as hell when I was naked and getting onto the couch. Ryan was stood beside me holding my hand.

The man then told me that he’d have to inspect my nipples and clitoris to make sure that I was suitable for piercing. As he closely looked at my nipples and clit, and pulled them in all directions, I have to admit that was getting turned on. When he pulled my clit hood all over the place I could feel that I was quite wet.

Satisfied with what he saw, he again asked me to confirm that I wanted to go ahead. He then got some cotton wool and rubbed my nipples and all around my clit with some alcohol, then local anaesthetic. By the time he was ready to do it I couldn’t feel a thing.

He told me that I might like to close my eyes. I did. Within a couple of minutes he told me that I could open my eyes. He was just fitting the little barbells in my nipples. I was just about to say something when he said,

“I know. The barbells with stirrups are in a little bag over there. I strongly suggest that you just wear just these little barbells until there is no pain then swap them over.”

Without waiting for me to answer he moved straight to my pussy and pierced my clit hood. My eyes were open by then and I cringed as I heard the machine go through my flesh. It didn’t hurt.

The barbell went in quickly then he said,

“That’s it, all finished.”

He gave me a tissue then looked at Ryan and said,

“Be gentle around those areas for a few days and remember to gently wash them at least twice a day. It’s best if they aren’t tightly covered with anything until they’re properly healed.”

I was surprised that there was very little bleeding, especially as those areas have a lot of blood flowing through them at times.

I got dressed while Ryan got the barbells with stirrups and paid the man.

We had a slow walk home and that night was one of only a few nights that we didn’t have sex.

The wounds healed quite quickly really, and after a week or so Ryan replaced the barbells with barbells and stirrups. It was another month or so before Ryan could lead me around the room by the Stirrups without any pain.

One thing that we did start doing every Sunday was going to the big leisure centre in town. Thankfully, and much to Ryan’s disappointment, swimming costumes are compulsory everywhere. When Ryan first suggested it I told him that I’d need to get a proper swimming costume, preferably an old fashioned one piece. Ryan laughed and said that there was no way that he’d let me wear one of those. His girlfriend would wear a fashionable bikini. By fashionable he meant one like the yellow one that he’d got me for Christmas – with the bottoms that his parents and brother had seen.

I was nervous as hell when we first went, I was sure that my bikini would be classed as ‘inappropriate’ and that I’d get thrown out. The changing rooms were cubicles in one big room, ladies at one end, family in the middle and gents at the other end. We went in a family cubicle.

Once we’d got changed we walked out to the swimming area. There were hundreds of people there. We looked round and saw quite a few girls in bikinis that were just as skimpy as mine so I relaxed a bit.

We got in the water and joined in the fun on all the rides and waves. I kept checking the top with my hands to see that my nipples were still covered and only occasionally had to make adjustments.

After a while Ryan wanted a drink so we went to our locker, got some money and went to the little café. Sitting at a table I leaned back in the chair and realised that Ryan was looking at my pussy. I looked down and remembered how see-through the thin material was and how much it moulded to the shape of my vulva and clitoris. I quickly clamped my legs together.

Ryan laughed.

I told Ryan that I’d forgotten about that and that we’d have to leave. Ryan asked me how many people I’d seen staring at me and how many complaints I’d had. I had do confess that the answer to both questions was none.

“Right then, “he said. “What’s the problem?”

“But it’s indecent.” I said.

“That’s not the word that I’d use but it’s only ‘indecent’ if it’s not covered, and your pussy is covered.”

He made some good points and I dropped it.

The big slides did give me a wedgie, front and back, but the pools at the bottom are big enough for me to be able to straighten up without anyone knowing.

We didn’t go the weekend that I had my piercings done. We didn’t know what the chlorine would do to the wounds.

The following Sunday we went again. I only had the little barbells in. I could see the shape of them through the bikini material but only just. Ryan said that if you didn’t know they were there then you wouldn’t know.

The week after it was different, the barbells and stirrups were clearly visible; well the shape was. The clit hood one was the worst. It stuck out like I had a dildo sticking out of me. The bikini top wasn’t that bad although once when I’d gone down one of the big slide and straightened my bottoms at the bottom, I hadn’t realised that one nipple had escaped and the bikini hadn’t slipped back into place because it was caught under the Stirrup.

I was so embarrassed by the whole thing that I persuaded Ryan to take me home early, even though no one had stared at me.

Ryan solved that problem for me by getting a new bikini bottom for me from the same place that the bikini came from. I was wondering what could possibly cover something like that. The only thing that I could think of was a panty liner but there was no way that I was going to wear one of those.

Ryan’s solution arrived the day before we were due to go swimming again. It was a swimming skirt. My first reaction was ‘No Way’, but Ryan persuaded me to try it. It’s only 10 inches long but it sits low on my hips and flares out. When I tried it at home it felt very much like my tennis skirt. Ryan persuaded me to try it at the leisure centre the next day. We left the bikini bottoms at home.

I felt quite decent walking out to the pool. When we jumped in and swam around it felt good to have the water rushing passed my bare pussy. When it came to get out of the water for the first time the skirt fell into place quickly and didn’t cling to my skin. I felt good.

I did of course realise that it would be easy for someone to look up my skirt and see my bare pussy; I just had to be careful.

What I hadn’t thought about was the slides. As soon as I started going down the first one the skirt flew up leaving all my pussy exposed. The water pounding my bare pussy felt good as well. The slide that I was on wasn’t a really scary one so I could hold it down with my hands. When I told Ryan at the bottom he just told me to hold it down. Sometimes I’ve come off the bottom of a slide with my swimming skirt up round my waist, and had to put it straight before I’ve got out of the water. I don’t think that anyone’s noticed.

Whenever we went to the café for a drink I had to be careful whenever I sat down. Unlike the other girls who just flopped down leaving their legs open, I had to remember to cross mine or keep my hand strategically placed. Sometimes I forgot and gave someone a look at my jewellery. Whenever I saw someone looking and I realised I would get all embarrassed.

At the end of that first Sunday in my swimming skirt I decided that I preferred the skirt to the bikini bottoms. I was less embarrassed. I’ve worn that skirt every time that I’ve gone swimming in England since.

Ryan liked to fuck me in the changing cubicles there. He said that it gave him a kick knowing that strangers were just the other side of a thin wall and that I had to stifle my moans. He kept telling me to ‘let it all out’ but he knew that I’d try to be quiet.

The leisure centre does have a sauna, steam room and a jacuzzi, but costumes are compulsory and everyone just sits there; so we don’t go there.

One evening when I was about to get us some food ready, Ryan suggested that we get a pizza delivered and that I stayed naked to take the delivery. He dared me to do it. I wasn’t that happy, but I like dares and agreed.

It was just like all the stories that you read on the internet; amused delivery guy, me having to go and get the money, dropping the money, and bending over facing away from the delivery guy to pick it up. Ryan fingered me straight after I shut the door and challenged me to tell him that I hadn’t enjoyed it.

I couldn’t and we ended up eating cold pizza.

Another delivery that Ryan set-up without telling me was our new bed; we’d visited a couple of bed shops and Ryan had got me to try them, like we had in Ikea, (much to my embarrassment), and Ryan had arranged the delivery for early one evening. Ryan assured me that he’d be back from work before it arrived.

Round about the time that Ryan normally gets home I heard a knock on the door. Assuming that Ryan had forgotten his key – again, I flung the door open intending to surprise him with my naked body. Imagine my surprise when it wasn’t Ryan but the delivery men who were early.

Just as I was about to slam the door shut Ryan stepped in front in the delivery men and said hello.

Ryan stepped in, got hold of my hand and invited the men in. Pulling me to the side, Ryan put his arm round me and held me there while these men carried the bed in – getting a good look at me as they did. Because Ryan had his arm round my shoulder so at least I could cover my bits with my hands.

Even if Ryan hadn’t been holding me I couldn’t have run off to the bedroom because that was where the men were taking the bed. I had to stand there while the men took the bed in and carried the old bed out.

After the men had gone Ryan gave me a big kiss and put a finger in my pussy. When he removed it he held it to my face and told me that I must have enjoyed the experience. Then he put my finger in my mouth for me to suck.

One day Ryan brought a TENS machine home from work. One of his colleagues lent it to him. I have no idea what reason Ryan gave the man for wanting it because he must have known that I wasn’t pregnant. When Ryan showed it to me I hadn’t a clue why Ryan would borrow such thing. Later that evening I found out.

Ryan got the machine and the box of band aids and taped the little pads to my nipples. I was scared at first as I knew that a TENS machine gives you electric shocks. I told him that I was expecting a shock something like a cattle prod. Ryan reminded me that there was no way that you could buy a machine that would give pregnant women a serious electric shock. I was also scared that my nipple jewellery might have some adverse effect on me.

I was still a little apprehensive when Ryan switched it on; and a little disappointed when I only felt a mild tingling.

“Give it time.” Ryan said.

Okay, I gave it time and I suppose it did make me a little excited, but Ryan’s hands and mouth do a better job.

Because of the mild tingling that it had given my nipples I wasn’t worried when Ryan taped one of the pads to my clit and pushed the other up my hole.

That was more ‘interesting’. But nothing compared to what I first imagined.

**Job Hunting**

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My job hunting wasn’t going well; no one seemed to be taking on new staff.

I did get a couple of short-term jobs through the agency. One was in an accountancy firm’s office. It was for an admin assistant for 2 weeks. When I was talking to Ryan about what to wear I told him that I thought that maybe I should buy some knickers to wear. Ryan asked me if I was worried that someone may see up my skirt and see my bare pussy.

When I told him that I was he went and got his solution to my problem. It was a band aid. He pulled the backing off one and stuck it over my slit; it completely covered it.

“Very good, but what happens when I need to go for a pee?” I asked.

His answer was to give me the box of band aids telling me that I’d just have to remove the original one and put a new one on after I’d had a pee.

I ended up having to be very careful to make sure that no one saw up my miniskirts. I also had to wear a tube top under my lose blouses so that the shape of the barbells and stirrups wasn’t visible. One day Ryan told me to take them out and not wear the tube top. I think that he wanted people to look down the top of my lose blouse and see my nipples. I don’t think that anyone did see my nipples.

After the first week we had to go out and buy me some more miniskirts and blouses. Ryan wouldn’t let me get any skirts longer than mid-thigh.

Apart from my wardrobe issues things went well. I quite enjoyed working there.

Oh! I never did use those band aids.

The agency got me another temporary office job. It was a really boring job and I was glad that it only lasted a couple of weeks. One of the bad things about it was that the desk that I had to use didn’t have a modesty board and a couple of men that worked there could see my legs all the time. I tried to remember to cross my legs all the time but I’m sure that I must have accidentally let them look up my skirt a few times. When I went home that first night Ryan offered me the band aids again.

**Art College Model**

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Just after that Easter Ryan got a phone call from Dan, the Art School teacher. He‘d been let down by a model and wondered if I would be prepared to stand-in at the last moment. Without even asking me he said that I would and then got all the details.

I had a bit of a go at Ryan for not asking me, but he knew that I knew that I’d do it.

The job was a full day on the next Sunday. The theme was ‘erotic bondage’. When Ryan told me that part I had horrible visions of me being put on a rack and stretched in 4 different directions. Ryan laughed and told me that I wouldn’t get hurt. We (yes, Ryan was coming along too) had to meet Dan at the college at 8 o’clock on the Sunday morning providing that the weather was dry. I didn’t understand that last bit.

What Ryan hadn’t told me was that we’d be travelling in a minibus to some local woods and that they’d be tying me to some trees – naked.

I was nervous, and comforted by Ryan being there, as we climbed into the minibus. There were 8 artists, Dan, Ryan and I.

Everyone in the minibus was quite friendly and I soon relaxed. When I asked them what sort of poses I would have to do I got told that there was nothing difficult and that I’d be hanging around quite a bit.

We got to the woods and unloaded the minibus. As well as the artists easels there were a few large bags that seemed to be quite heavy. We all walked about half a mile along a path between a fence and the woods until we got to a bit of a clearing that Dan said would be just fine for what he had in mind.

The artists got their equipment ready then asked me to go with them. We got to a gap between 2 large trees where they put the bags down, opened them and pulled lots of ropes out of them. While 4 of them tied ropes to the trees, 2 others told me that it was time to get started and for me to take my clothes off.

I looked at Ryan and he nodded. He was happy for me to get naked in front of those people. Well, it was Ryan that had signed me up for.

When I was naked the 2 people who were with me proceeded to put some padded ankle and wrist cuffs on me. I was expecting them to hurt but they didn’t. The cuffs were then tied to the other ends of the ropes and I was slowly pulled up in the air. The ropes attached to my wrists were over higher branches so I ended up spread eagled; in the air, hanging by my wrists.

It was then that Dan came over to inspect their work and to give his approval. While he was checking me out Dan saw my 3 barbells and stirrups. He was well pleased with them and told everyone one to make sure that they drew my jewellery as well. Just then Ryan, who had been standing quite close, got a handful of chain out of his pocket. He un-ravelled it and said to Dan,

“Would you like me to put these on Tanya? They’re nipple and clit clamps.”

Dan looked at them then at me then said,

“Can you keep them for the next pose please? I think that the piercings will be enough for now.”

I was left hanging there for an hour. Fortunately Ryan kept coming over to me for a chat. A couple of the times he stood between me and the artists and finger fucked me for a few seconds.

Ryan also got out his phone and took a few photos of me.

By the time I was lowered to the ground my arms ached like hell. The break gave me a chance to get the blood running to my hands again.

The second pose was not so tiring for me. I was tied to a tree with my back to it. My hands were tied together behind the tree. My ankles were also tied behind the tree as far as my feet would go. At least my feet were on the ground. A rope was tied round my waist to help keep me in place.

Just when I thought that they were done. Dan said,

“One last touch; Ryan, can you put the nipple and clit clamps on please?”

Ryan did as asked, taking his time doing the clit one. Why it was necessary to finger fuck me while he did it I don’t know; but I liked it.

About half way through that pose 4 young men walked along the path. As you would expect they stopped to watch the naked girl that was tied to a tree. I think that they must have changed their planned hike route because they walked passed us every 20 minutes or so for the rest of the day. I was glad that they didn’t decide to come over for a closer look.

The break was welcome, and Ryan checked my back to make sure that the tree hadn’t caused any damage to me.

The next pose was difficult for me. I was hauled up in the air by my ankles. I was left hanging upside down with spread legs and a ball gag in my mouth. My wrists were tied behind my back. I could feel my clit being pulled forward by the clamp and my hair was hanging down.

It wasn’t long before I could feel the extra blood in my head and the lack of it in my legs. They hurt like hell. I was really glad when I was lowered down.

I was quite surprised when I was lowered down and untied. Neither Ryan nor I had thought about any lunch and it really nice to be invited to join the little picnic that came out of one of the big bags. We had a really nice chat about how things were going and how they were grateful to me for being their model.

After the break Dan told me that there was only one more pose ant that it was going to be easier, and harder. Before we did anything else Dan asked Ryan to remove the nipple and clit clamps saying that they weren’t needed for the last pose.

He took me over to the fence and told me to sit slightly forward, with my back against one of the uprights. He then told me to hold my arms out along the fence bars. Two people then tied ropes to my wrist cuffs and then the other ends of the ropes to fence uprights further along the fence. It was like being tied on a cross, but sitting down.

I knew what Dan meant about being easier; but then came the harder bit.

Ropes were tied to my ankle cuffs and my legs were pulled apart and up to where my wrists were. Then my wrists and ankles were tied to the fence cross member. I was left with only the bottom of my back touching the ground and my pussy pointing up to the sky; with my butt and pussy spread wide.

Dan came over to me and asked me if I was okay, when I said that I was he told me that he was looking for the ‘tortured look’. I panicked a little, but got excited as well. I wanted to know more.

“Two things, Dan said, “firstly I want some red marks on your butt so that you look like you’ve been whipped. Secondly I want you to look like your pussy has been abused; by that I mean well fucked by a machine. Since we haven’t got any fucking machines out here, a dildo will have to do.

Ryan, do you think that you could cane Tanya’s backside until we see some red wheals; then use a dildo on her until she gets worked up and wet?”

I started to panic a little and looked up at Ryan.

“No, I can’t hurt Tanya, I can’t cane her. The dildo, yes, that part’s easy, but not the cane.” Ryan said.

“Okay,” Dan said, “Tanya, would you object if I caned you?”

“That depends on how much it will hurt.” I said.

“How about I start and we’ll see how it goes and check for red marks after every stroke?” Dan said.

I thought for a second and looked up at Dan. He looked as scared as I felt.

“Okay” I said, “but you will stop as soon as I ask you to won’t you?”

“Of course I will, I would never want to really hurt you, I may want to use your services again, and besides, you might sue the college.” Dan said.

Dan went and got a cane and a dildo, it was huge; the thought of that going in and out of my pussy both scared and excited me.

Dan got down on his knees and shuffled into a position that he was happy with and let fly with the first stroke.

“Ouch!” I said, and remembered the spanking that I’d endured when I worked at that hotel.

“Are you okay Tanya?” Dan asked.

“Don’t worry; I’ll let you know when I want you to stop.” I said.

I looked up at Ryan. He had his phone in his hand. He was taking more photos of me.

Dan gave me 5 more stokes before stopping and checking first with me, then closely at the red wheals on my butt.

My brain was telling me to tell Dan to stop, but my pussy was craving more. Dan must have been able to see how wet I was.

“It’s coming along nicely, just a few more and you will look perfect.” Dan said.

With that the cane came down onto my butt 5 times more. I was crying, even though the pain wasn’t that bad.

“Beautiful!” Dan said, “The class should be able to capture that quite well. Now the dildo; seen as you are here Ryan would you be so kind as to insert it into Tanya’s vagina. I’d like to have about half of it left visible please.”

Ryan got the dildo from Dan and knelt in front of me. He kissed me and asked me if I was okay. When I told him that I was he kissed me again then put his hand to my pussy.

“Wow,” he said, “You really must be enjoying this. I was expecting to have to tease your clit for ages to be able to get this thing inside you; but I see that I don’t need to.”

“You still can if you want.” I said.

Ryan grinned and teased my clit with his index finger and thumb for a few seconds before easing the dildo into my pussy. Just to tease me a bit more he fucked me with it for a few seconds before standing up and backing away. I looked at the dildo sticking out of me. Six inches of it were pointing straight up to the sky.

“Tanya, I need your face to look as if you’ve been tortured for hours, do you think that you can do that for me please?” Dan said.

I tried to think back to when I was getting caned, and pulled my face into the same expression.

The easy part of that pose was soon forgotten and I was aching after about 5 minutes. The other problem was that the dildo kept starting to slide out of me. Three times Ryan had to come over and push it back in. Each time he told me that he’d got some great photos of me.

If it wasn’t bad enough being in such a humiliating position with those artists staring at me all the time; it got worse when the 4 young men walked by again. They were no more than a couple of feet from me. It was horrible. A youngish couple also walked along the path as well. Ryan told me that when he first noticed them they stopped and stared for a good 5 minutes before walking passed me.

I was quite happy when Dan told me that my time was up and he and Ryan came and untied me. Dan pulled the dildo out and must have had a great look right inside me as my pussy slowly closed.

I was glad to be back on my feet. My butt still hurt and my back ached; but not as bad as I expected. I looked round and everyone was just about packed up and walking back towards the minibus. I asked Ryan for my clothes but he told me that they were in a bag that had already left.

I had to walk that half mile naked; much to the delight of the 4 young men that walked passed us – again. I have to admit that I did get a little wet rush as they walked passed.

When we got to the car park Ryan persuaded me to ride back to the college naked as well. I wasn’t too worried about that thought as everyone there had seen me naked all day; until, Ryan said,

“What if someone crashes into us? We’d have to get lifted out and taken to hospital. At least they wouldn’t have to undress you to treat you.”

A couple of people laughed, but I couldn’t stop thinking about it.

We made it back to the college and Ryan found the bag with my clothes in it. After I’d got dressed we went over to Dan to get my money. We left them with all of them thanking me for such a good day.

On the bus back home Ryan told me that he was looking forward to us having a shower as soon as we got in.

One Saturday afternoon while we were in town, Ryan took me into a sex shop and bought me some little chains that I can hang from the barbells and stirrups. As soon as we got out of the shop he took me down an alley, opened my coat and hooked them on.

When the weather got a little warmer I started my jogging again. I’ve sorted out a route that’s about 3 miles long that I go on. It goes through the park where Ryan and I, and me on my own, have had quite a bit of fun. A few times that I’ve passed the kids play area and there has been no one around I’ve stopped and repeated some of that fun. One time that I climbed up the rope and slid down I forgot that I had my clit jewellery in and I had to abandon my fun because the jewellery was getting snagged on the rope and I nearly did myself a major problem.

The route also goes along a road that has a few shops on it and there is usually quite a few people walking about. I’ve had a few (mixed) comments about my skirt bouncing about and letting my butt become visible, but nothing that I can’t ignore. Although a couple of times I have REALLY been embarrassed when it was windy.

Let me tell you, going jogging in a very short skirt with no knickers on is a very pleasant experience, but going jogging dressed like that on a blustery day is a VERY embarrassing experience; and the wind tends to blow quite strongly round those shops. There were a couple of times when my skirt was up around my chest with people looking at me. I was so embarrassed as I tried to get myself decent again.

The thing was, after the times that I was really embarrassed I wanted it to happen again. Whenever I was thinking about going out jogging I’d look out to see if it was windy. If it wasn’t I’d put-off going until it was windy. When it was windy I’d put the constant vibe in, set on low, and set off.

By the time I got to the shops I was usually as horny as hell and had was both embarrassed and excited when my skirt went up.

When I told Ryan about my embarrassment all he did was laugh and tell me that

I loved every second of it and that I’m an exhibitionist. How can that be true? It isn’t as if I lifted my skirt up round my chest. It was an accident; an act of nature.

There was one time when I was jogging down this quiet street and 2 policemen were walking towards me when the wind sent my skirt right up. Not only was it embarrassing, but I had visions of me getting locked up for indecent exposure.

As I struggled to pull my skirt down to cover my pussy, the 2 policemen just smiled at me and kept walking. My poor heart nearly stopped.

Another thing that we did was to go Ice Skating. I’d never been before, but Ryan had and he thought that he was quite good at it.

Ryan told me that I should wear my tennis skirt and a warm top so I did, but not before telling him that I didn’t want to be on my backside on the ice lots of times. He assured me that I wouldn’t, and off we went.

After hiring the boots I gingerly walked to the ice with Ryan holding my arm. I think that I made it to the first corner before I was flat on my back with my butt getting very cold rapidly.

I don’t think that I will ever get any good at that sport as I spent most of my time with my bare butt sitting on the ice.

The thing is, Ryan took me back there twice more. It was only on the third time that he admitted that he liked looking at me bare legs and pussy with all those people skating passed me.

We needed a holiday in the sun. We hadn’t had any decent weather for months (years!). The problem was that what little money we did have was needed to get our apartment straight. Someone who works with Ryan suggested that we look for a house sitting job, and gave him a couple of URLs.

We spent a couple of evenings searching the internet and finally found a site that had some villas in Majorca where the owners wanted to go on holiday, but didn’t want to leave their place empty. All we would have to pay for was the flights there and back and our food costs. We selected 3 that looked good and filled in the application forms and waited.

We were just at the point of starting to search again when Ryan got an email telling us that out application had been successful. The dates were good, but the owners were going away for just over 3 weeks not the original 2 weeks. Ryan could only get 2 weeks off work. He checked at work the next day, but no luck.

We’d just about resigned ourselves to losing it when Ryan suggested that we both go for the 2 weeks then he would come back home leaving me to stay for the other week and a half. At first I didn’t want to know; I didn’t want to be there without him.

As usual, Ryan got his way, but I wasn’t looking forward to those extra days.

We got everything planned and waited.

In the meantime I’ve had another temporary job through the agency; and have recently got a part time job as well.

The temp job was 4 weeks with an accountancy firm. They had a lot of work on and needed some help. It was a very old-fashioned firm in an old building and most of the people there were old as well.

Ryan persuaded me to wear mid-thigh length skirts and blouses. He said that I looked quite ‘business like.” Ryan also wanted me to wear my barbells, stirrups and chains. He said that the chains bouncing about under my loose, fitting blouses would remind me of him.

When I got there I was given a table to sit at near the entrance door. It was a table, not a desk, but had boxes pilled in front of it so I wasn’t worried about there not being a modest board. I didn’t have to worry about the old men there looking up my skirt as they came in and out.

I thought that the work I was given to do would be good experience because I want to become an accountant.

It was about the third day that I was there that I noticed one of the men looking down the top of my blouse as he stood next to me explain how to do something.

I didn’t want to upset anyone there so I turned to one side so that his view was gone. When I told Ryan about it that night, he laughed and told me not to be so shy. Firstly I didn’t have a lot for anyone to look at, and secondly, if he liked what he saw he may just give me a full time job.

The next day when that man stood next to me I didn’t move. I could see that he kept looking and I was surprised that I didn’t get embarrassed. After all, he was an old man; it wasn’t as if he was going to corner me and rape me.

That peeking got to be a regular thing and we both acted as if it wasn’t happening.

During the second week the boxes in front of my table started to disappear. By the end of the week they were all gone. I didn’t think anything of it and continued sitting comfortably – legs not crossed.

It was on the third week that I realised that people could see my bare legs, and possibly more. A delivery guy was stood a few feet in front of my table, waiting for a signature and I noticed him looking at my legs. I blushed and turned sideways in my seat.

I remembered how long it was since the boxes had gone and wondered how many men had had a good look up my skirt without me knowing it.

I made a mental note to sit more carefully whenever anyone was in front of my table. The problem is that I frequently get engrossed in what I’m doing and don’t see what is going on around me. By the time that my time there was up I had no idea how many people had looked up my skirt.

The part time job was as a result of Ryan seeing a notice in the window of a trendy, young person’s clothes shop. The top part of the notice said,

***WANTED – PART TIME MODEL***

*We have a part time vacancy for someone to model clothes for parents who wish to buy clothes for their children as a surprise, but would like to see them on someone before they buy them.*

*Hours are flexible but must include either a Thursday or Friday evening, or all day Saturday or all day Sunday.*

*Apply within.*

Although it was only a couple of weeks before we went away I went to the shop the next day and applied. I saw the manager and told her what I was there for.

She looked so pleased. She told me that she couldn’t put the sex or the build of the person that they wanted on the advert because they could have been accused of discrimination. She told me that I was just what she was looking for. I had to show her my passport (nothing unusual there) then she told me that they had a growing demand for what it said on the advert. They already had 1 part time young girl but there was too much work for her. She said that all modelling sessions were by appointment only and took place in in a room next to her office. She said that it used to be a stock room but they’d cleared it and put a screen up in one corner.

After I told her about my upcoming holiday we agreed on the money and that I would start the next Sunday. I had to agree to give her advance notice of the days or evenings that I could work.

It all sounded great to me, how difficult could it be to put clothes on and stand in front of someone while they imagined their daughter was in front of them.

Ryan was well pleased, but not pleased at the time that we would be apart. He said that he’d have to make an appointment to see me.

I only had 4 appointments on that first Sunday and I was quite nervous when the manager introduced the first customer to me. It was a couple in their thirties buying an outfit for their 14 year old. I changed behind the screen and stepped out for them to see me. Everything went well with no embarrassing moments and I think that they bought the outfit. The manager had been with me that first time, just to make sure that everything went well. She told me that if I had any problems I just had to bang on the wall to her office and she’d be there PDQ.

The second appointment was with a man on his own. I was a little apprehensive knowing that I was going to take my clothes off (albeit behind a screen) in a closed room with an unknown man there; but the only ‘incident’ was when he called me by his daughter’s name.

The third appointment was also with a man on his own. He was looked a little old to have a teenage daughter, but who knows.

This man had selected lots of clothes, including bikinis. At first everything went well with him sitting in the chair that was provided for the customers. Then came an outfit that was a couple of sizes too small for me. I managed to squeeze in to it but it was obvious that I wasn’t wearing anything underneath. I told the man and asked him to go and get the right size, but he insisted that I show him, saying that it was a party outfit and that his daughter always wore tight clothes.

I was embarrassed as I stepped out from behind the screen but the man said that I looked fantastic. He told me to do a twirl (which I did), then he asked me if I was wearing any underwear. I blushed and said that I wasn’t. He said that if he bought that outfit he would have to tell his daughter to forego underwear as well.

“Wow!” I thought, “a father telling his teenage daughter to go out without underwear.”

The man stood up and walked round me. My nipples went rock hard and the man smiled as he got round to my front.

“Yes, definitely a possibility.” The man said and sat down.

The next outfit was a top and short, flared skirt. I put them on and stepped from behind the screen.

“Nice!” the man said, “can you do a twirl please?”

As I did so I suddenly realised that the skirt would float up. When I stood in front of the man again he had a big grin on his face and I just knew that he’d seen something that I didn’t want him to see.

Next was one of the bikinis. It was a reasonably full bikini and my bits were well covered.

The second bikini had quite a bit less material to it. In fact it was a thong bikini. I felt terribly exposed when I stepped out from behind the screen. The man just stared at me for ages before finally asking me to turn round. I did so and he stared at my naked butt for ages before thanking me.

The fourth appointment went quickly and quite boringly.

When I told Ryan about my twirl in the short skirt and the bikinis he laughed and told me that I should have let him have a good look and my pussy; that he wanted the whole world to see my pussy.

I thumped him and told him that there was no chance.

I worked the following Friday evening and only had 2 appointments.

The first was a woman in her late thirties. She had lots of outfits for me to try on. About half way through she told me that things would move faster if I stopped going behind the screen and just changed in the main room.

My first reaction was, ‘no way’, but before I said it I changed my mind and said,

“Okay.”

After all, we were both girls.

It felt strange stripping naked in front of her, but it was quicker; especially as she kept changing her mind, frequently when I was only half dressed.

That was my longest appointment and I’d only just got dressed again when the manager brought my other appointment in. It was a man on his own and he was looking for clothes for his 15 year old daughter who was coming to live with him. He too had a mountain of clothes with him and when I saw them I realised that I it was going to take quite a while.

Everything started out okay, but the man started walking around the room whenever I was getting changed. The screen only protected me from view if the customer was sat on the chair and this man kept walking to a place where he could see me changing. Whenever I saw him I turned my back to him. If he was going to see me naked then it was going to be my back.

The outfits got shorter and tighter and the man talked more and more, telling me all about his daughter.

Just when we’d just about got through the pile of clothes he told me to wait there and he went and got some more clothes. When he got back he had an arm full of what looked like bikinis. He gave one to me and asked me to put it on. I went behind the screen, changed and modelled it for him. It didn’t take long for him to decide that he didn’t like it and gave me another one.

I took it behind the screen and took the first bikini off. I stood there naked looking at the new bikini; but it wasn’t a bikini; it was some sort of one piece swimsuit. The problem was that it seemed to be all straps, and they were tangled up.

As I tried to make sense of it the man asked me if there was a problem. When I said that I was just sorting out the straps he said,

“Here, let me help.”

Before I knew it he was stood next to me with his hand out. I was so shocked that I just put the swimsuit in his hand and stood there as he tried to sort it out.

After a couple of minutes he said that he thought that he’d cracked it and held the straps open and told me to step into it. I lifted my leg up but I couldn’t reach so the man got down on his knees. His face was right in front of my pussy. He held the straps open and I lifted a leg and put it through a strap, then my other leg.

Instead of telling me to pull it up he did it for me. I was so embarrassed as he pulled the suit right up to my crotch. He even stopped when the suit was at my waist to adjust the way the small piece of material sat over my pussy.

The stupid thing was that I opened my legs wider so that it was easier for him.

As he stood up he said,

“It’s a good job that you shave; do you think that my daughter does?”

The man then pulled the suit the rest of the way up, even adjusting the small triangles over my minute breasts.

As I stood there letting him decide if he liked the swimsuit I was thinking,

“This man has just dressed me. How did I let that happen? Why did I let it happen?”

I was still in a bit of a trance as the man started to undress me saying that he didn’t think the suit was right for his daughter.

Stupid me just stood there and let him strip me naked; even opening and lifting my legs to make it easy for him.

He grabbed my wrist and pulled me into the main part of the room saying,

“It will be much easier if you come out to the clothes.”

I then stood there and let the man put another bikini on me. This one was a tie-side one and he had to tie and un-tie the sides to get it right.

The last 3 items were knickers. He said that he couldn’t make up his mind which sort to get her. He slid a pair of bikini style knickers up my legs. He’d picked up pair that were way too big and they just hung there looking stupid.

“Never mind, it gives me an idea of how they would look.” He said, then took them off me.

The last item was a pair of thong knickers. They fit me, but he pulled them up high, too high, giving me a front wedgie.

He said that he was worried that his daughter might accidentally expose herself and he wanted to know just how much would show if she sat carelessly. He told me to sit on the customer’s chair and open my legs a bit. As he stood there looking at my exposed lips he said,

“Hmmm, they do show a lot; but teenage girls want to wear knickers like that these days. I guess that I’ll have to tell her to be careful if she goes out wearing those.”

With that he pulled me up and took them off me. Before I knew it he picked up the pile of clothes that we was going to buy and left me standing there naked wondering what the hell had just happened.

When I told Ryan he said that perhaps I should tell all the customers that they had to dress and undress me.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 05 - House Sitting – Week 1**

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

**DAY 1**

**-------**

The big day finally arrived and we headed to the airport feeling as excited as a little kid on their birthday.

One thing that we both wanted from the flight out was to become members of the mile high club. We thought about how we could achieve that without getting into any trouble. Using the toilet on the plane was out of the question because it was a short flight and the toilets aren’t really big enough for one person, never mind two. We had to do it on the seats; and knowing that the seats are in groups of threes made it more difficult. In the end we decided that somehow, and for some reason, I’d have to sit on Ryan’s lap and have a dress that had enough material to cover what was going on underneath.

In the end we decided that I’d have to pretend to be a little girl that wanted to sit on her father’s lap. We came up with the reason that I was scared of flying and needed the comfort of my father.

We went and bought a cheap kid’s pinafore dress that was quite full in the skirt. Before we left home I put my hair up in pigtails then put the dress on. I felt quite stupid wearing it on the trip to the airport, but hoped that it would be all worth-while.

When we boarded the plane Ryan took the window seat and I took the middle of the row of three, and we waited to see who would take the aisle seat. It turned out to be an elderly gentleman. As soon as he sat down I started talking to Ryan as if he was my father, and in my best little girl voice. I asked Ryan all sorts of questions that little kids ask. When the doors shut I grabbed Ryan’s hand and said (loudly),

“I’m scared daddy.”

Ryan comforted me and the old man even joined in telling me not to worry and that everything would be alright.

Once we were up to cruising height and the seat belts light went out I asked ‘daddy’ if I could sit on his lap so that he could hold me. The old man smiled at me as I stood up and held my dress wide so that Ryan could shuffle his shorts down. When he was ready ‘daddy’ pulled me back, lifting the back of my dress so that my pussy could meet his cock with nothing in between.

Ryan guided me down and I impaled myself and joined the club.

I sat there, impaled on Ryan’s cock, and adjusted my dress so that everything was covered. Then I put my head on his shoulder and whispered how good it felt.

We’d done it, and no one knew.

After a while the old man even asked me how I was feeling. Sucking my thumb I said that I was okay.

When the cabin crew came round the old man even told them that I was scared of flying. The girl asked Ryan if I needed anything. I whispered to Ryan,

“To bounce up and down.”

After a while Ryan’s hands got a little restless and he discovered that he could slide one of his hands under my dress and tease my clit without anyone seeing. Needless to say that he brought me to a wonderful orgasm at 30,000+ feet. Our only regret was that Ryan didn’t manage to cum.

The rest of the flight went quickly and I managed to get off Ryan and get him decent, without anyone realising.

The heat was wonderful when the aircraft door opened at Palma airport and we were soon heading west on a bus for the 15 odd mile journey to Magaluf. We took a taxi to the villa where the agent was waiting.

The agent showed us around and reminded us of a few conditions, then left us to enjoy our holiday.

We both stripped naked and ran to the pool.

After a bit of swimming and kissing we looked around and saw that the pool area was only closely overlooked by the villa on one side. The only other places that we could see were about half a mile away on a bit of a hill; far enough for us to ignore them.

We got out and had another look round the place. We decided that we were in heaven and that the only times that we needed to worry about clothes was when we went out. We went out the back and christened one of the sun loungers.

We were in for 2 weeks of sun and sex.

When we got hungry we went and looked in the fridge. We reckoned that there was enough food in there to feed us for a couple of days so we didn’t plan going anywhere until it ran out. We did make two exceptions to that, on the evening we went for a walk and on a morning we’d go to the shop for fresh food.

When we went for a walk that evening and asked Ryan what I should wear he said,

“Nothing.”

I laughed and told him that I’d have to wear something so he went and got me his blue string vest. I laughed again and told him that I’d get locked up if I went out wearing just that. Off he went again and when he came back he told me that what he had in his hand was the only other thing that I could wear underneath the vest. Because it was screwed up in his hand I assumed that it was the little yellow thong that I had packed – just in case; so I said,

“Okay.”

Ryan opened his hand and I was shocked to see that it did contain a thong, but it was the material-less bikini thong that I thought that I’d left back at home.

I asked him if I could swap it for the underwear thong, but he wouldn’t let me. After all, I had agreed.

I put it on and asked him if he could see my slit.

“Only when I look.” He said, which wasn’t a lot of help.

Thankfully it was starting to get a little dark so my modesty would be protected.

We walked to the end of the road and turned towards the sea. We passed a little shop and before we knew it we were on a lively street. We made a mental note of where we were then started walking.

Magaluf really is a teenager’s mecca. There were hundreds of them, and what’s more, most of the girls were wearing as little, if not less than I was. I needn’t have worried about getting embarrassed. Within the first 5 minutes I saw at least 3 girls who obviously didn’t have underwear on, although none of them were wearing a dress that was quite as see-through as a vest with thousands of holes big enough for my nipples to poke through.

We’d seen enough for now and decided to head back for some more of the part of sun and sex that you can do when the sun’s gone down.

**DAY 2**

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The next morning Ryan thought that it would be nice to have some fresh bread with our breakfast and he asked me to go and get him some. He threw the vest at me.

I was half way to the shop when I remembered that I hadn’t put anything on underneath. Thinking that it would probably be a girl serving in the shop I kept going.

It wasn’t a girl, it was a young man, and I had to stand in front of him while he slowly took my money and gave me my change. At one point he dropped the coins that he was giving me and I realised that he must be looking at my pussy.

I rushed back and told Ryan about my first embarrassing moment in Spain.

Ryan ran his finger along my slit, held it up and said.

“I think that you enjoyed that man looking at your pussy. I think that you definitely are an exhibitionist, don’t you?”

“NO I do not.” I said and went off to the kitchen.

While we were eating breakfast Ryan challenged me to prove that I wasn’t an exhibitionist. He told me that in the next couple of weeks I would, accidentally, or deliberately, let at least one other man see my naked pussy. He (Ryan) would check to see if I was wet. If I had been wet 10 times he’d have proved his point.

This was going to be easy I thought and took him up on his challenge. We then agreed that the loser had to walk back from the nearest beach totally naked. I laughed and told him to get ready to be humiliated.

“One to me.” Ryan said.

“What do you mean?” I said.

“You’ve just flashed your pussy to the man in the shop so that’s one to me.” Ryan said.

“You didn’t tell me that we’d already started,” I said, “but I’m so confident that I’ll give you that one.”

After breakfast we went for a swim and more sex, we lay out in the sun for a couple of hours. Later Ryan asked me if I wanted to go for a walk and get a proper look round the place.

Ryan asked me to wear my tennis skirt and lace top. I asked him if we were going jogging. He laughed then told me that we weren’t but he just thought that I looked cute in them. So I put them on. As soon as we got out on the street I knew why he wanted me to wear that skirt, it was windy and the skirt was so light that it kept blowing up. I had a hell of a job trying to keep it down and I know that I wasn’t always successful.

We wandered around looking at all the places there. One place that we saw was a bar that had one of those mechanical bulls. We stood outside and watched a couple of people get themselves thrown off. Ryan said that we must go there one night.

Another place that we saw was a club that advertised erotic dancing. I suggested that we go one night so see if we could learn anything.

There was a café next to that club and we stopped and had a drink and a big ice cream. As the waiter served us a gust of wing caught the front of my skirt and gave the waiter a view of my clit jewellery. After he had left us Ryan reached over and put his finger in me. Pulling it out and sucking it he said,

“That’s 2.” He said.

“Bastard.” I replied.

When we’d finished Ryan went to the toilet. He was ages and I got a bit worried. When he got back he said that he must have eaten something. We went back to the villa and lay by the pool.

**DAY 3**

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I think that it was the third day when we were there when the pool man came. It was mid-morning and we’d just finished having breakfast out by the pool. I was soaking up the sun sprawled out on a sun lounger (naked of course) when I suddenly heard a noise. I opened my eyes and there this man was, right in front of me.

I screamed and ran inside to Ryan. Ryan hugged me telling me to relax and that it was only the man come to clean the pool. He reminded me that the agent had told us that we could expect a visit once a week.

Ryan then put his finger in my pussy. When he pulled it out he put it in my mouth.

“That’s 3.” He said with a big grin on his face.

“Not fair,” I said, “I didn’t know that he was coming now.”

“Maybe not, but you still enjoyed it, didn’t you?” Ryan said.

“That doesn’t make me an exhibitionist.”

“When I’m up to 10 it does.” Ryan said.

“No chance!” I said.

Ryan put some shorts on and went out to talk to the guy. After a few minutes I went and put my bikini on and went back out to the sun lounger.

Why did I put the bottoms that have no material in them on? What was I thinking?

Ryan came over to me and pointed to my bikini bottoms.

“Told you!” he said.

I crossed my legs.

That afternoon we decided to go and check out the beach. Ryan persuaded me to wear my bikini, the bottoms with some material. He told me that there would be way too many people around for anyone to notice the little bulges made by my jewellery.

He was right too, the beach was crowded; thousands of young men and women all noisily having fun. What’s more, just about all the girls were topless and their bikini bottoms were as small as mine. Some were wearing thongs that only just covered their slits. I felt slightly over-dressed.

We finally found a space near the water’s edge and spread our towel. After a quick swim we lay out in the sun. After a while Ryan asked me to put some lotion on him. When I did his front I saw that he had a hard-on. I asked him what had caused it and he told me that it was all the girls that were wearing less than me. I was a little upset but carried on.

When I’d finished I asked him to do me. I was on my stomach so he started on my back. I reached round and untied my bikini top thinking that that would even things up a bit. When he told me to turn over I did, leaving my bikini top underneath me.

Ryan seemed to think that my rock hard nipples needed a lot more lotion than the rest of me and he spent lots of time rubbing them. It felt good.

When he moved down to my pubic region his hand went inside the front of my bikini and rubbed lots of lotion into my pussy. It felt sooo good. I didn’t notice it until about 30 minutes later, but Ryan had left the top of my bikini bottoms hooked under my clit hood stirrup. The front of my slit, clit hood and jewellery had been on display for about 30 minutes.

I bruised his arm after I’d covered myself. He just laughed and said,

I won’t check or count that one because we don’t know for sure that anyone noticed. I checked, and I was wet. Shit, could he be right and that I am an exhibitionist? No, no chance.

I didn’t feel at all exposed or out of place as we walked back to the villa. After all, there were quite a few topless girls around, all of them with bigger tits than me.

That night we went out for a drink. The bar was so crowded that no one noticed (I hope) when Ryan finger fucked me as we were stood drinking. When we left there were a couple of drunk girls laying on the pavement confirming that I wasn’t the only girl there without knickers on.

**DAY 4**

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The pool man came back the next day as well. That time there were 2 of them and they caught me by surprise again. Especially after the agent told us that he would only be there once a week. Ryan had gone to the shop to get us some fresh bread for breakfast and I had dozed off on one of the sun loungers. Before he left Ryan had finger fucked me and I still had my legs wide open and a very wet pussy.

I heard a noise, but thought I was dreaming and didn’t wake up. Then I heard another noise. I wasn’t sure whether I was dreaming or not so I opened one eye just a little and saw the men.

I couldn’t decide if I was going to scream and run into the villa again or play it cool and pretend to be asleep. I didn’t want to appear like a stupid little school girl and after all, I had toughed it out before, so I kept my eyes shut.

Then I remembered that my legs were wide open. Oh shit, I started to get that tingling.

The 2 men were talking to each other. I have no idea what because my schoolgirl Spanish couldn’t keep up with the speed that they were talking.

It seemed like hours before it went quiet. In that time my pussy had got really wet. I was glad that Ryan wasn’t there. I slowly opened my eyes and confirmed that I was alone.

Shit! Was I glad that it was over; but it wasn’t; I suddenly heard Ryan saying,

“You little minx! And you’re trying to tell me that you’re not an exhibitionist! Here, let me check.”

He dipped his finger, held it up, sucked it and said,

“That’s 4.” That’s the wettest you’ve been all day.

“Bastard.” I said, Okay, you got me with that one, but to be fair, I didn’t know that they were coming.”

“So what? It was your choice to let them stare at you.

I gave up.

We decided to have a quiet day at the villa soaking up the sun.

**DAY 5**

**-------**

That day we decided to hire a couple of bikes and ride along the coast a bit. The rental shop was busy when we got there and by they only had men’s and kid’s bikes left. There was no way that I was going to ride a stupid Cinderella bike so I chose a man’s bike.

That damn man insisted on me getting on the bike so that he could make any adjustments. I held out as long as I could, but in the end I had to lift my leg over to be able to get on. I’m pretty sure that I managed it without letting him see my pussy.

I sat on the seat and peddled backwards (Ryan was holding the bike). Good, I thought, a bit too high, rub rub time; but the man had other ideas. He insisted on lowering it. For him to do that I had to get off the saddle.

He motioned for me to slide forward off the saddle. I did and could feel the cold steel of the cross-bar on my pussy. I looked back to see what the man was doing and saw a wet patch on the saddle. The man was looking at it too.

“Oops sorry.” I said and wiped it with my hand.

The man muttered something then got on with lowering the saddle. When he’d finished he motioned for me to get back on the seat. My ride wasn’t going to be as interesting.

When we got out onto the road Ryan had a look at the bike but he didn’t have the tools that he would need to put the seat back to where it had been.

Ryan wanted to stay behind me so that he could watch the back of my skirt blowing up as we peddled. He said that he wanted to get the same view that other road users were getting.

We peddled out of Magaluf along the coast road and then down a track to the coast. We found a little café near a small beach and decided to stay there for a while. There was only one other family there, a man and a woman and 2 kids, both about 11 or 12 – both girls. They were happily playing in the sand and water with no clothes on. Shortly after we arrived one of the girls was sent to the café to get 2 ice creams.

When we’d got there we both stripped off and sunbathed naked. So when Ryan saw the little girl go to the café without putting any clothes on he dared me to do the same. I told him that it was different for me; for a start I was 21 not 12; and I had 3 piercings that had jewellery in. Ryan kept saying that it didn’t make any difference and that he thought that no one would even notice the jewellery.

In the end I gave in and said that I’d do it.

I got the money and walked over. When I went in to the café I was the only customer. There was a teenage girl at the counter and a middle-aged man working in a corner with his back to me. As I walked up to the girl she looked at me and I saw her eyebrows rise. Then she said something in Spanish and the man turned and came over.

“Shit!” I thought; I was going to get thrown out, or worse.

The girl said,

“Si.”

So I asked for the ice-creams. She served me as the older man just watched me. As I walked out of the door I looked back and saw that they were both still watching me.

When I got back to Ryan and sat down he put his finger in my pussy, lifted it up and put it to my mouth. I sucked it and Ryan said,

“That’s 5.”

“You tricked me. You knew that going there would make me wet.” I said.

“Yes I did, but you keep telling me that you won’t get turned on, and then you do. Face it TT. You are one.”

“No I’m not.”

We ate the ice-creams, swam, sunbathed, swam some more, fucked in the sea, then peddled back to Magaluf.

I remembered to wipe the seat before handing the bike back.

During the walk back to the villa we decided to stop and get something to eat. We stopped at a café and sat a table outside by the street, right next to the hordes of people walking up and down. We sat facing each other, Ryan facing one way down the street and me facing the other way. The table was between us and the café. After eating we relaxed in the chairs to finish our drinks.

Ryan lifted a foot and parted my legs with it. Then he moved his foot up between my thighs and rubbed his big toe up and down my pussy. I was telling him to stop and enjoying the feeling when I saw that a couple of young men had stopped behind Ryan and were watching what he was doing to me.

I clamped my legs together and Ryan cursed.

“What did you do that for?” he asked.

By that time the 2 young men were on their way down the street. Instead of telling Ryan about the 2 young men I opened my legs enough to free his foot then told him that 2 young men had been behind him and watching me.

Ryan grinned then put his big toe back to my pussy. He waggled it about and said,

“Hmmmm, nice and wet, shall we count that one?”

“No, that’s not fair; they couldn’t have seen my pussy because your big toe was in the way. I said.

“Okay, I’ll let you have that one.” Ryan said.

That night we decided to go and have a drink in some of the bars. Ryan persuaded me to just wear just his vest saying that it was dark outside so no one would realise that I wasn’t wearing anything underneath it.

He was right as well. In the 3 bars that we went in I didn’t see anyone staring at me.

**DAY 6**

**-------**

While we were having breakfast we decided to go to the Western Water Park. We walked into Magaluf centre and caught the free bus to the park. Ryan wanted me to wear my bikini with the material-less bottoms but I insisted that I wear my swimming skirt.

Shortly after we got there we started seeing a few topless women and Ryan wanted me to take mine off. I refused at first, but after going down a few of the attractions and my top ending up round my neck I gave up and we went and put my top in our locker. A few people stared at my nipple jewellery and I was a bit embarrassed but there were other topless women there so I ignored them.

One thing that definitely was embarrassing was that some of the rides were scary, some terrifying. As a result I wasn’t able to hold my skirt in place. The other embarrassing part was that the pool at the bottom of most of the slides is quite small so I didn’t have much time to get my skirt back into place.

Another embarrassing thing was the queuing. It wasn’t a problem when we were on the flat; but most of the queues were up steps so I had to be careful who was behind and below us. I’m sure that the inevitable happened a few times, but I tried not to think about it.

When we went for some lunch there were so many people there that after queuing for ever we couldn’t find a table to sit at. We ended-up sitting on a little wall only a few inches high. I didn’t realise at first, but with me sat with my knees up so I could rest my food on them, my pussy was on display to anyone who looked. I saw 2 young men looking at me but didn’t realise what they could see.

Ryan realised what was going on and said,

“If you straighten your legs now you’ll have problems with your plate of food.”

“I know that, that’s why they’re bent.” I said.

“If you don’t straighten your legs those 2 men over there will be able to keep staring at your pussy.” Ryan said.

“Shit! What can I do? I have to do something.”

“Suck it up TT.” Ryan said. “Oh, you may like to eat a little faster.”

I ate my food a lot faster and then managed to straighten my legs. When I’d done, Ryan asked me if my pussy was wet. When I said that it was, Ryan said,

“That’s 6; and don’t try to tell me that you’re wet because of the water rides.”

“Okay, you got me this time;” I said, “but one time doesn’t make me an exhibitionists.”

“It’s not one time, it’s six – so far.”

“Shut up!”

Ryan laughed.

Later on we went on this long slide. It was in these over-grown rubber rings, big enough for 4 or 5 people. We went on with these 2 young men. We were sat on one side and them on the other. What I didn’t think about at the time was that we had to have our legs open a bit to fit in – too many feet all in the middle. Shortly after we got started I realised that my skirt had ridded up a bit and my pussy was exposed. I looked at the young man opposite and saw that he was looking at my pussy.

I couldn’t close my legs and I couldn’t push my skirt between my legs because my hands were hanging on to the handles on the sides to stop me bouncing out.

I looked at Ryan and saw that he’d realised my predicament, but he couldn’t do anything (not that he would have if he could have) because he was hanging on as well.

When we finally got to the bottom and off the rubber ring Ryan stood in front of me and slid a hand in between us to my pussy. Feeling that I was all wet he said,

“That’s 7, and don’t try to tell me that it’s the water from the ride. That’s definitely pussy juice.”

“Okay, you got me that time; but he was staring for so long.”

“I’m really looking forward to your little streak TT.” Ryan said.

Things weren’t looking good for me. Only day 6 and we’re up to 7 times. But I’m still not an exhibitionist.

**DAY 7**

**-------**

Day 7 was another day at the villa topping up our all-over tans. I was starting to get proud of mine. There was one time when my nipples and clit area started to get a bit painful. It was like I was getting burnt. When I mentioned it to Ryan he thought for a few seconds then asked me how long I’d been laid on my back. When I told him about 30 minutes he reached over and touched one of my nipple stirrups.

“Time to go for a swim,” he said pulling me up (not by the stirrup). “Those babies have been in the sun too long. The metal’s quite hot.”

I felt much better once I’d got in the water.

I got us some lunch and while we were eating it I told Ryan that I was starting to like being naked all the time, even in the back garden there. With the weather being so nice it just seemed so natural.

“I told you that you’re an exhibitionist.” Ryan said, but I managed to convince him that just because I liked being naked doesn’t mean that I’m an exhibitionist.

He had to agree, and told me that maybe I was a nudist as well as an exhibitionist.

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I said.

In the afternoon we decided to go for a walk. Ryan wanted me to wear just a skirt but I wore my bikini top as well. The shape of my nipple jewellery was visible – if you looked; I just hoped that no one would.

We walked quite a way towards Palma Nova and had to stop at a café for a drink. I didn’t realise at the time, but when I sat on the chair at the table I was quite lazy (and a bit tired) and sat on the front edge of the seat without crossing my legs.

After we’d been there for about 10 minutes Ryan told me that 3 young men sat in front of me had been looking up my skirt for the last 5 minutes. My immediate reaction was to cross my legs but Ryan stopped me. He told me that they wouldn’t see anything that they hadn’t been staring at for the last 5 minutes.

Ryan ordered us some ice creams and kept talking about my pussy and telling me what the 3 young men would be seeing. Without realising it I had let my knees part a bit. Ryan kept going on about how my pussy starts to get wet and swollen; and how I start getting all excited and randy.

In the end I did get all wet and had to confess that I was enjoying him talking about my pussy, and the 3 men looking at it.

“That’s 8.” Ryan said.

“Okay, okay; for once you’re right, but just one moment of pleasure doesn’t make me an exhibitionist.” I said.

After he’d got my confession we paid and left.

Towards the end of the long walk back we decided to walk along the water’s edge on the beach. We took out shoes off and walked in the sea. It was lovely.

Just before we had to turn off the beach we sat on the dry sand looking out to sea. Ryan sat first and sat with his knees up. When I sat next to him I sat the same way, completely forgetting that I didn’t have my bikini bottoms on under my skirt.

We were so engrossed in our conversation and looking at all the other people on the beach and in the water that I wasn’t taking any notice of the man lying in the shallow water in front of us looking up towards us. I’d seen him, but thought nothing of it. I’d actually looked at him a few times and wondered what he was looking at but didn’t put 2 and 2 together.

It was only when Ryan looked at the man and said,

“I bet that he daren’t stand up.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, with the view that he’s been getting for the last 10 minutes he must have a hard-on.” Ryan said.

I felt a sudden wet rush and tingle in my pussy. When Ryan asked me if I was wet I tried to deny it. Ryan obviously didn’t believe me because he leaned over to kiss me and quickly snuck one of his fingers to my pussy.

“Your little female lie detector says differently, so that’s 9.” Ryan said, “One more and you’ll be completely naked down here. Will that be today, tomorrow or the day after? I’m looking forward to this.”

“Not going to happen.” I said, and put my legs flat on the sand.

“You might want to straighten your skirt,” Ryan said, “I can see your jewellery.”

That night we decided to go to a nightclub Ryan wanted me to wear my 2 tube tops again. It was a good job that it was dark because as soon as we got outside Ryan eased my skirt up a bit. When I put my hand down to my pussy it made contact with my bare flesh. The skirt wasn’t even covering my pussy or my butt cheeks.

We had a great time, when the foam came Ryan fucked me standing on the dance floor with people all around; and none of them had the faintest idea.

On the way back to the villa Ryan carried me over his shoulder. My bare butt was there for everyone to see – not that there were many people around at 3 a.m.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 06 - House Sitting – Week 2**

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

**DAY 8**

**-------**

We didn’t get out of bed until lunch time and then crawled out to lie on the sun loungers. It took another hour for us to wake up enough to jump into the pool.

After a quick, lazy swim we went to a café to get some breakfast. Ryan got me to wear my bikini top and underwear thong. I just couldn’t be bothered to argue with him.

With some food inside us, and feeling a little better, we walked along the sea front and then back along the beach. I had to keep pulling the thong out and down as it kept creeping forwards and up giving me a front wedgie and a couple of young men noticed. Of course Ryan just laughed.

About 100 yards from the villa Ryan stopped me and gave me a long kiss. What I hadn’t realised was that as he was kissing me he was gently unfastening the thong. When he pulled away he pulled the thong right off me as well. Before I could stop him he was running off down the road and back to the villa. I had to chase after him wearing just my bikini top.

At least it was worth it, we had great sex in the pool.

That night we went for another walk through town. Ryan got me to wear just his string vest, and one of the remote controlled vibes. We didn’t get far as Ryan kept the vibe going quite fast and I’d cum 3 times even before we got near town. The people who saw us must have thought that I was some sort of mental nut or ravished with some sort of horrible disease the way I was sweating and jerking about.

I was so pleased when Ryan turned it off when we went into a bar for a drink. It might have been early (about midnight), but in one corner of the bar there were a few drunk teenagers struggling to stay awake. There were girls with all sorts of wardrobe malfunctions; skirts up round their waists (no knickers), tops hanging off, and one girl was spark-out on the floor with her legs wide open, letting everyone nearby see her bald pussy. Another drunk girl was holding a beer bottle to her pussy and looking like she wanted to see how much of it she could get up her. We didn’t hang around to find out.

As soon as we left the bar the vibe was back on and my juices were running down the insides of my legs again.

Why does Ryan love doing that to me?

After I pleaded with Ryan to stop he turned it down and took me back to the villa.

**DAY 9**

**-------**

The pool man came back – again. If I could speak Spanish I would have asked him why he was coming so often and why he had someone different with him each time. This time when he came we were in the shallow end of the pool, both of us totally naked and I was giving Ryan a blow job. I was a little busy and didn’t see them arrive, but Ryan did. He didn’t tell me and let them watch for goodness knows how long.

When I’d swallowed Ryan’s seed I lifted my head and went to kiss him. It was then that I saw the 2 men. The regular one, and yet another man that I’d never seen before. Was this man bringing all his friends to have a look at me?

I had 2 choices of what to do; I could get out and walk to the villa, or get out and run to the villa. I chose the latter; covering my bits with my hands as I ran.

Ryan got out and walked to the villa.

In the kitchen Ryan wrapped his arms round me and hugged me; his cock getting harder as he did so.

Ryan backed away and put his hand to my pussy. His middle finger rubbed along my slit and he said,

“You’re wet aren’t you?”

“Of course I’m wet; I’ve just got out of the swimming pool.” I said.

“That’s not swimming pool water, that’s come from inside you, taste it.” Ryan said as he lifted his finger to my mouth.

He was right, that was the familiar taste of me.

“That’s 10.” Ryan said; “You know what that means?”

“Shit! Okay, a bet’s a bet. When and how am I going to deliver?”

The pool man and his ‘assistant’ got forgotten as Ryan went through a few options. All the time that he was talking and suggesting ways and times that I would be naked on the beach and then the streets, I was very nervous and apprehensive. I really didn’t want to do it, but I knew that I had to.

Out of the options that Ryan gave me I chose to do it late afternoon. My theory was that people would have spent the whole day on the beach or doing something else, and be a little tired and want to get back to their hotel to get something to eat; therefore not being as alert as they could be and hopefully not notice the naked girl walking along.

We agreed that I would do it that afternoon. At lunchtime we got something to eat then went to the beach. I wore my bikini top and swimming skirt and we had a good afternoon swimming in the sea and sunbathing.

When people started to drift off I got real nervous because I would have to do it soon. Ryan loved every second. It was about a half mile back to the villa and I was going to walk that half mile totally naked – well, apart from my piercing jewellery.

The time finally came and I started by taking my bikini top off. No real big deal, there were dozens of topless girls there. No one took the slightest bit of notice of me, not even when I squeezed my nipples. Why do I do that every time that I expose my nipples?

Then it came to the time to drop my little skirt. Ryan kept telling me to get on with it and to do it as if it was something that I did every day. I knew that he was right, but actually doing it took a bit of courage.

The crazy thing was that when I gave my skirt to Ryan no one noticed that I was naked.

Ryan put the rest of our things in our bag and we walked off, holding hands.

On the beach I only saw one man look at me, and he didn’t look for long.

Once we got off the beach and started walking along the road a few more people looked at me, but no one said anything. I wanted to walk faster but Ryan held me back.

“Look as if you do it every day.” He kept saying. He even got me to stop and look through some clothes outside one of those sell everything shops. I saw a sarong that I liked and made the mistake of telling Ryan that I liked it. He decided to buy it for me and a pink scarf that he said would look great as a skirt. I had to stand around in amongst the racks of clothing while he went and paid for them. A couple of people saw me, but neither of them said anything or stared at me.

As we left that shop Ryan told me that he nearly bought me a kid’s bucket and spade. He told me that we looked just like a father and his little girl coming back from a day’s fun on the beach.

When we got back to the villa Ryan dipped a finger in me and I was pleased to see that I was quite dry.

“I told you that I wasn’t an exhibitionist.” I said.

“10 to 1 – I think that the odds are on my side.” He said.

I tried different ways of wearing the sarong and decided that I could easily wear it as a skirt or a dress. The only thing with wearing it as a dress is that in bright lights it’s just a little bit see-through. Ryan likes that bit. Ryan also liked the scarf – that is when I wore it as a bikini cover-up. He could see everything underneath it.

**DAY 10**

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

We decided that we should really see some of the capital of the island so in the morning we got the bus to Palma.

Ryan got me to wear my tennis skirt – did he know that it was going to be windy in Palma? He originally wanted me to wear one of the vibrators, but I managed to persuade him that I wouldn’t be able to concentrate and walk too far with one driving me crazy all day. He did insist that I wore one of the little chains hanging from my clit jewellery. It hangs just below the hem of that skirt, but when I’m stood up it’s difficult to see.

We spent the day wandering around the old town, marina and promenade. It was a very pleasant day, but also embarrassing. That wind kept blowing my skirt up and I spent ages holding it down, or pulling it down.

We stayed in Palma until after dark and had a couple of drinks in the crowded bars before getting a late bus back.

**DAY 11**

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

Ryan decided to start the day by getting skype working on the PC that we found there. He tested it by connecting to one of his work colleagues. The thing was, when he got it working he called me in to see it working. He didn’t tell me that the video was switched on and I walked right in front of the camera to see what was on the screen. His colleague got a full frontal of my naked body and piercing jewellery.

We spent the rest of the day on the beach and in the sea. Ryan got me to wear my underwear thong and thankfully no one looked close enough to realise that it was see-through. When we went swimming I took it off (before Ryan could) and tied it round my wrist so that we could fuck under the surface.

**DAY 12**

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

Ryan kept teasing me all day, getting me worked up then backing off. After the first few times I told him that I wanted to cum. He told me to wait, telling me that it would be so much better if I held back for a while. That went on all day and about 9 in the evening Ryan decided that we were going out. When I told him that I wanted to cum he just told me that I would soon. Ryan got out a couple of tube tops for me to wear. The smaller one round my chest and the bigger one I wore as a skirt. Okay it was short, but no shorter than those that a lot of girls would be wearing.

We walked down the main street and as we got near the erotic dancing club Ryan persuaded me to go in, saying that it would make me want to cum even more, and when I finally did cum it would be mind-blowing.

That made some sense so in we went.

The place was more like a little theatre with tables at different levels, all looking down to a little stage. There were a couple of girls wearing just a thong, dancing on poles on the stage. The other thing that I saw was that there were about 15 big screen televisions all around the place. All were showing close-ups of the dancers.

Ryan ordered us some drinks and we sat watching as the girls took their thongs off and danced naked. All the time Ryan had a hand on my thigh and was gently caressing my clit.

After a while a woman got onto the stage, introduced herself as Jackie and welcomed everyone to the club’s amateur live show night. She announced that they had a very special girl for the audience to watch that night, but to get things warmed up they had an act that would get us in the mood.

“I wonder what that was.” I said to Ryan, then, “Bloody hell, look at them.”

Two very hunky men dressed in just a man’s thong came onto the stage followed by 4 girls wearing just a bikini top and micro skirt. They danced in a very erotic way, simulating having sex. After about 10 minutes the men pulled off the girls clothes and again simulated having sex.

“Wow, that’s hot,” I said as Ryan continued to tease my clit.

The act finished and Jackie came back onto the stage.

“Right ladies and gentlemen, it’s time for the star of the night. Please give a big hand for Tanya.”

There was a long silence and no one moved. Who was this woman with the same name as me?

“Tanya, don’t be shy, come on down.”

This Tanya woman was somewhere in the audience so I looked all around. No one moved.

“Boys, please go and get Tanya.”

The 2 hunks appeared and started running up the stairs. Shit, they were coming my way. They can’t possible mean me. How could they even know me? I looked at Ryan. He was grinning. He leant over to me and said,

“Go for it TT. I know what’s going to happen and I’m okay with it.”

“Fuck Ryan, what have you done?”

I didn’t get an answer because the 2 hunks picked me up and held me high in the air. My legs were open wide and my skirt had rolled up to my waist.

They carried me down onto the stage and stood me next to the woman.

I quickly pulled my skirt down to cover my pussy as Jackie said,

“Ladies and Gentlemen, as you can see this lady looks very young. I know that some of you will want to know just how old she is and some of you won’t. I’ve seen her passport and have written her age on this card. Close your eyes now if you don’t want to know. After a second I saw her lift the card up. Before she turned it round I could see that it had my correct age on it. How did she know that? Ryan! What the hell had he let me in for?

I heard a few gasps then the card came down.

“Right girl and boys, let the fun begin.”

Some music came on and the hunks started dancing. They held my arms and got me to join in. Soon afterwards one of them reached for my top and pulled it right up over my head. I was topless and was scared that I was going to end-up naked. At the same time my pussy was tingling and wet enough to drown someone. What the hell was wrong with me?

It wasn’t long before one of them got hold of my skirt and it too disappeared.

The music stopped and the 2 hunks picked me up in a sort of fireman’s chair but with my legs wide open. I had to put my arms round their necks to stop myself from falling off. They then carried me all round the place letting everyone look at my spread pussy. As we got near Ryan I saw him mouth,

“I love you.”

The hunks carried me back to the stage. As we got there I saw an addition to the stage. It was a large wooden ‘X’ with loops at each end. The ends of the ‘X’ that were at the back of the stage were raised up and there was a bit for me to rest my head on.

I guessed what it was going to be used for and started screaming,

“NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!”

The hunks took me to the ‘X’ and strapped me down. I was still screaming ‘NO’ as Jackie came over and strapped a microphone round my neck. I started to hear my NOs being echoed around the place.

I tried struggling, but there was no way that I would get lose so I stopped. I looked at the 2 hunks. Their faces were emotionless but they were both rubbing their thongs and large bulges.

They came over to me and started caressing me everywhere except my tiny tits and pussy. It felt good. My AF had been about an 8 before this had happened, but I was so scared when it did start that it went down. Now it was going back up.

Some sort of oil was dripped all over me and the caressing felt good; so good that I started cumming. The caressing continued as I arched my back and screamed. I dropped back onto the ‘X’ and started shaking and moaning.

I looked round and saw one of the big television screens. There must have been a camera focused on my pussy, it filled the screen.

The caressing stopped but 2 microphone shaped things got lowered from the ceiling. The hunks got them and one of them put his to my pussy. FIH, it was some sort of vibrator, and fuck, did it feel good.

The other hunk put his microphone vibrator to one of my nipples. Shit, I wasn’t going to last long.

I started moaning and moaning. It wasn’t long before I wanted to be fucked and I let them know.

“FUCK ME PLEASE!” I shouted.

But they didn’t. They continued to torture me with those vibrator things. I seemed to be having a continuous orgasm. Even when they took it in turns to stop and take their thongs off I kept cumming. To be fair, the sight of their massive cocks probably made my orgasms stronger.

I looked up at the big television screen again and it was still filled with my pussy. All of a sudden, as another wave of my orgasm hit me, I saw fluid squirting out of my pussy. I’d squirted before so I knew that I wasn’t pissing myself.

One of the hunks came round to my head and started rubbing his cock on my face. I opened my mouth ready for his cock, but he just teased me with it. I moved my head to try to reach the cock but every time I got close it moved.

Fuck, did these guys know how to tease a girl?

The teasing went on and on. I was screaming to be fucked as my orgasm kept finding another level.

Then it all stopped; the music as well.

“FUCK ME - PLEASE!” I shouted and heard it echo round the room.

“What do you think people? Shall we grant Tanya her wish?” Jackie asked.

I heard lots of things that basically meant ‘yes’.

“Are you sure?” Jackie asked.

After the chorus of ‘yes’, Jackie turned to me and said,

“What was it that you wanted Tanya?”

“FUCK ME - PLEASE!” I again shouted.

And they did. Not with their cocks but with a huge black dildo. In and out it went, teasing me more and more. That just made me cum again.

“I WANT A COCK.” I shouted.

One of their cocks started to fill my mouth and I sucked and sucked; well until it started going down my throat. Fortunately the hunk knew how to throat a girl and let her get her breath.

I felt the other cock start to invade my pussy.

“OH FUCK, THAT’S SOOO GOOD!” I shouted.

The cock in my pussy started going in and out and my pussy tried to drown it with my juice. My orgasm got even stronger.

Both my throat and pussy filled at the same time as the 2 cocks shot their loads in to me.

Both hunks backed away as I lay there totally knackered. The 4 naked girl dancers came back onto the stage, untied me and carried me off the stage.

They carried me to their dressing room, put me down on a sofa and went back to the stage. I heard Jackie telling everyone that the show was over and thanking me for my magnificent performance.

Performance I thought; that was real, what the fuck was Ryan going to think of me? Why had he put me in this horrible, humiliating position?

I was starting to get angry; angry at Ryan and angry at myself for enjoying it so much.

The door opened and Ryan and Jackie came in. If I could have I would have got up and hit him. I started to have a go at him but Jackie shut me up and said,

“Tanya, you were gagging for it when you came in here tonight and you loved every second of it so don’t blame him. He knew what you REALLY wanted and he organised it for you. You should be thanking him.”

I calmed down a bit and asked if I could have a shower.

I watched Ryan talk to Jackie as I relaxed in the warm shower. She was gone when I came out. My skirt and top were on the table so I put them on then turned to Ryan.

“You’re one hell of a bastard, but I love you.” I said and put my arms round his neck and gave him a long kiss.

“For one minute I thought that I’d got it wrong and gone too far.” Ryan said.

“No, no, you know me better than I do. Is there a DVD of it?“ I asked.

Ryan hugged me and we left to walk back to the villa – slowly.

**DAY 13**

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

I was a bit sore when I woke up and got out of bed before Ryan woke up. I was out on a sun lounger drinking coffee and letting the sun heal my sore pussy when Ryan got up. He wanted to know if I had any regrets about the previous evening or if my feelings towards him had changed. All I wanted to know was did he think any less of me because I had been fucked by another man.

Everything was good and I stood up and gave him a big naked hug. His cock got hard and we both wanted to fuck, but I asked him if he could wait for a couple of hours, until I was less sore. He laughed and said that he could wait for as long as it took.

As Ryan was going back to England the next day we spent the whole day sun bathing and swimming and having sex at the villa.

**DAY 14**

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

I woke Ryan by giving him a blow job and then riding him for a long satisfying fuck.

Day 14 was a bad day. Ryan had to fly home to go back to work. He wanted to say goodbye at the villa but I wanted to go to the airport with him. I won and we both went and got the bus.

It was a tearful parting; after all, we hadn’t been apart for more than a few hours since we got together nearly 2 years ago.

I wasn’t a happy bunny for the rest of that day.

When I went to bed that night I used the vibrator to take my mind off my loneliness.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 07 - House Sitting – Week 3+ part 1**

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

**DAY 15**

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

I spent most of the morning naked on the sun lounger missing Ryan and thinking about what we’d done and what Ryan had said about me being an exhibitionist. Could he be right? I didn’t think so, but maybe he is; he isn’t usually wrong.

Perhaps I should do some experiments to see how I react to certain situations? But what could I do? Could I even do anything at all? It’s one thing for someone to accidentally see my pussy or to get naked because I lost a bet or a dare; but to blatantly open my legs and let someone stare at it was something else. I just didn’t know if I could do it. When I exposed myself at the hotel in London I’d had a couple of stiff drinks so that didn’t count. Perhaps I should try it with and without some alcohol to see what happens.

Even if I did it and did get aroused, what’s to say that just about every woman in the world wouldn’t have got aroused in the same situation? If they did it would mean that nearly all the women in the world were exhibitionists too.

Or maybe I’m just a nudist? After all, I like being naked when it’s warm enough; and I like getting an all-over tan; but that doesn’t make me an exhibitionist.

I was confused. I needed a plan. I decided that I should look for a situation where I could expose myself and see if I could go through with it and then take it from there.

I decided that a few walks were called for, each one getting more and more daring, to see how far I could go towards walking around naked. Okay, I’d walked back from the beach naked, but that was with Ryan by my side. For these walks I wouldn’t have the security of him being at my side.

For my first ‘self-challenge’ I decided that I’d go for a walk along the beach and back through town wearing my swimming skirt and white top – the one with the lace band round the top. I’d take my nipple piercings out and pull my nipples through the holes in the lace. The swimming skirt is light material and ‘A’ shape and there would be a big chance that the warm breeze would cause a few ‘accidents’; nothing that I could be blamed for.

I went and got ready then decided if I wanted a drink before I went. I decided on water.

I was quite nervous as I left the villa. My nipples were hard but my pussy was quite normal. Yes, the warm, gentle breeze on my lower lips was nice but I wasn’t aroused.

A couple of times on the way to the beach I felt the skirt go up but I ignored it and kept walking.

The closer that I got to the beach the more people I saw. They all seemed to ignore me, which made me relax a bit. After all, I was just a girl who probably looked like a kid walking to the beach. As I passed a café I felt the skirt go up, and I saw a man looking at me with a smile on his face, but he could just have been smiling at the little girl walking by.

The beach was much the same. Everyone was in their own little world and taking no notice of the little girl walking along the water’s edge.

Walking back through the town was much the same and I didn’t feel aroused even once.

For my next walk I decided to be a bit more daring. I decided to wear my bikini top with the bikini bottoms that cover part of my butt. That would be very much the same as a lot of girls on the beach would be wearing, but I would wear my piercing jewellery. The shape of the barbells and stirrups would be clearly visible.

I got ready and set off. All the walk did for me was to give me some exercise and help with my tan; no one took a blind bit of notice of me. I may as well have been invisible.

That was enough for one day; I needed time to work out what my next outfits would be.

That evening I skyped Ryan and we had a mutual masturbation session. It was nice, but a bit weird. Afterwards I told him all about my confusion and the walks. He thought that the walks were a great idea and told me that I should also experiment when I went out for a meal each evening. He told me that I should put on my shortest skirts and wear the underwear thong. I was to have an alcoholic drink and when I ordered my food I was to flash the thong to the waiter. Sometime during my meal I was to undo the side-ties of the thong, slip it off and leave it on the table, on top of my bag. Then when the waiter came to clear away I was to flash my pussy to him; and do the same again when I paid the bill.

I told Ryan that I didn’t think that I had the courage to do that, but he got me to promise to try.

Ryan also told me to wear just his vest when I went to the local shop for bread and water. I’d done that just after we arrived there, the young man serving had seen me and got all flustered and I’d thought it was a bit of a laugh so I agreed to do it again.

When I went out to eat later I put on my tube top skirt and a halter top – and the thong. Flashing the thong was easy. With that skirt being so short all I would have to do was to sit carelessly. When I got there I sat on the front of the chair with my knees slightly apart; which meant that the thong was on display to anyone that looked.

When the middle-aged waiter approached I watched his eyes. He definitely saw the thong, but didn’t show any reaction.

He saw the thong again when he brought me my beer; and again when he brought me my food, and my second beer. I was nervous about what I was going to do and needed a bit of courage.

Half way through my food I looked round to see if anyone was watching me. There was, and I chickened-out of taking the thong off there. I didn’t want to disappoint Ryan so I went to the toilet and took it off there. I walked back to my table with my thong balled-up in my hand.

I put my bag on the table and the thong on top of it.

As I sat down I automatically sat like a lady is taught to – well back in the chair and legs crossed.

As I finished my food I started thinking about what Ryan had asked me to do. I had to go through with it and shuffled down the char; my bare butt sliding over the plastic chair. I un-crossed my legs and opened my knees a few inches. My pussy was there for all to see.

“Come on waiter; come and get my plate before I chicken-out again.” I thought to myself.

It wasn’t long before I saw the waiter heading my way. I opened my legs a bit more as he got close. I saw that he’d seen my pussy and I got a wet rush. I was enjoying seeing him looking at my pussy.

As I got a wet rush, my first thought was that Ryan was right, I was an exhibitionist. Then I remembered that I’d had a couple of drinks.

“Ha!” I thought, “That wasn’t my fault; that was the alcohol talking to my body; so that doesn’t count Ryan.”

I smugly flashed the waiter again when he brought me my change.

As I walked back to the villa I let the skirt ride up so that my pussy and was exposed. It was dark and no one would be able to tell, but the warm breeze felt sooo good.

When I got back to the villa I heard kids and splashing. Going to investigate I saw a girl about 13 and a boy about 12, in the pool in the villa next door. I had some neighbours.

Leaving them to it I went to bed and held the business part of the remote vibe against my clit until I had a satisfying orgasm before going to sleep.

**DAY 16**

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

I woke early and went and lay on the sun lounger to catch some morning rays.

I dozed a bit and was woken by the kids next door splashing in their pool. I decided to get some bread and make some coffee.

Putting a skirt and top on I started to leave then remembered what Ryan had said. I went back to the bedroom, stripped naked and put just Ryan’s blue string vest on. Picking up my purse I left, checking that no one was watching as I walked down the road.

In the shop the young man wasn’t there; instead there was a young girl. I got my baguette then had a naughty thought. I went to the fruit and veg area and found a cucumber. They had some thick ones and some thin ones. I chose a thin one, but still big compared to all the cocks that I’ve seen.

At the till the girl stared at me, or should I say my jewellery, as she served me, but she didn’t say anything.

Back at the villa I took the vest off and took my jewellery out – I was considering spending most of the day by the pool and I didn’t want the sun to heat the metal and burn me. I got my breakfast ready and went out to the sun lounger.

I had just finished my breakfast when I heard a woman’s voice saying ‘hello’.

I looked round and saw a 30 something woman looking at me over the wall between the 2 villas. I got up and put my hands in the classic cover-up position.

“I do hope that my kids don’t disturb you, they can be a bit boisterous.” She said, “Are you here with your parents?”

“Well, err.” Stalling while I thought, “I’m here with my dad but he goes out early each morning to play golf. I’m on my own most of the time.”

The woman wasn’t at all upset by me being naked as she introduced herself then called the kids over and introduced them. Then she told me that we could all play together anytime that I wanted.

She finished by saying,

“Don’t worry about not having any clothes on, we often don’t bother with them at times; I’m surprised that these 2 have got some on at the moment.”

And off she went.

I told the kids that I’d see them later and went back to the sun lounger thinking,

“Great, that’s all I need, more people who think that I’m 12 instead of 21.”

I lay on the sun lounger, listening to my mp3 player and hoping that my neighbours would go out for the day.

While I was listening to my music I was daydreaming and started thinking about some of the porno videos that Ryan and I had watched. In one of them a girl was at a villa a bit like the one I was at. She was sat on some steps and was pushing a running hose pipe up her pussy.

When I was watching it I thought that I would like to try it but there was no chance of trying it in England because I didn’t have anywhere where I could do it, and the water in hose pipes in England is way too cold.

I remembered the hose pipe that the pool man had used and decided that I was going to try it. I went and found the hose and took the end off. Then I turned it on. Yes, the water was slightly warm.

I took the hose pipe over to the sun lounger and lay down then I gently eased the end of the hose pipe into my hole. Wow! I realised that the girl in the video wasn’t faking enjoying it. I soon felt full and bloated, but the pressure wasn’t enough to hurt me. When I was ‘full’, the water seeped out round the sides of the hose pipe. The pressure felt nice, and the constant flow of water felt good as well.

I played about a bit and had fun filling myself then squirting it out. I managed to squirt it about 10 feet. I was proud of myself.

I lay back on the sun lounger and relaxed. Unfortunately I relaxed too much and the hose pipe slipped out and splashed all over my stomach and legs. I needed something to keep the hose-pipe in place.

I saw a small rock (about the size of a brick) and carried it over to the sun lounger.

I got back on the sun lounger and pushed the hose pipe back inside me then placed the rock on the hose pipe near my feet.

It worked!

I lay back and relaxed again. The hose pipe stayed in place and I slowly dozed off. I was fast asleep with water running into my pussy.

I don’t know how long I was asleep, but I woke up with a very nice feeling in my pussy. I heard a noise and decided that it wouldn’t be a good idea to be caught with a hose pipe stuck up my pussy so I pulled it out and put the hose pipe away thinking that I’d do that again.

I relaxed in the sun again, kept listening to my music and decided that I wanted to do at least one walk that day and that it would be late morning when there were quite a few people around; but what should I wear?

I went through lots of options and finally settled on what I’d worn the previous night; Ryan’s vest and the underwear thong.

That settled I relaxed and dozed off. When I woke up everything was quiet; the family next door must have gone out. My thoughts drifted to Ryan’s cock, then the cucumber. My pussy started getting wet, then wetter, then soaking. I decided to christen the cucumber. I went and got it and went back to the sun lounger. It was going to get christened outside in the sun.

I got a bit vocal as the cucumber went in and out and I started to cum. It was only as the waves of pleasure started to recede that I noticed 2 faces staring at me over the wall between the villas.

“Shit, that’s all I need.” I thought; and got up and went inside.

It was a bit earlier than I had planned, but I put my jewellery in then Ryan’s blue string vest and the yellow underwear thong on and looked in the mirror. The yellow thong stood out quite well under the blue string vest. I turned and looked at my back and saw the yellow strings quite clearly. Perhaps the contrast of colours would attract attention.

They didn’t. As I walked down the street and onto the beach no one took any notice of me. At the end of the beach where I normally turn off and head into town I decided to be a bit adventurous. Instead of heading to the town I turned and walked back along the beach; but before starting walking back I took the vest off, leaving me wearing only the see-through underwear thong.

Okay, wearing only a thong on that beach was nothing new, a lot of girls do it; but I felt exposed, totally naked in a place where others were not naked. Perhaps it was because I thought that my visible jewellery would attract attention to me, or perhaps it was because my slit was visible to anyone who cared to look.

As I walked along the water’s edge I started to think that I was invisible. I’d expected a virtually naked girl to attract some attention, but I didn’t. I certainly wasn’t aroused.

When I got to the point where I usually turn inland I stopped and sat down looking out to sea. The warm sand felt good on my bare butt.

As I stared at a ship in the distance I wondered if I should just pull the strings of the thong and get naked. I didn’t have the courage so I settled for a couple of flicks of my clit under the thong. That felt good, but didn’t give me any courage.

I stood up, put the vest on and headed back to the villa. As I walked I wondered if I would have the courage to be naked on the beach if I looked more like a young kid. Okay, my body looked like a 12 year old girl’s, but how many 12 year old girls have nipple and clit jewellery?

I decided that if I stood any chance of getting away with it I would have to remove my jewellery and carry something that a kid would have. On impulse I went into one of those sell everything junk shops. I looked round and found a Barbie towel and a pink bucket and spade. Okay, perhaps the bucket and spade were a bit young for a 12 year old, but they’d certainly make me look young.

I walked back to the villa, stripped, removed my jewellery, put my hair up in pigtails and went for a swim to relax before my first naked walk, on my own, in broad daylight.

I’d just done a few laps of the short pool when I surfaced and saw the 2 kids from next door. The boy had a little swimming costume on and the girl had just some bikini bottoms. I looked at her chest and saw that her little tits were bigger than mine. They were about an ‘A’ cup and she wasn’t bothered about them not being covered. ‘Good for her’ I thought.

I said hello the got out of the pool. The girl said,

“My dad thought that you might like to hang out with us for a while.”

“Well, please thank your father for thinking about me but I was just about to go and spend a couple of hours on the beach; maybe some other time.” I said, hoping to get rid of them.

“Great,” the boy (Jake) said, “we haven’t been to the beach yet; is it far?

“We’ll just go and ask if we can come with you,” the girl said as they both ran off.

Bloody hell, the last thing I was thinking of was babysitting a couple of brats.

Then I thought that having a couple of brats with me would add to my cover of being a kid going to play on the beach.

I gathered my things together and started to put them in a big bag then changed my mind and just put the smaller items in a small bag. I wanted the towel and bucket and spade to be visible.

I was just locking up when the kids appeared with a bag. I was pleased to see that the girls still only had her bikini bottoms on.

“Are you going like that?” The girl (Kate) asked.

“Yes; why?” I asked.

“You haven’t got anything on.” Kate said.

“You’ve haven’t got a top on.” I said.

“Okay, how far is it?” Kate asked.

“It’ll only take about 10 minutes.” I said, and off we walked.

Three kids, albeit one girl being naked; didn’t attract any attention and we made it to the beach okay.

As we walked through all those people on the beach I felt nervous and proud of myself. I didn’t feel at all aroused.

We dumped our things, ran into the sea and splashed each other.

After a while we got out and started digging holes in the sand. At one point I was sat with my legs wide apart and digging a hole in front of me. In a way I was enjoying myself. It took me back to my trips to the coast with my parents; except that in those days I always had a thick one-piece swimsuit on; and the weather was never that good.

Anyway, as I was digging away I saw a man standing watching me. He only watched me for a couple of minute (I guess that he didn’t want to risk being called a paedophile), but it was long enough for my pussy to react and start getting swollen and wet.

Kate was sat next to me digging her own hole in the sand and said,

“Tanya, aren’t you embarrassed being naked?”

I responded by asking her if she was embarrassed by being topless. When she said no because lots of other girls were topless, I said,

“I’m not embarrassed either.” I lied. “It doesn’t bother me, and I don’t care what people think; besides, it feels so good in the water, no wet bikini to worry about.”

“Yeah, my mum and dad let us go around without clothes on sometimes, but not so often these days now that I’ve grown these (pointing to her little tits) and I’ve got a few hairs down here (pointing to her pussy) now. You’ll get some soon I guess.” Kate said.

I laughed a bit and said, “Yeah, I suppose I will. You want to try swimming without any clothes, it feels sooo good.”

“Tanya, did that hurt when you put that cucumber in your thingy this morning? It sounded as if it hurt.” Kate asked.

“Well yeah, it did hurt a bit, but it was a sort of nice hurt. Hey, let’s go for another swim.” I said trying to change the subject. I didn’t want to talk to a 13 year old about sex.

We swam and splashed some more before Jake decided that he was hungry and wanted to go back.

We got a few more people looking at us (me probably, but maybe Kate’s cute little tits) as we walked back to the villa.

I was well pleased with myself for doing the naked walk, and I frigged to a nice orgasm before getting a shower and waiting for the time to skype Ryan.

I fucked myself with the cucumber as I told Ryan all about my day. He told me that I needed to do it again, on my own. He also told me that I needed to go and get something to eat that evening with one of the remote vibes pleasuring me. I wasn’t sure about that, I told him that I didn’t fancy cumming right when a waiter was serving me, or taking my order.

Ryan laughed and told me that I’d be just fine.

So after I switched the PC off I went and showered and decided what to wear. I was still feeling a bit randy and chose the tube top skirt and a loose fitting crop top. I also wanted to wear the nipple and clit clamps to keep me horny.

I put the clamps on then the top. When it came to putting the skirt on it was so tight and short that it pulled on the chain and the clit clamp hurt me. Then I had a brainwave. I took the clit clamp off, put the ’skirt’ on then put the clamp back on with the chain outside the skirt. I tightened the clit clamp until it made my clit throb a bit. Then I looked in the mirror.

Wow, I looked good, but did I look too slutty? It was obvious those 2 chains were hanging from my nipples and that they joined the one that was attached to my clit. Everyone who looked for more than a second would know. Could I really go out like that? I needed a drink.

As I downed a large vodka I remembered that Ryan had said that I should wear one of the vibrators as well. I chose the one that is on all the time – set on medium.

Taking one last look in the mirror and thinking that I really did look like a slut, I went out.

As I walked down to town I wondered if I’d get any comments about my outfit, and how long it would be before I had an orgasm; not long by the way I was feeling at that moment.

I actually made it to a café and had just ordered a drink when I succumbed to my first orgasm. I was still up there when my drink arrived. The waiter had stared at my chains, right down to my uncrossed (but squeezed together) legs, when I ordered my drink, and he had another good look as he put the drink on my table. I wasn’t really in a fit state to thank him for bringing my drink.

When he came back a few minutes later to get my food order I had relaxed a bit and was lying back in my chair. As I ordered he got a good look at what the chain was attached to.

It was a good job that I didn’t order much as I found it difficult to concentrate and eat with the vibe simmering away in my pussy. I really did wish that I’d brought the remote control with me, or at least set it on low before I left.

I made it to the end of my meal and started walking down the street. I’d got about 50 feet when I had to find something to lean against as another orgasm arrived.

As I leaned there with a contorted face and one foot off the ground as I squeezed my pussy muscles, a couple walking passed asked me if I was okay. I couldn’t get anything out of my mouth (if I’d opened it I would probably have screamed), so I just nodded and off they went.

It was too much for me and I went back to the villa; having another orgasm half way there.

As soon as I got through the door I squat down and squeezed the vibe out before having a shower and going to bed to make myself cum again before going to sleep.

**DAY 17**

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

I went for bread and another (larger) cucumber wearing just the vest again. The girl was there again but she didn’t get to see my clit jewellery because I hadn’t got round to putting it in that morning. As the girl held the cucumber I blushed as I wondered if she knew I was going to use it for.

When I got back to the villa I moved one of the sun loungers out of the sight of the kids next door. They aren’t bad kids, and I’d enjoyed using them as cover for my nude trip to the beach, but that was it. There was no way that I wanted to spend more time with them; after all, they are 8 and 9 years younger than me.

After breakfast I went and lie on the sun lounger, put my sun glasses on and dozed off. I still had a bit of a hang-over to sleep off.

I woke up feeling horny and decided to do something about it. I started by going and putting my nipple and clit jewellery. The feeling of handling my nipples and clit to put them in always makes me feel good. Then I went and got the new cucumber, my sunglasses and my mp3 player. I set myself up to have a long slow session fucking myself with the cucumber on the sun lounger.

About 10 minutes into my session I was well on the way to relieving the tension when I opened my eyes and saw the pool man. Him and yet another assistant had walked right passed me without me knowing.

What’s more, they were watching me fucking myself with the larger cucumber.

I had 2 choices; I could panic and run inside, or I could ignore them and keep going. I was so horny and close to cumming that I chose the second option. The 2 men watching me just heightened my pleasure and within a minute I was cumming; hard and noisy.

As I calmed down I kept moving the cucumber in and out. I wanted to cum again. It took me about 5 minutes but I was definitely getting there. All the time I was watching the 2 men watching me. One of them was slowly moving the net, to collect floating rubbish, round and round in the same little circle.

After I’d cum for the second time I left the cucumber deep inside me and relaxed as if I was going to have a satisfied snooze. After about a minute the 2 men stopped staring and got on with their job, but they kept looking over to me.

Eventually they finished whatever they were doing – if it ever needed doing in the first place, and left. To get out they had to walk right passed me and get a close-up of my pussy with the cucumber sticking out of it. How it managed to stay in me for all that time I will never know. My pussy was producing so much juice that it could have floated out.

That took me to early afternoon and I was still felling horny. I searched my brain for something to do that would let men be able to see my pussy. I wanted to get in a position whereby I would cum just by being looked at; but how.

I went and washed the cucumber then got myself a drink. I figured that a bit of alcohol might give me some ideas – and courage.

The alcohol got working and I decided that I would go for a walk, totally naked, on my own and see how far I got. I took my nipple and clit jewellery out because I wanted to look as much like a 12 year old as I could and put my hair up in pigtails. I had one more drink as I covered myself with sun tan lotion then set off.

I wanted to saunter along looking like a bored kid - like I did when I was a kid going home from school and in no rush because I knew that my mother would be a real pain in the ass when I got there.

As I got near the beach a car pulled up beside me and I got ready to run. All of a sudden I heard a woman shouting my name. I turned to look and see who it was and saw Jenny, the woman from the villa next door. In the back of the car were Kate and Jake.

“Hi Tanya, what are you doing down here without any clothes on?” Jenny asked.

“I err….. I went for a short walk and ended up here.” I said.

“You shouldn’t really be out on the street like that on your own Tanya. Tell you what, we’re on our way to the Water Park, do you want to come with us?” Jenny asked.

“Er... I can’t, I haven’t got my swimsuit, towel or any money with me.”

“Oh don’t worry about any of those things, your father can pay me back later and as for a swimsuit, I’m sure that they won’t mind you being like that. If it makes you feel more comfortable, Kate and Jake can take their swimsuits off and all 3 of you can go in naked.”

“MUM!” Kate said, “I can’t go in there naked, people will see me.”

“It’s no big deal Kate; you’ve been swimming without clothes on lots of times.”

“But mum, I’m getting big now.”

“Kate, there’ll be lots of topless girls and women there, and it isn’t as if you have any pubic hair anymore, it was you that wanted to shave it all off last night, remember? You’ll look just the same as Tanya here.”

“But mum, I’m older than Tanya.”

“Kate, everything will be fine; trust me. Tanya, come on, get in the car.”

This was a crazy idea, but what did I have to lose? What was the worst that could happen? This woman had assumed responsibility for another kid – me. If anyone was going to get into trouble then it would be her, not me. The alcohol was dumbing my embarrassment and making me braver. I opened the car door and got in.

Kate glared at me as if to say, “This is all your fault;” and in a way she was right; but I thought that it would be a great chance to be seen naked by lots of people, and to find out if I would get aroused by it.

Jake had a bit of a grin on his face.

Jenny drove off, and about 15 minutes later we arrived at the Water Park.

“Right, Jenny said, “Kate, Jake, take your clothes off, we don’t want our guest feeling the odd one out, do we?”

Kate glared at me then slowly took her bikini off. Jake took his trunks off revealing a little cock that looked a bit hard.

Jenny was right, Kate’s pubes were bald; her pussy looked just about the same as mine except that my clit was sticking out a bit.

“Right Kids, let’s go.” Jenny said and we all walked towards the entrance.

At the kiosk the woman inside looked at us and then said something to Jenny. Jenny laughed, said something back in Spanish then we were let in.

“I told you that it wouldn’t be a problem.” Jenny said to Kate; “and stop drawing attention to yourself Kate, put your hands down.”

I looked at Kate; her hands were in the classic ENF positions.

Jenny led us all to the Kid’s Waterland and found a place on the grass for Jenny to put everything down.

“Right you 3,” Jenny said, “off you go and have some fun, but remember, stay together.”

As we walked away, Kate said that her mum was right; no one was taking any notice of us. What’s more, we saw 2 or 3 other kids that were naked, albeit, all looked under 10.

Kate started to get used to being naked and it wasn’t long before we were going down the first slide.

Over the next 2 hours we managed to go on quite a few slides and rides, but most of the time was spent queuing. In those queues a few men looked at us and when we climbed up the steps some men behind us must have had a great view of our pussies. I don’t think that Kate realised what they could see because she never turned away or tried to get in front of Jake.

Two or three times I wondered why I wasn’t aroused. Even when it was obvious that a man was looking at my pussy I never felt that familiar tingling or wet rush.

That changed when we went on the Wild River, a so called rapids ride. We were laid back on the rubber rings with our legs slightly open on the other side of the ring. We got to a part where the water was calm and the rings needed someone to push them on to the next part. There were about 3 young staff men doing that and when one of them came to me he turned my rubber ring so that he was at my feet. He was holding on to my ring for ages, and when I looked at him he was staring at my pussy.

My heart rate increased and my pussy started to tingle. My AF increased a few numbers.

I glanced over to Kate. Another man was holding her rubber ring by her feet as well; but Kate didn’t look like she realised what the man was looking at. Jake had already gone through.

I felt my vulva and clit swell as I stared at his expanding shorts; then all of a sudden I was moving away from him.

At the bottom we went and had another go on the Mega Slide and the Big Hole. The queues were long and it took ages to get started. Jake screamed as we went down the Big Hole.

After that we went and found Jenny. She gave us a drink and some snacks before taking us to watch the Divers Show.

When that finished Jenny asked us if we wanted to go back to the villa; neither Kate nor I were bothered either way but Jake wanted to go back; so we did.

I expected Kate to rush to put her bikini on when we got to the car, but she didn’t, even when we got back to the villa she walked in carrying it in her hand. Jenny asked me if I wanted to join them for some food, but I declined – and thanked her for a wonderful time.

In a way I did have a great time, but not one that I cared to repeat. I’d been looked at by dozens of men and only once got aroused; and that was when a man stared directly at my pussy from only a couple of feet away. What woman wouldn’t have got aroused in that situation? I was happy that I had reinforced my belief that I am not an exhibitionist.

That evening when I skyped Ryan and told him all about my day he tried to convince me that I was wrong, but I was having none of it.

Ryan changed the subject and told me to go and get the cucumber. Guess what I did next?

When we talked about what I was going to do the next day I told Ryan that I fancied going horse riding, I’d seen it advertised in a couple of these ticket shops but I told him that I thought that it cost too much. Ryan told me to get one of the flyers and phone the place direct. It would probably be cheaper; he also asked me if I was planning to do a Lady Godiva. I laughed as told him that there was no chance, but I would have to wear a skirt and that I had no plans to wear anything underneath it. I told him that I fancied bouncing up and down with my legs spread wide, my bare pussy against the leather saddle.

Ryan also told me that I had to wear a tube top as a skirt if I went horse riding, and one to go out for my meal that evening. The thing was he told me to wear the tube top that I normally wear as a tube TOP. It’s only 6 inches long and when I tried it on it was impossible to cover my butt AND my pussy. I needed to top-up my alcohol level to go out wearing that as a skirt.

And that’s what I did. I also decided that I needed to feel horny to be able to do it so I inserted the constant vibe, set on low, my piercing jewellery and the little chains that hang from the stirrups. I felt good. I put on a little top that ties in the front, said goodbye to Ryan (he likes watching me get dressed), and left.

As I walked into town the skirt rode up front and back. Since it was dark and no one was around I left it up round my waist until I got to the lively part. I stopped just before I got there and was pulling the skirt down to cover my butt and pussy when a couple walked passed me from behind. I have no idea how long they’d been following me or what they’d seen, but they never said anything.

I wandered around, in amongst the hundreds of happy young people, until I found a ticket shop and got a horse riding leaflet. The shop was down a few steps and the ‘skirt’ rode up as I climbed down and then back up. I’m sure that the man in there had a great view of my pussy, butt and dangling chain.

I found a café that I fancied and went to a table. As I sat down the skirt went up to my waist. I sat upright and crossed my legs so that the waiter and anyone else who was passing wouldn’t be able to see my pussy. The metal of the chair felt cool on my bare butt.

While I was drinking and waiting for my food my thought drifted to the vibe purring away inside me. My AF crept up and I uncrossed my legs. When the waiter brought my food he had a good look at my bald pubes but he wouldn’t have been able to see any more.

After I’d finished my food I ordered another beer and sat watching the world go by and thinking about my hot pussy.

My AF reached the highest possible level and I started to cum. My quiet moans would have been drowned out by the ambient noise but anyone who looked at me would have seen my contorted face and my pussy and my knees drifted apart.

When the waves died down I called the waiter and paid – after closing my legs.

I adjusted my ‘skirt’ to make me decent before standing up and walking off down the street.

I wandered around, constantly pulling the ‘skirt’ down, and came across the bar that has the mechanical bull. I decided to go in and watch the fun.

I got another beer and found a good place to watch.

I watched 6 people show (or not) their skills at staying on. Only 2 of them were men. The 4 women were all a bit tipsy – like me, and all were wearing skirts and tops.

The man controlling the bull was brilliant at teasing the riders. Whenever the girls looked like they were going to fall off he’d stop it and let them get properly back on before starting it again. Whenever their knickers (or lack of) were on display he’d keep going so that they didn’t have a chance to pull their skirts down. Whenever their tits were in danger of popping out he’d wobble bull so that they did pop out, and he’d keep on going so that they’d bounce all over the place. When every one of then finally fell off they ended up on their backs with legs spread and tits still on display. Two of them stayed like that for ages before finally getting up and correcting their wardrobe malfunctions.

Needless to say that the mainly male audience loved every second of it.

By the time that I’d finished my large beer I’d decided that I wanted a go. I went to the toilet to empty my bladder so that I couldn’t have an accident, and went to see the man controlling the bull. He looked me up and down then told me to stand behind another girl who was also waiting her turn.

When I finally got my chance one of the staff had to help me get on. As my leg went over the bull my ‘skirt’ went up round my waist. I was exposed even before I’d started - much to the delight of the cheering audience. I was embarrassed, but I didn’t care.

I wrapped the rope round my hand, put my other arm up in the air and waited. As I sat there I could feel the slippery leather saddle on my bare butt. I wondered if I was sat on the other girl’s pussy juices.

The bull started slowly and I relaxed a bit. It was easy to stay on so far. Then the pace increased and the movements got more erratic.

As I got thrown all over the place I realised that the knot holding my loose fitting top together had come undone. I caught glimpses of my nipple chains as they bounced about.

The controller leaned the bull right back. I was horizontal with my top wide open and my ‘skirt’ round my waist. Camera flashes were going off everywhere. I was held me there for ages, presumably to let all the guys in the audience have a good look at me and get lots of photographs. My AF increased.

I remembered the vibe and was grateful that it hadn’t slipped out, after all, my pussy was wet enough for it to float out.

The controller then leaned the bull right forward and my naked butt up went up in the air. The people behind me would have had a great view of my spread butt and pussy. What’s more, my unfastened top slid up over my head and off my free arm. It was just round my arm that was hanging on to the rope for all I was worth.

The controller held me there for ages and I could hear the audience cheering and make rude comment to the virtually naked girl on the bull. Eventually the controller slowly raised the bull’s head and I managed to get sat on it properly. When it started jerking again I could feel the nipple chains bouncing against my chest.

All of a sudden I realised that I was about to cum, right there with dozens of horny young men staring at me and lots of them taking photographs, and maybe videos. As it hit me my concentration to stay on the bull disappeared and I got thrown off. I was left spread eagle on the mats with everything exposed, and jerking away as I now rode the waves of my orgasm.

It was a good job that the audience were cheering and shouting all sorts of comments because it was a loud orgasm.

When I started to calm down I looked up and saw one of the staff men standing above me. He asked me if I was okay, then put his hand out to help me get up. As he pulled me up I tried desperately to get my top back on. When I was firmly on my feet I managed to get decent then went to get my bag.

As I walked over to the bar, and when I was at the bar I had a constant stream of men trying to hit on me. They’d seen me naked and assumed that I was up for a bit of fun. I kept telling them to go away and eventually the stream stopped.

The barman gave me a free drink and complimented me on my show. Even half-drunk as I was I still blushed.

I watched 2 more girls have a go on the bull. It must have been no knickers night because both of them let the audience see that they weren’t wearing any. One of them had ginormous breasts and they nearly gave her a black eye as they escaped and bounced free. I heard a lot of people laughing at her. It made me feel grateful that I will never have that problem.

As I walked back to the villa my ‘skirt’ rode up and exposed me front and back. I couldn’t be bothered to pull it down and no one stared at me or said anything.

**DAY 18**

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

I was late getting up and probably still a little drunk because I put on just the see-through underwear thong to go to the shop for some bread. I bought another cucumber as well. The young girl was on the checkout and I saw her eyes open wide when she realised that she could see my slit and jewellery; but she didn’t say anything.

A couple of hours later, when I felt better, I went next door to give Jenny the money for the water park. I hadn’t bothered putting any clothes on (but I had taken my jewellery out before having a shower) because Jenny and her kids had seen me naked the previous day. I got embarrassed when Jenny’s husband answered the door. He told me that Jenny wasn’t there so I gave the money to him telling him that my dad had some important golf games, but he’d come and see them in a couple of days to thank them.

He told me that they’d had trouble getting Kate and Jake to wear any clothes since we’d got back from the water park. All the time that he was telling me this his eyes were going up and down my naked body. Did he know my real age?

I looked out the back and saw Kate and Jake running round the pool. Both were naked. I excused myself and left.

I decided to have another hour relaxing by the pool to get back to normal. Thankfully the kids didn’t bother me and the pool man didn’t come.

I got something to eat then decided that it was time for another naked walk. Although this time I was going to keep away from the road that my neighbours might use.

I covered myself in sun tan lotion, put my hair up in pigtails and set off. I planned to get out of the area around the villa and then start sauntering along like a bored kid.

All went well and the few people that did see me just ignored me. Then I had a problem; I got lost. I thought that I knew where I was and how to get back to the villa or down to the town and beach, but every time that I turned a corner I didn’t recognise anything.

There were a few more people around and one or two of them stared at me. But that was all.

When I turned one corner I was confronted by a group of English men and women about my age.

“Hey kid, haven’t you forgotten something?” one of the men said.

I ignored him.

“Leave her alone. Are you okay luv?” One of the women said.

“Excusar.” I said.

“Are you lost? Are you looking for your parents, err padre?” Another of the women said.

“Si, La Playa por favor.” I said.

“Oh, you’re trying to get to the beach?” another said.

“Si, playa err betch” I replied.

“You’d better come with us.” Another said.

Blankety blank! What was I getting myself in to?

I started walking with the group of 5 English young men and women. They thought that I was just a naked Spanish kid. I wonder what they would have thought, and said, if they knew that I was the same age as them.

“It’s a bloody good job this is Spain,” one of them said. “If we’d been back at home we’d all of got arrested for being paedophiles.”

“If this had happened in England I’d have crossed the road and ignored her,” another of the men said, “you can get arrested just for looking at a kid that age, never mind a naked one.”

Within minutes we were on the beach. Why couldn’t I have worked that out? I looked around and realised where I was.

“Can you see your parents anywhere?” One of the women asked.

“Gracias damar.” I said and ran off.

There I was, on my own, on the beach surrounded by hundreds of young people, completely naked. This was different from when I was there with the neighbouring kids. I was on my own instead of being with real kids that gave me cover. I was nervous and scared, and really wanted to cover my bits; but if I did it would attract attention. A little kid wouldn’t be embarrassed and trying to cover up.

I took a deep breath and started walking. After a couple of minutes with no one saying anything or really staring at me, I started to relax a bit; and even enjoy it. It felt good being naked amongst all those people wearing something, even if some of the girls were wearing just skimpy thongs. It wasn’t really sexually exciting, just good. I’d go so far as saying that just walking in amongst the people my AF was only a 1 or 2.

I wandered quite a distance, sometimes going for a swim in the sea before walking some more. My AF did increase one time after I’d just come out of the water; I was sat on the sand about 10 feet from the water’s edge with my knees up and open wide letting the sun tan my pussy when I saw a man lying on his stomach half in and half out of the water. He was pretending to look down the beach but I could tell that he was staring at my pussy. I left my legs open and quickly realised that I was getting wet. I have to admit that I was enjoying him watching me.

Does that mean that I am an exhibitionist?

Anyway, after a couple of minutes I decided that enough was enough and I stood up and walked on.

As I got close to the point where I needed to turn inland I stopped and again sat down looking out to sea. I hadn’t realised when I sat down, but I’d sat close to 2 English girls about my age. After a couple of minutes one of them said hello. I said hello back and she then said that I was brave being naked.

I said, “I’m only a kid and nobody cares.”

“I think that you’re older than you look.” She said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, the way that you were walking and then how you sat down, to me you act like someone much older than you look.” She said.

“What are you on about Clara?” the other girl said.

“How old do you think I am?” I asked.

“The way that you’re talking as well, I reckon that you’re about 20 or 21. Am I right?” Clara said. “What do you think Emma?”

“Now that you mention it, I see what you mean.” Emma said.

“Okay, busted.” I said. “I am 21, so what?”

“Hey, don’t get pissed, I’m just curious as to what you’re up to.” Clara said.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to sound upset, it’s just that I’m a bit surprised that you can tell. I’m just so used to people treating me like a 12 year old that I thought that I’d pretend to be one for a while.” I said.

“But why naked?” Emma asked.

“It started with me losing a bet with my boyfriend and having to strip off on the beach and walk back to where we’re staying. I decided that I’d enjoyed it and wanted to do it again. My boyfriend has had to go back to England and I just decided to see if I could do it on my own.”

“So you’re an exhibitionist then.” Emma asked.

“That’s what my boyfriend says, but I don’t think that I am. I just like being naked. It feels so free and natural.”

“I think that you’re incredibly brave.” Clara said.

We got talking about all sorts of things and before long I had forgotten that I was naked. Both Clara and Emma were topless, Emma wearing only and ‘normal’ bikini bottom and Clara only a side tie thong.

We even went for a swim together and had a good time messing about in the water, me not even remembering that I was totally naked.

After a couple of hours, Emma decided that she needed a drink and both of them decided to pack-up and got to a café. As they started to put their bikini tops on I asked them,

“Why don’t you leave the tops in your bag and go like that?”

Clara though for a minute then said,

“Tell you what Tanya we’ll go like this if you come with us.”

“Clara!” Emma said.

“I haven’t got any money with me.” I said.

“Don’t worry about that Tanya, it’ll be our treat. Besides I want to see you sat in a café dressed like that.”

Emma giggled.

Clara and Emma gathered their things together and we set off. Nobody took any notice of us as we left the beach and walked to a café. As we sat down Emma tried to cover her boobs, but Clara told her act normally.

Clara has the sort of breasts that I would like to have if I had proper breasts; ‘B’ cup, solid, shaped like cones, sat high and proud on her chest with small brown areolas, cute big nipples and not a hint of sag anywhere. Emma’s breasts are a ‘C’ cup and do sag just a little bit.

The waiter was obviously looking at their boobs when he took our order, and when he brought our drinks (alcoholic).

We stayed there for about an hour (and 3 drinks) before Clara and Emma (still topless) headed off back to their hotel and I set off back to the villa. We agreed to meet at 10pm that night in a particular bar.

As I walked back I didn’t try to hide, or look like a kid, I walked quite normally without anyone saying anything.

Back at the villa I showered, had a quick nap then skyped Ryan. As we slowly masturbated I told him all about my day and Clara and Emma. Ryan told me that I should invite them back to the villa to go skinny dipping. I asked him if he wanted me to skype him when they were there so that he could watch 2 more naked girls. Ryan laughed then said that he did.

After we’d both cum we talked about what I should wear when I went out to meet Clara and Emma that night. Ryan told me to wear one of the remote vibes. At first he said just the random zap remote controlled vibrator and nothing else, but in the end we agreed on the vibe, a tube top skirt, a sheer front tie top and my piercing jewellery with the chains hanging from the stirrups.

Ryan watched me as I got dressed. The last thing that I did before blowing Ryan a kiss, and switching the PC, off was to slide the vibe into my pussy and switch it on.

I got the first zap as I locked the villa before setting off to get some food.

As I walked down the street I could see and feel the chains dangling from my nipples and feel the chain attached to my clit hood banging against my thighs. I couldn’t see it, but the chain was dangling about 2 inches below the hem of my ‘skirt’. I felt good.

By the time I got to a café to get some food I was feeling quite horny but managed to eat without any incidents or embarrassment.

After that I went to the bar that I’d arranged to meet Clara and Emma. I got myself a drink and searched for them. I asked a guy what time it was and discovered that I was early so I climbed up onto a stool at the end of the bar to wait. As I climbed up my ‘skirt’ rode up and I was happy that it was quite dark in there as the ‘skirt’ was up round my hips. I shuffled it down a bit when I got on the stool but I was pleased that I was facing the bar as I couldn’t cover my bald pubes because crossing my legs would have made my display worse (for me that is).

A couple of guys tried to hit on me and I got another drink bought for me before Clara and Emma arrived. Clara was wearing a nice flowered, wrap micro skirt and a loose fitting tie-front top that left a big gap between her ‘B’s. Emma was wearing a tight fitting denim micro skirt and a loose fitting, short tube top that has elastic round the top to stop it falling down; with little tents showing where her nipples were hard.

As they got close to me Clara said that she was surprised to see that I had some clothes on, then she saw my nipple jewellery and the chains hanging from them and grinned,

“I want to get a closer look at those later.” She said.

I’d swivelled a bit on the stool to face them and Emma said,

“That makes 3 of us that are going commando tonight. Hey, what’s that down there?”

I pointed to my left nipple and said,

“I’ve got one of these hanging from my clit as well.”

Clara put her hands on my thighs and eased them apart. I didn’t resist and my whole pussy soon became visible to both of them.

“Nice!” Clara said, “And it looks like it’s making you horny as well.”

She put a finger to my pussy and slid it the full length of my slit and said,

“Definitely getting horny.” And she licked her finger.

It was the first time that a woman had done that to me and I was a bit shocked at first, then just as I was thinking that I got zapped by the vibe again. My face screwed-up for a second and I shivered.

“Sorry,” Clara said, “I didn’t think that you’d mind me doing that.”

“No, no, I quite liked it, it wasn’t you that made me jump; it’s this damn vibrator inside me that zapped me.”

“What!” Emma said.

I got off the stool, pulled my ‘skirt’ down to cover my butt and pussy and said,

“Let’s get a drink and find somewhere a bit quieter so that we can talk properly.”

We got the drinks and went and sat at a table outside, away from the speakers. As I sat down my ‘skirt’ rode up but I didn’t pull it down or cross my legs, leaving my bare pubes on display. Both Clara and Emma crossed their legs.

“Come on Tanya, spill, what’s this about a vibrator zapping you?” Clara asked.

I told them all about both vibrators that I’ve got, and some of the fun that I’ve had with them. They both loved it when I told them about my fun in the hotel in London.

By that time we’d had another couple of drinks and we were all ‘happy’. Emma wanted to move on so we left and walked down the road. We came to the bar that has the mechanical bull and I suggested that we go in and have a laugh at the people trying to ride it.

We got a drink and went and stood near the barrier watching. We had a good laugh when a man wearing running shorts with nothing underneath got thrown about and his cock came out of the bottom of his shorts. It started getting hard as it bounced about and the man looked as if he didn’t even know. He certainly looked shocked (or pretended to be) when he got thrown off and saw what was sticking up.

When a girl’s tits fell out of her top and she let everyone know that she too was going commando, Clara decided that she wanted to have a go. She also persuaded Emma and me to have a go as well. I didn’t tell her that I’d had a go a couple of days before.

We went and joined the queue to have a go and I saw that it was a different man operating the bull so there was no chance of the operator remembering me.

While we were waiting we saw 3 other girls ‘accidentally’ exposing themselves, only one of them was wearing knickers.

Emma went first. She looked quite scared as she was helped on and wrapped the rope round her hand. Her tight denim micro rode up so her bare butt was sat on the saddle and we could all see that she shaves her pubic hair off.

This bull operator was just as good as the one when I was there a couple of days before. It didn’t take him long to get her top up above her tits and her skirt up round her waist. Her ‘C’s really did wobble and bounce about quite nicely, much to the delight of the crowd. When he tipped the bull’s head right down there was a lot of cheering as that side of the room got a great view of her shinny butt and pussy.

When she got thrown off she quickly got to her feet and got herself decent again.

It was Clara’s turn next, and as she lifted her leg to use the man’s hands to help her on I got a glimpse of her bald pussy. So did a lot of other people.

I turned to Emma and said,

“This is going to be good.”

“I hope so; Clara loves to have an excuse to flash her goodies.” Emma replied.

Clara had her right hand wrapped in the rope to hold her on and was using her left arm for balance. Shortly after the bull started I saw Clara’s left hand go to her right hip and quickly do something to the fastener on her skirt. He left arm went back up in the air and nothing changed. A few seconds later her arm came down again and when it went up again her skirt fell undone. The next time her butt lifted up her skirt fell right off and on to the floor.

The cheers went up and the camera flashes seemed to be non-stop. The bull started going faster and more erratic. Emma turned to me and said,

“I just knew that she’d do something like that.”

The bull bounced and jerked about, but Clara’s ‘B’s stayed solid. It wasn’t long before her top came undone and her ‘B’s and rock hard nipples were on display.

That was the operator’s cue to start the bull dipping at the front and back. As the head went right down the same thing happened to Clara as it had to me; her butt went up in the air and her top slid over her head and off her free arm. Clara was now more naked than I had been.

The operator held the bull in that position and slowly turned it a full 360 degrees so that everyone of the audience got a great view of her butt and spread pussy. As her head went passed Emma and I, her face had a big grin on it, but at the same time she looked terrified.

When Clara had done the full 360 the operator raised the head and a very naked Clara was grinning from ear to ear.

The bull started jerking about and Clara’s grin disappeared. Instead she treated everyone to the sight of her very naked ‘B’s.

Just as Clara looked like she was about to fall off the operator raised the bull’s head right up, making Clara lean right back. Her legs went up to help her balance and she slid back on the saddle a bit. She was almost flat on her back with her legs spread and lots of people looking at her. Her only saving grace was that her right arm was partially covering her pubes.

The operator slowly spun her for a full 360 degrees so that everyone got a good look. As her head passed us she had that big grin again.

The operator lowered the bull’s head then jerked the bull so much that Clara went flying. As she flew through the air her top came off her wrist leaving her totally naked on her back on the floor. Of course she made sure that her legs were wide open, giving the boys close by an excellent view, and something to photograph.

The man went and helped Clara up and brought her back to Emma and me.

“My clothes?” Clara said. The man turned and went and found her top and skirt. When he got back Clara got dressed.

That left me, and I got zapped just as I put my foot on the hands of the man who was there to help me up. I stood there shaking with the man looking at my pussy and the chain hanging down.

As I regained my composure I heard someone shout,

“Ride it backwards!”

I looked at the man and asked him what that was. He explained that it meant sit on the bull facing its backside, not its head. I thought for a second and decided that I could do that. I told the man that I wanted to do that and we changed positions so that he could help me up.

I knew that it was a mistake as soon as I got on that bull. My tube top skirt went right up round my waist and looked like a belt. I lay along the bull on my back with my legs together on top of it. I wanted to keep some modesty, but I soon realised that I would have to put my legs down each side. That was it; my wide open pussy was on full display even before the thing even moved.

At least when I was the ‘right’ way round my right hand holding the rope was covering some of my pussy, but this time I was completely exposed.

The man got hold of my right hand and moved it behind me to the rope. He wound the rope round my hand and backed away.

I put my left hand up in the air and while I waited for the bull to start I was thinking that this was going to be the most embarrassing few minutes of my life.

As soon as the bull moved I felt the chains in my nipples bounce against my chest.

Round and round I went and just as was starting to feel dizzy, the bull stopped. Then it started bouncing. I felt my top getting looser and managed to look down and see that knot was coming undone.

“Oh no,” I thought, “not my top as well.”

But I could do nothing about it and as the knot un-tied itself my top opened displaying my nipples and jewellery for everyone to see. All my goodies were now on display.

The camera flashes were bright on my eyes and the cheers were deafening.

At last the bull stopped, but not for long. The bull’s head went right up and I lay there on my back, head high and legs low; virtually naked for everyone to see and hanging on for dear life. Right in the middle of that I got zapped again, that time it was a long, hard one.

The orgasm hit me. I don’t know if the operator realised what was happening or

if he just intended to keep me lying there for everyone to see while I was having my orgasm, and getting my photograph taken, or what; but he kept me like that as wave after wave of orgasm rolled over me.

I was still on the high when the bull moved again went round 360 degrees. It was as if the operator wanted everyone to see me hanging there, legs spread wide, just about totally naked, and having an orgasm.

As soon as the bull started jerking about again I went flying off. I landed right in front of Clara and Emma and was I still cumming as I looked up into their faces. Both their mouths were wide open, probably not believing what they were seeing.

The man came over to help me up, probably believing that my wobbly legs were because I was trying to walk over the inflated mat. He helped me over to Clara and Emma where Clara said,

“I might have known that you’d end-up just about naked Tanya. Your birthday suit seems to be your favourite outfit.”

Clara helped me put my top back on properly while Emma pulled my ‘skirt’ down to its proper place.

As we walked by the operator he told us that there was a free drink waiting for us behind the bar. As we walked there we got hit on a few times and groped quite a bit.

After finishing our drinks we decided to leave. Emma wanted to go for a midnight swim in the sea but Clara told her that there was a good chance that we’d get arrested because it was illegal. She’d seen cops patrolling the beach at night.

I told Clara and Emma that we could swim in the pool at the villa and we headed off there. On the way Clara took her skirt off and was waving it round her head.

“Trying to do a Tanya?” Emma asked.

“No I wasn’t,” Clara said as she took her top off. “Now I am.”

We all laughed and Clara stayed naked until we got to the villa. I let us in and we all went straight out the back. Clara was first in the pool as Emma and I had some clothes to take off. I also had the vibe (with flat battery) to squeeze out.

After a bit of splashing about Clara surfaced in front of Emma and started kissing her. I stared as they started making out. In the still water I could see their hands all over each other.

A couple of minutes later I slipped out of the pool and went inside, leaving them to it. I grabbed a towel and dried myself as I switched the PC on and skyped Ryan. He took a long time to answer and I suddenly remembered that it was the middle of the night and he had to go to work in a couple of hours.

When he answered I was full of apologies but he was really good and listened as I started to tell him all about my night.

I was about half way through when a still naked Clara and Emma walked in.

“There you are Tanya, we got worried about you. Is this the hunky Ryan then?”

Clara said, looking at the screen. Ryan was sat on the sofa with his laptop on the coffee table; just as naked as we were.

I introduced everyone and saw that Ryan was happy to see 2 more naked girls.

“Are you going to play with it?” Clara asked Ryan.

“I will if you will?” Ryan answered.

Clara put her hands over my shoulders and down to my nipples.

“Sorry we neglected you Tanya; please let us make up for it.”

When I said nothing, Clara gently pulled me up by my nipple chains and turned me round. Then she kissed me full on the mouth, and I mean a proper lover’s kiss, tongues and all.

It was the first time that I’d ever been properly kissed by a girl, and I’d enjoyed it. When we broke the kiss I turned to the screen and looked at Ryan. He was grinning and I just knew that he was happy for me.

Clara pulled me over to the bed and as we lay down she told Emma to turn the webcam to face us then to join us. She wanted Ryan to watch the 3 of us making love.

I was nervous at first as I’d never been with a girl before, never mind with 2 girls. It didn’t take long for Clara and Emma to get me relaxed and we were soon enjoying each other’s bodies.

I managed to look over to the screen at one point and saw Ryan wanking as he watched us. I hoped that he was recording the video.

I did a few ‘firsts’ that night; including using the cucumber on another girl (2 actually).

It was nearly dawn when I woke up.

**DAY 19**

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

I got up and remembered the PC. The skype call had ended but there was a message telling me to skype Ryan at work. I went and had a pee, cleaned my teeth and put some coffee on.

I went back into the bedroom and saw that Clara and Emma were still asleep so I skyped Ryan. When he answered I saw that he was in his cubicle at work and he had his earphones on so that no one else could hear me.

As he was asking me how I’d enjoyed myself the night before, one of his colleagues walked up to him and started watching me. I was still naked but all he could see was from my neck up as I was close to the webcam. I saw his face light up and looked at the window showing what they could see. I could see Clara had woken up and was sitting on the side of the bed, just as naked as I was, but showing a lot more than I was.

I backed away to let Ryan and his colleague have a better look at Clara and Emma who was just waking up.

“Got an audience again have we?” Clara asked.

“Sorry,” I said, “It was just Ryan but his work mates seem to be gathering round him to have a look. I hope you don’t mind?”

“Hell no, the more the merrier. There can’t be as many as there were last night; and I enjoyed that.” Clara said.

Emma put her arms round Clara and pulled her back flat onto the bed saying that it was too early. That left Clara’s pussy staring at the webcam. She must have known, but obviously didn’t care.

I remembered that only Ryan could hear me so I told him that everything was good and that I’d talk to him later. I then got on the bed and started caressing Clara’s pussy, just as much for mine and Clara’s enjoyment as for the audience.

What followed was almost a repeat of what happened a few hours earlier, except that we couldn’t find the cucumber. About half an hour later I looked at the PC to see that the skype call had ended.

We got up, got some coffee and went and sat by the pool. About an hour later we were all awake enough to think about what we were going to do. Clara and Emma both wanted me to join them in whatever we decided to do.

To help us decide we jumped into the pool for another skinny dipping session. While we were in there I saw the kids next door looking at us. If Jake had been old enough to appreciate what he was looking at he would have been a happy little bunny.

Eventually Clara suggested that we all go on their Hotel Rep’s Pub Crawl; but that wasn’t until that evening. In the meantime, both Clara and Emma wanted to go back to their hotel for the 3 ‘S’s and to clean their teeth. Clara said that we may not get back to the villa until the next day so we should sort out something for me to wear for the pub crawl.

Clara and Emma went to look through my clothes while I emailed Ryan to tell him that I may not be able to skype him that evening.

I had a quick shower then went to see what Clara and Emma were up to. Clara was wearing my material-less thong while Emma was still naked.

“Hey, I like this, can I borrow it please?” Clara said and left it on.

“Sure.” I said, “Have you found anything for me to wear tonight?”

“Yeah!” Emma said holding up Ryan’s blue string vest. “You’ll look good in this, and the guys will like it.”

“Right, what else will we need?” Clara asked.

I went to the drawer with the remote vibes in and held both the business parts up.

“How about these?” I asked.

“If it’s going to be a teasing night then I need to get off without a real cock inside me.” Emma said.

“Right,” I said as I unscrewed them and put new batteries in. “We can fight about who draws the short straw later.”

“Will you wear your jewellery tonight?” Clara asked me.

“If you want me to I will.” I replied.

“Yes please, and I’ll help you take it off for now.” Clara said as she moved in on me and started unscrewing one of my nipple barbells.

When she’d got both my nipples free of jewellery she pushed me back onto the bed and dived at my pussy. My legs automatically opened wide as Clara was unscrewing me she said,

“Every time I look at you pussy from this angle your hole is open and inviting me to dive in. Is it always like that?”

“I’ve noticed that as well.” Emma said.

“Yeah, always has been,” I said, “but the hole gets bigger the more aroused I get; and that’s before anyone touches me.”

“Wow! I wish mine was like that.” Emma said.

“Me too.” Clara said.

When Clara had finished removing my jewellery she flicked my clit (which made me gasp, especially as she’d been rubbing my pussy as she removed the jewellery), and said,

“Put those in your bag along with the vibes. Now, what else have I found?”

Clara went to the drawer and pulled out my chains with clamps on the ends and said,

“Are these what I think they are?”

“Probably.” I said and took them off her. “Shall I demonstrate them on you, me or Emma?”

Clara looked me in the eye then both of us smiled and turned to Emma, and in stereo said,

“Emma.”

“Guys, at least let me put them on.” Poor Emma said.

We pushed Emma back on the bed and held her down because she was struggling a little bit. Clara was at Emma’s head and she managed to get on top of her and pin her arms down with her shins. Clara was facing Emma’s feet with her butt about a foot above her face.

Emma was still struggling so Clara lowered her butt until Emma’s face was full of her pussy. Emma stopped struggling.

She moaned a bit as I attached the nipple clamps. When I went to attach the clit clamp her clit her pussy was all wet and slippery. I had to go and get a couple of tissues to dry her before stretching her clit to put the clamp on.

All Emma’s struggling was long gone, but when I touched her clit she spread her legs wide and bucked her hips. I could hear muffled moans as I tightened the clamp.

I stood up and looked at them both. Clara was enjoying been eaten by Emma and Emma’s legs were wide open and inviting. I didn’t wait to be asked and got between Emma’s legs and started eating her dripping pussy.

They both orgasmed about the same time and I stood up and watched them jerking and shaking.

When they calmed down I said,

“Right girls, shall we get going?”

Clara rolled off Emma and said,

“I’m ready.”

“Are you planning on going to the hotel like that?” Emma asked Clara.

“Yeah, why not, and Tanya is going in her favourite outfit.”

“No I’m not; I’m going to put something on.” I said,

“Oh no you’re not young lady, you’re going just the way you were yesterday. No little sister of mine is going to wear any clothes.”

“What!” I said.

I started thinking. I’d been naked in public with the kids next door, even gone naked to the water park with them; and been naked in public on my own the previous day. Going naked with 2 adult looking girls would be easy.”

“Okay then, “I said, “but you (Clara) have to go wearing only my material-less thong and you (Emma) have to wear only the thong in that drawer.”

“Right, it’s settled then.” Clara said.

“Right then,” Emma said, getting up off the bed. “But I’m taking these off first. Tell you what; there are 3 of us, 2 vibes, and these clamps. Let’s take it in turns to wear these and the vibes tonight?”

Clara turned to me and said,

“Okay, I’m sure that we’ll be able to clamp these (squeezing and pulling my left nipple) even when they’ve got the other jewellery in.”

Emma finished unclamping herself and went to the drawer to get the thong.

“There’s only 1 thong in here, and it’s totally see-through.” Emma said.

“Yeah I know, I only own 2 pairs of knickers and you 2 will be wearing them.” I said.

While Emma was rummaging through the drawer my pink scarf fell out. Clara held it up and said,

“Can I borrow this too? It’ll make a great skirt.”

I said that she could and we gathered Clara and Emma’s clothes and put them in the bag. Satisfied that we’d got everything that we’d need, we locked-up and set off down the street. Emma was wearing only my see-through thong, Clara only my material-less thong and me totally naked.

As we passed the shop that I’d been getting groceries from, I asked Clara and Emma if they were hungry. When they said that they were I told them that I usually got a baguette for breakfast at that shop. We all stopped and went in.

It was the young girl serving and you should have seen her face when she saw us as we stood in front of her at the checkout. As usual, she just stared and did her job.

We ate the baguette as we walked.

As we got closer to the centre of town I saw a few people looking at us; well Clara and Emma. Why would they want to look at me when Clara and Emma’s tits leading us down the street? I don’t think that I was jealous.

We made it to their hotel and through reception without incident. While we waited for the lift Emma was looking at one of the notice boards and suddenly said,

“Shit, it’s a Fancy Dress Pub Crawl tonight.”

“That’s fucked-up my plans for what to wear.” Clara said.

In the lift were a couple of guys that they knew and they complimented them on their outfits without even taking their eyes off their tits.

As we walked along the corridor to their room Emma said that she was thinking of writing on her chest ‘up here guys’ and drawing an arrow pointing to her face.

In their room we sat on the balcony as they took turns to do what they had to do. As Clara came out after her turn in the bathroom she was rubbing lotion into her pubes and saying,

“That’s better, smooth as my baby sister’s bum.”

We all laughed.

Looking down to the pool area I saw that there were only young people around the pool. I mentioned it to Clara and she told me that there were no kids there. The whole place was full of 18-30s.

“Ah! That’s why no one said anything when we walked through reception virtually naked. That must happen quite often.” I said.

“Yeah!” Clara said, “it’s not the first time that I’ve been naked down there although the other times I was a little drunk.”

When they had both finished in the bathroom we sat there thinking about what we could wear for the Fancy Dress Pub Crawl. Both Clara and Emma wanted me to wear just my jewellery, but what could I be (un)dressed like that. They both wanted to have a turn at wearing the clamps and chains; and they both wanted to have the vibes make them cum in public.

They only way that any of us could think of incorporating all those requirements was for us to go as slaves; but could we all be slaves, or would one of us have to be a female Master.

We were just pondering that point when the 2 young men in the next room came out onto their balcony and started talking to us 3 naked girls. We were all talking as if it was something that everyone did every day. Maybe it was for Clara and Emma, but not for me; I was embarrassed by the 2 men staring at me.

Emma asked one of them (Lewis) if they were going to the Fancy Dress Pub Crawl. Lewis said that he and Dylan were, but they hadn’t sorted out a costume yet.

“How about we 3 go as your slaves?” Clara said.

Lewis and Dylan looked stunned for a minute then both said that they would be happy to. We then talked about what we could all wear. Emma said that we must have the full works, collars, leads and handcuffs. She said that if we were going to do it then we were going to do it properly.

Lewis and Dylan could hardly believe that they were going to lead 3 virtually naked girls around town.

Clara dampened their enthusiasm a bit by saying that we didn’t have any of the equipment that we needed and might have to change our plans.

Lewis and Dylan took the hint and set off to find what they could.

When they were gone Clara said that as long as they could find something like rope we could improvise for the rest. I said that I was a little concerned that we would be naked out in public in an area where there would be quite a few policemen. Emma laughed and said that they’d seen quite a few naked girls around the bars and that as long as we weren’t causing any problems then we’d be okay. We relaxed knowing that everything was sorted.

After a while Emma suggested that we go down to the pool for a while. We agreed and Emma went and got my 2 thongs. She gave the underwear thong to Clara and told her that it was her turn to wear that one.

I asked what I could wear. Clara laughed and told me that I could wear my favourite suit, the one I was already wearing - my birthday suit.

I was apprehensive, but a little excited as we set off down the corridor. We didn’t see anyone until we got out to the pool. There we walked round the pool to where there were 3 sun loungers free. As we walked some of the guys there said hello to Clara and Emma. One guy asked who the kid was. Clara told him that I was her little sister and to keep his hands off.

We lay on the sun loungers and ordered a drink when the waiter came round. None of us crossed our legs and the waiter must have had a good look at our pussies (Clara had pulled the underwear thong up at the front), so must the steady stream of guys that came to chat with us. It turned out that Clara and Emma had spent quite a bit of time by that pool and had become quite popular with the guys. I wondered how many of them they’d screwed.

Most of the guys praised both Emma and Clara on their choice of bikinis.

The constant stream of guys all stared at me, some of them even talking to me. It was quite embarrassing listening to them talking to me and watching their eyes that were glued to my pussy. When one cute guy started talking to me with his eyes on my pussy I felt a wet rush and involuntarily opened my legs a bit so that he could get a better look. After he’d gone Clara told me that she’d seen what I did and that she’d have to keep an eye on me. She didn’t want her little sister getting herself fucked.

Emma laughed and asked me if it was a case of ‘what happens on holiday stays on holiday’.

I told them that it wasn’t and that I wouldn’t do anything without Ryan’s permission; that he’d wanted me to get fucked by the 2 hunks in the erotic dancing club.

“What!” Clara said, “You didn’t tell us anything about that. Come on, tell us all about it.”

So I did.

When I’d finished I had a very wet pussy.

Emma asked me where this club was, saying that she wanted to go. I told her and promised to show her later on.

My pussy was still wet and my clit was more swollen than normal when the next guy came to talk to Clara and Emma. When he sat on the end of my sun lounger to talk to them I realised that my legs were quite wide apart again. What’s more, the guy kept looking at my pussy and open hole. One time that I was watching him watching me (my pussy), my pussy twitched and the guy’s eyes opened wide for a second. I hadn’t planned on doing that, it just happened, but with the reaction that I got I decided to do it again, and again.

The man left shortly afterwards and I saw a big bulge in his shorts.

Clara turned to me and told me to stop teasing. I laughed and said sorry.

“Don’t be.” Said Emma, “It’s fun doing things like that.”

I looked over to her and saw that her knees were about a foot apart as well.

We went for a swim and joined an impromptu game of water polo. It quickly became obvious that it was just an excuse for the guys to grope the girls, but none of us were complaining (there were 3 other girls in there as well as us, all were topless). I wasn’t complaining either, especially when one guy put some fingers in my hole with the palm of his hand on my pubic bone. He lifted me right out of the water with that hand.

After the game descended into more groping than polo, someone suggested that we change the setup so that each of the guys had a girl on their shoulders. I got paired with a cute guy and when he dived to get between my legs I came up out of the water wrong way round on his shoulders. I screamed for help as he started eating my pussy.

I didn’t scream for long, and as everyone else watched he continued to eat me while I pulled at his hair. The bastard made me cum right in front of everyone. Everyone cheered, but as soon as he released his grip on me I dropped off him and swam away from him.

I stood at the side of the pool while the guy promised to play nicely, and properly. When he lifted me onto his shoulders the proper way round we joined in the game.

When people started losing interest we got out and went to the sun loungers. It was then that I noticed that Clara had lost my thong. Someone had untied it and it had floated off.

I told her and she went and walked round the pool, totally naked and looked for it. When she saw it she dived in and retrieved it. She didn’t put it back on.

The sun loungers were the type that have straps stretched across them and when I went to lay on one that time I lay face down. I wanted to work on my back tan. I hadn’t spread a towel over the sun lounger and when I lay down my nipples went through the gap between 2 straps. I quickly realised that there was no pressure on my nipples and looked over to Clara and Emma. Clara was laying the same way. The thing was, one of the straps on her sun lounger was missing and her tits were hanging through the gap. She looked real cute.

Emma was sat up on her sun lounger and after a few minutes she asked me if I ever kept my legs together. Without realising it I had opened my legs and had my feet over the sides of the sun lounger. I turned my head to face Emma and said,

“I don’t like white patches between my thighs; besides, Clara is laying the same way.”

“Same as Tanya.” Clara said.

After a while another guy came to talk to us. I should have closed my legs but I didn’t. Instead I asked myself why I always opened my legs when a guy was around. It’s like my pussy wants to be seen, like I want these men to look into my hole.

I had to smile when I looked at Clara she too had kept her legs open. Emma was sat up, and she too had open legs. Maybe it’s some natural instinct that women have.

The guy got dismissed by Clara, but shortly after that Lewis and Dylan appeared. Both Clara and I turned onto our backs, but again, we both had open legs. The guys told us that they’d got everything sorted, but that it would cost us. When Clara asked what it would cost them Lewis grinned.

Clara knew what he meant and both she and Emma went off with them, leaving me to stay on the sun lounger alone. It wasn’t long before a couple of guys tried to hit on me. It was embarrassing laying there naked with my legs open and these guys standing next to me looking down at my naked body. My brain was telling me to close my legs but they just wouldn’t move.

Each time one of them looked at my pussy I wished that it was Ryan standing there looking at me. One of the guys looked a bit like Ryan, and sounded a bit like him, and I felt myself getting wetter thinking that it was Ryan.

It was the guys that stood at the foot of the sun lounger that embarrassed me the most. I just knew that they were looking right into my hole. Why wouldn’t my legs close and stay closed?

Eventually (probably about 30 minutes) Clara and Emma returned looking quite happy. I said that it wasn’t fair that they were paying Lewis and Dylan and I wasn’t doing anything. Clara told me not to worry, they’d enjoyed it, and they’d told Lewis and Dylan about Ryan, but they’d also promised that I’d give them both a blow job later.

I blushed and said that I didn’t know if I could do it.

Emma said,

“Don’t worry about it Tanya, by the time that they want it you’ll be gagging for something to happen.”

Clara giggled.

We stayed there for about another hour before Clara said that we should go and get something to eat before we got ready for the Pub Crawl. She said that we had better go and put some clothes on before going out, so we went up to their room and found something to wear.

Clara used my pink scarf as a skirt (totally see-through) and my bikini top which was so small that it only just covered her areolas. Emma wore my underwear thong and one of her string bikini tops; and I wore Ryan’s string vest.

We went to a café and had a big meal because we knew that we were probably going to drink a lot later.

On the way back to Clara and Emma’s room I stopped at the hotel’s internet PC and emailed Ryan to tell him what I was doing and that I probably wouldn’t get back until very late.

Ryan must have been sat waiting for me to skype him because I got a message back almost straight away telling me to enjoy myself and do whatever I wanted to do.

I emailed him back with love and kisses.

As I went up to Clara and Emma’s room I realised that Ryan was telling me that I could fuck someone if I wanted to. I didn’t think that I wanted to.

When I got to the room both Clara and Emma were in the shower – together. They told me that we had to get ready as Lewis and Dylan would be there in a couple of minutes to get us dressed.

They got out of the shower and I got in. Three minutes later I was drying myself as I walked out of the bathroom to see 2 naked girls stood in front of Dylan and Lewis.

“Come on Tanya, Lewis is about to handcuff us.” Clara said.

“Wait!” I said, “I’ve got to put my jewellery in.”

“I’m sure that Lewis or Dylan will do that for you, won’t you guys?” Emma said.

“Our pleasure.” Lewis and Dylan said in stereo.

I stood next to Clara and put my hands behind my back. The next thing that I felt was Lewis crossing my wrists and putting a big electrical cable tie on them. Thankfully he didn’t fasten it too tight, telling us that he couldn’t get any proper handcuffs, but the cable ties would do. He didn’t fasten them too tight as he didn’t want to hurt us. He said that they were loose enough that we should be able to get out of them if we lubricated our hands and wrists.

When he was putting the cable tie in Emma’s wrists she grabbed his cock through his shorts and said,

“Will this sort of lubrication do?”

Dylan started putting proper dog collars on us. They didn’t look very nice, but they were genuine dog collars. Lewis clipped proper leads on to the collars and let them hang down our fronts.

“Now, what’s this about some jewellery?” Lewis asked. I told him what and where it was, and he went and got it.

“I guess that we’d better do what the lady asks.” Lewis said, giving some of it to Dylan then telling me to lie back on the bed.

They both found the holes in my nipples okay, but they had real trouble finding the hole in my clit hood. Well at first I thought they were having trouble, but as they massaged my clit I decided that they were only playing with me.

Fortunately they ‘found’ the hole before I had an orgasm and screwed the barbell tightly on with the chain on the stirrup.

“Thank you guys,” I said, “can you pull me up so that I can tell you how to get Clara and Emma ready.”

They did then Dylan said,

“I didn’t know that either of you 2 have piercings as well.”

“We haven’t,” Emma said, “Tanya’s got some other goodies that you will have to put in and on us.”

“What, inside you, what the hell have you got Tanya?” Lewis asked.

I told Lewis to go into my bag and get out the two stainless steel bullet shaped things. When he found them I told him that they had to push one of them up each of Clara and Emma’s vaginas.

“I’m going to enjoy this.” Lewis said as he pushed Clara back onto the bed and opened her legs.

“Oww! That’s cold.” Clara shouted. Emma gasped.

“Push them right up as far as you can.” I told them.

Both Lewis and Dylan took the opportunity to play with the girls pussies, but they both stopped once they’d got them worked up.

“So what do they do?” Dylan asked.

“In my bag you’ll also find 2 little black boxes with switches and knobs on them, can you get them please?” I asked.

When Lewis had them I explained what the switches and knobs did then told them to switch them on and set them to low. I got Lewis to set the random zap vibe to constant, just like the other one.

When they burst into life both Clara and Emma gasped in surprise then settled to a smile.

“So both those bullet things are now vibrating inside their pussies?” Dylan asked.

“Yes, and they will keep going until the batteries run out or someone switches them off.” I said then asked Lewis to put the controls back in my bag.

“One more thing Lewis,” I said, “in my bag you’ll find some chain with 3 little clamps on the ends, can you get them out and lay it out on the bed please?”

When he’d done that I explained what it was and then asked them to decide who was going to wear it first.

Lewis and Dylan decided to flip a coin, Emma lost and they moved in on Clara.

“Pull her nipples to get them to their full length first.” I said, and watched as Clara enjoyed hands from 2 different guys on her ‘B’s.

“Oww!” Clara shouted as Dylan tightened his clamp too tight.

He loosened it a bit and asked if Clara was okay.

“Now the clit clamp.” I said.

Lewis and Dylan flipped a coin again and Dylan spread Clara’s legs even wider.

“Make sure that her clit is hard before you put it on. Lewis, can you get Dylan a tissue, Clara’s clit needs to be dry when the clamp goes on.”

“That’s going to be difficult the way her pussy is gushing at the moment.” Lewis said.

“Make her cum then you’ll have a short time to get it on before she starts gushing again.” I said.

“Tanya, if you’re trying to embarrass me you’re failing, I’m really enjoying this.” Clara said.

“I can see that you are.” I said as Lewis got to work on her clit.

Lewis started finger fucking her as well. As Clara started to cum Lewis told us that he could feel the vibrator throbbing away.

Clara started to come down from her high and Lewis quickly dried her clit and put the clamp on.

“Tell me if it’s too tight.”

“Oww! Not so tight please?” Clara asked.

“Okay, were done, will you 2 help us up then go and get ready yourselves?” Emma asked.

We were stood up and the guys disappeared.

“Wow, I can’t believe that were really doing this.” I said as Clara went to the mirror and looked at her self.

“Believe it Babe,” Clara said, “it’s really happening and we’re going to love every minute of it. By the way, where did you get this? I want one.”

A few minutes later Lewis and Dylan arrived back. Both of them had togas, made out of bed sheets, on. They both had belts on to keep them in place, but Lewis hadn’t got his sheet right round him and it was obvious that he wore nothing underneath.

“Right girls, one more thing to stop you screaming and complaining.” Lewis said as he pulled something from behind his back.

He had 3 table tennis balls with string going through them.

Lewis gave one to Dylan and they put a ball into Clara and Emma’s mouth and fastened it in place with the string round their necks as I stood there mesmerised. I’d never even seen one of those, even on the porno movies that Ryan and I had watched on the internet.

When Lewis came to me and told me to open my mouth I just did it without even thinking. When he’d finished I tried to talk but it sounded like garbled rubbish.

I started having visions of lots of guys gangbanging us and us not even being able to scream.

“Relax girls,” Lewis said, “You’re not going to come to any harm. We’ll stop anyone from doing anything that you don’t want. If you want us to stop anyone from doing anything all you have to do is shake your head sideways and we’ll stop them.”

I relaxed a bit as Dylan and Lewis led us out of the room and down the corridor.

We were to meet the rest of the Pub Crawlers in the hotel bar and when we went in the whole place went silent for a second before everyone started cheering. All of a sudden we were the stars of the party. That didn’t stop me from being sooo embarrassed.

I looked round, most of the guys were wearing togas but one was in some speedos with a priest’s collar round his neck. Another guy was in speedos and had the superman logo painted on his chest. Most of the girls were in very skimpy costumes. Two were in suspenders, stockings, thongs and push-up bras. Three more were dressed in schoolgirl outfits, one with a skirt that didn’t even cover her bare butt. One was wearing a sarong as a toga that was see-through and obviously way too small for her as it didn’t cover much at all. I couldn’t see any underwear.

There was another girl across the room wearing tight fitting shorts and a matching top. They looked good but something didn’t look quite right. I didn’t get to work out what it was because someone moved and blocked my view.

Lewis and Dylan got us a drink with a straw and we discovered that they could push the straw alongside the table tennis ball and we could suck the drink. At least we weren’t going to die of thirst.

Some of the single guys came over to us and tried to talk to us. Couldn’t they see that our mouths were a little full?

After a while a holiday rep came in. When she saw us she stared for a few seconds then said,

“Well, that’s a first, you’d better keep a low profile, I don’t want to have to bail you out of jail tomorrow morning.”

I started to get worried as she started to organise us and tell us where we were going. A few minutes later we all set off behind the rep. I was glad that it was dark outside.

As we walked with Dylan and Lewis almost pulling us by the leads, some of the guys were saying rude things to us. One of them grabbed my ass and held it for a few seconds before letting go.

At one point Emma just stopped and jerked her lead free from Dylan. She just stood there and started shaking. She had an orgasm right there in the street with loads of people around.

Dylan, Lewis, Clara and I stopped and waited for Emma to get capable of continuing. Fortunately it didn’t take long and we managed to keep up with the rest of the group.

Clara’s first orgasm hit her just after we got into the first bar. It was crowded and people were brushing up against us. Dylan and Lewis went to get us all a drink leaving us 3 very helpless near a pillar. One guy got in front of Clara facing her and I could see his hand groping her pussy. I don’t know if he was tugging the chain clamped to her clit or not, but all of a sudden Clara’s eyes opened wide and she started shaking and jerking. The guy had a big grin on his face.

Emma looked as if she was getting groped as well. So was I. A guy stood next to me was gently pulling one of my nipple chains. I was trying to tell him to stop but of course he couldn’t hear what I was trying to say.

He did stop, but his hand slid down my front to my pussy. He found my chain and started playing with it, gently tugging it then pushing the end of it into my hole along with his finger. His other hand was on my butt and squeezing me.

It felt good and I was getting wetter, probably an AF of 5; but it wasn’t Ryan. I was happy, but scared and unhappy. I was looking at Emma and guessed that she was cumming again.

Lewis and Dylan got back to us and told the gropers to go away. They had 5 bottles of beer in their hands and soon realised that we couldn’t drink them.

“Sod it!” Lewis said and gave Dylan the 2 bottles that he was holding.

He loosened the knots on our ball gags just enough so that we could push them out and let them hang round our necks. They then held the beer bottles to our mouths so that we could drink the contents.

Dylan seemed to think that I wanted to drink the whole bottle in one go and I had a bit of trouble stopping myself from choking; letting some of the beer spill out of my mouth and run down my body.

When we’d finished the beers Lewis and Dylan put the ball gags back in our mouths. I suppose that we could have pushed them out again, but none of us did. I’d also tried to slide one hand out of the cable tie round my wrists. I got close to succeeding, and thought that I could get free if I tried a bit harder, but instead I pushed my hand back the other way so that I was still tied up.

There was a bit of dancing going on in one corner of the bar and Lewis and Dylan pulled us over there and told us to dance.

Have you ever tried to dance with your hands tied behind your back? We tried, and moved our hips around, but I felt stupid and must have looked stupid as well.

While we were dancing I saw the girl in funny looking matching shorts and top. She was dancing close to us with a man and as I looked at her I realised what was funny about her outfit. It was paint. She was as naked as we were.

After a few minutes the group started leaving and Dylan and Lewis pulled us out of the bar. As we walked along the street in amongst the crowd Emma had another orgasm, the vibe was working well in her pussy.

Fortunately we were just outside the pub that the group was going in to so we followed when we could. There were 2 bouncers on the door and they both smiled as Lewis and Dylan led us in. I wasn’t as embarrassed as I had been, probably because the alcohol was starting to work.

Lewis and Dylan left us stood in front of a table with just guys sat at it while they went for some drinks. Emma was stood with her back to the table itself while Clara and I had our backs to guys that were sat there. It didn’t take long for them to start grabbing our butts.

When a finger started going down my butt crack to my butt hole and pussy I automatically spread my feet to about shoulder width. My brain told me to clamp my thighs together, but my feet just moved apart. From behind me I heard a man say,

“Fucking hell, the slut wants me to finger her; she’s just spread her legs for me.”

He was right, I had, but I hated myself for doing it.

The man started finger fucking me. He was skilled in doing that and I started cumming.

Some other guys came and stood in front of us and one tugged the chain clamped to Clara’s right tit. She started to cum. The guy couldn’t believe what was happening. He might have if he’d known what she had purring away up her hole.

Lewis and Dylan got back and the guys moved off. The guy that was finger fucking me kept going, probably knowing that Lewis and Dylan couldn’t see him.

This time Lewis and Dylan had got us some shot as well as the beers and when they pulled the ball gags out they fed them to us quite quickly. I nearly choked a couple of times.

We didn’t stay long in that bar and moved on to another one. This one was quite big, and not very busy. Well it wasn’t until we all arrived.

Lewis and Dylan took us to the quiet part of the pub then lifted us up and sat us on the deserted end of the bar.

“It’s time to move a few things around.” Lewis said and told us to spread our legs wide.

Lewis went in between Clara’s legs and put his finger round her clit clamp. He pulled it and twisted it round as Clara moaned and cringed. Just as she started cumming Lewis took the clamp off.

Clara sounded to be saying,

“Noooo!” as if she wanted him to leave it there.

I looked round and saw that we had an audience of about 10 guys and girls.

Lewis ignored them and removed the clamps from Clara’s nipples. Then he turned to the audience and asked for a volunteer to suck some life back into Clara’s nipples.

A geek looking guy stepped forward and Lewis told him to get on with it.

While the geek was working on Clara’s nipples Lewis took the clamps to Emma and clamped her nipples. When that was done he lifted the front of his toga, wiped Emma’s pussy dry then pulled her clit as far as it would go and put the clamp on it. Emma let out a muffled scream as Lewis tightened the clamp.

Then Lewis told Emma to squeeze the vibe out. Emma struggled and Dylan told her to pretend that she was giving birth. The vibe eventually slid out and Lewis managed to catch it. As it touched his hand he shouted,

“Woah! Blood hell, that’s been doing that inside your pussy since we left the hotel. I’m surprised that you’ve only cum 3 times.”

Lewis turned to the audience and asked for another volunteer. The geek’s geek mate stepped forward and Lewis gave him the vibrator. He nearly dropped it when he realised that it was vibrating.

“Put that inside Tanya.” Lewis said to him.

My eyes opened wide. Lewis had just told a complete stranger, a geek at that, to push a vibrator up my pussy. I really wanted to clamp my thighs together, but they wouldn’t move.

Geek 2 asked which one of us was Tanya then came over to me and gently pushed the vibe into my open hole. It was a good job that my hole was open and visible because Geek 2 looked as if he’d never been near a girl’s pussy before.

Geek 2 gingerly pushed the vibe just inside me then stepped back. It wasn’t far enough in and was in danger of sliding out. I tried to use my pussy muscles to pull it further in but was struggling as Lewis told Geek 2 to push it right in.

Geek 2 stepped forward and slowly slid a finger inside me and pushed it a bit further in.

“No, no, push your whole hand in and get it right up her.” Lewis said.

My eyes opened wide.

Fucking hell, Lewis was telling Geek 2 to fist me. I looked down and was glad to see that Geek 2 had small hands.

Thankfully, Geek 2 didn’t know what he was doing and left his thumb where it normally is. He only got his fingers inside me but his thumb was pressing on my clit. This was enough to make me cum. When I started shaking and jerking Geek 2 jumped back wondering what the hell was going on.

Just about everyone else in the audience knew what was happening and laughed at poor Geek 2.

Lewis pulled Geek 1 away from Clara’s tits telling him that her tits were well and truly alive now. They looked rock hard and very wet with Geek 1’s saliva. I wondered if he’d thought to chew them.

Dylan appeared with a tray of shots and beers and Lewis pulled our ball gags out of our mouths. They stood in between our spread legs and poured the drinks into our mouths. Just before they put our ball gags back in our mouths Emma said that she had to go and pee. Clara and I said that we needed to go as well so Lewis and Dylan lifted us off the bar and led us to the Gents toilet.

I was expecting to have to stand over the toilet bowl and pee, but Lewis told us to stand in front of the urinals, lean back and pee. That was a first for me and at first I found it difficult, but by the time I was about finished I was able to direct my pee where I wanted.

Another first for me was that when I’d finished Lewis got a piece of toilet roll and wiped me. He did the same for Emma and Clara as well.

A guy came in while we were there and just stood there in amazement until we left.

Shortly after we got back to the bar the group moved on to the next bar.

It was another big one but it was busier, and it had a little stage there.

Again, Lewis and Dylan got us some drinks while we were left to get groped. We were there for long enough for us to have 2 rounds of drinks. Just as we were finishing them the holiday rep got on the microphone and announced that they were going to judge the fancy dress outfits.

There must have been about a hundred people gathered around that stage.

The holiday rep got some silence the held up a piece of paper and said that it was a list of people who wanted to enter the fancy dress competition. I hoped that we weren’t on that list.

One by one the people on the list were called up to the stage and 4 reps (2 male, 2 female) looked them over. The girl in the painted shorts and top was called up and she got a lot of cheers, especially as she stood up there with her legs apart. Everyone could see the shape of her labia and clitoris.

When the rep announced that there was only one more entry on the list I started to relax believing that it must be one person. My heart dropped as she read out,

“Lewis and Dylan and their slaves.”

The vibe inside me was getting me close to cumming and the last thing that I needed was to have to go up on the stage for a hundred or so people to have a good look at my naked body; but Lewis and Dylan moved forward pulling us behind them.

The crowd burst into cheers and rude comments as soon as the 3 of us climbed on the stage.

We had to stand there as the rep asked Lewis and Dylan all sorts of stupid questions. It didn’t help when Lewis told everyone that it was our idea for us to be naked and tied up.

What I hadn’t realised when we first went on the stage was that I had stood there with my legs about 2 feet apart. When I realised how I was exposing myself I cursed my body. It was ruling my brain – again. My body was deliberately exposing my pussy; this time to about 100 people. Why are women’s brains so stupid when it comes to being naked in front of men?

Half way through the stupid questions the vibe took me over the top and I closed my eyes and started cumming. If I could have screamed I would have. It would have been a mixture of embarrassment and pleasure. Why does my body crave embarrassment and humiliation?

Anyway, the 4 judges chose us as the winners and gave us 2 bottles of what was probably very cheap champagne.

The holiday rep thanked everyone and told us that the guided Pub Crawl was over and we could do our own thing. She told us that she and the other reps were going to a club and that we could join them if we wanted to.

Before she left the stage, the rep came over to us and asked us if we were going on the Bike Ride in a couple of days. Clara pushed the ball gag out of her mouth and asked,

“What Bike Ride?”

“The WNBR (World Naked Bike Ride) Magaluf leg,” the Rep said.

Emma’s eyes lit up and I turned to make sure that I was hearing right.

“It’s a Bike Ride from one end of Magaluf to the other and all the riders have to be naked. It happens in just about every big city in the world and we’ve decided to have one here as well. We thought that lots of you young people would be up for it. We’ve reserved 50 bikes and places are going fast.”

“When is it?” Clara asked.

The rep told her then Clara turned to me and asked it that was the day before I went home. When I nodded, Cara turned back to the rep and told her that we’d have 3 places and that she’d sort out the money the next day.

I had mixed feelings about riding a bike, naked, through Magaluf. I’d enjoyed my bike rides with Ryan and the exercise bike in the hotel in London, but naked through the main street of Magaluf with hundreds of people watch; I wasn’t sure.

I didn’t have time to dwell on it for long because Lewis and Dylan led us down from the stage and told us to sit on the front edge of the stage. Lewis then told us to lay back. For some strange reason, when we did, all 3 of us opened our legs wide, it was if we wanted everyone to come up and have a close look at our dripping pussies.

I certainly wasn’t expecting what happened next. Lewis opened one on the bottles of champagne. When I saw him do that I expected him to offer us a drink, but he didn’t; he put his thumb over the top and shook the bottle. What he did next really surprised me even more. He held the bottle to my pussy and as he pulled his thumb off he pushed the neck of the bottle into my pussy.

The champagne erupted into my pussy and gave me one of the strangest feelings that I have ever had; strange, but nice.

Lewis then did the same with Emma and Clara. When he did it to Emma she had an orgasm.

The next thing that Lewis did surprised me as well. He shouted for 9 volunteers.

“What the hell is going on?” I thought.

When he had the 9 (6 young men and 3 girls) he split them in to 3 groups of 3. He then told 1 of each 3 to go behind us and hold our backs to their chests. Each one of them held us by our breasts (nipples in my case).

The other 2 with each of us were instructed to stand outside our legs then lift us up to about their waist height. Naturally each pair held our legs wide apart.

He then told them to carry us all round the bar, letting anyone play with our pussies if they wanted to.

Believe it or not, the girls were worse than the guys. The young men just wanted to finger fuck us, but the girls pulled and twisted our clits as well as finger fucking us hard. One slightly drunk girl fucked me with the bottle of beer that she was drinking. I felt it hit the vibrator that was inside me.

The 3 carrying me even took me outside on to the street and told a passing young man that he could finger fuck me.

God, I really did want to be fucked after that. Towards the end of that tour of the bar the vibe and the excitement got the better of me and I had about my fifth orgasm of the night.

Eventually we were taken back to the stage and put back on our feet. I was knackered. Clara and Emma looked knackered as well. Lewis and Dylan must have seen that as well because they decided that it was time for us to head back to their hotel. They weren’t being that nice to us because they left our wrists tied and the ball gags in our mouths until we got back to Clara and Emma’s room.

It was so good to be back there. After they freed us the first thing that I did was to squeeze the vibe out; right there in front of Lewis and Dylan. Clara needed a bit of help getting the vibe out of her pussy, but Emma managed to free her nipples and clit on her own.

Clara and I went for a shower leaving Emma having her nipples and clit sucked back to life by Dylan and Lewis. When we got out of the shower the 3 of them were all asleep on Emma and Clara’s bed.

“Shit,” Clara said, “I was hoping to get fucked tonight.”

“Will I do?” I said.

“Of course you will, but it’s not the same as a real live cock.”

“I know.” I said and we went next door and flopped onto one of the beds.

We started making out, but we never finished because we both fell asleep.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 08 - House Sitting – Week 3+ part 2**

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

**DAY 20**

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

I woke up to the sun shining through the window and wondered where the hell I was. There was a clock on a table and I saw that it was nearly 12 o’clock. Then I saw Clara, curled up with a sheet over her.

I rolled over to her and started kissing her all over. After a few minutes she woke up and we finished what we started the night before.

We went next door and found Emma riding Lewis’s cock. Dylan was still asleep.

Clara and I looked at Dylan then each other.

“Do you want him?” Clara asked.

“No it’s okay, you have him, I’ll watch.” I said.

Clara move in on Dylan and sucked his cock until he woke up, then she mounted him.

It was fun watching the 4 of them and before I knew it I was masturbating as Dylan watched both Clara and me.

All good things come to an end and the boys decided to go back to their room.

We showered and decided that we were hungry. I still had all my jewellery in/on and decided to leave them where they were.

We also decided that we needed a few quiet hours so we put some clothes on, gathered all my bits and headed for a café on the way to the villa. We knew that we could have some peace and quiet there. Just for a laugh we put the dog collars on as well.

I was wearing only Ryan’s vest, Clara was wearing just a thin micro skirt and thinner, see-through top that came to half way down her stomach; while Emma wore a pleated skirt that didn’t completely cover her butt and a spaghetti strapped thin cotton top showing her pokies.

We found a café and had a late breakfast and coffee. When we got moving again we all felt a little better. We passed the street with the erotic dancing club and Clara saw a sign for it and asked,

“Is that the place that you were talking about, where you got well and truly fucked in front of Ryan?”

“Yeah,” I said, “do you want to go and have a look?” I asked.

We walked down the street and as we got to it I saw Jackie, the woman host come out carrying some posters. She saw us and said,

“Oh Hi Tanya, how are you?”

“Okay thank you, and you?”

“I’m good thank you,” Jackie said, “these 2 must be the other 2 slaves from last night, how are you both?”

“How did you know that?” Emma asked.

“I was in the bar last night watching the fun you were having.” Jackie said with a big grin on her face.

All 3 of us blushed.

“Tanya, do you fancy having a repeat performance sometime, you were amazing the last time,” Jackie woman asked.

“Err no, Ryan isn’t here and I couldn’t do it without him here,” I said.

“Shame, has Tanya told you about her little exhibition?” Jackie said looking at Clara and Emma. “How about you two, do you fancy having a bit of fun? I’m looking for some girls to take part in the show tonight and after last night’s performance I’d say that you 2 were just the sort of girls that I’m looking for. I’ve got a couple of regulars but some new girls would make it so much better.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I said.

“Of course you’re not, you just like having a bit of fun just like the rest of us.” Jackie said. “Girls, how about it, do you want to have some fun?”

“I’m up for it.” Emma said.

“That’s 2 of us.” Clara said, “Come on Tanya, I’m sure that Ryan won’t mind, after all, it was his idea to bring you here last time.”

“Well yes, but I’ll have to talk to him before then.” I said.

“Great, that’s fixed then. Be back here at 10 o’clock. Oh, Tanya, it may be best if you don’t wear that or those.” Jackie said pointing to my pussy then my nipples.

“What shall we wear?” Emma asked.

“Nothing!” Jackie said as she turned to finish changing another poster.

We walked off and Emma said,

“Shit, what have we let ourselves in for?”

I laughed and said,

“I’m not sure, but I’ll guarantee that we’ll enjoy it.”

We had a great afternoon at the villa doing nothing but talk and swim and topping up out all-over tans.

The sun started to go down and we felt a little hungry. After a shower and teasing our girly parts a bit I decided to skype Ryan and bring him up to date; and tell him that I loved him.

Clara and Emma left me alone with him for a while and I told him all about my adventures as a slave and what I had let myself in for at the erotic dancing club. Ryan said that he hoped that I would enjoy myself as much as I had the first time.

We’d started masturbating for each other and I was getting close when Clara and Emma burst in. They were still naked too. They looked at Ryan, made a couple of nice comments about his cock then told him that they’d come to ‘pleasure his girlfriend into going out for a drink with them’.

Ryan asked if he could watch. Emma adjusted the webcam so that it had a good view of the bed and then they pounced on me.

I have to say that being made love to by 2 beautiful women is something that every girl should experience. It was heaven.

When they’d had their way with me we went to the PC and Clara stuck one of her tits right in front of the webcam.

“That’s it sweetie,” she said, “we’re going to hit the town now, next episode tomorrow evening;” and she shutdown the PC

Clara and Emma put on what they wore to the villa (the only clothes that they had there) then got some clothes out for me. They dressed me in the pink see-through scarf for a skirt and my bikini top. Before they let me out of the door they put all 3 barbells and stirrups in, and all 3 chains on my clit stirrup. They really did want things bouncing against my clit.

As we walked down the main drag looking for a café I asked Clara if she could see my chains dangling.

“Of course,” she said, “if I couldn’t I would have taken that scarf off you.”

For once I was glad that I was wearing a see-through ‘skirt’.

We ate and drank, rejected a few hits on us and then took a couple of bottles back to the villa to wait until it was time to go to the club. I started getting nervous and said that I didn’t have anything to wear. Emma laughed and said that Jackie had said that we weren’t to wear anything.

“We can’t go there naked.” I said.

“Why not?” Clara said, “We’ve been round town without any clothes on before, why should this be any different?”

“It’s a night club with selected customers.” I said.

“Jackie DID say that we were to wear nothing.” Clara said.

“She must have been joking. She wouldn’t expect us to arrive there naked; would she?” I said.

“Why not? Let’s do it.” Emma said.

“That’s settled then.” Clara said.

We had another couple of drinks (I needed them if I was going to do what I suspected I might have to), and shortly before 10 o’clock we stripped, removed my jewellery, locked up and set off, all 3 of us totally naked.

On the way we passed a group of young men who came out with a few suggestions as to what they would like to do to us but we just ignored them and kept going.

When we got there Jackie and a bouncer were at the door greeting their customers.

“Actually girls, I was only joking when I said that you were to wear nothing, but now that you are here I’m sure that you’ll fit in quite well. You’ll find a reserved table at the back with your name on it Tanya. Tell the waitress who you are and she’ll get you some free drinks. Not that you have any money on you anyway.”

The bouncer opened the door and we went in.

Clara and Emma stopped dead in their tracks just inside the main room when they saw all the big screen televisions. A video of a girl hanging spread eagle, and having her butt whipped was playing on them all.

“Fucking hell!” Emma said, “I don’t know if I want to be here.”

“Don’t be silly Emma; you know that you love it when I spank your bare butt.” Clara said.

“Yeah, but…..” Emma replied.

“Come on, I need that drink.” I said and grabbed Emma’s hand to pull her to the table.

The naked waitress found us, got us the drinks and we watched the place fill up. No one took and notice of us, probably because they were more interested in what was been shown on the big screens.

When the place was full the lights dimmed and the dancers came onto the stage. They were dressed in the same skimpy outfits as when I was there before. Clara and Emma seemed pleased with the virtually naked male dancers.

After they’d finished their act Jackie came onto the stage. After introducing herself and welcoming everyone she told them that they had a fun packed evening ahead, not only did they have a completely new, one off, show, they had 2 new girls taking part and 1 who had made her debut on that stage only a few days ago.

I blushed and remembered being tied spread eagled on that stage being fucked by the biggest cock I had ever seen.

Jackie went on to tell everyone that since it was the London Olympics they were going to have their own Sex Olympics with girls from London being the contestants.

That part was a lie, but what the hell, we didn’t care.

Jackie then said,

“First of all I invite Tanya to come down to the stage.”

I didn’t move, and a few seconds later Jackie said,

“We had the same problem with Tanya the last time she was here. I suppose I’ll have to send someone up to get her again.”

That was the cue for 2 hunks to come running up to us and grab me. They carried me down the same was as they did the last time – one of them either side of me with their nearest arms under my butt and their outside arms holding my legs wide apart. As with the last time they carried me all round the tables letting everyone get a close-up of my pussy.

By the time they stood me down next to Jackie I was bright red with embarrassment and quite wet.

“Hi Tanya.” Jackie said, “I see that you’ve ready for action this week.”

I went even redder and for some stupid reason I shuffled my feet a few inches apart.

“This next bit is for those of you who weren’t here the last time that Tanya entertained us.” Jackie said.

“As you can see, Tanya looks quite young. I’ve seen her passport and written on this piece of paper is her age. If you want to know keep your eyes open, if you don’t want to know then shut them now.”

Jackie waited a couple of seconds then held up the paper with a big 21 written on it. A couple of seconds later she screwed it up and threw it on the floor.

“Right, now that we’ve got that sorted I’d like to welcome one of Tanya’s friends. Ladies and gentlemen, a big round of applause for Clara.”

The 2 hunks ran up to our table and picked Clara up the same way as they had me. A minute later Clara was stood between Jackie and me.

“Welcome Clara, I see that you too have come ready for action. Ladies and gentlemen, will you please welcome Tanya’s other friend Emma.”

That was the cue for the 2 hunks and Emma was also brought down with her legs spread wide. I looked at one of the television screens to see Emma’s torso filling the screen. Where were those cameras, and how many of them were there?

Jackie continued,

“Welcome Emma. What is it with you London girls? Did you leave all your clothes back in England?

Ladies and gentlemen, will you please welcome our last 2 contestants, regular girls Maria and Anna.”

Maria and Anna ran on to the stage wearing skirt, tops and knickers.

“Oh, we can’t have that, Maria, Anna, please go out into the audience and invite someone to take your clothes off.”

Maria and Anna did so and returned completely naked like us 3.

Jackie and the 2 hunks then fitted a radio microphone round each of our necks.

“Right ladies and gentlemen, let the games begin.”

The curtains opened and 5 big objects were covered in sheets.

**Event 1**

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

“Our first event of the night is a bike race. The winner will be the girl who completes 3 miles first. Before you get visions of these 5 lovelies racing around Magaluf on bikes, the bikes here are exercise bikes, but with a slight modification.”

I had visions of my bike rides with Ryan and the exercise cycle in the hotel gym.

We were then told to go and stand behind our bikes. On a count of 3 we had to pull the sheets off our bikes. It was then that there were quite a few gasps, (me included) as we saw the exercise bikes. Each one had a dildo sticking up through the saddle. What’s more, when I touched the pedals the dildo moved up. I did a quick rotation of the pedals and saw the dildo do a full cycle of up and down.

“Right contestants, mount you bikes and get ready to start.” Jackie said.

The room went quiet as the 5 of us gingerly got on the bikes and impaled ourselves on the slippery dildos.

Jackie then asked us all if we were ready. When we were she shouted go and we all started pedalling. I started very slowly, not knowing what to expect, but before long I settled into a comfortable position and increased my speed.

I looked over to the other 4 girls and saw that they all were pedalling fast. Emma and Maria both had a pained expression on their faces.

This was nothing like the cycling that I’d done before, but it was good, very good. I could feel my AF rising.

Looking at the controls on the handlebars I saw that I’d got close to 1 mile. I heard Maria scream and looked over; she’d stopped pedalling and was leaning over the handlebars.

Next to stop was Emma. She shouted,

“Of fuck,” and started shaking.

I pedalled on at a steady pace but knew that I was close to cumming.

Anna suddenly stood up on the pedals and Jackie announced that she was disqualified.

That left Clara and I. I looked at Clara; she had a pained expression on her face. She was obviously close to cumming and was fighting it. Jackie came and looked at our controls.

“You’re getting close girls.” Jackie announced.

Getting close, I got there 2 seconds later and started jerking, shaking and shouting,

“Oh fuck, oh fuck.”

I stopped pedalling for a few seconds then slowly started again. I still had a few yards to go and I was determined to get there first.

Jackie shouted,

“We have a winner!” and put her arm round Clara; but Clara kept pedalling.

“You can stop now Clara.” Jackie said, but Clara kept going.

About 20 seconds later Clara did stop, just as an orgasm hit her. I could hear Clara’s moans loud and clear, I could also see her pleasured face filling the television screens.

Jackie waited until Clara relaxed and then told us to get off the bikes. She once again announced that Clara was the winner.

**Event 2**

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

Jackie announced that the second event was the pole vault. How the hell were we supposed to do that in there; and how could that be called a Sex Olympic sport? I was confused. I got even more confused when Jackie announced that we all had to have our hands cuffed behind our backs.

A girl wearing only a belt sized skirt came onto the stage and cuffed our hands behind our backs. Jackie had us all facing the audience as something was happening on the stage behind us. When Jackie told us to turn round we were confronted by 5 naked men, all lying on the floor with their feet facing the audience. All had erections that were only a couple of inches over their stomachs.

Jackie explained the game to us and the audience.

One at a time we had to go to each man in turn and impale our pussies on the man’s cock. We were to be timed and the girl to impale herself on all 5 the quickest was the winner. If we hadn’t completed the task in 5 minutes we were disqualified.

At first it sounded easy, but when I thought about it I realised that it wasn’t as easy as it sounded. Because our hands were cuffed behind our backs we couldn’t use our hands to guide the cock into us and we wouldn’t get any help from the men.

That meant that we would have to lie on the man, either on our backs, or our fronts, and move our hips around until we could get the tip of the cock just inside our holes. Then find a way to push ourselves up so that we could fully impale ourselves.

Anna was selected to go first, and everyone laughed as she kept trying everything that she could think of. It took her 4 minutes to get the first cock full inside her and the laughter changed to cheers.

Her 5 minutes was up just as she managed to get the tip of the second cock in her hole.

Clara was chosen to go second and she had more success. She managed 3 in the 5 minutes. Her technique was to sit on the man’s stomach with her back to the man’s face and her knees bent. Then she lifted her butt and moved her hips about until contact was made. It was then easy to push up enough to fully impale herself.

Emma went third. Her approach was to lay face to face on each man with her knees each side of his hips. She then lifted her hips up and down until the cock tip made contact with her hole. The problem then was that Emma found it very difficult to raise her body to fully impale herself. Emma ran out of time just as she managed to get the second cock inside her.

Maria went next and she got the first cock inside her in seconds, but after that she just lost it and couldn’t get any more before time ran out.

That left me and I decided to use the same method as Clara. For some unknown reason I found it a lot easier than Clara. I found it easy to squat over the man’s stomach then gyrate my hips until I felt his cock at the entrance to my hole. It was then easy to use my legs to pull myself and the cock up then slide down do impale it all the way.

I managed to get 4 of the cocks inside me before my time ran out. I’d won.

**Event 3**

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

The third event was a beer bottle race. 5 beer bottles were lined up at the back of the stage. With our hands still cuffed behind our backs we were told that we had to carry our beer bottle to the front of the stage. We were told that we couldn’t use our mouths. That meant that the only way that we could do it was to sit on them, effectively impaling them in our holes, stand up and walking forward.

The belt girl was on hand to stand up any bottles that fell over.

I was certainly quite aroused and wet and I guessed that the others would be as well so it was going to be difficult.

We lined up behind the bottles and when Jackie started the race we lowered ourselves down and the top of the bottles disappeared. I was pleased that Ryan had made me wear the remote vibrator so much because I had to use my pussy muscles to keep it in.

As I stood up with the beer bottle sticking out of my pussy I heard the sound of a bottle dropping on the floor. Someone had had a bad start.

Clara looked like she did that sort of thing every day as she waddled towards the front of the stage not letting her bottle drop out even once. Mine slipped out just once and I came second. The others all kept the belt girl busy.

Clara had now won 2 events.

**Event 4**

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

The fourth event gave our pussies a rest. It was a blowjob race. Jackie announced what the event was and asked the men in the audience to stand up if they wanted one of the competitors to give them a blow job. Lots of men did stand up.

Jackie then got the belt girl to remove our handcuffs while she told us that when she gave the word we had to go into the audience, select a man and give him a blowjob. The winner would be the competitor who got back to Jackie first with the man’s cum all over her face.

I looked round the room and saw that most of the men there were quite old. I saw a couple of guys that looked to be in their twenties, so when Jackie said “Go” I ran to the guy that I’d selected. Unfortunately he was quite a way back from the stage, but he was stood beside his table.

As I got close to him I saw the woman that was with him. Shit, I never thought about that, was she happy that her man was about to be given a blowjob by a naked girl that she’d never seen before.

I needn’t have worried. I knelt down and unzipped the man’s trousers and took his cock into my mouth. As I was sucking I felt 2 hands on my hips gently pulling me up. The hands weren’t hurting me and were not aggressive in any way so I kept working on the cock and slowly got to my feet. I was bent at the waist as the hands went to the inside of my legs and pushed my feet apart.

I lost my rhythm a bit as some fingers started playing with my soaking pussy. I started getting finger fucked while I my head was bobbing up and down on this guy’s cock.

I don’t know if this guy had taken Viagra or not, but it took forever to get him to cum. I finally felt his cock harden even more so I backed off him and 2 seconds later my face was dripping in his cum.

As I turned and ran back to the stage I saw Anna and Emma stood next to Jackie with blobs of white cum all over their faces and chest.

Clara was last, and later on she told me that the man that she’d chosen must have taken a double dose of Viagra. Either that or she’d lost her touch. She told me that she needed to find another man to prove that it wasn’t her.

**Event 5**

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

This was another oral sex race. While we were in the audience giving the blowjobs, 5 benches had been put on the stage and Jackie asked the audience which women wanted to be eaten by the competitors. When she said that I had a horrible vision of me been lumbered with some 80 year old granny.

Fortunately Jackie selected 5 youngish looking women and they were asked to come on down to the stage. They were then asked to select a competitor and go to a bench and lay down with their feet facing the audience.

When Jackie said “Go” we had to remove the woman’s lower clothing and dive onto their pussies.

Unfortunately I was chosen by a woman wearing trousers and they took ages to get off. Fortunately she wasn’t wearing knickers; and she shaved. When Jackie told us what the event was my other horrible thought was that I’d get lumbered with a woman with a horrible, matted jungle.

I filled my mouth with saliva and got to work licking and chewing her clit. I didn’t think that I was doing too bad as the woman was moaning and moving her hips up and down. I started tasting her juices and pushed my tongue into her hole then went back to her clit.

She started bucking up and down and pulled my face harder into her pussy and I felt a rush of her juices on my face. The woman relaxed and let go of my head.

I stood up and saw that Emma was already stood next to Jackie. I went and stood next to Emma and we watched the others finish off their woman.

When the women went back to their tables only 3 of them got dressed before doing so. The other 2 went back bottomless.

**Event 6**

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

This was announced as weight lifting. When Jackie said that, my heart dropped. All the others were much bigger than me. I didn’t stand a chance.

I got a little happier when Jackie uncovered what we had to lift, and explained the competition to us.

On the table were 5 identical dildos and some small wrights. On one end of the dildos was a bulb about 3 inches in diameter and on the other end was a ring for the weights to be attached.

We were each given one of the dildos, told to stand in a line with our feet well apart and inset the dildo into our pussies.

Jackie gave the weights to belt girl and told her to go to each contestant in turn and keep hooking weights on the end of the dildo until it fell out. When they fell out Jackie would count the number of weights that were hooked on.

I was in the middle of the line and watched 3 girls go before me. You should have seen their faces as they strained to keep their dildo in. To be fair, my face must have looked the same when it was my turn. I have never tried to squeeze my pussy muscles as much as I did then.

When my dildo dropped out my pussy I felt as though I’d been fucked for 24 hours non-stop. The thing was, after my go I still stood there with my legs open. What was I thinking of? Even when I realised how I was stood I still stayed like that.

The other 2 girls had their turn then Jackie announced the results. I was truly amazed when Jackie announced that I had won. I guess that all the walking around with a vibrator in my pussy had paid off.

**Event 7**

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

Jackie announced that there was only 1 event left, and that 2 of the contestants had won 2 events each. The last event was to be a tie-breaker.

I did a quick check in my mind of the events so far and realised that both Clara and I had won 2 events each. The tie-breaker was between Clara and me.

Jackie then said that the easiest way to describe the final event was to say that it was a test of staying power and pleasure level breaking point.

The curtain behind us opened and there were 5 Sybian machines lined up.

Now I’d seen these machines in action on the internet and often wondered what it would be like, but when I was faced with using one in front of dozens of people I got all nervous and embarrassed.

Jackie explained that the red button on the little box that was on the floor in front of the Sybian machines was the ‘stop’ button. The winner of the contest was the girl who hit their red button last.

We were then told to mount our Sybian and hit the green button when told to do so.

As I impaled myself on the machine I felt a bit of it rest on my clit. It felt good, and that was before I switched it on.

Jackie gave the word and I hit the green button.

“Ooow, arrrgh, ooooh, arrrgh, fuuuuuck, arrrgh.” Wow! That was amazing. I instantly decided that I wanted one of those machines. When I’d got over the initial shock I managed to turn and look at Emma and Clara. Both of them were in heaven.

I relaxed and sank into my own heaven thinking that I could stay there for ever.

After a couple of minutes belt girl came to each of us and adjusted the controls. It turned out that all the machines had been set on low and belt girl had turned them up to full. My AF started going up quicker than I could count and I started cumming.

OMG! I couldn’t stop cumming. ON and on and on it kept going and I kept cumming. I was totally oblivious to everyone watching me and what was going on around me.

In the end it was a case of pass out or hit the red button. I chose the latter and sat there for ages before managing to look around. I was surprised to see Anna and Maria standing next to Jackie and Emma just pushing herself up on to her feet. The only one still cumming was Clara. She kept cumming for about 2 minutes more before she hit her red button; and it took another 2 minutes for her to manage to get to her feet.

The curtains on the stage closed and Jackie announced the results of the Sex Olympics; Emma was third, I was second and Clara was the winner.

The curtains opened again and I saw the medals stand. We were told to go and take our positions for the medals presentation.

Belt girl came out with a tray covered with a cloth. Jackie then presented Emma with her bronze medal; but it wasn’t a conventional medal, it was a bronze coloured dildo with a ribbon attached.

Jackie then presented me with a silver dildo and Clara with a gold dildo while the audience applauded us.

When things went quiet Jackie announced that there would be a 10 minute interval then the winners would get the second part of their prize.

None of us could be bothered to ask Jackie what the second part was and we were very grateful to be taken to a table to sit and have a long drink.

Five minutes later Jackie took us to the changing room round the back and told us to have a very quick shower.

Part 2 of the evening was a bit late starting and 3 naked and slightly refreshed girls were led on to the stage by Jackie. When we stood there I looked down at all our legs and saw that we were all standing with our feet about shoulder width apart. Why had we all done that?

Jackie then announced that the 3 medal winners were about to receive the second part of their prize.

The curtains opened and there were gasps of surprise from the audience. Jackie told us to turn round and I too gasped. There were 3 of the large wooden ‘X’s that I had been strapped to when I had been there with Ryan. Stood at the front of each ‘X’ was a very muscular hunk wearing just a thong that was struggling to conceal what was underneath. I just didn’t think that I could survive another session like the last one I’d had on one of those ‘X’s.

I looked at Clara and Emma. Both had big grins on their faces.

While we were standing there belt girl appeared and strapped the microphones round our necks again.

The 3 hunks walked up to us and led us to the ‘X’s, lifted us on, and strapped us down. I looked up and saw each of our pussies on the big screen televisions.

I’d had a shower 5 minutes ago but my pussy was just as wet as it had been when I came off the Sybian.

Oil was dripped on my body and my hunk massaged me, everywhere except my pussy and nipples. It felt good and I tried to relax but I just couldn’t, probably because I had a good idea of what was to follow.

I wasn’t disappointed either.

A magic wand (that’s what Clara had told me the microphone vibrator thing was called) was lowered and the hulk used it on my nipples.

The anticipation had kept me simmering just at an AF of 9, and shortly after the magic wand touched my very sensitive nipples I started cumming. My body rose up (as much as it could) and I was shaking and jerking. I started getting a bit vocal and I could hear myself begging to be fucked. I could also hear Clara and Emma begging to be fucked over the loudspeaker system.

Once when I opened my eyes for a second I could see all 3 of our pussies on the television screens.

The ‘torture’ got worse as the hulk moved the magic wand to my pussy.

I was screaming my head off. I really did need that big cock inside me.

The hulk was really teasing me. He’d massage my pussy for a minute, then back off and make me wait. He did this over and over. I was so frustrated.

One time when I opened my eyes, when the wand wasn’t touching me, I looked at the big screen and saw my pussy muscles having spasms like they were trying to suck something in. I saw Emma’s pussy doing the same. Another time when I looked I saw my pussy squirt some liquid out.

The hulk moved to my head and teased my face with his massive cock. He ran the end of it all over my face. When I tried to get my mouth over the end of it he backed off. This was a totally different type of cock teasing to what I’d come across before.

He moved back to my pussy and ‘tortured’ me some more with the magic wand. Just as I was thinking that I might pass out I got my wish. That massive cock invaded my body. At first I just sighed with relief then as his cock started to move in and out my orgasm went to another level.

In and out that cock went as my body convulsed and strained against my restraints.

Was that man taking triple doses of Viagra? On and on his pounding went. It was only when my body started to run out of the ability to jerk about that I felt his cock release its load into me.

The cock pulled out of me and I lay there unable to do anything other than breath. After what seemed like hours I looked at the screen and saw that Emma was like me. Clara though, was still being fucked by her hulk. She looked just like I had felt a few minutes earlier. The only difference was that her magnificent breasts were going up and down as her chest took dozens of quick, deep breaths.

Clara got her satisfaction and the screens displayed 3 limp, totally satisfied, naked girl’s bodies, all with cum seeping out of their pussies.

Jackie came back on the stage and said that she hoped that we had enjoyed our prize. None of us answered.

What Jackie did next surprised me, but I was in no position to say or do anything about it. She invited members of the audience to come up onto the stage and inspect us.

People from the audience came up and stood around us. As first I was too knackered to care, but I soon started to get embarrassed. I was covered in sweat, my hair was all matted with sweat, my nipples were rock hard, my pussy was spread wide with juices running and dripping out, and I was strapped down to that big ‘X’. I felt like a slab of meat on the counter in a butcher’s shop.

People started talking about me as if I wasn’t there; then they started touching me. I thought about the butcher’s shop again.

One man felt my nipples and I heard a comment about how hard they were.

Another asked a female stood next to him if her hole stayed so open after she’d been fucked.

Some fingers spread my labia and said,

“Look, she’s had her hood pierced.”

I was trying to ignore all this by looking at the television screens. I watched as men and women prodded Clara and Emma’s solid breasts. I guessed that some of the women were jealous.

Eventually, Jackie asked the audience to return to their seats and belt girl came and released us. We all had red marks all round our wrists and ankles.

Belt girl led us back to the changing room where we all had another shower.

We were just sat there, still totally naked, when Jackie came in along with a middle-aged man that I’d never seen before. Jackie asked us if we were okay, thanked us for all our help then asked us if we had enjoyed ourselves. We just grinned.

Jackie then introduced the man as Clive. He told us that he’d really enjoyed the show then asked us if we’d be interested in some more fun.

Clive continued to tell us that he was making a film and that he was looking for some extras for a couple of days. Clara asked what the film was about.

“It’s about life in a college for young ladies and gentlemen where the ladies must be totally naked all the time but the men are fully clothed all the time.”

Clara asked if the college was called ‘Blanke Schande College’.

Clive laughed then continued,

“No, but my film is sort of based on it but with lots more sex and punishment.”

Clara sat up straight and looked quite interested.

“It’s extras that I’m looking for,” Clive said, “but there will be quite a bit of sex involved for the extras, and I have a scene in mind that will be so much better if you; Tanya isn’t it, will be in it.”

I looked up, wondering what he was on about, but before I could ask, Emma asked Clive when it was. Clive told us that he needed us for 24 hours starting at lunch time later that day.

“That’ll fit in with you won’t it Tanya?” Clara asked.

“Yes, but….” I replied, but Clara cut me off by asking,

“What time, where, and what do we need with us?”

“12 o’clock, shall we say outside this club, and you don’t need anything with you, we’ll provide all the clothes, food and drink.” Clive said.

Clara told Clive that we’d be there and Clive left.

“I need some sleep.” Emma said.

We got up and walked to the exit with Jackie. When we got to the door Jackie again thanked us. Clara turned to Jackie and thanked her saying that she had made one of her fantasies come true, and introduced her to someone who was about to make another of her fantasies come true.

We quietly walked back to the villa. It was around 3 o’clock in the morning and we saw no one.

**DAY 21**

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

I woke up and saw that it was 10:30. I felt a lot better, but my pussy was a little sore.

Clara was in the shower, but Emma was still asleep. I woke her.

While Emma and I had a shower Clara went to get a baguette for breakfast. When she got back I asked her if she’d gone dressed like that. She said that she had, and that a man had served her.

Clara was wearing just her see-through top that stopped half way down her stomach leaving both her butt and newly shaved pussy exposed.

While we were eating we talked about the previous night and what we were about to do. We were all happy about everything, but a little nervous about what we were about to get in to. One urgent question was what we should wear to go to meet Clive.

Clara’s answer was ‘nothing’, on the basis that Clive had said that we didn’t need anything with us.

Both Emma and I weren’t sure, but in the end Clara got her way.

Before we set off I skyped Ryan at work and gave him a quick update, promising to give him the full details the following night. Ryan wasn’t too happy but it wasn’t because of what I had been up to, or what I was about to do; it was because we weren’t having much time together, even on skype.

I promised that I’d make it up to him when I got back home.

We all walked out of the villa and down the street, totally naked – again. This time it was mid-day with more chance of people seeing us.

People did see us, even a police car that drove passed; but we got to the club without incident.

We’d been sat on the little wall outside the club for about 15 minutes when a minibus pulled up and Clive got out.

“Do you girls ever wear any clothes?” he asked.

“I thought that you said that you’d provide everything?” Emma said.

“And I will, when we get to where we’re going.”

“Whatever!” Emma said as we got in to the minibus.

There were 4 other girls and 3 guys in there. All were wearing clothes. I got embarrassed.

As the minibus drove out of Magaluf we got talking to the others and discovered that they too were going to be extras; and they too didn’t know more other than that sex was involved.

I looked at the guys,

“Not bad,” I thought, “getting fucked by them could be quite nice.”

Clara was obviously thinking the same, her nipples were rock hard and she was sitting with her knees apart.

The journey took about an hour and we arrived at a big villa just outside a little village up in the hills. Someone had a lot of money.

We went in and Clive told us to get some food and gather at one end of the pool. There were 12 girls and 8 guys there

When we were all there he told us that the film was a documentary to promote the college and that he was going to shoot a number of scenes that on face value would mean nothing to us. Shooting would go on until the sun went down, and start again as soon it came up again. Some of the shooting would be at the villa, some in an unused school just down the road, and some in the village.

He told us that there would always be food and soft drinks where we’d already got some and that no one was to drink any alcohol. If we weren’t needed for a shoot we were to hang around the pool and not to go wandering around the place. Girls were to stay totally naked all the time and the guys were to wear speedos round the pool. When clothes were needed they would be provided.

The girls that still had clothes on and the guys were told to follow him to wardrobe. A few minutes later naked girls and guys in speedos re-appeared and spread out around the pool.

**Scene 1**

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

Clive appeared and told all the girls to follow him. He led us to the old school and into one of the classrooms that had been cleaned-up. It still had about a dozen desks (with books on them) there, all facing a blackboard. There was a man dressed in an academic robe standing at the front.

We were told to sit at a desk and look like we were interested in the lecture. One girl who had sat on the front row was told go and sit at the back and what I presume was one of the female stars (totally naked) of the film came in and sat in the now vacant seat.

The fake lecture started and the camera scanned round the room. It then focused on the star, who was messing about and opening her legs to tease the lecturer. This went on for a couple of minutes then the star was told to stand up and bend over her desk.

She then had her butt caned until there were red marks all over it.

‘Cut’ was shouted and we were all told to go back to the pool.

**Scene 2**

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

Clara and 4 of the guys were selected and they disappeared.

When she got back she told us that she’d been and had a shower. Emma and I both looked confused until Clara explained that there was an open shower in one of the rooms and that she was told to take a shower while the 4 guys, dressed in trousers, shirts and ties, and carrying school books were told to walk passed her as if they were going to another lecture.

**Scene 3**

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

Emma, 3 other girls and 5 guys were selected and disappeared. Emma later told us that the guys got dressed as college students while the girls were taken to the old school where a large room that had been rigged up as a big bathroom. There were showers, a bath, sinks and a toilet, all along one wall. No partitions anywhere.

One girl was sent to sit on the toilet and told to pretend to be having a shit.

Another was told to take a shower.

Another was told to wash her hair in one of the sinks

The last girl was told to stand next to the bath with one foot on the side of the bath and to insert a tampon when the cameras rolled.

The guys were told to walk passed and quickly look at all the girls.

While that was going on Clara and I were in the pool swimming and talking about the previous night. I told her about my butcher’s shop feelings and she laughed. She told me that she’d loved it when the men and women were prodding her tits. She said that it made her feel good and proud of her sold tits.

I told her that she should be proud of them, that they were perfect.

Clara kissed me full on the mouth, a long one.

**Scene 4**

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

The old school still had what was left of a kitchen and lunch room. We all had to take some food with us and sit round tables in mixed groups eating our ‘meal’ while the camera rolled.

**Scene 5**

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

This one was more fun. We were told to split into male and female pairs and spread round and in the pool. The girls that weren’t lucky enough to get a guy were to get together in pairs.

Clara was quick off the mark and got a cute guy. Both Emma and I weren’t as quick and ended up together.

We were then told to have sex with our partners and that it could be real or simulate; but if it was simulated then it must be good.

From what I could see, it was all real.

Emma and I did a 69 on one of the sun loungers.

A male and a female star came out and had sex in the shallow end of the pool.

**Scene 6**

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

Clive came to the pool and told me to go with him. He explained that he wanted me to do a scene that was about how the college got some of its new students. We went to the wardrobe room and I was given a school dress to wear. It was quite short on me, only just below my pussy.

Clive, me and a cameraman went down to the village in a van. It was getting towards sundown but Clive said that we had enough time to do the scene before it got dark.

I was then told to slowly wander round the village looking lost. I also had to play with the hem of my dress and whenever I got near anyone I was to lift my dress enough for the locals to see my pussy.

Blood hell, he was telling me to expose my pussy to complete stranger, some of them were bound to be old and miserable.

I got out of the van and started slowly walking. The village wasn’t that big and as I walked towards a shop an old man came out and walked towards me.

“This is it.” I thought and pulled the front of my dress up to my waist. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the cameraman filming me and the man.

The poor man just looked and kept walking.

Just along the street was the village bar with tables outside. What’s more, most of the seats were occupied with old men. As I got close I pulled my dress up. This time the locals weren’t so quiet. Some of them were talking at me, but it was Spanish and way too fast for me to understand. I just kept slowly walking, not letting my dress drop until I was round a corner.

Shortly after I got round the corner the van that we’d come down to the village in screeched to a halt beside me. The side door opened, a man jumped out, grabbed me and pulled me into the van. As soon as I was the van sped off. I was quickly told to take my dress off and it was thrown out of the van.

A hundred yards down the road the van stopped and slowly backed up to get the cameraman.

Back at the school I was taken to what had been the headmaster’s room and was filmed with the ‘headmaster’ welcoming me to the school and telling me that I would be there for a few years and that he was sure that I would quickly get to like it.

‘Cut’ was said and I was told that I could go back to the villa. I walked back there alone think that the place was really quite nice. If things had been different I would have liked to live there.

Back at the villa it was getting dark, but all the extras were still by the pool.

As I was telling Clara and Emma what I had been up to, Clive came and told us that we weren’t needed until the next morning. He told us where beds had been laid out for us and he told us not to make much noise as he still had some filming to do.

We got taking to some of the others, messed about in the pool and ate some more. All the girls stayed naked while the guys kept their speedos on. At times some of the speedos did bulge nicely.

About 10 o’clock some people drifted away from the pool and went to bed. It wasn’t long before we went to bed. The beds were just mattresses on the floor with a couple of blankets. The 3 of us pulled 2 mattresses together and cuddled up together. We had some sleep to catch up on.

**DAY 22**

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

It was still dark when we were woken up. We were told that we could go to the toilet but not have a shower.

**Scene 7**

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

We were all given a pair of trainers and the guys were given some running shorts and T-shirts

As the sun came up we were taken out onto the road and told to slowly jog behind one of the female stars.

Off we went through the village. We only saw one local and he just stopped and stared. We also had to stop and stand at the side of the road as a bus drove passed. I have no idea how many people were on that bus, or if they saw us.

As we jogged along I looked round at all the girls. A couple of them were having real problems with their breasts bouncing up and down. Emma’s were wobbling a bit, but Clara’s weren’t moving at all, not even a millimetre.

Just outside the village we turned off the road onto a track. A few hundred yards up that track we came to an open area where we stopped.

We then had to line-up and do a variety of physical exercises. Of course the camera focussed on the girl’s pussies and tits.

After that Clive told us to stay close, and start making out with someone of our own choice. One of the guys grabbed me and started kissing me then groping me. I tried to not think about Ryan as the guy started finger fucking me. I looked round and saw Emma riding another one of the guys. I couldn’t see Clara.

Thankfully Clive shouted for the action to stop and the fingers left my pussy.

The scene was over and we walked back to the villa. Emma had a smile on her face, so did Clara. I was feeling a little guilty.

We had some breakfast and went and sat by the pool.

**Scene 8**

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

This was about how the college punished their students when they’d done wrong. Clive came and got me and 2 other girls. We were taken down to the old school and to the headmaster’s office.

The camera started rolling with us 3 girls stood at the back of the room. The ‘headmaster’ called me over and gave me a lecture about not sticking to the rules. He told me that as it was my first time that he’d had to punish me and that I’d only get 2 strokes of the cane.

My eyes went wide open. No one said anything about getting caned. Shit, was this going to hurt.

I was told to step forward and bend over the desk. The ‘headmaster’ went to a cupboard and brought out this thin cane. As he walked over to me he flicked the cane in the air. It made a horrible ‘wooosh’ noise.

I did get scared. The crazy thing was that I felt myself get wet as well. What was that all about? I was about to get my butt caned and I was getting aroused. My body is so mixed up.

The ‘headmaster’ stood behind me and brought the cane down on my butt. I jumped and stood up holding my butt. It had hurt. I was told to get back down and stroke 2 hit me.

Again I jumped up and grabbed my butt.

I was then told to go and stand next to the other 2 girls with my hands behind my head.

The other 2 girls were called forward and given a lecture and told that because they had been brought to him way too often their punishment would be more severe.

I was thinking that my ‘punishment’ was severe enough; my butt hurt like hell.

The 2 girls were then told to clear the ‘headmaster’s’ desk and lay back on it. Their legs were over the front edge making their bald pubes stick up. The ‘headmaster’ then eased their legs wide apart with the cane as the camera zoomed in on their spread pussies.

“How is he going to cane them with them like that?” I thought.

My answer came quite quickly. The ‘headmaster’ then told them to raise their legs right up so that they could hold their legs with their hands. He wasn’t satisfied that their legs were pulled back enough so he went round to the other side of the table and pulled their ankles right down to the table and as wide apart as they’d go.

“Hold them there.” He ordered.

Wow, I could see everything; so could the camera. It reminded me of the art college modelling that I’d done; but at least I hadn’t been about to be caned.

The ‘headmaster’ came round to the front of the desk and looked down at the lewdly displayed girls.

“That’s better.” He said, and within a second he had brought the cane down hard on both their butts. The thing was, neither girl even flinched.

“No, this isn’t enough; I’m going to set an example to the rest of the college and we’re going to finish this in a more public place. Get up and come with me; you too.” The ‘headmaster’ said looking at me.

“Cut!”

We were then told to go back to the pool but to wait at the end near the villa.

As we walked back I asked the 2 girls if they were okay.

“Oh yes,” one said, “we knew that was coming and we’re looking forward to the next bit, that’s why we’re here; we’re both into pain.”

“Rather you than me.” I said.

Back at the swimming pool a table was brought out and the 2 girls were told to get into the position that they were in on the headmaster’s desk. I was told to stand next to the table with my hands behind my head. All the other girls and guys were told to gather round and watch. Why did I stand with my feet apart?

I could see one or two pairs of speedos getting a little uncomfortable to the wearers.

The ‘headmaster’ made a little speech about discipline and then turned to the 2 girls. Their butts were still lewdly exposed. Alternatively, each butt got 20 strokes of the cane. Neither girl cried out, but their faces did have quite a few expressions on them. They seemed to go from pain to indifference to pleasure. At stroke 15 I saw one of the girls start to have an orgasm.

Wow. That was an amazing site.

When the 20 stokes were over the headmaster told the 2 girls to stay where they were. He walked round to their heads and stood right up to one of the girl’s head. I was half expecting him to get his cock out and make her give him a blowjob, but he didn’t. Instead he brought the cane down hard along the length of her pussy.

I jumped a bit in shock at what I’d just seen. So did most of the other girls there, although Clara didn’t. She just stood there with a grin on her face.

The cane came down on the girl’s pussy again and she too started to cum. Two more strokes and the girl was having trouble keeping still.

The ‘headmaster’ stopped and watched, along with everyone else, as the girl moaned and jerked. Everyone could see her pussy spasms.

When the girl stopped moving the ‘headmaster’ gave her one more stroke then moved on to the other girl. I guess that the anticipation had been building in her because she started cumming after the first stroke; but the ‘headmaster’ didn’t stop. He went straight on and gave her 4 more strokes.

The orgasms got stronger and stronger and at one point she squirted; but the liquid was yellow so I presume that she lost control and pissed herself.

She was still convulsing as the ‘headmaster’ told everyone that they could expect something like that if they weren’t good.

“Cut.”

The first girl let go of her legs and slowly got on to her feet. I helped her get the other girl up onto her feet and they both walked to the pool and jumped in.

“Let me see your butt.” Emma said to me.

“You’ve got 2 red lines right across both cheeks.” She said. “Does it hurt?” she said, touching one of them.

“Just a bit,” I said, “but not as much as those 2; 1 of them told me that they were into pain but they must be in agony.”

We jumped into the pool as well, and Clara gently massaged my butt.

About 15 minutes later Clive came out and announced that he needed one more take of us all enjoying ourselves. Everyone took that to mean fucking and started looking for a partner. We were close to a group of guys and one of them grabbed my hand and told me to go with him.

We got out of the pool and he took me to one of the sun loungers. When we got there he sat me on the end, gently pushed me flat on my back, lifted my legs over his shoulders and entered me. It happened so quick that he was in me before I realised it.

As he fucked me he said that he would have loved to see me up on the table getting what those 2 girls got.

“No chance.” I said.

The unknown guy pounded away at my pussy. For some reason I just couldn’t get into it, although when the camera came close to us I did something that I’d never done before and faked an orgasm.

“Cut.” Clive shouted then told us that he didn’t need us anymore and that we could get a lift back to Magaluf in the minibuses.

Everyone jumped into the pool for one last quick swim then all the others went to get their clothes. Clara, Emma and I went straight to the minibus and got in. A short while later 4 girls and 2 guys came and got it and we set off.

On the way one of the guys asked us if we’d come there undressed like that.

“Yeah, why do you ask?” Clara said.

“No real reason,” he said, “I just think that it’s cool.”

Clara got the driver to drop us at their hotel and we walked in getting a couple of comments of praise from some guys in reception.

We went and sat on the balcony of their room and talked about the last 24 hours. We all agreed that we’d enjoyed ourselves but I told them that I wasn’t too happy about getting fucked by a guy when I didn’t even know his name.

Emma said that I should forget it, and that I didn’t have to tell Ryan if I didn’t want to. I knew that I would.

Emma looked over the railings and saw quite a few people having fun in the pool and said that we should go and join them. We agreed and we got up and headed for the door.

“Aren’t we going to put any clothes on?” I asked.

“Why?” Clara asked, “It’s been nearly 48 hours since we’ve had any clothes on so why start now?”

I couldn’t argue with that and we went down to the pool. I didn’t feel at all embarrassed walking passed the people in reception without any clothes on.

It was refreshing and fun in the pool but it did turn into a groping session quite soon. The thing was that I didn’t resist much. I just let the guys finger me as much as they wanted.

One time when I got out to get the ball one guy asked me what the red marks on my butt were. Clara was nearby and told the guy that I’d been a naughty girl and had punished. He asked me if that was true and I told him that it was.

We stayed in or by the pool even after the sun went down. The bar staff keeping us supplied with drinks.

Some of the girls and guys that had been by the pool with us earlier came back down and joined us for a while. They’d got changed and were going to hit the bars. When they left we went up to Clara and Emma’s room. Drank some more then fell asleep.

**DAY 23**

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

Naked Bike Ride day

I woke early and went and sat on the balcony watching the start of another glorious day.

After a while Emma and Clara joined me. One of the things that we talked about was the length of time that we’d gone without wearing any clothes. Both Clara and I said that we wanted it to go on for as long as possible, but Emma said that she wasn’t bothered. Bearing that in mind Clara asked Emma to go and get us some food for breakfast. She put a skirt and top on and left.

While we were waiting for Emma to come back Lewis and Dylan came out onto their balcony. We talked to them for ages, telling them most of what we’d been doing. The thing was, never once did I think about being naked in front of them, nor get embarrassed.

They disappeared when Emma got back and we enjoyed the food.

We showered and did all the things that young women do, and it was soon time to go on the bike ride.

We decided that the only thing that we were going to take with us was a bottle of water, and we went down in the lift wearing absolutely nothing, and carrying only a water bottle. In reception there were about a dozen other young people. Most were naked, but 1 guy was wearing shorts, and 1 girl was wearing just bikini bottoms.

After a few minutes the female rep walked in and welcomed us all to the Magaluf leg of the World Naked Bike Ride (WNBR). She explained that we would shortly be taking a short walk round the back of the hotel to a bike rental shop and we’d all be given a bike. She said that there was a designated route for us to ride and that the reps would lead the way.

Someone asked if there were any hills on the route and was told that there was only a couple of little ones.

One of the guys asked the rep why she still had her clothes on. She said that she probably wasn’t going on the ride.

She shouldn’t have used the word ‘probably’. The guys took it to mean that she was doing it and they gathered around her and ‘persuaded’ her to strip.

A naked rep led us out of the hotel for the walk to the bike shop. When we got there a male holiday rep looked surprised to see his colleague naked, but as soon as he saw her he dropped his shorts.

At the rental place we were all given a bike. There were a couple of people there renting bikes who knew nothing about the WNBR and were really surprised when all these naked guys and girls waked in.

By the time that Clara, Emma and I got our bikes there were only men’s bikes left. What’s more the saddles were the wrong height for us. One of the male holiday reps (also naked) told us to take the bikes and that he’d come and see us before we set off and alter the saddle height.

As we were waiting Clara got on her bike and stood with the cross bar pressing on her pussy. She pushed he bike back and forwards saying,

“This is nice.”

I reminded her of the bike riding that I’d done at Ryan’s parent’s house when the saddle had been set way too high.

When the rep came to adjust our bikes we asked him to lock the saddles so that we could only touch the ground if we leaned over. He looked puzzled at first, but he set Clara’s first and she started riding round to try it. She soon had a nice smile on her face as her bull had to slide from side to side as she pedalled.

The rep was watching her and grinned and said that he understood.

Two other girls were watching us ride round enjoying ourselves and got the rep back to re-adjust their saddle height.

The group eventually set off and were soon joined by groups from 2 other bike rental shops. There must have been over 50 naked or nearly naked cyclists pedalling along.

Fortunately the pace was slow and we were able to make the most of the saddle height. I know that my pussy was dripping and judging by the smile on Clara and Emma’s face, they were enjoying it as well.

Quite a few people stopped and watched all the naked cyclists as they pedalled by but not one of them said anything.

It felt good riding along, so free. I didn’t want it to end. I suppose it helped that the sliding from side to side on the saddle was slowly bringing me to an orgasm. That orgasm hit me at a road junction where there were a couple of cars stopped to let us go by, and to watch us.

As the orgasm hit me I stopped and slid onto the crossbar. The orgasm felt better with the crossbar pressing on my clit.

A bit later we had to stop while Clara had an orgasm. She was a bit behind us and Emma shouted,

“Are you cumming again Clara?”

I’m not sure how many people heard her, and how many understood which meaning of cumming she meant, but 3 or 4 people turned and stared at her.

We were behind all the other naked riders and in danger of losing them and out way. Emma told me that she’d go on and wait for us at the next road junction while I waited for Clara.

When Clara was in a state to continue we pedalled off down the road and found Emma. She told us which way the rest had gone and went after them. We got to another road junction and couldn’t see the others anywhere.

“I know where we are,” Clara said.

She pointed down one street and told us that their hotel was just down there. Then she said that she didn’t want to take the bikes back yet; she said that she wanted to have some more fun on the saddle and flashing people.

I said that I wasn’t keen on the last part but I got out voted and we pedalled off away from the hotel.

I have to admit that I was enjoying riding the bike and sliding from one side of the saddle to the other. It felt even better doing it totally naked and outside in the sun. I don’t think that anyone was counting how many orgasm we all had, but it was quite a few.

We even pedalled along the sea front. Two youths asked us what we were doing (stupid question). Clara stopped so we had to too and Clara told them about the WNBR and that we’d got lost. All the time the youths were looking up and down our bodies. I got a bit embarrassed and tried leaned forwards on the crossbar so that they couldn’t see my pussy. The problem was that the more I leaned forwards, the more pressure I put on my clit.

Eventually Clara said that we were going and we set off again.

We got to the end of that road and went along a pedestrian area. A policeman on foot stopped us. My heart started pounding and I had horrible visions of being in a police cell.

Fortunately he spoke a bit of English and he had heard of the WNBR. Clara asked him which way it was to our hotel and he told us. He wasn’t at all upset and was even smiling as we pedalled off.

This time it was Clara that was out voted and we set off back to the bike shop.

The man there seemed a bit pissed that we were late back, but what could he do. It wasn’t as if we had any money with us.

We walked back to the hotel and went up to Clara and Emma’s room.

It was my last night in Magaluf and Clara and Emma wanted to make it special for me. They got all dressed up and walked me, still naked, back to the villa for me to put on my best outfit. I hadn’t taken many clothes with me so my choice was limited.

As it was my last night I didn’t care who saw what so I opted for the pink scarf as a skirt, and tight, white spaghetti strapped top.

I’d just about got ready to leave when someone knocked on the door. I hadn’t a clue who that could be, but before I could ask who it was, Clara opened the door.

There was a cute looking man wearing white trousers and a white T-shirt. Clara whispered something to him and then let him in.

“What’s going on Clara?” I asked.

“Tanya, we’ve had an amazing time these last few days, a lot of which wouldn’t have been possible without you. As a small token of our appreciation we’ve got this guy here to give you a professional, full body massage.”

I didn’t know what to say, but Clara didn’t give me a chance to say anything. She held my hand and led me into the bedroom and told me to get undressed while she spread a big towel on the bed.

For some reason I didn’t get embarrassed as I stripped off and lay on the bed face down. My head was to one side and I saw Emma on the PC, then I saw Ryan in one of the windows. She must have skyped him.

What followed was an amazing massage. I was so relaxed and didn’t have a care in the world. When the masseur told me to turn over onto my back I did so without a second thought.

He did my arms, legs and head then moved to my torso. He lightly touched my little tits and nipples, but there was nothing sexual about it. Even when he massaged round my pubes I wasn’t thinking about sex, just relaxing.

Then things changed. His hands went back to me chest and he started on my little tits and nipples again. This time he concentrated on my nipples. He pulled and squeezed them for ages and I started to get aroused.

More oil was dripped on my pubes and the man spent ages working all around the outside of my pussy. He seemed to be trying to get behind my pubic bone.

My legs were spread as wide as I could get them as he massaged all around my pussy, slowly getting closer and closer to my clit and vagina. He was teasing me something rotten. I wanted him to touch my clit and finger me but he just kept away from those 2 love points.

Round and round my pussy went his fingers, he was driving me crazy.

Then he did it, his fingers found my clit and he tortured me for ages. I had one orgasm, then another; and his fingers didn’t stop. I’m sure that I squirted because I heard Emma ask Clara if I’d peed myself.

After my third orgasm his fingers went inside me. They started probing around inside. I think that he was using his middle 2 fingers because I could feel him pressing on both sides of my pussy as well.

The palm of his hand was on my pubic bone and those 2 fingers moved around inside me.

I suddenly realised that my butt was in the air. I was being lifted by my pubic bone while those fingers worked their magic.

I just couldn’t take any more and another orgasm hit me; but this one was different. I had total lost control of my whole body and I was giggling.

The convulsions and spasms were amazing, I just couldn’t keep still.

The masseur stood back and everyone watched me as I giggled and writhed about on the bed.

Apparently I was like that for about 5 minutes before things started to calm down. When I was able to, I looked round the room, the masseur had gone, Emma and Clara were just stood there and Ryan’s face filled the screen. He’d watched it all from over a thousand miles away.

“Hey Ryan! How you doing?” I asked.

“Not as good as you by the looks of it.” He said.

“Okay guys stop the lovey, dovey stuff. You’ll have plenty of time for that tomorrow. We’re taking this little sexpot to have a shower then taking her out for a drink. You sit there and have a wank and watch us get ready.” Clara said as she stripped off in front of the webcam.

Emma was also getting naked. They then helped me get up and slowly took me to the shower.

“That was sooo hot.” Emma said as they soaped and shampooed me; “I’ve got to have one of those before we go home.”

When we got back into the bedroom Ryan was still on the screen. He was just sitting there with his soft cock laying on the top of his leg.

“Good wank?” Clara asked.

We got dressed with Ryan watching us then Clara said,

“Good night lover boy. Hope to catch up with you again soon. Keep this little lady happy.”

With that she switched the PC off and we went out.

We walked to town with me constantly thanking the 2 of them for such a wonderful time.

We had a relatively quiet evening just talking and drinking in cafés and quiet bars.

As we left the last bar it was time to say goodbye to Clara and Emma. I was quite sad, I’d had a great time with them, and done things that I never would have done on my own. I felt that I owed them.

We all promised to keep in touch and I slowly walked back to the villa torn between getting back to Ryan and the fun that I’d had with them.

**DAY 24**

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I woke up and went straight for one last swim.

My flight was early afternoon and I had to pack and get myself to the airport by 12 o’clock. I decided to wear my short tennis skirt and a white, spaghetti strapped top. Okay, I might get a couple of little tents in the front if I got aroused, but I couldn’t foresee that until I got to the airport in England and saw Ryan.

I got packed and ready then started thinking about the journey. I was sure that I was going to get bored so I started thinking about what I could do to stop that. I decided that I needed more than my mp3 player and that I would wear all of my jewellery and the constant vibrator, on low. That lot should give me something to think about. I hadn’t worn either of the vibrators for days and was missing them.

I stripped naked, put all the above on/in then put the same clothes back on. I looked in the mirror and saw my nipples poking out and could just make out the barbells and chains. I rejected the idea of changing my top as I was sure that my nipples would go down and no one would be staring at me enough to see the jewellery.

I looked down to the hem of my skirt. I could only just see the end of the chain in the mirror. I was happy that I wouldn’t have a problem so I did my final checks and waited for the house sitting agent. She arrived on time and took only a few minutes to check the place out and hand me our deposit cheque back.

I then set off to get the bus to the airport.

All went well, and I hadn’t had an orgasm, until I got to the security check. It was then that I remembered my jewellery and the vibe. Was I going to get through the arch without triggering the alarm?

I put my bag on the conveyor and mentally crossed my fingers as I was asked to go through the arch.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Shit! The security guard called me over and told me to stand on the 2 foot prints. My heart was pounding. This could be sooo humiliating.

He passed that wand thing that they have along my arms then my legs then he started at my head and moved the wand down. When it got to my nipples the wand alarm went off.

The guard looked at me, then over to a woman security guard. I looked too. She was big, fat and ugly. The thought of her strip-searching me terrified me. What could I do to stop it happening? I suddenly though that if I showed the male guard in front of me my jewellery then he wouldn’t need the female guard.

I pulled my top down below my nipples and said,

“Hey, this is what set off the alarm.”

The guard did a double take then held the wand in front of my chest again,

“Bueno.” The guard said and started moving the wand down as I quickly pulled my top up.

When the wand got in front of my pussy the alarm went off again.

Fuck! I was going to have to show him my pussy. Either that or have to go and get that ugly dyke probing around inside my pussy.

I lifted the hem of my skirt to just above my pubic bone. My body betrayed me again and I automatically slid my feet apart.

The guard did another double take and as he held the wand in front of me again I just prayed that the barbell, stirrup and chain would trigger the alarm and that I could get away with the dyke not delving in and pulling out the vibrator.

“Bueno.” The guard said and I dropped my skirt. I held the big sigh of relief until he waved me on passed him.

The next ‘incident’ was in the departure lounge. It was quite busy in there and I managed to get a seat on one of those rows of horrible plastic chairs. It was on the end but one seat of a row with another row facing me. I sat there with my bag on my lap and listening to my music.

After a few minutes the woman on the end seat got up and left. Shortly after, the man on the end seat opposite left as well. Within seconds the seats were taken by a young couple. The guy sat next to me and the girl opposite him. As the girl sat down I noticed that she was wearing a top that left a few inches of skin visible between her top and her black leggings.

I thought nothing of it until out of the corner of my eye I saw her shuffle down in the seat and uncross her legs. She then opened her legs just like men and girls do if they are wearing trousers.

No big deal; until I heard the guy next to me sigh. I turned and looked at him and saw that he had a big grin on his face and was looking directly at the girl’s crotch.

I looked over to her to see what he was looking at and saw that her leggings were quite see-through and that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. I could see every detail of her pussy.

I looked again and saw that the leggings were made of the same material as the woolly tights that I used to wear when I went to school. I’d never seen leggings made like that, but there again, I’d never looked at leggings in the shops for years.

The girl caught me looking. She didn’t close her legs, instead she smiled at me. I smiled back and then did something really stupid. I slid down in my seat, opened my legs and put my bag on the floor between my feet. I couldn’t see my pussy, but the girl sure as hell could. She licked her lips then moved her eyes from my pussy to her man. She did this over and over until he got the message and leaned forward and looked back at my pussy.

I suddenly felt really embarrassed, but I didn’t move. Not even when the man directly opposite me looked at my pussy as well. I felt my AF quickly rise and I started to cum; right there in the airport departure lounge.

I managed to keep quiet, but I couldn’t keep still. My movements must have attracted the attention of the next guy opposite because he too started staring at me.

As soon as I was able, I got up and went to the toilet. I’d had enough humiliation for one day.

I cleaned myself up and wandered around until my flight was called.

As I was waiting I realised that as soon as I told Ryan about that girl he’d have me going round all the shops looking for leggings that were small enough for me, and that would be see-through like hers were. I was sure that Ryan would want me to be exposed like that girl was.

As bad look would have it I ended up behind that girl as we walked out to the plane. She wasn’t at all bothered that I, and anyone else who cared to look, could see right through those leggings to her bare butt and the valley between her cheeks.

Thankfully she sat further down the plane than I did.

When I sat down on the plane my skirt was up above my butt leaving my bare butt on the seat. I hoped that the wet patch what was bound to appear would be a small one and that no one would notice. I kept my bag on my lap all the way back to England.

As I sat there in the window seat I stared at the clouds going by and started thinking about Ryan saying that I was an exhibitionist. Okay, a lot of people saw my little tits and pussy, but every time could be put into 3 categories. The first was by accident and the second was alcohol. If I’d been completely sober there was no way that I would have done those things. The third category was me being horny. Surely anything that I did when I was horny doesn’t count; well, not in my mind; so no, I think that Ryan’s got it wrong, I am not an exhibitionist.

The vibration of the aircraft and vibe purring away inside me had the inevitable effect and about half way through the journey I realised that I was about to cum. I fought hard to stay quiet and still but the pained expressions on my face attracted the attention of the middle-aged woman sitting next to me and she asked me if I was okay.

I lied and told her that I had a bit of a headache.

After the plane landed and everyone started to get up and leave I looked down at the seat and saw a little wet patch. If Ryan had been with me it would have been a big wet patch.

I was so impatient when I was waiting for my case to appear on the conveyor in arrivals. At one point I ran to the toilet and squeezed the vibe out and hoped that we could find somewhere quiet for Ryan to fuck me quite soon.

When my case finally arrived I almost ran through customs and started looking for Ryan. As soon as I saw him I ran straight to him, let go of my case at his feet, and jumped up onto him. My arms went round his neck and my legs went round his waist. As I kissed him I felt his hand on my bare butt as he held me there. The end of his fingers found my pussy and pressed on my clit. I nearly came, right there in the arrivals area.

When I finally broke the kiss Ryan let me slowly slide down to the ground. His hands were still on my bare butt and as I slid down I felt my skirt stay above his hands. I was too happy to care about my exposure.

We went to the station and caught the train home. As soon as the train left the station we both went to the toilet (fortunately it was a disabled toilet) and Ryan gave me his special ‘welcome home’ present.

Needless to say that Ryan and I didn’t get much sleep that night, and Ryan woke me up next morning by fucking me from behind. I was so happy being back in my own bed with Ryan.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 09 - Back home to Ryan**

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**Leggings**

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I was right about the see-through leggings. Ryan did have me going round the shops looking for some. After just about running out of shops that I knew I found some on a market stall. They were for a 10 year old. The first time that I put them on they were so tight and felt so restrictive.

Ryan took me to the pub that night and he sat opposite me staring at my pussy all the time. The worst thing about them is when Ryan takes me shopping round town on a weekend and takes me up the escalators. He always times it so that a man is right behind me going up. Those men are able to see my bare backside just as well as if I was naked.

Ryan came home from work one night with a pair of black tights that he’d bought for me. I opened them and found that they were very thin and had been made with no seams, gusset, or thicker pants part.

I put them on and quickly realised that they were even more see-through than the leggings. What’s more you could see from a distance that they were see-through. I was pleased when Ryan admitted that I couldn’t go out in public wearing those as leggings without a top long enough to cover at least part of my butt. Needless to say that Ryan looked through my clothes and found a top that just about covers my butt and we’ve gone for a couple of walks with me dressed like that. All it takes is for me to bend over even slightly and my virtually naked butt and pussy become visible.

I don’t like wearing the leggings or tights. They just feel so restrictive. I much prefer the freedom of being knickerless under skirts.

**Slave Girl**

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After I’d told Ryan more about my evening as a slave in Magaluf he asked me to wear the dog collar sometimes. He also bought some proper handcuffs and a proper ball gag. One night after we’d eaten he got me to wear my full Magaluf slave girl outfit, with his extras. It certainly brought good memories back for me, and made Ryan as horny as hell.

We’ve certainly had some good sex when I’ve worn it round the apartment. One evening just before Ryan was due home I put the full outfit on and was stood there when the door opened. It was late when we ate that evening.

Ryan’s told me that if we get invited to a fancy dress party then he was going to take me dressed like that.

I thought that I’d try and kill that idea and told him that we’d (well me) would get arrested because the police in England aren’t as tolerant as they are in Spain. His answer was for me to wear something over the top of it until we got to where the party was.

Another idea that Ryan had for me for a fancy dress party was for me to go as that slave girl Leia out of the star wars movie. That doesn’t sound as embarrassing, although I don’t know how we’ll get round the problem of my lack of tits.

That problem was closer than I imagined. One month later Ryan’s boss had his annual barbeque at his big house and it was a fancy dress one. Fortunately Ryan thought that a naked slave girl was a little too much for his boss so he resorted to plan B – Leia.

I had to trawl round all the fancy dress hire shops for a Leia costume, and a storm trooper costume for him. The fifth fancy dress hire shop had a sci-fi section and I managed to find both costumes. I hired the Leia costume there and then, but had to go back with Ryan to get the storm trooper one.

The Leia costume was designed for a size 10 or 12 girl with ‘B’ or ‘C’ cup breasts, way too big for me, but looking at it I thought that I could adapt it to fit. The bra part wasn’t as difficult to modify as I thought, but the big problem was the cups. They were made of spiralling plastic bars in a cone shape with a cap inside the tip to cover the nipples and areolas. There was a gap in between the spiral that had a pink lining. Ryan got me to take that out. If I’d been a ‘B’ cup a spiral of flesh would have been visible, but my tiny tits were totally lost in those cone shaped spirals. In fact anyone who looked closely could see straight in to my nipples. The straps of the top were made of springy plastic so they just ‘hung’ on me.

The bottoms presented another problem. The material was way too long and there was no way that I was going to cut it. What I did instead was to find a couple of purple scarfs in the local market. They were only 10 inches wide and a little see through, as they would be bunched up a bit I didn’t think that I’d have a problem. The sides of the bottoms were also made of springy plastic that just went round me, the springy part holding them in place. The thing about them was that because I am so small they sat very low on me. The front part only just covered the top of my slit.

If anyone had just gently pulled the top or the bottoms they would have come right off me.

As I’m sure you will know, the Leia bottoms are designed to be worn with nothing underneath and Ryan said that I wasn’t going to be an exception. He also told me to cut the scarf that was going to be on the front down to just 5 inches. I told him that I thought that 5 inches would mean that my pubes would be showing a lot but Ryan said that because I shave it wouldn’t matter.

I felt sooo naked when we went to that party. Most of Ryan’s colleagues stared at my nipples through the bra, and I caught a few of them standing beside me trying to look under the material at the front. Perhaps some of them did see my pussy. None of them said that they did, but there again what man would admit to it if they had.

Oh, Ryan looked good, and stupid as a storm trooper. He kept complaining that he was too hot whereas I was almost naked and not very warm.

**The other Parties**

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Talking of parties, some of Ryan’s work mates seem to be taking it in turns to have a party. We’ve been to 2 so far, and we’ve had one at our place as well. Fortunately they’re not fancy dress parties but that didn’t mean that I wore lots of ‘decent’ clothes. Ryan has this ability to persuade me to go out wearing next to nothing. If he wants me to wear something that could easily get me arrested he teases me to get me so sexually frustrated that I will agree to anything in the hope that he’ll let me cum quite soon.

**First Party**

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Before the first one Ryan woke me up in the nicest possible way and continued to fuck me until I’d cum 3 times. Then he had me wear one of the remote control vibes all day with just a micro skirt and halter top. He teased me continually while we were at home and out shopping but he wouldn’t let me cum. If he’d told me to drop my skirt and rip my top off in the supermarket and fuck the nearest man then I would have done, I was sooo desperate for a cock to fuck me and make me cum.

We finally got to the party with me still desperate for his cock. I was clinging to him as we chatted to people and he kept calling me his ‘horny little slut’. Technically he was right about the first part, the second part is correct; but the third part was wrong, I only wanted him.

Ryan had let me take the vibe out just before we got there, but he’d got me to wear my 3 barbells, stirrups and chains. The ones in my nipples were slightly visible through my top, and whenever I bent forwards anyone in front of me could see them.

The chain hanging from my clit hood was showing below my skirt and whenever anyone mentioned it Ryan got me to lift the front of my skirt to show whoever the whole thing. I was that horny that I just lifted up my skirt up. I suppose the alcohol helped as well.

Ryan left me talking to some girls while he got talking about a work problem with some of his mates. We girls got talking about clothes and short skirts. One of the girls (Karen) couldn’t understand how I could wear a skirt so short without any knickers.

My response was to bet Karen that I could get her to be bottomless or perhaps even totally naked, in that room, within 1 hour. All she had to agree to do was to put a little dildo in her pussy and pretend that it wasn’t there.

One of the other girls there (Emma) knew that I meant a remote controlled vibrator and backed me up with the bet. Karen looked confident and I agreed when she said that both Emma and I had to get naked if we lost.

I went and got the vibe out of Ryan’s pocket and Karen, Emma and I went to the toilet. After we’d all had a pee, I gave Karen the ‘dildo’ and challenged her again.

“Easy,” she said, “that’s not much of a dildo; I won’t even feel that little thing.”

As she started to pull her thong back up Emma told her to put it in her bag instead.

“No problem,” Karen said, “I’m looking forward to seeing you 2 completely naked with all those men looking at you.”

We went back to the main room and split up with me going back to Ryan. I whispered to him telling him what was going on and his hand went into his pocket to the control.

Karen was talking to a man that she and Ryan work with when the vibe started. You should have seen her jump. Her face was a picture of shock, amazement, pleasure and pain. It took a couple of seconds for her to realise what had happened, and what was still happening.

Now Ryan has had lots of practice taking me to the edge then backing off, and he used all those skills on Karen. The poor girl got redder and redder. The man near her just couldn’t understand what was going on.

Shortly after Ryan started working on Karen, I went and stood next to Emma. Whenever she looked at us we just put our hands in the air to show her that we were doing nothing – and smiled.

Karen was so consumed with what was happening to her that she ignored the concern from the man next to her. Emma went over, pulled him to one side and explained what was happening. With a big grin on his face he stood back and watched Karen.

Ryan was on top form and after about 30 minutes of torture Karen looked desperate to cum. She kept looking at the crotch of every man in the room.

Emma went over to Karen and whispered,

“Get naked and you can cum.”

“Noooooo.” Karen said.

“Okay then.” Emma said and walked back to me.

Ten minutes later Karen’s hand went to the zip on her skirt. Her hand was shaking as she tried to unfasten the hook and zip. All the time she was moving her weight from one leg to another.

Eventually, Karen’s skirt hit the floor leaving her bottomless and anyone in the room who hadn’t noticed her suffering was now staring at her.

“Pleeeeease!” Karen mouthed at Emma and I.

Emma shook her head sideways and pretended to take her top off to tell Karen to take hers off.

After the next quick blast from Ryan, Karen took her top off. She wasn’t wearing a bra so she was now naked apart from her shoes. She was stood there, shaking, tits wobbling and with juices running down the insides of her legs as her audience cheered her on.

“Pleeeeease!” Karen shouted this time.

I looked over to Ryan and nodded my head.

The vibe obviously went up to full and stayed there because Karen went,

“Arrrrrgh, fuck, shit, oooooow, aaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!”

He body was covered in sweat and her juices and she was having convulsions. Ryan kept her on a high for ages and at one point I thought that she might collapse or have an epileptic type fit.

Her audience was mesmerised.

Eventually Ryan must have decided that she’d had enough and switched the vibe off. As she calmed down Emma and I went and held an arm each and led her to the sofa. Telling a couple of men to get up, we sat Karen down so that she could relax. She sat with her legs wide open, not caring who could see what.

Someone brought her a drink of water and about 5 minutes later she looked up at Emma and I and said,

“You fucking bastards, you fucking, wonderful, bastards.”

After another 5 minutes she told us that she needed a shower and asked us to help her up.

Karen went off to get a shower, forgetting to collect her clothes as she went.

Ryan came over to Emma and I and I reminded him that he still hadn’t made me cum and that watching Karen had made me more desperate.

“Okay, Ryan said, “get naked and I’ll make you cum.”

“What, here, in front of all these people.” I asked.

“Yeah why not? Karen’s just stripped and came in front of everyone so you can as well.”

I just stood there not knowing what to do. I really didn’t want to take my clothes off right there, but at the same time I did need to cum. Ryan had kept me on the brink for most of the day.

In the end I didn’t need to make a decision, Ryan made it for me; he undid my top and let it drop to the floor. The couple stood close to us just stared as my minute tits and jewellery became visible for all to see. I just stood there as Ryan unfastened my skirt and let that drop too.

I sort of came to my senses and put one arm across my nipples and the other hand to my bald pubes.

“Don’t be shy TT.” Ryan said; “put your hands down and act normally.”

“Please Ryan,” I said, “Please make me cum so that I can get dressed again.”

“All in good time my love.” Ryan said.

The bugger then started talking to the couple next to us leaving me just standing there with the man, and goodness knows how many others, staring at me.

I felt my nipples get harder and my pussy get even wetter as all those men (and a few women) were staring at me. I didn’t know whether to run or finger myself right there. While I was making up my mind Emma said,

“I like the jewellery Tanya.”

“Err, thank you Emma.” I replied.

“Hey, relax Tanya. Unless your man is going to fuck you right here and now you’ve nothing to worry about.” Emma said.

“He might just do that. It’s not the first time he’s fucked me in public.” I said.

“Wow! Lucky you! Emma said.

Emma started telling me about the time when she got fucked with a dildo by Karen on a bench in a shopping centre when Karen came back into the room. She was still naked and had a big rosy grin on her face. She came over to us and held out her open hand with the vibe on it.

“That was a cruel trick you pulled on me, but I’m glad that you did it, where did you get that thing from, and how did you control it?”

By that time Ryan had turned to get a better look at his work colleague’s naked body. His hand went into his pocket and he pulled out the remote control. With a big grin on his face he said,

“Do you want to get your revenge?” Ryan asked.

Karen’s naked smile got bigger and her hand closed.

“Turn round and bend over TT.” Ryan said.

I looked at Karen, then at Ryan and said,

“No. I can’t!”

“Yes you can Tanya,” Ryan said, “Do it!”

I resigned myself to a similar fate to Karen and turned and bent at the waist.

“Open those legs girl.” Karen said.

When I did, Karen let me stay like that for ages and I was getting more and more embarrassed as I thought about all those people looking at my spread, very wet pussy with the chain dangling from it.

All those eyes were burning my pussy and it was lubricating more and more to put out that fire.

Eventually I felt Karen’s fingers probe my pussy and then the vibe sliding in.

Someone’s hand was on my back keeping me bent over. Finally the hand lifted and I stood up just as Ryan passed the remote control to Karen. She switched it on and even though I watched her do it I was still shocked when it started up. I gasped and shook all over. I felt my nipple chains bounce.

Karen turned the vibe up to full blast and within seconds I had convulsions and completely lost it. My legs gave way and down I went. The thing was, I was stood near a sofa with people on it and I collapsed onto them. Lying along their laps I was shaking and moaning as I had one orgasm after another after another. My whole day’s sexual frustration was coming out of me in one mind-blowing session

When the orgasmic waves started to recede I managed to open my eyes and see the faces of the people (2 men and 2 women) I was lying on. All had smiles on their faces. As soon as I was capable I said that I was sorry to them all, but one man said,

“The pleasure was all mine.”

“I really don’t think so.” I said as I rolled off them onto the floor.

I stood up and looked round the room for Ryan. Just about everyone was looking at me. I got sooo embarrassed again. When I saw Ryan he was just grinning. Our eyes met and he put out his hand for me. He pulled me to him and gave me a big hug and a long passionate kiss. I forgot my embarrassment.

“Worth the wait was it?” Ryan asked.

“Yes and no.” I replied. “Yes because I had REALLY good orgasms, but no because there was so many people watching me. It’s embarrassing and humiliating.”

“Yes, but that’s what makes it so good.” Ryan said.

What could I say; I knew that he was right.

“Can I get dressed now please?” I asked Ryan.

“Not yet my darling; I want people to see that you’re proud of yourself.” Ryan said.

“I’m not.” I said, “I’m embarrassed. It’s so humiliating cumming in front of strangers.”

“But it makes your orgasms so much better.” Ryan said.

Ryan wouldn’t let me get dressed for about an hour. What’s more, he introduced me to all the people that we hadn’t got round to talking to by then. I had to stand there naked making small talk as they stared at me. Just about all of them wanted to talk about my jewellery and I got fed-up with telling people why I’d had the piercings and what it was like having the chains bouncing about. One cheeky man even got hold of the chain hanging from my right nipple and gave it a couple of gentle tugs. If they hadn’t already been rock hard those tugs would have made them hard.

About half way through that hour Ryan switched the vibe onto low and my AF started to rise. By the time Ryan let me get dressed I wanted Ryan to fuck me. I had to wait until we were on the bus going home.

On the way home from the party Ryan confirmed what I’d guessed about Karen, she’s a lesbian. Emma is Karen’s live-in girlfriend and an orthopaedic nurse. She works for an agency and is called in as and when needed.

**Second Party**

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The second party wasn’t so ‘pleasurable’, although I did end up naked again. It started off quite quietly with people just drinking, talking and dancing. Then someone suggested playing some party games. Quite a few of us had met up in a pub before going to the party and most of us were quite happy.

I was wearing a mini dress that night and in the pub I’d caught a couple of the guys looking up my dress. I’d told Ryan about it and he’d told me to ignore it. He told me that it was ‘natural instinct’ for men to try to look up girls skirts, particularly if they were on cute young women. He said that I was in that category so I should be happy.

I was, not because of the 2 guys, because of Ryan’s complements.

Anyway, at the party the games started with the boring ones, passing something from chin to chin and the likes. The games got a bit embarrassing when balloons had to be passed between peoples legs. Needless to say that the guys had to help the girls pull their skirts up a bit (any excuse).

I just knew what would happen when someone produced a Twister board. I told Ryan that I didn’t want to play but he told me not to be a prude and to get on with it.

The inevitable happened and I ended up with my dress up around my chest, letting everyone see that I wasn’t wearing any knickers. In a way I didn’t feel too bad because 2 other girls were going commando as well.

Somehow all 3 of us commando girls got through to the next round and only lost in the final. By that time our bald pussies had been seen by everyone there.

After that game we split into teams of girls vs. boys and we all had a series of team challenges. Most were boring, but handstands and headstands were some of the challenges. All the girls that were wearing knickers showed them to everyone as they attempted to stand on their hands and heads. There were big cheers as the other 2 commando girls did their headstands and handstands. One of the commando girls spread her legs wide and got lots of cheers and applause.

I’d deliberately kept to the back of the room hoping that I’d somehow get over-looked, but it wasn’t to be. Someone called my name and I had to go to the front and stand on my head. I’ve always been quite good at it but I’d never done a headstand (or a handstand) at a party before, never when I’d been wearing only a loose fitting dress and never when I was half drunk.

Anyway, I knew that I had to do it, and I knew what would happen; and it did. My dress slid down to round my neck leaving me naked from the neck down (up).

Everyone cheered at my exposure as I just stood there on my head with my legs firmly together. Ryan came over to me and told everyone that I could stay like that for ages and that I could move my legs all around without falling over. Of course everyone wanted me to show them that I could do it.

Ryan got down on the floor and told me to show them; for him. He just knew that I can’t refuse a request from him, so I did. First I lowered my legs forwards. I knew that my pussy would be showing but Ryan wanted me to do it.

Then I spread my legs wide. People probably thought that my red face was because of the blood running to my head but it was partially embarrassment. I knew that my pussy was all wet and that everyone would know that I was aroused. I didn’t want to be but I just couldn’t help it.

After about 5 minutes I’d had enough and I got back onto my feet and my dress fell back into place.

I started to feel better but someone told me that I still had to do a handstand.

“Shit!” I said to Ryan.

“Go on TT, I know that you can do it.” Ryan said.

It wasn’t the handstand that worried me it was that I knew that my dress would end up on the floor round my hands. I didn’t want to be naked again, but I knew that I had to do it.

The inevitable happened and as I moved my hands to keep my balance I walked right out of the dress. What’s more I saw someone pick it up.

“Open your legs!” Someone shouted.

I knew that I’d have to do it sometime so I figured the sooner that I did it the sooner that I’d be back on my feet and back in my dress. I opened my legs wide letting everyone get a closer look at my wet, swollen, open pussy.

The cheers got louder but some of the audience got too close, knocked my leg and I fell over.

Ryan got to me and helped me up, but we couldn’t find my dress. I had to stay naked for ages as Ryan kept telling me that it would turn up.

Ryan and I became more popular and people kept bringing us drinks so that they could get a close look at me. It was a good job that the alcohol was numbing my embarrassment.

As people started to leave I started getting a bit worried about how I was going to get home without any clothes. A woman coming out of the bedroom, where all the coats were, had my dress in her hand and she told me that she found it under her coat.

**Third Party**

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The third party was at our place. When Ryan told me he asked me to be the perfect host. Of course I agreed, but then he told me that the perfect host would be his Magaluf naked slave girl. I froze and my jaw dropped.

After a few seconds I said,

“You mean that you want me to be completely naked all the time.”

“No,” Ryan said, “my slave wears a dog collar and lead. She would wear her handcuffs but you can’t serve drinks wearing those.”

“Are you serious?” I asked.

Ryan nodded and I knew that he meant it. I also knew that I’d do it. I didn’t want to, but I’d do it, for him.

I was nervous as hell as we got everything ready. About an hour before we were expecting the first guests Ryan told me to go and take a shower. I was just about finished when he came in and fucked me hard before telling me to get dried and dressed (ha!).

When the first guests arrived they just stood and stared at me for a few seconds before coming in.

“I didn’t know that it was fancy dress.” The woman said.

“It’s not.” Ryan said, “I just wanted to have the perfect host for us.”

“Well, she’s definitely perfect.” The man said.

That made me feel a little better, but I was still embarrassed and nervous. As I got them a drink I had one myself. By the time 4 couples had arrived I was starting to relax. That was until I opened our door and saw our neighbours, John and Sandra. I just stood there with my mouth open.

“Hi, come in,” Ryan said, “darling, I invited our neighbours. It seemed wrong not to.”

“Of course,” I said, “what can I get you to drink?”

Sandra grabbed my arm and led me to the kitchen. As we were getting the drinks she said,

“Well Tanya, I’ve seen you go out quite a few times wearing risqué outfits, and I’ve followed you up the stairs a few times and seen what you don’t wear under your skirts; but I never expected this. Are you some sort of submissive Tanya?”

“No, no, I love Ryan and I’ll do anything for him. It’s just that he likes to embarrass me by showing me to people. It’s harmless fun. It’s not like he hurts me or anything. He loves me, and the sex afterwards is out of this world. Besides, I enjoy it as well.”

“It’s a good job. I could never live with myself if my neighbour was a wife-beater.” Sandra said.

“Ryan has NEVER hit me and he NEVER would. Well, that’s excluding him spanking my bottom a few times.” I said.

Sandra smiled and said,

“I’m sorry Tanya, but I had to ask. You know, John used to spank me sometimes when I’d been bad, on my bare butt too.”

“That’s okay Sandra, and thank you for caring.”

“The sex after a spanking was great too.” Sandra added.

We finished getting the drinks and went out to the rest of the people. John started telling me how good I looked but I never heard much of it. I was thinking about what I’d just said to Sandra. I’d admitted that I liked Ryan showing my naked body to people. Did that mean that I really am an exhibitionist? No it couldn’t mean that. After all, I only agree to do it for Ryan, not for me.

The doorbell brought me back to earth and I went and let some more people in. It was Karen and Emma.

“Wow Tanya!” Emma said, “Are you trying to upstage us before we even arrive?”

“No, no,” I said, “It’s Ryan, he wanted a naked slave girl to be the host and guess what?”

“Well you certainly play the part well Tanya.” Karen said.

The party got going well with people sitting on the few chairs that we have, and on the floor. I threw myself into getting drinks for people in the hope that I would stop being so embarrassed. It didn’t work. My mouth and pussy had been dry at the start of the party, probably because of my nerves. I’d solved my dry mouth problem with a few drinks but my pussy was getting a bit wet.

After a while of serving drinks Emma (who was sat on the sofa) asked me if I was enjoying being naked in front of all the people. I said that I wasn’t and Emma told me that I was.

“I am not!” I said.

“Your pussy tells me that you are.” Emma said.

I hadn’t thought about it before, but with Emma (and others) being sat on the sofa, their eyes were at my pussies level. I looked down to my pussy and realised that it was quite wet and shiny. What’s more, my vulva was all swollen.

I hurried back to the kitchen. As I stood there I started thinking about my pussy. I was getting horny, my AF was rising. I tried to take my mind off it by taking more drinks out to people, but as I stood in front of the people sat on the floor I got hornier and wetter as I realised that they were actually looking up at my pussy.

Why was my body betraying me? Again! I had to have another drink.

The party went on as most parties do; and there was no sex, well not that I saw; although I couldn’t stop thinking about it. We did play a few party games but my embarrassment was pushed to one side by the alcohol. At one point Ryan had to tell me to ease up on the booze. I do remember Emma being naked at one point. Next day Ryan told me that we’d played truth or dare and that Emma had been dared to get naked. Then Karen had borrowed one of the remote vibes and used it on Emma to make her cum in front of everyone.

Before I knew it the party was over and I was in bed with Ryan pleading for him to fuck me.

The next morning I woke up before Ryan and crawled (still naked and still wearing the dog collar) through to the kitchen to put the coffee on. As I came out of the kitchen to go and have a pee I realised that there were bare legs hanging off both end of the sofa.

WTF I thought and went over to see who it was. I lifted the blanket and saw Karen and Emma. Both were naked, and both had their heads near the other’s pussy. They looked like they’d been eating each other as a late supper and fallen asleep.

I covered them up and went for the pee.

I took a cup of coffee back to bed and drank it before falling back to sleep.

When I woke up again I could smell bacon cooking. I turned over and Ryan wasn’t there. I found him in the kitchen (wearing just his boxers) with a naked Emma, getting us some breakfast.

“I wasn’t dreaming then!” I said.

Karen crept up behind me and made me jump when she said,

“No, Ryan told us that we could crash here last night. I hope you don’t mind. I assume that it was you lifting the blanket earlier and not that perv of a boyfriend of yours.”

“Hey, stop calling me a perv. I wasn’t the one stripping off and trying to get everyone else to strip as well.” Ryan said.

“Did I really do that? Wow! It was a good night.” Karen said.

“Err, are you guys okay being naked with Ryan here?” I asked.

“Yeah, of course, Ryan knows that were not available to him, we’ve joked about it enough at work; besides, he’s crazy about you, you should hear him going on about you at work. He thinks that the sun shines out of your arse; well your pussy. We’re not embarrassed if he’s not. Isn’t that right Emma?” Karen said.

“Yeah Karen; even if his cock is as big as it looks through those boxers, I don’t want it.” Emma replied.

Emma and Ryan finished cooking the breakfast and the 4 of us (3 naked girls and Ryan wearing only his boxers) sat round the table eating and talking.

Karen and Emma are quite nice people really. When they found out that I didn’t have a full time job Emma told us that she only worked a couple of days a week and that we should get together sometime.

I asked Emma where she worked and she told us that she usually worked in the broken limbs department at the local hospital, plastering people up.

“Do you mean putting broken arms and legs in plaster?” I asked.

“Yes, mostly arms and legs.” Emma said.

“Think what it would be like to break both your arms and both your legs.” Karen said.

“One poor teenage girl did just that the other week. We sent her home wearing nothing but 4 heavy Plaster of Paris lumps. The poor kid would have to have everything done for her for a couple of months; and I mean everything.” Emma said.

“I’d like to try that sometime; just for a few hours.” I said, “Think what it would be like to have someone doing everything for you.”

“Careful what you wish for Tanya, I could easily arrange it for you.” Emma replied. “The nursing school are always looking for volunteers for the new recruits to practice on.”

“Hey, do you guys know that there’s a man with a telescope in that block over there?” Karen suddenly said as she looked out of the window.

“It’s alright, he can’t see anything.” I said.

“I think that he can.” Karen said as she got up and went to the window and waved.

“Look, he’s waving back.” Karen said.

“Ryan, you told me that he couldn’t see us.” I said sounding annoyed.

“Well, it’s too late now. No point in changing our habits, he must have seen us dozens of times by now.” Ryan said.

“But he’s probably watched us fucking all over the place, even on this table.” I replied.

“Yew!” Emma said.

“He couldn’t have been that upset if he’s still looking at us; and we’re still alive so it hasn’t done us any harm, has it.”

“Well no, but that’s not the point. I don’t like people seeing me naked, never mind fucking. We’ll have to get some curtains.” I said.

Karen laughed,

“What do you mean you don’t like people seeing you naked, you were naked all last night with dozens of people getting a close-up of your pussy; and you were certainly enjoying being looked at.”

“No I wasn’t.” I said.

“That’s not what you’re pussy was saying last night girl. You looked like you were going to cream yourself any second.” Karen said.

I blushed as I vaguely remembered realising how wet my pussy was during the party. Why the hell do I get so aroused when I’m naked in public? Why can’t my body listen to my brain?

“Anyway loves young dream, Emma and I have things to do today; any chance of a quick shower before we leave?” Karen asked.

“Yes, of course,” Ryan said, “you know where it is; I’ll get you some fresh towels.”

Karen and Emma went off to the bathroom and a few minutes later I heard them giggling a bit.

“They’re quite nice those 2 aren’t they?” I said to Ryan who sort of grunted. What are we going to do about mister perv, as Karen called him, over the road? I don’t want him watching me while I haven’t got any clothes on.”

“Why not? It hasn’t been a problem for the last umpteen months so why should it be a problem now?” Ryan asked. “Just ignore him like you have been doing.”

“Well okay, but I’ll keep thinking about him and looking to see if he’s looking. When I see him I’ll get embarrassed.” I said.

“You meant that you’ll get turned on knowing that he’s looking.” Ryan said.

“No I won’t.”

“Yes you will.”

“No I won’t.”

“Yes you will. Come on TT admit it; you’ll enjoy it.”

With that Ryan took me over to the window and stood me right in front of it. The man was there looking though his telescope. Ryan stood behind me and put his hands on my little tits. As he squeezed my nipples I got a wet rush. Ryan kissed my neck and hugged me from behind. I tried to turn round to face him but he held me firm. He obviously wanted mister perv to watch my front.

“I bet that you’re getting wet and all tingly aren’t you?”

I didn’t answer him and after a few seconds his right hand slid down my front to my pussy. His index finger parted my lips and slid straight into me.

“Told you. You’re red hot, all swollen and wet enough to drown someone. I’ll have to take care of that when those 2 have gone.”

Ryan left me standing there as he started clearing the table. Half of me was saying run and hide, but the other half was telling me to masturbate for the man, right there in front of the window.

I did neither because Karen and Emma came out of the bathroom just then. Karen asked,

“Has either of you 2 seen our clothes?”

“Look under the sofa.” Ryan shouted.

They got dressed and as they left Karen said,

“Remember to put on a good show for mister perv.”

Ryan had finished clearing the table and he took me over to it and bent me over it.

Guess what he did before we started to clean the place up?

A couple of days later Ryan came home from work and told me that everyone had really enjoyed my party outfit and that they’d all agreed that at the start of each future party there would be a quick splitting of a pack of cards to pick the lucky person who would have to get naked and spend the whole party naked.

My first thought was to hope that it wouldn’t be me again. My second thought was to hope that it would be one of the men. I looked forward to seeing one of the men embarrassed with a hard-on all night. Ryan told me that one of the guys had renamed the parties as the OON Parties. OON being Only One Naked.

There’s another party coming up in a few weeks. I wonder how that will go.

**Ryan invites his friends round**

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

After the party at our place Ryan told me that he wanted to invite a couple of his mates round for a few beers, watching football on the television and electronic games. I told him that it was okay with me; in fact it was good that he was making new friends – not that I didn’t want him to myself; but I realise the importance of friends.

That was when Ryan dropped the bombshell. He told me that he wanted me to be the same type of host that I’d been at our party.

“Fucking hell Ryan; you want me to serve the food and drink whist NAKED! You’re kidding me right? It’s one thing being the only one naked when there are lots of people, male and female; but it’s different when there are only 3 or 4 MEN. What if things get out of hand and they want to have sex with me, do you want them to rape me?”

“No, no, it would never get to that. I just thought that it would be quite nice for them to look at your gorgeous body.” Ryan replied.

“But it would be humiliating for me.” I said.

“Hey, you managed okay at the party, in fact you enjoyed it.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Your pussy said otherwise; and you were as horny as hell in bed afterwards.”

“But what if one of then tries to kiss me or touch me up or even fuck me?”

“Do you want them to fuck you?”

“NO! You know that I only want you.”

“But you get so horny when other people see you without your clothes on. Are you sure that you don’t want other men to fuck you?”

“NO, NO! I can’t help what my body does, just like you can’t control when you get a hard-on. Just because my pussy gets wet doesn’t mean that I want someone other than you to fuck me.”

“Wet! You get so wet that I think you might drown me; and you sometimes cum when you’re naked in front of others too; and by the noises you make you are certainly enjoying it.”

“I know, I know. I can’t help it; it just happens. Of course I enjoy cumming; just like you do; but I only want to be fucked by you my love. And by the look of that, you want to fuck me now.”

I went up to Ryan and hugged him; his hard-on pressing against my stomach. I just hoped that he didn’t remind me of Magaluf. I really did want those hunks to fuck me; and Ryan knew it too.

“Hey, I only want what you want TT. If any of them try to do anything that you aren’t happy about, tell me and they’ll be out of the door before you can say ‘Tiny Tits’.

Ryan had done it again, he’d talked me into exposing myself - again.

“Can I think about it?”

“Okay, you’ve got the 3 seconds that it will take for you to bend over the dining table.”

Ryan rammed his hard cock into my pussy from behind. I gasped and said,

“Okay, okay, I’ll do it.”

Ryan leaned over me and put his arms round my chest. He then lifted me up and held my back against his chest, then walked over to the window with my pussy impaled on his cock and my feet dangling in the air.

My face was almost touching the glass when Ryan said,

“Can you see mister perv?”

“What! Shit, is that dirty old bastard looking again? Get me away from here.”

“He’s probably there; let’s give him a good show.”

Ryan held me up with one arm and used his other hand to play with my clit. Neither of us lasted long and we came just about together.

After we’d both cum Ryan said,

“You’ll do it then.”

“When do I ever let you down?”

“That’s my girl, come and sit on my cock while we watch the news on the television.”

That was how I got talked into it. When it came to the first time that they came over I was as nervous as hell. Ryan put the dog collar on me just before they arrived and I was in the kitchen getting the snacks ready when the doorbell went.

Ryan let Pete and Mike in and brought them into the kitchen to say hello. My hands automatically went to cover my pussy and little tits.

I turned and saw them and we just stared at each other. I wanted to run to the bedroom and hide but Ryan came and held my hand and asked me if I remembered them.

“Of course, hi Pete, hi Mike.” I said.

“Hi Tanya,” Mike said. “You always wear the nicest of outfits.”

“I half expected that you were into candaulism Ryan.” Pete said.

“Into what?” Ryan said.

“Candaulism; It’s when a man exposes his wife or partner to other men.”

“I wouldn’t say that, Tanya does it because she wants to, and she enjoys it.” Ryan said.

“Don’t listen to Ryan,” I said, “I’m only doing this because Ryan wants me to. I’m finding the whole experience very embarrassing.” I said.

“Whatever the reason;” Mike said, “I’m enjoying it.”

“And I’m certainly not complaining.” Pete said.

“Can I get anyone a beer?” I said, trying to distract them from staring at me.

I have to say, when Mike and Pete were staring at me I did get a little wet rush; but I guess that any woman would.

The guys went and got on with their electronic games with both Mike and Pete staring at me as much as they could. Ryan seemed to be winning all the games; maybe Ryan wanted me to be naked to distract Mike and Pete. I kept them supplied with drinks and snacks and got a little less uncomfortable, but still embarrassed. Every time that I was stood directly in front of Mike or Pete I could feel my face burning – and my pussy getting wetter.

Anyway, their staring was taking its toll on my pussy. After about an hour I was quite wet, and my AF was rising. I tried going into the kitchen or bedroom to take my mind off their staring, but my mind kept going back to their eyes glued to my pussy.

I was in the bedroom one time when Ryan came in. He’d been for a pee and came in to check on me. He kissed me and thanked me for making him happy. Then he put his hand on my pussy. His middle finger easily slid inside me.

“I don’t know why I’m thanking you; you’re getting more out of this than me.” He said as his finger went further inside me.

“It’s embarrassing.” I said.

“And that’s part of what makes it so pleasurable my love.” Ryan said as he pulled his finger out. “We’re going to watch the match now; can you keep us topped up please?”

As Ryan pulled away from me I put my hand on his crotch. He was hard so I said,

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you?”

“Of course, just you wait until they’ve gone.” Ryan said.

A little later I went and got them more beers and snacks. I couldn’t think of anything else to do in the kitchen or bedroom so I sat on the only available chair and watched the game.

The chair was quite close to the television and I was watching at a funny angle – not that I found the game very interesting. I kept glancing over to the 3 guys. Ryan was fully focused on the game, but both Mike and Pete kept looking at me. Our eyes met a couple of times and we smiled then their eyes went back to the game.

I suddenly realised that I had un-crossed my legs; what’s more my knees were apart. What was wrong with me? How could I do something so stupid? I quickly crossed my legs again, but as I did so I felt my wet inner thighs come together. Blood hell, I was soaking wet.

I had to get out of there so I got up and went to the bathroom to dry myself. After that, instead of going to the bedroom to cool off, I went straight back to the lounge and sat in the same chair, and for some strange reason I didn’t cross my legs.

At least my inner thighs were dry. If (when) Mike of Pete looked they wouldn’t be able to tell that I was aroused. I glanced down to my pussy; shit, my clit was sticking out further than normal. I squeezed my thighs together, but that made it worse, I was getting wet again and my clit was starting to throb.

I thought that if I close my eyes and think of anything but sex then I would calm down; but my mind just kept thinking about Mike and Pete looking at my pussy.

About 5 minutes later I just knew that I was going to cum. I stood up and nearly ran to the bathroom. As soon as I got there my hand went straight to my pussy and within seconds I was cumming; but I did manage to keep reasonably quiet.

When I calmed down I cleaned myself up ready to go back out. My nipples were rock hard, so was my clit, and my lips were swollen. Hoping that none of them would be able to tell that I’d just had an orgasm, I calmly walked back out and asked the boys if they wanted another beer.

I sat down again and didn’t close my legs. It was if I just didn’t care anymore. I put my head back, closed my eyes and relaxed. I started dreaming of the good times I’d had in Magaluf. I remembered the naked bike ride, being naked on the beach when everyone else around me was wearing clothes, the mechanical bull, and those hunks in the erotic dancing club. Oh, oh those cocks! I suddenly realised that I’d been dreaming about the wrong things; I was getting aroused again.

I opened my eyes, and sure enough, Pete’s eyes were glued to my pussy. I had another wet rush.

I had to escape again. Just as I stood up Ryan asked me to get them another beer. Why didn’t I buy bigger bottles? When I was handing the bottles to the boys I had to stand right in front of them. Pete had a big grin on his face and I realised that he must be able to see my wet thighs and protruding, swollen clit.

I had another wet rush.

Mike was just as bad and I quickly moved on to Ryan who put his hand on mine, keeping me from moving away.

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you TT?”

I said nothing.

With his other hand Ryan reached out and touched my clit. I gasped then said,

“Stop it Ryan, you’ll embarrass Mike and Pete.”

“No he won’t.” Pete said.

“Well he’ll embarrass me.” I said; hoping that Ryan would leave my pussy alone.

He didn’t. What he did do was to squeeze my clit.

Instinctively I opened my legs a bit to give him better access. Within seconds I was cumming with Mike and Pete sat there watching and listening. Ryan kept playing with my clit and kept me cumming for ages. My whole body was convulsing, and how I stayed on my feet I will never know; but I did.

As the waves subsided I looked at Mike and Pete and felt so humiliated. I wanted to run but Ryan held onto my hand until I stopped trying to pull away. He pulled me down onto his lap and I had to sit there looking at Pete and Mike who still had big grins on their faces.

Thankfully the match ended soon and Mike and Pete said that they had to leave. When we stood up I looked at Ryan’s jeans; they had a big wet patch where my pussy had been.

As Mike and Pete set off down the stairs I heard Mike say,

“FIH, Ryan’s a lucky bastard. I wish that I had a girlfriend who will walk around in the nudie and let me make her cum in front of my friends.”

“Me too.” Pete said.

As I shut the door Ryan grabbed me and fucked me up against the inside of the front door.

A couple of weeks later Ryan told me that he’s invited another 2 of his mates, Dave and James, over for another games night. When he told me I managed to get him to promise that he wouldn’t finger me in front of them. He didn’t say anything about me being naked while they were there so just before they were due to arrive I started to put a dress on.

“What are you doing?” Ryan said.

“Getting ready for Dave and James.” I replied.

“But you’re supposed to be naked again.”

“Oh no, please don’t ask me to do that again. It was soo humiliating when you made me cum with them watching.”

“Relax TT; I’ve already promised not to finger you, in fact I’ll promise not to even touch you.”

“Do I have to?”

“Please Tanya, for me.” Ryan said in his cute pleading voice.

“Oh okay, but keep your hands to yourself.”

“Thank you TT, I’ll make it up to you afterwards.”

“You better had.”

“Oh, can you wear your nipple and clit jewellery instead of the dog collar please?”

I wasn’t keen on that as I knew that they would attract eyes to them, but if it meant that Ryan would keep his hands off me whilst they were there then it was okay with me.

When I heard the doorbell ring Ryan came over to me and said,

“Just a minute TT; there’s one more thing that I have to do before you open that door.”

He gently pushed me down onto the sofa and opened my legs wide. Before I realised it he had pushed one of the remote vibes up my pussy. Thankfully it wasn’t switched on and I rushed to the door.

Opening it and feeling embarrassed, Dave said,

“It’s true then; hi Tanya, you look ravishing. I like the chains.”

James brought one of his hands from behind his back to reveal a big bottle of my favourite wine.

“Just for my favourite nudist.” James said.

A smile came to my face and I thought that perhaps the evening wouldn’t be so bad.

“I’m not a nudist.” I said.

“You certainly look like a beautiful nudist to me.” James said.

I blushed and got embarrassed again.

“Come on in guys.” Ryan said from behind me.

The evening started very much the same as the one with Mike and Pete, except that I was drinking some very nice wine. As the evening settled into a pattern I could have gone into the bathroom and squeezed the vibe out but I didn’t; why I didn’t I will never know because I just knew what Ryan was going to do to me. What was I thinking?

Before long I’d forgotten about my embarrassment; and the dormant vibe in my pussy.

After getting the guys about their fourth beer I suddenly jumped and gasped. Then I giggled as I realised that Ryan had switched the vibe on, on low. Both James and Dave looked over to me for a second before getting back to their game.

I got the guys some more beers and lined them up with the ones that they still had; then sat on the chair opposite them. The wine (and the vibe on low) had relaxed me and I sat lazily on the front edge of the chair without crossing my legs.

Ryan looked over to me, smiled and winked at me. Then his hand went into his pocket and I felt the vibe increase. I giggled and closed my eyes. I was feeling happy. I knew what was going to happen and I didn’t care that Dave and James were there.

My legs opened, my hand found its way to my pussy and a started frigging. My eyes may have been shut but I just knew that all 3 of them were watching me; and I didn’t care. All I wanted was to cum. And I did. Just as I did I felt the vibe increase. Ryan was going to keep me cumming and I wanted him to. I wanted him to fuck me but I knew that wasn’t going to happen so I was happy to settle for lots of orgasms.

My body got active and my mouth got vocal. I was enjoying it and I didn’t care who knew it.

One orgasm melted into another as one after another they hit me. I could feel the sweat all over me.

I lost count of the orgasms, and the time, sometime after the fifth one hit me.

Eventually Ryan must have decided that I’d had enough because the vibe died and I finally started to get back to normal.

When I opened my eyes all 3 guys had stopped their game and were staring at me. I smiled at them and said,

“Fuck, I needed that.”

“That was the most amazing sight that I have ever seen.” James said.

“Amazing!” was all that Dave could say.

“Next time that I tell you that Tanya is going to cum for you’d better believe me?” Ryan said.

Blankety, blank; Ryan just said that he’d told them in advance that I was going to cum in front of them. He’d planned it! I didn’t know whether to be annoyed or happy. Ryan really does know me, possibly better than I know myself.

I settled for enjoying the post orgasm pleasure and just lay there with my legs wide open.

The guys went back to their game and after a few minutes I decided that I needed a shower. I was just about to get up when the vibe kicked-in again – on full.

“Bastard!” I shouted as I squeezed my legs together then sighed. Before long my legs slowly opened as I felt yet another orgasm build.

Things happened the same way as they had a few minutes previous, only quicker; except that this time I kept my eyes open and both hands gripping the chair. Both Dave and James sat there with their mouths wide open while Ryan was grinning from ear to ear. He was enjoying my pleasure.

Ryan eventually switched the vibe off and let nature take its course.

This time as the wave receded I decided to get up and run to the bathroom before Ryan could hit me again.

I made it and sat on the side of the bath for a while before getting into the shower to wash the sweat off me.

Feeling much better, and quite sober, I wrapped a towel round my chest and went back to the guys. The beer bottles were empty so I replaced them with full ones. As I passed Ryan he stood up and kissed me; and un-wrapped the towel. As it fell to the floor Ryan slapped my butt and whispered, “Love you.”

I was still feeling a bit horny as I got another glass of wine and went back to my ‘torture’ chair. I held my wine glass in my right hand and used my left hand to pull the chain attached to my left nipple in all directions. It felt good.

I was still doing that when Dave suddenly said,

“Shit, is that the time? Sorry mate, but we have to be going.” He turned to me and said,

“Tanya, it’s been a real pleasure. You really do make the most perfect, entertaining host. I really do hope that I can meet someone like you one day. I really don’t want to go but I’ll be in dead trouble if I miss that bus.”

James protested a bit, but Dave wasn’t having any of it and they made their excuses and left. As soon as the door was shut I pushed Ryan onto the sofa, made him get that damn vibe out of me, and impaled myself on his cock.

As I slid down onto him I said,

“You really are a bastard aren’t you? You really do know how to manipulate me. No vibrators next time – promise.

As Ryan promised me I realised that I’d just told him that I was willing to be naked the next time that he has some of his mates round. What the hell was I thinking about?

There is going to be a next time, Ryan is planning it but he’s having trouble getting a date that is convenient for all of us. I’m trying to think of ways that Ryan might make me cum in front of his mates so that I can get him to promise to not do whatever it is that I think off.

**Emma**

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Emma phoned me a few days after the big party at our place. She was bored and wondered if I’d like to go for some retail therapy. I told her that I didn’t have much money, but a wander round the shops would be great.

As the weather wasn’t too bad I put on just a dress and jacket and set off to meet her in town. I was pleased to see that she was wearing similar clothes as me.

We had a great time trying on clothes. We usually shared a changing room and sometimes left the curtain open. I never saw any men looking at us, but a couple of women gave us filthy looks – miserable cows.

When we stopped in the food hall for a coffee we talked about the type of clothes that we normally wear. I was pleased to find out that both her and Karen dress in a similar way to me – no trousers or shorts. Between them they only own about 6 pairs of knickers and about 5 bras. Most of the bras belong to Karen as she has to wear one for work.

While we were in the food hall Emma started flashing her pussy at men that were there. She said that she loved teasing them, knowing that there wasn’t a cat in hells chance that they’d get close to it.

Emma got me to do it a couple of times as well. Why I did it I don’t know, but I have to confess that I did get wet.

**Home Alone**

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I’d never thought much about anyone looking into out un-curtained windows before Karen spotted mister perv. Since then I’ve kept looking up towards his window. I know that Ryan has told me to ignore him but I can’t. I hate the thought of him seeing me naked but I just can’t stop going to the window and looking for him.

Every morning after Ryan has left for work I go to the window and look for him. The thing is; I don’t put any clothes on before I go to the window. It’s like I want him to see me naked. Well my body does, every morning I go to get a T-shirt to put on but I never do it.

I get wet when I’m looking for him and when I see him I reach for a nipple and my clit. I haven’t told Ryan yet, but I’ve frigged to orgasm twice when I’ve seen him watching me.

One day when I was coming back from jogging I went into the block where he lives and worked out what number he lives at. I then went up the stairs to the floor above his and waited. After about 45 minutes his door opened and my heart started pounding. I followed him out of the building and down the street.

I wanted to see what his reaction would be if he saw me on the street so I waited until I saw a shortcut that I’d found and ran round it so that I could jog back towards him.

He saw me coming and just stood there staring at me. I didn’t look at him or even smile. I ignored him but I was lucky enough to see his reflection in a car windows. He was watching me run away from him.

Since then I have a more accurate image of the man that is watching me as I walk around my home, and when Ryan is fucking me on the sofa or table or floor.

**Part Time Shop Model**

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I started doing this again straight after I got back from Magaluf. I’ve had a couple of ‘interesting’ experiences recently. Before I tell you about them I have to tell you that the room that I use has been decorated and big full length mirrors put on the walls.

One of the ‘interesting’ experiences was a man who brought his 15 year old son along with him to help him choose what get for the 13 year old sister. He said that the brother knew more about what his little sister would like than he would. That was probably true, but what 15 year old boy wants to go shopping for clothes for a younger sister?

Anyway, they came into the room with a bundle of clothes and gave me the first outfit to model. I went behind the screen and started putting it on. What I hadn’t realised was that the son was walking around the room and had discovered a mirror that he could look in and see me in all my naked glory. It was only when I stepped out and saw his grin and red face that I realised what he had been looking at. I blushed as well, but got on with the job.

The son had found the place that he wanted to glue his feet to the floor and I had to endure him watching me every time that I got changed. In the end I just gave up and let him watch.

I had another domineering man in one day and before I knew it he had me getting changed right in front of him. Why do I let things like that happen to me?

The thing was, that day I was wearing my barbells and stirrups (no chains). When the man first got me to strip naked in front of him he saw the jewellery and got me to stand in front of him while he had a good look. I felt my nipples harden and pussy get wet as he looked at me. When he told me to open my legs I felt my juices leak out as he stared at my pussy.

“Does your mommy know that you wear those?” the man asked.

“No, my daddy bought them for me and he likes to put them in for me each morning before I go to school.” I lied, just to wind him up a bit.

He got a bit confused for a few seconds then we continued.

One skirt that he’d brought in for me to model was way too small (even for me). When I couldn’t get it on he told me to go and get one the right size.

“I can’t go out there like this!” (I was naked).

“Yes you can, you’ll only be a minute or so and no one will mind.” He said.

Stupid me. Why did I do it? I was looking at the sizes of similar skirts when I came to my senses. I grabbed a handful of the skirts and almost ran back to the changing room. On the way I nearly knocked into a man and a woman. As I continued I heard the woman shout,

“Stupid girl. What’s she doing out here without any clothes on. What on earth is her mother thinking?”

**Temp Jobs**

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I’ve done another couple of these.

The first was a sales assistant in a jewellers shop, a shop worker. It was for 2 weeks while 2 of the regulars were on holiday. Yeah, one temp replacing 2 full time workers. You explain it.

Anyway, I had to be smart so I wore white blouses and black skirts. The blouses are quite baggy and I never fasten them all the way up. It was only after about the 5th time that different men asked me to show them rings from a bottom shelf that I realised that they were looking down the top of my blouse.

When I told Ryan that night he asked me if it had made my nipples hard. I confessed that it had and he told me to start wearing my nipple jewellery for work, chains as well; and to keep letting men look down my blouse. He asked me if I had to bend down at all. I told him that I often had to bend down behind the counter. I knew what he was going to say so I told him that I’d never seen anyone looking at my butt when I bent over.

Another temp job was at an accountancy firm. When the agency told me about it I jumped at it; it was just what I was looking for. I decided that I was going to really throw myself into it and hope that they’d keep me on at the end. I even dressed in my smartest business-like skirts and tops. I wanted to create an impression, but not as a slut.

The 2 weeks went well but there was no offer of a job. What they did do was to take my contact details because they were considering taking on an intern in a few months. I told them that I was very interested. When I discussed it with Ryan that night we decided that we could just afford for me to work for nothing for a few months, providing that I did some part time work on an evening and weekend – if the internship got offered.

The agency phoned me one day and offered me a one night job as a model for a photography club. The pay was good, but I had reservations and told them that I’d think about it and phone them back the next day. I discussed it with Ryan who also had reservations about me doing anything like that with him not there.

I was a bit worried that I’d been asked because I still look like a 12 year old. I had visions of a room full of paedophiles lusting after a little girl’s naked body. Ryan said that he’d had the same thoughts at first but he’d decided that I should do it just so long as he was there. He said that I should treat it like I had the Art College modelling job.

I reminded him that I’d had to expose my wide open pussy to them and that I’d been terribly embarrassed doing that job.

“Think of the money.” Ryan said.

Well yes, we could certainly do with the money, that was for sure; but could I cope with the humiliation and embarrassment again? I wasn’t sure, but Ryan persuaded me that it was worth it for the money. He reminded me the sex afterwards had been really good.

The next day I phoned the agency and told them that I would do it, providing that I could take Ryan along with me.

One evening about a week later, Ryan and I went to this pub about 3 miles from where we live. The photography club hold their meetings in a back room.

We walked into a room full of nerdy looking men of all ages, all talking about their latest camera purchase and showing each other lots of boring photographs. No one took any notice of us for about a minute; then one man came over and introduced himself as Michael.

Michael told us that there was a chair over in one corner where I could sit and pose for them. He told me that all I had to do was sit there and that people would tell me how to pose for their shot. Michael told me that he would make sure that I wasn’t bombarded with requests. I looked over and saw the chair and a handful of lights on tripods facing the chair.

We went over to the corner and I stood by the chair as Michael got every ones attention and introduced me.

I was nervous as hell with all those men looking at me. I wasn’t sure that I could go through with it. I looked over to Ryan who smiled and winked at me. I felt a bit better.

When Michael told everyone that we were about to start, I looked at Ryan then unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor. The dress and my shoes were the only things that I was wearing so I was naked from the ankles up.

There were a number of gasps from the room and Michael said,

“Oh! I wasn’t expecting a nude model; it was only supposed to be head and shoulders; but now that you’ve stripped off I’m sure that everyone will be a lot happier. I’m not sure that we can find any more money though. I’ll check with the members and let you know.”

I felt a right fool; an embarrassed fool; I wanted to quickly pull my dress on and run, but that would have been worse; so I just sat down on the chair and looked over to Ryan. He had a big grin.

The gasps died down, but the eyes didn’t stop staring at me. I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me.

“Okay everybody,” Michael said, “Same rules as always, we’ll start at the door and go round everyone in turn. You’ll each have 4 minutes to get Tanya into the pose that you want then we’ll go onto the next person. Peter, you start.”

The bright lights were switched on and I had trouble seeing who was talking to me. The poses were quite tame to start off with, just getting me to pull different faces; but as time went on they started asking me to push my chest out, then one asked me to squeeze my nipples to get them harder.

As soon as I touched my nipples I got this tingling in my lower stomach.

“On no!” I thought as I squeezed; “Please don’t get aroused; I really don’t want to have an orgasm here; not in front of all these geeky, middle-aged men.”

Unfortunately, the cycle had started. Touching my nipples and knowing for definite that the men were staring at the intimate parts of my body started me going. I tried really hard to think about other things but I didn’t stand any chance.

When one of the men asked me to sit on the front edge of the chair and open my legs I just knew that the inevitable would happen.

My AF went to 9.5 when one man asked me to pull my clit to see if it would stick out any more.

Shortly after I pulled on my clit I felt myself start to cum. I sat there gripping the arm rest of the chair to try to stop the convulsions. I couldn’t of course, and I vaguely aware of an increase in people moving in front of me.

As I started to calm down the heat from the lights and my embarrassment was overpowering. I was really pleased when the spotlights went off and Michael came to the front and said,

“Well Tanya, that was a wonderful climax, oops, sorry, no pun intended, to the evening. On behalf of all club members I would like to thank you for going that extra mile to provide us with some excellent material. Thank you.”

There was a round of applause and I got even more embarrassed. The next thing that I knew was Ryan standing in front of me holding out my dress. I quickly stood up and stepped into my dress. As soon as it was zipped Ryan put his arms round me and gave me a big hug.

“Just you wait until we get home.” He whispered.

As we left Michael gave me an envelope saying,

“We had a whip round and this is for you for going further than anyone could ever have expected.”

As we walked down the street I had a look into the envelope and saw that it contained something like 200 pounds.

“Wow!” Ryan said, “You’ll have to do some more sessions like that.”

“You know that I don’t like cumming in front of anyone other than you. Besides, we still don’t know if any of those photos will end up on any paedophile sites.” I replied.

“They’ll have been conned then because you’re certainly no kid.” Ryan said as he put an arm round me and squeezed one of my nipples through my dress.

**Putting things in my Pussy**

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**Golf Balls**

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Ryan came home one evening with a bag of golf balls. I joked with him that he would need some clubs if he was going to take up golf. I was a little puzzled when he told me that the balls were for me.

“What the hell would I want some golf balls for?” I asked.

Ryan looked at the golf balls, then at my pussy, then at the golf balls, then at my pussy.

“You’ve got to be joking!” I said.

“Nope! I want to see how many we can get inside you, and how many you can take and still walk.” Ryan replied.

I have to admit that I was intrigued. I suspected that the answer to each of Ryan’s questions was one, but I was game to find out. After we’d eaten we decided to push one in and see how I felt. I lay over the end of the sofa with my pussy up in the air.

Anticipation had already got my pussy quite wet so we weren’t expecting to have any problems with the first one.

“Take it slow and easy.” I said to Ryan.

He did take it slow, but my pussy didn’t. Ryan held the ball to my pussy and very slowly pushed. Ryan swore and told me that my pussy had almost grabbed the ball from him and swallowed it.

Ryan asked me how I felt and if I was ready for another one. I was so Ryan offered another golf ball to my vagina’s entrance. With just the slightest pressure my pussy pulled the ball in.

Not only was Ryan amazed, but I was as well. I never expected my pussy to react like that. Okay, I’d felt like it had tried to suck Ryan’s cock in before but the way it sucked those golf balls in was amazing.

“Can you take a third one?” Ryan asked.

“There’s only one way to find out.” I replied.

That third ball went in just the same as the second one did.

“How about a fourth one?” Ryan asked.

I told Ryan that I wanted to try moving around with just 3 inside me before we attempted a fourth. Ryan literally picked me up and lowered me onto my feet.

I felt full, like I had an aubergine inside me. I took a step forward and felt okay. I took another step; and another.

“Okay,” I said, “I certainly know that they’re there but I don’t think that I could go shopping with them inside me.” I said.

As soon as I’d said that I regretted it. I just knew that I’d accidentally given Ryan an idea.

“Can we try for a fourth ball?” Ryan asked.

I walked over to the end of the sofa and lay back so that my pussy was again pointing to the ceiling. Ryan held the fourth golf ball to my pussy and gently pushed. I felt my pussy muscles trying to swallow the ball. I tried to control my muscles but they had a mind of their own.

“It’s in.” Ryan said. “No, wait a minute; it’s coming out on its own.”

“Quick, push it back in.” I said.

Ryan pushed and back in it went.

“Push it further in.” I said; then I yelled “STOP!” as Ryan pushed too hard.

When Ryan backed off, the golf ball started to come out again. This time I tried pushing it in. I got it about as far as Ryan had then tried pushing at different angles. Every time I stopped pushing with my finger, my pussy slowly ejected the ball.

“I’ve just got to video this.” Ryan said and he went to get his phone.

As I slowly squeezed all the golf balls out Ryan setup his phone on a stool near my pussy and we started all over again. Ryan kept saying, “Amazing” as my pussy grabbed and swallowed the balls. I was really looking forward to seeing the video.

We gave up on the fourth ball again but Ryan decided that we were going to the pub for a drink with the 3 golf balls still inside me. I said that I wanted to watch the video but Ryan wouldn’t let me until we got back.

It was a slow walk to the pub and back and I could only manage 2 glasses of wine before I just had to slowly walk home.

When we got there I collapsed on the sofa and got my pussy muscles working. It took ages but they slowly came out. I was knackered by the time I’d finished and we went to bed not having sex for the first time since I’d been in Magaluf on my own.

We woke up early the next morning and I loaded the video onto Ryan’s laptop. Taking the laptop to the bedroom I impaled myself on Ryan and we watched the video. I was totally amazed watching my pussy grab those balls. I had absolutely no control over my pussy as it grabbed the balls. It was like childbirth in reverse. My body just did it.

After we’d both cum Ryan put 2 of the golf balls back inside me and told me to keep them in all day.

I was glad that I didn’t have to go out that day; and glad that Ryan hadn’t brought tennis balls home.

I wondered if Ryan was going to show the video to his mates at work.

**Ben Wa Balls**

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A couple of days later Ryan did bring some other balls home to put in my pussy. He told me that they’re called Ben Wa Balls. They’re silver heavy metal balls about half an inch in diameter. They were cold when Ryan pushed them in but they soon warmed up and I could hardly feel them. That was until I started walking and they started bouncing against each other.

Each time that they met a little shock went through my pussy. The more they clanged together the more nice jolts I got. I can compare it to a remote controlled vibe set very low. The difference being that I had control over the Ben Wa Balls. To stop the jolts all I have to do is stop moving, whereas Ryan usually has the control to the remote vibe so I have no control over it.

I explained all this to Ryan, and his reaction was to take me on a walk to the pub. By the time that we got there my AF factor was somewhere near a 7. In some respects I was happy to sit down in the pub; but on the other hand I was enjoying the experience; and my wet pussy testified to that.

Ryan walked me home the long way round and going up the stairs took me over the top. I was leaning against the wall next to our front door have a very enjoyable orgasm. Ryan kept telling me to keep the noise down unless I wanted to disturb our neighbours.

As soon as I was able I squatted down, squeezed the balls out and dragged Ryan to our bed.

A couple of days later I decided to go for a jog. I started jogging again soon after I got back from Magaluf. I want to try to keep in shape and we haven’t got any money to spare on a gym membership. Anyway, too many things happen to me when I go to a gym so I reasoned that I’m better off just jogging round the neighbourhood.

So far I haven’t had any embarrassing experienced but I have had my little tennis skirt blow up a few times. I just try to ignore it and keep going. The skirt is so light that I think that it sometimes blows up without me knowing it.

Anyway, as I was just about to go out of the door I remembered the Ben Wa Balls. If walking to the pub and back made me cum, then what would jogging round the streets do to me?

The only way to find out was to try it, so I went back into the bedroom and pushed them up my vagina.

I felt good as I almost ran down the stairs and out onto the pavement. With every step that I took I felt the balls clunking together inside me; each one drawing my attention to my pussy. Jogging down the street meant that this was happening very frequently and on a regular basis and the effects soon became obvious to me.

I felt my AF rise slow and steady. By the time I’d covered about a quarter of a mile I got that familiar feeling of an aching pussy and wet inner thighs. I knew that I was going to cum soon. I kept running, not even thinking about whether or not my skirt was blowing up in the breeze. Not even being aware of any people around me. I didn’t care.

I’d just turned a corner when the first orgasm hit me. I stopped running and leant against a road sign for support. I was shaking and I wanted to scream out, but managed to keep the noise to quiet moans and gasps.

As soon as I could I started jogging again, but those damn balls, those wonderful balls kept clunking in my pussy. I only managed about another half mile before I had another orgasm. The problem was I was now on a busy street with lots of traffic and a few people walking by. Also, there wasn’t really anything that I could lean on for support to I bent over and put my hands on my knees. I was shaking and I wanted to scream out, but I managed to keep the noise to quiet moans and gasps.

After a few seconds I realised that a group of youths that had been walking towards me had passed me and stopped to look at my butt. My skirt was up above my butt and my knees were about a foot apart. I knew that the youths were looking at me because they started making rude comments about my pussy and what they wanted to do to it.

As soon as I was able I was off, albeit at a slower pace.

I decided that I needed to sit down and recover properly so I headed to the nearby park. I jogged to a quiet part and sat on the grass. My skirt was so short that my butt was on the grass, some of which was tickling my pussy.

I sat there for ages before lying back to fully get my breath back. I knew that I had about the same distance to go to get back home.

The weather was reasonable and before I knew it I had dozed off. I came round to the voices of the same group of youths; they’d followed me there and were stood not far from my feet looking at my pussy. Even if I had crossed my legs they would still have been able to see my pussy, but as it was my knees were apart and they could see what I could feel – my wet, swollen pussy that was aching for Ryan’s cock.

As I came round my eyes didn’t open so I could hear the youths but they didn’t know that I was awake. I don’t know if I was too terrified to move, or if maybe Ryan was right, I wanted them to look. I think that it was because I was terrified.

Anyway, as they looked at my pussy and rock hard nipples tenting my tight, thin top, I started to get aroused again. The youths rude comments made things a lot worse; the things that they said really did make me horny.

The worse the comments, the closer I got to cumming. Even as I started shaking and convulsing the list of things that they’d put in my pussy got longer and wilder.

Lots of the objects that they mentioned just wouldn’t fit, but the idea of even trying kept my orgasm cumming.

In the end I heard one of them say,

“Fuck, it’s a copper!” and things suddenly went quiet.

I sat up and closed my legs; I didn’t want to get arrested.

After the policeman had gone I got up and started jogging back home; going a shorter route. I managed to get thought our front door before another orgasm hit me.

I decided that I liked going jogging wearing my Ben Wa Balls; and I’m going to do it again soon. I’m definitely going to tell Karen and Emma about them.

**Ice Lollies**

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

One Saturday when we were out shopping Ryan had this crazy idea. He decided that he wanted to put one of these tubed shaped Ice Lollies up my pussy.

“Bloody hell Ryan, it’ll be freezing. I’ll catch my death of cold.” I complained.

“No you won’t. I’ve heard of others who’ve done it and they said that it was a real turn-on.”

“For the bloke maybe; but what about the poor woman? She must have felt horrible.”

“Come on TT; At least try it. If it’s too much for you I promise that I’ll stop straight away.”

“Well okay then, but you’ve got to pull it out if it gets too much for me.”

After we’d finished the shopping we walked to the nearest park and found a shop near-by where we could get the offensive weapon. Once we’d got it we rushed to a quiet part of the park and to an area of trees and bushes. When we were confident that no one else was around I lay back against a tree, opened my legs wide and held my skirt up.

I was already wet but I gasped and almost screamed when the Ice Lolly touched my pussy.

FIH, it was cold. A shiver went right through my body as Ryan eased in inside me. I started by nearly screaming, but that quickly changed to arousal. I could feel the ice deep inside me and realised that I was going to cum.

I told Ryan just before the orgasm hit me. The cold, the heat and the pleasure; it was slightly different to anything that I’d felt before; even when Ryan had pushed an ice cube up me. But it was nice.

Ryan fucked me with that Ice Lolly until there was just the stick left. By that time I’d managed to pull a few chunks of hair out of Ryan’s head.

As I calmed down I realised that I had a sticky mess down the inside of both my legs. Ryan got down on his knees and licked my pussy clean, causing me to have another orgasm as he did so. I was real glad that I glad a packet of tissues in my bag and I cleaned my sticky thighs as best I could, but I was glad to get home and into the shower.

Ryan declared that the experiment had been a success and promised to do it again, sometime when I’m not expecting it.

The next time we went to the supermarket we bought a box of Ice Lollies.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 10 – Life goes on**

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**Orthopaedic Mannequin**

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

A couple of weeks after the party at our place Emma phoned me. She told me that she’d bumped into her Nursing Tutor and mentioned that she might know a volunteer for the plaster casts application training. The tutor had begged Emma to follow it up and Emma wanted to know if I was still interested.

Emma’s phone call was in the evening and Ryan was there so I had a quick word with Ryan then told Emma that I was game for it.

At 8 o’clock on a sunny morning 2 days later I met Emma outside the nursing school and in we went. I was a little apprehensive, but I trusted Emma when she told me that it would be fun and that there would be no pain.

Emma introduced me to the tutor (Mandy) who talked me through what I would have to do (just lay there), telling me that it was much better for the students to learn using a live model rather than a shop mannequin. Mandy then surprised me by producing a document and telling me that the nursing school would pay me 50 pounds for my trouble if I signed a waiver contract. I was a little concerned about the waiver part but Mandy told me it was a standard contract that was used for medical drug guinea pigs and that I had absolutely nothing to worry about.

Mandy also told me that I could keep my bra and knickers on if I wanted to, but there was a good chance that they would get some plaster on them. Before I could say anything, Emma told Mandy that it wouldn’t be a problem. She didn’t tell her that it wouldn’t be a problem because I never wear a bra or knickers.

After I signed the form we went into the lecture hall and I immediately saw that it was more like a workshop with 3 medical tables at one end of the room. Mandy gave me one of those medical gowns and pointed to a door and told me that I could get changed through there. I opened the medical gown and saw that it was small. It must have been for a little kid because it was small even for me. When I put it on it only just came below pussy and the back was all open.

I went back out to Emma and we sat in one corner as the student nurses filed in.

For some reason I was only expecting there to be girls and was a little shocked when a few young men walked in. I turned to Emma and said,

“What are they doing here? I don’t mind girls seeing me naked, but I wasn’t expecting there to be men as well.”

“Of course there are men here. There are male nurses and doctors as well. Doctors have to know how to put a cast on, even if they’ll never actually have to do it. Don’t worry Tanya, they’re professionals, they’ve all seen naked girls before.”

“Not me they haven’t.” I said.

“Just look at their faces and imagine that it’s Ryan that you’re looking at; and when they touch you imagine that it’s Ryan’s fingers on you.” Emma said.

“I can’t do that, I’ll cum, and that’s the last thing that I want to do here.” I said.

Emma laughed.

Mandy started the lecture but I wasn’t listening. I was thinking about Ryan’s fingers touching me. That was probably a bad thing to be doing because I started getting wet.

All of a sudden Emma elbowed me.

“They’re ready for you Tanya.” Emma said then she told me that she’d be back in about an hour or so.

Mandy called me over and introduced me to everyone, then told them that I had volunteered to let them put casts on both my legs and both my arms. She then told me to take the gown off and climb up onto the middle table.

The moment of truth; I was nervous as hell as I let the gown drop and climbed up. As I lay back I suddenly remembered that my thinking about Ryan had got my pussy wet and I hoped that no one would notice.

I lay there looking up at the ceiling as Mandy split the students into 4 groups and allocated one of my arms or legs to each group. Some came to look at me while others got the materials they needed.

A couple of the girls said “Hi” to me; and one man did too, but not before he’d stared at my pussy for ages. I blushed as he looked at my face and said “Hey.” I felt sooo exposed.

All of a sudden my arms and legs were being lifted up, some sort of grease was coated on my arms and legs then this sort of soft, gauzy, stocking things were being pulled onto me. They put them from my ankles to mid-thigh, and wrists to my arm pits.

As I was being man-handled I felt my pussy get a little wetter and had a horrible vision of me cumming as they all worked on me. I blushed.

As I looked up at the students I saw faces change as different students did different things to my limbs.

I felt eyes burning into my pussy and nipples. Were they staring at my goodies; or were they just getting on with their job? I wasn’t sure. I was glad that I wasn’t wearing any of my jewellery.

Some sort of padding was wrapped round my limbs then the plaster started appearing. The student’s hands were covered in it, and some of it was splashing all over them, and me. Mandy sent one group away telling them to add more powder to their mix to get it to a more workable consistency.

With there being so many of them working on me I hadn’t really noticed that my legs had been spread quite wide and high; and that some of them were taking it in turns to hold my hands and feet high up so that others could plaster underneath my arms and legs. For some reason my arms and legs felt quite warm.

I don’t know if it was all those hands working on me, or the fact that I was virtually naked in front of all those people, but I was getting aroused. Not heavily aroused, but enough for me to notice, and for my pussy and nipples to show the effects. I’d had my eyes closed hoping that the feelings would go away, but I suddenly heard a man’s voice whisper,

“I can see that you’re enjoying this, are you going to cum for us?”

My eyes opened wide as I looked to see who had said it but no man’s head was close to my head. There were 2 young men working on my arms but neither were showing any signs of being guilty of the inappropriate comment.

I shut my eyes again and tried to think of anything but sex, but my thoughts kept coming back to me being naked with all those people being so close to me. My brain really did regret telling Emma that I’d like to experience having plaster casts on my limbs; but my body craved those eyes, and that man whispering to me made things worse.

I felt my AF rising.

Why oh why did my body take control of my brain.

Then all of a sudden it was over. I heard Mandy tell everyone to step back.

“Thank you, thank you Mandy.” I thought to myself as I breathed deeply.

Mandy came and inspected the students work and made a couple of comments to them. The students had left me with my legs wide open and I was about to ask Mandy if she could close them for me but before I could she turned to the students and started talking to them about something that I didn’t understand.

About 5 minutes later she dismissed the students then came over to me.

“Thank you so much for that Tanya. Emma has volunteered to cut the casts off you. Don’t worry she does it every day so she won’t hurt you. She should be back any minute. Sorry, but I have to go, I have an important meeting that I have to go to.

Mandy put an envelope by my head and was off.

I was left virtually naked with my legs wide open, alone, in a big room.

I thought that I could at least protect my modesty a bit and I tried to slide my legs together, but they wouldn’t close. I raised my head and saw that there were 2 bowls between my legs. I thought about sitting up and moving them but I remembered that my arms were all plastered and heavy.

There was nothing that I could do so I relaxed and hoped that Emma would be back soon.

A few minutes later I heard the door open and sighed with relief. It was going to be over soon.

But it wasn’t. I heard a man say,

“You didn’t cum for us!”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I thought as 3 of the students, 2 male and 1 female came and stood at my feet.

“Can you get my gown and cover me please?” I asked.

“We want to see you cum for us first.” The girl said.

“No I won’t.” I said. “Please put my gown over me.”

The 3 of them ignored me and started describing every bit of my pussy and tiny breasts. Not in medical terms, but in crude, vulgar terms. Then they described what they wanted to do to me and picked up some of the tools that they’d used that were still laying around.

My brain was thinking,

“No, no, go away, leave me alone, you can’t do this to me; fuck off!”

But my body was preparing for an invasion. I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter as the tirade of descriptive comments kept coming.

6, 7, 8, 9. I felt my AF quickly rise; then it hit me. Even though my legs and arms were restrained by the casts, my body still racked with convulsions and spasms. My head was going from side to side as I moaned and shouted all sorts of obscenities.

“Wow, she squirts too; very nice young Tanya.” The girl said.

“Yeah she squirts. Now fuck off and leave her alone.” I heard Emma shout.

They did, and Emma came over to me and stroked my head.

“Are you okay, did they hurt you?” Emma asked.

“No, no, I’m okay. It’s just that their standing there looking down at me telling me what they wanted to do to me; and me being so helpless; I just couldn’t help myself. I just came, hard.” I said.

“What am I going to do with you? You’re enjoying flaunting your naked body in front of those poor, innocent students. I know what I’ll do, I’ll take you shopping.”

“I like that idea, cut these things off me and we’ll go and have some fun.” I said.

“No, I’m taking you shopping like this. You must be getting hungry as well, how about a Mickey D's on the way?” Emma asked.

“You can’t take me like this, I can’t walk. Hell, I probably can’t even stand up on my own.”

“Oh, that’s not a problem you stay there for a minute; I just need to get something.”

With that, Emma was gone. A couple of minutes later she was back, banging a wheelchair through the door as she came in.

“I can’t sit in that, I can’t bend my knees.” I said.

“Not a problem, look at this.”

Emma reclined the chair (I’ve never seen a wheelchair like that before), then she clamped a couple of leg supports to the sides of the chair.

“Okay, I could fit in that chair, but I haven’t got any clothes on; I can’t go out like this, I’ll get arrested” I said.

“Don’t worry Tanya, we’ll cover you up.” Emma said.

“Who’s ‘we’?” I asked.

“Me of course,” a voice from near the door said.

I turned my head and saw Karen walking in. What’s more she was wearing a nurse’s uniform.

“What the hell are you doing here? Why aren’t you at work with Ryan? He’s not here as well is he? Whose uniform is that?” I said.

“Too many questions my little patient. Patients are supposed to relax and get better. Just relax and let it happen.” Emma said.

“But there’s nothing wrong with me; well apart from these lumps of plaster.” I said.

“You know that, I know that, but the people who see us pushing you round town won’t know that. They’ll see 2 nurses taking a very unfortunate little girl for a day out round town. You just relax and enjoy it.”

As Emma was telling me that, she and Karen were cleaning bits of splashed plaster off me. Karen took her time cleaning round my inner thighs and pussy, which didn’t help my AF. The thought of being pushed round town like that wasn’t helping. I was so scared and excited.

By that time I was on my feet with Karen holding me up on one side, and Emma and the other.

“At least put some clothes on me before we go.” I pleaded.

“With those casts on your arms we won’t be able to get your dress on and the only other thing that we have is that kid’s hospital gown. Tell you what, when we get you sat down we’ll tuck it down your sides. You’ll be just fine. As I say, everyone will be thinking about how unfortunate you are and not thinking about your clothes.”

Emma and Karen virtually carried me to the wheelchair and eased me on to it. Then they lifted my arms and legs up and rested them on the supports. I was laid back with my legs spread. I just wanted Ryan to kneel between my legs, hug me, kiss me, and fuck me.

It wasn’t to be. Karen started pushing me to the door.

“WAIT!” I shouted; “cover me up.”

“Oh yes, can you get that gown please Karen?” Emma asked as she pushed me out of the room and into the corridor.

“STOP!” I shouted; “people can see my private bits.”

“Stop fussing Tanya. Everyone here is a medical professional; they’ve all seen lots of naked girls before.” Emma said.

“Not me they haven’t; and what about those visitors over there?”

“Oh, I didn’t think about visitors, but not to worry, this is a hospital, they must realise that there are naked people here. I’m sure that they’ll understand.” Emma said.

Karen caught us up and draped the gown over me. I felt instantly better. Not for long though; Emma pushed me into an elevator to go down to the ground floor. It was one of those big elevators, big enough to take a hospital bed; and as we went in I looked ahead of me and saw that the walls of the interior were covered in mirrors. I looked at myself and saw that I looked ridiculous. That was bad enough, but the gown wasn’t covering me properly and I could see my pussy glinting in the bright light.

Emma turned the wheelchair round so that we were ready to go out and I saw 3 men and 1 woman walking in. Thankfully only 1 of the men was looking down at me. As the door closed he stood with his back to the door staring down at me; to be more specific, my pussy.

I felt my face go red and warm, and my pussy get wet. I didn’t dare ask Emma or Karen for help covering me in case it attracted the attention of the others. One person looking at my pussy was bad enough, but 3 more would have been really bad.

When the door opened and the others got out Emma pushed me towards the exit to the street. As the exit doors opened automatically a gust of wind caught the gown and blew it right off me.

“Ooops!” Karen said as she chased after it and brought it back to me.

“Quick, quick Karen, please get me covered. If you’re going to put me through this horrible humiliation, at least get that thing on me properly.” I pleaded.

“Okay, okay,” Emma said, “don’t get your knickers in a twist.”

“Very funny,” I said, “are you trying to make me wish that I’d never stopped wearing them?”

“No, no,” Emma said, “we can’t have you wearing knickers in Mickey D's. Tell you what; if it’ll make you happy we’ll put that gown on properly for you.”

“Thank you Emma, thank you.” I said. I really wanted to be wearing one hell of a lot more than that stupid kid’s gown but at least that would cover my little tits and pussy.

Right there in front of the main entrance to the nurse’s training school Emma and Karen lifted me out of that damn chair and managed to get me standing on my feet. People walking in and out of the building looked at me. One young man asked if he could help us. Thankfully Karen declined his offer.

Karen started to put my arms through the big arm-holes of the gown. Something didn’t seem right so I asked Karen if she was doing it right.

“Of course I am!” Karen said, “How difficult can it be; it’s only a stupid hospital gown.”

Well Karen hadn’t got it right. When she stepped back to straighten it out I realised that she’d put it on like a blouse. It was all open, right down the front.

I heard Emma laugh then say,

“Haven’t you ever worn one of those things before Karen? It’s supposed to be all open at the back, nor the front.”

“Oops!” Karen said, “Never mind, it’ll do; Tanya will only be wearing it for a couple of hours.

Emma giggled a bit then said,

“Let’s get her back in the chair.”

The pair of them put be back in the chair as I protested, telling them that the gown wasn’t covering me.

“Yes it is Tanya,” Karen said as she pulled the gown closed on my front.

“See! I told you.”

Okay, I couldn’t see my pussy or tits, but all it would take was one small gust of wind and I would be exposed again.

“Oh! I nearly forgot,” Karen said as she put her hand in her (Emma’s) uniform pocket. “Ryan gave me this for you; he said that you love wearing it.”

I looked at her in horror as I saw that she had the business part of one of my remote vibrators in her hand. My legs were on the leg stands of the chair so Karen moved in between my legs and pushed the vibe into my wet pussy; right there in the street.

“No, stop it! Not here; there are too many people around.” I shouted, but Karen ignored me and I felt the vibe and Karen’s fingers invade my pussy. I was so relieved that it wasn’t switched on. With a bit of luck I could just ignore it.

“Bloody hell girl!” Karen said, “It’s like a swimming pool in there; Ryan WAS right, you really do get off on being naked in public. It looks like you’re going to have a very knackering couple of hours; but it looks like you’re going to enjoy every second of it.”

“Right then girls, are we all ready then?” Emma asked.

“Yep!” Karen said.

“No! Please don’t do this to me. It’s so embarrassing.” I said; as Emma started pushing the wheelchair along the footpath.

We’d only being going for seconds when the wind caught one side of my gown. The whole left side of my body was exposed.

The inevitable happened and my other enemy, the wind, did its bit and the gown slowly opened further and by the time we’d gone 50 yards my whole torso was exposed.

I looked up to Karen. I didn’t need to say anything because she said,

“Don’t worry Tanya; we’ll cover you up if we think that we need to.”

It was pointless pleading with Karen and Emma so I went into a bit of a sulk. As I sat there watching the passers-by looking at me, or should I say my pussy and little tits, I realised that my AF was rising. No, Ryan couldn’t be right I WAS NOT enjoying this. But why was my pussy so wet and why was I getting aroused?

There got to be more and more people on the street. Some were ignoring us (me), some were staring at my bits, some were shocked; some even looked disgusted. When we stopped at a street corner a middle aged couple stood next to us waiting for the lights to change. Of course they both looked at me. Then the woman looked at the 2 nurses with me. Karen obviously saw the woman looking at her and said,

“A bad car accident; the poor girl has just come out of 3 months traction and has been so depressed. The doctor thought that it would be a good idea to give her a change of scenery and get her out in the fresh air for a couple of hours.” Karen said.

“She’s certainly getting plenty of fresh air.” The man said.

The woman bent down to me and put her hand on my shoulder and said,

“You enjoy the change. I’m sure that you will get better soon; you’ll soon be back at school with your mates.”

I really did want to tell the stupid cow where to go; but I just couldn’t be bothered.

We crossed the street and turned a corner.

“Nearly there!” Emma said.

I looked up and saw a McDonalds.

“NO!” I pleaded, “Please don’t take me in there. I’m not hungry and I don’t want all those people staring at me.”

“Don’t be silly Tanya. You must be hungry, you haven’t eaten for hours.” Karen said. “Here, I’ll cover your goodies so that you can eat before you have your first orgasm.”

“WHAT! I’m not going to cum in there; it would be too humiliating.”

Karen had a big grin on her face as she bent over me and pulled the sides of the gown over my front.

That McDonalds is one of the ones that are in a converted old building. When we got through the door I saw about a dozen tables then a lower floor that has the serving counter, cooking area and more tables and chairs.

Emma wheeled me to the front of the raised area and told me to stay there while they went and got the food. I watched them walk away and down to the queue. Karen turned and looked back at me. We made eye contact and Karen smiled. Then her eyes went down and she grinned.

My eyes went down my body. I breathed a sigh of relief as I realised that I couldn’t see my tiny tits and pussy. But wait, the overlapped hem of the gown was too high and flat across my stomach.

“Shit!” I thought. That meant that it wasn’t properly covering my pussy.

I looked back to Karen, and horror of horrors she now had the remote control for the vibe in her hand.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck! I mouthed the words,

“Please don’t.”

Karen had a big grin on her face as I saw her turn the knob up to full and I immediately felt the vibe start-up.

“Oh fuck!” I quietly said as I realised what was going to happen. I looked round to see who was looking at me. Either side of me people were just getting on with their business, but in front of me, on the lower floor, were 2 teenage couples; 2 girls and 2 youths. What’s more, they were all looking up at me and my pussy.

I looked over to Karen. The mischievous grin on her face told me that it was pointless saying anything and that she was going to humiliate me in the worst possible way.

I looked back to the 2 couples as I felt my AF rising quickly. Both the youths had stopped eating and were staring at me; so was 1 of the girls. The other girl looked confused. Either she was sympathising with the poor girl who had both her arms and legs in plaster, or she didn’t realise what was going on. Her friend said something and a grin appeared on her face.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I muttered. These 4 teenagers, and goodness knows how many others, were going to watch me have an orgasm and there was nothing that I could do about it.

I fought it as hard and as long as I could; gritting my teeth, thinking about the story in a book that I’d read, anything to take my mind of the inevitable.

My breathing got heavier and my chest went higher with each deep breath. As I got closer my body rose up and I felt the gown open. I started moaning even though I was doing my best to keep quiet so as not to attract any attention to me. As it hit me I felt my arms and legs jerk and my pussy spasm. It felt like I was squirting and I hoped that I wasn’t.

Then I felt a hand on my head, stroking my hair and the vibe stop.

As the waves receded I heard Emma giving the same spiel about me that Karen had given at the street crossing, but she added some medical words that I didn’t understand. She also added that the ‘little fit’ was just the excitement of being out of the hospital for a while after being cooped up there for so long.

When I was capable I looked round and saw that just about everyone was getting on with eating their fries and whatever; everyone except the 2 couples in front of me; all 4 of them were still staring at my pussy; and 3 youths in the queue waiting to be served.

I had a little after-shock and felt my pussy spasm.

I felt so embarrassed, so humiliated; yet so happy. Why had I cum so quickly? Why had I cum at all? Did I really like being seen naked? Did I really enjoy being watched while I built up to, and had an orgasm? What was wrong with me?

Karen arrived with our meals and she and Emma sat either side of me. As I looked at the food Emma said,

“Don’t worry Tanya, we’ll feed you.”

“Can you cover me please?” I asked.

“Sure I can, we’re not cruel you know, we’re only doing what you know that you enjoy.”

“I don’t enjoy it, it’s horrible.” I said.

“Tanya darling, that orgasm was out of this world. There’s no way that you weren’t enjoying it.” Emma said. “I can’t remember having one that good.”

With that she stuffed a couple of fries in my mouth to shut me up then pulled the gown closed over my front.

At last I had some privacy; well, excluding the 2 couples down in front of me. I looked down at them and saw that they were just gathering all their bits onto a tray so they could leave.

In between mouthfuls I pleaded with Emma and Karen to take me back and get those damn plasters off me, but they were having nothing of it. Just as we were about finished I looked down to the table where the 2 couples had been and saw that 3 youths were sat there. What’s more, they had realised what they could see by looking up at me.

I felt a little gush and hoped that Karen and Emma hadn’t noticed. It wasn’t my lucky day; I felt the vibe start-up again.

“No, please don’t make me cum again.” I pleased with Karen.

“Come on Tanya, you know that you want to.” Karen said.

“No I don’t!” I said, but Karen just ignored me.

Emma gave me one last drink of my cola as the vibe went up to full. I just knew that I couldn’t last long.

I looked down to the 3 youths and saw that they had stopped eating and were just staring at me. That didn’t help my resistance and I felt my AF rise. It didn’t take long before I was cumming again. Somehow I managed to look at the 3 youths and their stares and grins made me cum even harder.

At one point I heard Emma apologising to other customers again.

I was so relieved when I felt the wheelchair moving as we left McDonalds.

We turned another corner and the wind blew the gown up.

“Please Karen?” I asked.

“No, you can stay like that. Tell you what, since it’s a reasonable day, shall we go to the park instead of the shops?” Karen said.

Emma said that she was happy with that and I thought for a minute. I guessed that there would be less people in the park so I felt a little happier.

I got some really funny looks as we went along but no one actually said anything.

That was until we passed a college on the way to the park. The college entrance is lower than the road and there are about 20 steps down. What’s more there were lots of students coming out and up those steps.

Just as we got to the top of the steps Karen saw someone that she and Emma knew. Emma was pushing the wheelchair and she stopped and turned the chair to face the college entrance. The first thing that the students saw as they came to the top of the steps was a wheelchair with a virtually naked girl in it with both her arms and legs in plaster; and her legs spread wide.

My pussy was being displayed to all the students as they left the college.

Both Emma and Karen were talking to a girl while I was getting more and more embarrassed. And why was I getting aroused? I certainly wasn’t enjoying the experience.

“Emma, please can we move on?” I pleaded.

“In a minute.” Emma said.

“Can you at least cover my pussy for me?” I again pleaded.

“Stop worrying,” Karen said, “no one here is going to call the police.”

“It’s not the police I’m worried about.” I replied. “I’m naked and embarrassed.”

“Hi there little girl, I’m Lisa.” The girl who knew Karen and Emma said; “I’m so sorry about your accident. I bet that you’re pleased to be getting some fresh air. Those hospitals can be so stuffy.”

“It’s where I’m getting that fresh air that’s the problem.” I said, “Could you pull the gown back over me?”

Lisa looked down at my bare pussy and said,

“Oh, I see the problem.” Lisa said then grinned; “It looks like you’re enjoying the little ‘problem’ so I’ll just leave you like that.”

With that she bent forward and ran her finger along my soaking and swollen pussy. When she got to my clit she pressed hard on it. My AF went up a couple of notches.

“Definitely enjoying it; and such a young girl as well.” Lisa said; and turned back to Emma and Karen.

I turned to look at the students coming up the steps. When they saw me they had all sorts of expressions on their faces. Some looked sympathetic (mainly the girls), some just stared for a few seconds then moved on; some grinned at the sight of a wet, bald pussy; and a few even stopped their journey and moved to the side so that they could get an un-interrupted view; of MY pussy.

OMG! I was getting wetter and my groin was burning and drowning at the same time. I felt my pussy muscles twitch and spasm as I started to cum.

“NO, NO, YES, YES, Arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!” I said in amongst the moans. I could feel my body go rigid within the restraints that I had.

As the waves receded all I could think was,

“Why me? Why does it have to happen to me all the time? Why can’t I have a quiet life with Ryan? Although I did have to admit that I’d enjoyed the orgasm.

I looked up to see Lisa looking down at me as if I was some sort of freak.

To Karen, Lisa said,

“Did she just……?”

“Yep! Actually, Tanya here is as old as we are, and she gets off by being naked where she shouldn’t be. This is all planned and she hasn’t broken anything.”

“FIH!” Lisa said; then to me, “You randy little bitch. A bit OTT with the casts thought; couldn’t you just streak down the street?”

“It’s not true; I don’t enjoy it and these 2 tricked me. I’m NOT an exhibitionist.” I said.

Lisa bent over me and cupped my pussy with her right hand. Her middle finger slipped easily inside me.

“Hmm! This tells me that you are. Good for you girl; I wish that I was as brave as you.” Lisa said.

“Can we go now; PLEASE; there’s too many people looking ate me.” I said.

“Okay, keep your knickers on. See you around Lisa.” Emma said as she turned the wheelchair and pushed me down the street.

“That was fun wasn’t it Tanya?” Karen said.

“NO!” I replied, but my body was telling me that I’d enjoyed it.

We arrived at the park and went in down the path. The place looked quiet, so I started to relax. At least I wouldn’t get humiliated there.

We followed the path until we came to an area where the path went alongside an area covered in bushes and trees. There was a bench there and Emma and Karen decided to stop there for a rest, claiming that pushing me was hard work.

I offered to let them take me back to the nursing school but they said that they weren’t finished yet. I didn’t dare ask what that meant. Karen was sat next to me and she put one of her hands on my leg above the cast. As we talked Karen’s hand found its way to my pussy and started stroking it and squeezing my clit. Emma saw what Karen was doing, smiled and said,

“Are you going to make our patient cum, here in the park?”

“Maybe, but first I need a pee.” Karen said.

“Yeah me too,” Emma said, “but there aren’t any toilets in this park.”

“I guess that you’ll have to go in those bushes.” I said, hoping to embarrass them for once.

Emma looked at Karen, Karen looked at Emma and without saying anything they stood up and walked into the bushes.

They took forever and while I was waiting I saw a dog wandering around. When it was about 20 yards away its nose went up in the air and it started walking towards me. When it got quite close I tried to shoo it away, but it ignored me.

That damn dog went straight to my exposed pussy and started sniffing it. I had a sudden flash-back of the time in the park near home when another dog started sniffing at my pussy and I was rescued by an old man.

I looked round to see if I could see anyone, but couldn’t. I tried shooing it away again, but it wasn’t interested in listening to me. All it was interested in was my pussy.

The damn thing started licking my wet pussy.

“Go away mutt.”

“Get lost.”

“Leave me alone.”

“Karen, Emma, help me!”

No help came and the damn dog licked and licked.

“Stop it you randy animal.”

“Oow!”

“Arrghhh!”

“Ohhhhhhhh!”

“Stop it. I don’t want to cum.”

“Ohhhhhhhh!”

“No, I don’t want to…”

“Arrghhh!”

“Ohhhhhhhh!”

“Oh fuck!”

“I’m cu…….”

My jerking didn’t put the damn dog off and its tongue was pushing into my hole to get at more of my juices.

I didn’t care anymore and I rode the waves of ecstasy.

All of a sudden I heard Karen shouting at the dog. She was obviously more threatening to it than I was and it ran off.

“We leave you alone for 2 minutes and you’re getting a dog to get you off. I was going to do that but I can see that you couldn’t wait. It’s a good job that dog wasn’t any bigger; if it was it might have been able to get high enough to fuck you. Now that would have been a story to tell Ryan.” Karen said.

“No, please; please don’t tell Ryan.” I pleaded.

“Don’t worry little girl, nurses know how to keep secrets about their patients.” Emma said.

“Karen’s not a nurse.” I said, “Besides where have you 2 been? Did one of you pee on your knickers?”

“You can’t pee on something you’re not wearing.” Karen said.

“You didn’t say that you wouldn’t tell Ryan.” I said.

“No I didn’t. I guess that you’ll have to trust me. Besides, that little fact might be useful one day,” Karen said.

“You mean you’re going to blackmail me?” I said.

“I wouldn’t use that word and I have no plans at the moment, but maybe one day;” Karen said. “I guess that you’ll just have to keep doing what I tell you.”

“Can we go now?” I asked.

“Fuck Karen; I was hoping that you’d forgotten about that thing.” I said as I felt the vibe kick into life.

“Oh no my little cum slut, you’re going to be completely knackered by the time we start cutting you free.” Karen said.

As Emma pushed me out of the park back towards the nursing school Karen tormented me with the vibe. By the time we got out of the park I didn’t care that the gown had blown open all the way up. I didn’t care who saw my naked spread pussy and little tits; all I wanted was to cum.

Karen is nearly as good as Ryan at taking me to the edge and then backing off. She must have done it 4 or 5 times before we got to the hospital and the nursing school. Just as I could see the entrance Karen gave me my release. I must have looked like I was having some sort of epileptic fit as the spasms and convulsions racked my body and my moaning made a few people look at me.

I vaguely remember Emma telling her little story about me having an accident to a couple of people, but I didn’t care. I needed to cum and didn’t care who saw me.

Afterwards, as Emma pushed me into the lift I got so embarrassed as I realised what I had just done. Karen saw my face and said,

“The important thing is that you enjoyed it; right!”

“I didn’t enjoy it (I lied). It was horrible and really humiliating.” I said.

“Come on girl, your pussy tells me that you loved every seconds of it.” Karen said. “Besides, if you really didn’t like it you would have squeezed the vibe out right after I pushed it in.”

I kept quiet as the 2 of them lifted me out of the chair and onto the table. Karen was right, I could have squeezed it out but I didn’t. What does that mean? If I discuss it with Ryan he’ll just tell me that it proves that I’m an exhibitionist; but that can’t be right.

I got really scared when Emma got this electric grinder thing out and started cutting the casts. She told me to keep perfectly still and I was so scared that I just froze. It didn’t help when Karen kept flicking my clit; but all credit to Emma, she got all 4 casts off without cutting me.

When I was free Emma showed me the casts. She’d cut them off by splitting each one into two. She told me that I could take them home and that Ryan would easily find a way of putting them back on and sealing them. I wasn’t sure that I ever wanted to have them on again; but Karen was right; I had had some wonderful orgasms.

I was so relieved to be free again and I wanted to get up and dressed again quickly, but Emma insisted on washing the plaster residue off me with a sort of bed-bath. Karen made it take a lot longer than it should have by playing with my clit and nipples. Emma had to keep telling her to get out of her way.

Free and clean, and a bit horny, I jumped off the table and stretched my arms and legs. It felt wonderful. While I was doing that Emma went and got my dress, shoes and bag, and some big bags for the casts.

We parted with a kiss and promised to meet up again soon.

The casts weren’t easy to carry on the bus but I finally made it home in time to get Ryan’s meal ready. When I told Ryan all about my day he was ecstatic; I’ve never seen him so happy, for himself and for me. You should have seen how hard his cock was. He really wished that he’d been there to see me enjoying myself. I tried to tell him that I was humiliated and extremely embarrassed but he dismissed it saying that it was all part of the pleasure. He said that I get-off on embarrassment and humiliation, especially if it involves me being naked in front of clothed people.

He got me to admit that I had enjoyed the exposure, but I reasoned that any and every girl would have acted like me. I still do not believe that I’m an exhibitionist.

The sex that night went on forever and Ryan was late for work the next day.

**More of Karen and Emma**

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

Karen and Emma have just bought themselves a car. Both of them can drive and they are sharing it.

Last Saturday night Karen offered to take us for a drink at a pub in the country. Karen was driving so she stayed sober, but the rest of us had a few to drink. In the pub we started talking about our university days (Ryan, Karen and I) and Emma’s nursing school days; and the crazy things that we all got up to. It turns out that Karen and Emma both did things as crazy as Ryan and I did.

It seems that we all did things like streaking round the block for dares. That gave Ryan an idea that Karen supported him on. The idea was that Emma and I strip naked before getting in the back of the car for the ride home.

Karen dared Emma to do it and she agreed. The pressure was then on me to join her. Probably because of the alcohol I agreed to it.

I was glad that it was dark outside and that the car park was badly lit. Karen opened the car and the boot, and told Emma and I to strip and put our clothes in the boot. When we were naked Karen closed the boot and told us to get in the back. Ryan had a big grin on his face as he watched us.

I do admit that taking my clothes off in the car park did get me a bit aroused. As I opened my legs to get in the car I felt that my pussy was wet.

As we drove through the streets both Karen and I kept well down in the back. I had been worried about us stopping at traffic lights but when it happened I found that I was too low for anyone stopped next to us to see in.

On the pretext of feeling hungry Karen decided to stop at a McDonalds. Thankfully only the drive-through was open. That was the good news; the bad news was that at the window where you collect the food, Karen stopped about 3 feet further than she should have done. This meant that Emma had to wind down her window and collect the food.

Emma’s hands were occupied collecting the food, but I managed to cover my bits until Emma decided to pass some of the food to me. The poor guy serving us had a big smile on his face. Ryan said that it must happen a lot, but I wasn’t sure.

To add to our embarrassment Karen parked where the staff could see us while we ate our food. Two ‘would you like fries with that’ people came to the window and looked at us.

Karen told us to take the rubbish to one of the bins, but we both refused and she took it herself.

As payback for taking the rubbish, Karen did a really horrible thing to Emma and I. Karen pulled into a quiet, dark street and told us that we could get dressed, but that we would have to get out and get our clothes from the boot.

Emma and I got out and just as we opened the boot, Karen drove off leaving 2 very naked girls stood in the street.

We shouted after Karen and Ryan but they disappeared back onto the main road. Emma knew straight away that Karen wouldn’t be back for us, but I kept telling her to give it a couple of minutes and they’d be back.

About 5 minutes later a car did turn into the street but Emma quickly realised that it wasn’t their car. We both ran into some ones front garden to hide behind a hedge.

I started getting worried. I told Emma that I didn’t have a clue where we were, or how far it was to her home or my home. Thankfully Emma knew and she told me that we were about 1 mile from my home and 3 miles from her home.

We quickly went through all our options, soon realising that we really only had one option available. We had to walk, or run to Ryan’s and my place. I wasn’t happy, but what else could we do.

Trusting Emma’s sense of direction we set off walking and talking about where and how we could hide whenever we saw anyone. I was real glad that I had Emma with me because I think that I would have freaked-out if I’d been on my own.

Fortunately it was late at night and there weren’t many people about. There were none on the street we were on. We made it along 2 streets before we had to dive behind a parked car as some headlights approached. I watched the car hoping that it would be Karen and Ryan coming back for us, but it wasn’t.

Round the next corner we could see 2 people walking towards us in the distance so we ducked into someone’s front garden and hid behind their caravan. It took ages for those people to walk passed us.

As I stood there waiting I realised that I was aroused. My pussy was wet. What the hell was wrong with me? I looked at Emma, her nipples were rock hard. Also her right hand was cupping her pussy; was she playing with herself? Was she aroused too? I daren’t make any noise asking her.

The people passed and we started off walking again. My senses were working at 100% looking and listening for people and vehicles.

“Is this turning you on?” I asked Emma.

“Hell yes! I’m almost ready to burst. Aren’t you ready to cum as well?” Emma asked.

Before I had chance to answer we saw some headlights turn onto our road. We both sprinted to some wheelie bins and slid in behind them. My heart pounded even more when it seemed like the car was slowing down right near us, but it suddenly accelerated away.

Emma told me that when we get to the end of this road we have to walk passed a pub. She had a feeling that it was one that closed very late. Emma told me that if we had any problems we had to knee any men in the groin and run like hell.

I started to ask her what sort of problems as we turned the corner. There was no one in sight so we kept walking. Just as we got to the door to the pub 2 men came out and nearly bumped into us.

“Fuck!” Emma shouted, “RUN Tanya NOW!”

Luckily, the men were obviously a little worse for wear and their reactions were too slow to stop us. As we ran away from them I heard one of them say,

“Did you just see 2 naked girls?”

As we ran a car came the other way and we were caught in the headlights beam; but we kept running. We heard a car horn as we turned the next corner and ducked into some ones front garden and hid behind a bush.

“Fuck that was close.” Emma said.

I looked at her and saw that she was frigging herself. I started on my pussy too.

About 5 minutes later Emma looked at me and said,

“Wow! That was good. I’ve needed that since Karen drove off and left us.”

I smiled and said,

“Me too! How far is it Emma?”

“Not far, you’ll recognise places soon.”

And I did; as we turned the next corner I saw the shop just down the road from my apartment. I started to feel a bit relieved but soon heard the siren of a police car. What’s more it was getting louder. Both Emma and I looked for somewhere to hide. The only place quite close was a parked van.

“That will have to do,” Emma said and we ran for it.

My heart pounded even more as the police car started to slow down as it approached.

“Shit, shit, shit.” Emma said; then “Thank fuck for that,” as the police car turned a corner and sped away.

Two minutes later we were running up the stairs to our apartment. The door was open and Karen and Ryan were sat there with a drink in their hands.

“What kept you?” Ryan asked.

“Enjoyed that didn’t you?” Karen said.

“No I didn’t you bastards.” I replied.

“Come on TT,” Ryan said, “I bet you’ve cum at least twice haven’t you?”

Ryan had got me again and I quietly said,

“Just once!”

Ryan got Emma and I a drink and we sat talking for a while before Karen asked if her and Emma could use the sofa again. I got a quilt and a couple of blankets for them and left them to it. I was glad that Ryan wanted to fuck me before we went to sleep.

I woke up the next morning to the feeling of Ryan fucking me again before we went and shared a shower. I went and started the breakfast as Ryan went and put some boxers on.

Karen and Emma were still asleep so I ignored them; but when Ryan came in he didn’t. When he saw that they were still asleep he pulled the quilt off them and slapped both their bare butts before coming to help me.

A short while later 2 sleepy naked bodies walked into the kitchen and asked if they could use the shower.

When they finally emerged, breakfast was waiting for them. We talked about the previous night’s events and both Emma and I admitted that we’d enjoyed it, even though I’d found it horribly embarrassing.

“How many CCTV cameras do you think that you were on last night?” Karen asked.

“Shit!” I said, “I hadn’t thought of that.”

Ryan decided to stir things up a bit more and said,

“Yeah, and how many of them recorded your every move; and how many of the fat old men watching them have taken a copy home to wank to?”

“Eew!” Emma said, “I don’t even want to think about that.”

We were getting towards the end of breakfast when Karen looked out of the window and said,

“I see the perv across the street is still watching you.”

“Yeah,” Ryan said, “we ignore him most of the time but we sometimes put on a bit of a show for him.”

I blushed a bit as Ryan went on to tell Emma and Ryan that I often stand right in front of the window and play with myself when he’s at work.

“I do not!” I said, but my face went even redder.

“You go for it girl!” Karen said.

Trying to change the subject I asked,

“Are my clothes still in the car?”

Karen smiled and said,

“Yep! But you’ll have to go and get them, so will you Emma.”

“Okay! Come on Tanya, there’s no time like the present.”

“But! But; it’s broad daylight, there’re lots of people about.”

“Then we might just make somebodies day.” Emma said.

Emma grabbed the car keys from Karen, then my hand and pulled me to the door. Two naked girls ran down the stairs and out to the car. I squatted down behind the car while Emma opened the boot and passed me my dress. I quickly put it on and breathed a sigh of relief.

Karen had followed us out and was laughing at us as we finished getting dressed in the street.

They drove off while I went back up to Ryan.

**Local street carnival**

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

Ryan came home one evening and told me that he’d volunteered me to help Karen and Emma with a nurse’s entry into the local street carnival parade.

“That sounds like fun.” I said, and asked him for more details.

All that Ryan knew was that the nurse’s entry was a netball team bouncing a ball between them as they walked along the street.

I asked Ryan to find out where and when I had to be, and what I had to wear. I got Ryan to check the time when he said that I had to be at a small warehouse near the start at 8 o’clock on the Sunday morning; and all I had to take with me was a pair of trainers; definitely no piercing jewellery. Everything else would be provided for me.

The early start puzzled me, but Ryan and I met Karen and Emma outside the warehouse just before 8 o’clock only to be told that Ryan couldn’t go in; he’d have to go home and come back when the parade started.

I was a little puzzled by that but kissed Ryan goodbye.

When we went it we met 3 other girls and 2 men fiddling with some big cans of what looked like paint.

“Where’s our team uniforms then?” I asked

Emma giggled and said,

“In those cans.”

“What! Are you trying to tell me that man is going to paint a uniform on all of us?”

“Yep! Great isn’t it?”

“But I haven’t brought a thong with me.” I said.

“Neither has anyone else.” Karen said. “We’re all going to be naked under that paint.”

“Wow!”

I suddenly got all nervous; and a little wet.

“Won’t we get arrested?”

“Very unlikely.” Karen said. “I can’t see anyone complaining. It’s not as if we’ll be taking part in any sexual activity.”

I was still a bit shocked. I was going to walk naked along a public street with hundreds of people watching me. Not only was I shocked, I was scared; and excited.

While we were waiting for the last girl to arrive I was thinking about being naked on the street (I’m not counting Magaluf because that was a different world). The last time that it happened was when Ryan and Karen dumped Emma and I about a mile from home. That was late at night’ there was hardly anyone around and it was dark. This was going to be the middle of the day with hundreds of people close by; all there just to look at us.

I felt my AF rise quite a bit.

The ‘team’ was organised by a girl called Lucy who got all our attention then told us,

“Right girls, we all need to strip straight away. The artists have told me that we needed to give our skin time to get rid of any strap indentation. Also, if any of you forgot to have a close shave this morning there are some razors, wax strips and tissues on the table over there.

The artist tells me that we need to be dry ‘down there’ when the paint goes on so if any of you need any help to get off, then get dry, I’m sure that we can make a team effort to help you with that problem.

Another thing, can you get your nipples hard before he starts on your chest, I know latex paint is flexible but it’s best to get things hard before the paint goes on.”

At that point Lucy got interrupted by another girl saying that it was a shame that there weren’t any men in the team. After a couple of giggles Lucy continued,

“Once you’ve been done you need to stay stood up and not let the paint touch anything for an hour to make sure that the paint is dry. After that, make sure that you don’t rub against anything until after the parade. It’s Latex paint and should be quite tough but please don’t take any chances.

Oh! After the parade you will be able to peel the paint off quite easily.

Any questions?”

One girl asked if the warehouse would be open after the parade. It would.

Another asked if it would be open early the next morning. Karen asked her if she was planning on going home in just her paint. That prompted a couple of laughs and I could see Karen’s brain scheming something up.

All 7 of us stripped naked and stood around talking. Karen asked me if I needed some relief before it was my turn. I said no, but Karen was looking at my pussy when she said,

“Are you sure, because your pussy looks like it needs some attention; your lips look like a couple of wet balloons.”

Both Emma and I laughed at Karen’s analogy and I blushed a bit.

“Well, I am a bit aroused.” I said, “But I’ll be alright.”

“A bit!” Emma said, “Remember the last time you were naked in public, you were gushing.”

“So were you!” I replied.

“Yeah, but I’m dry now. Come on, let’s get you over there on that table and we’ll take care of you. Emma, you go and get some tissues.” Karen said as she led me to the side of the room.

There were some tables and chairs stacked there and someone had already lifted a couple of tables down.

“Up you get, and get flat on your back.”

I obediently did as I was told and before I knew it both Karen and Emma’s hands were at work on my nipples and pussy. Boy, do those girls know how to satisfy a girl? I started out feeling very embarrassed that Karen and Emma were playing with my private bits in a room with 4 other girls and 2 men there; some of them watching me; but it didn’t take long for my desires to override the embarrassment.

Everyone in the room stopped to watch me have my orgasm. I didn’t care, the whole world could have been watching and I wouldn’t have cared.

I did care after the waves started to recede. I got all embarrassed again, and looked round. Everyone was back doing whatever they were before my moans attracted their attention.

As I got off the table and picked up a few tissues, Karen said,

“Anyone else got a juice problem?”

No one said anything, but I saw that Emma was looking a bit guilty.

“Emma needs taking care of.” I said,

Karen looked at a now blushing Emma. Emma said nothing so Karen put her finger to Emma’s pussy.

“On the table girl.” Karen said.

Emma climbed on and opened her legs.

“Like to help me Tanya?” Karen asked.

Karen and I took care of Emma’s little problem while everyone stopped and watched.

I kept my hand on Emma’s pussy, with my middle finger still inside her, while she calmed down. When she had, Emma reached for my hand and pulled it to her mouth. She sucked my finger then said,

“I love the taste of my pussy.”

Karen passed her a wad of tissues and told her to clean-up.

After about 5 minutes 1 of the artists went up to Lucy and said something. They then went round all 6 of us naked girls (Lucy was the 7th) and checked each of our bodies. They selected 1 girl to be first and went over to where a sheet was spread on the floor. One artist gave the girl a mouth mask then put one on his mouth. Then he got started.

The uniform consisted of a pale teal crop top like many of the tops that the girl athletes were wearing at the Olympics. The girl had largish breasts and the artist had to bend down to spray upwards. Her nipples were rock hard. The top looked a bit boring, but that would change.

Next he asked the girl to sit on a stool and open her legs a bit. He sprayed all over her pussy and around her butt hole.

“Will I still be able to pee?” The girl asked.

“Yes my dear you will, your legs weren’t spread that wide.” The artist said.

The girl then had to stand up while the artist sprayed a pair of those girl athlete’s briefs that look like a pair of boring knickers.

The latex paint gave her a beautiful camel toe.

The first girl was passed on to the second artist who added the trim to the knickers and top. Next he added a small while logo above her left breast and right hip. He finished off by adding the letters ‘GD’ in white, between her breasts.

The finished job looked good and I’m sure that someone would have to be quite close to realise that she was only wearing paint.

Two more girls got ‘done’ in the same ‘uniform’, but with different letters on their chest, ‘WA’ and ‘WD’.

Then it was Karen’s turn. She got the letters ‘GK’. It was then that I realised that the letters were Netball positions.

I was next and I got the letters ‘GS’. How I managed to get my pussy sprayed without getting wet I don’t know. That spray felt good. I’d remembered to tweak my nipples before the artist started on my chest; not that they needed it; they’d been rock hard since I took my dress off.

I went and stood in front of a mirror that someone had brought in and decided that I liked the look. Okay my camel toe was very obvious and when I opened my legs a bit my green clit was very visible, but I liked it. I was sure that Ryan would too.

We were then called back to the artists, told to take our trainers off and we had some black and white, knee length socks sprayed on. We had to wait 15 minutes before carefully putting our trainers back on and get someone else to fasten them for us.

We all spent that time discussing whether or not body paint was classed as clothes. Were we naked or were we clothed?

There were a few theories on both sides of the argument. The main one that I agreed with was that paint covers more than a lot of clothes that girls wear.

Why was I arguing that I wasn’t naked? What was wrong with me? I sure did feel like I was naked; but there again when Ryan gets me to go out wearing something see-through I feel naked as well. I think that just so long as first impressions don’t say that you’re naked, then you can get away with wearing anything. That theory has to apply to all these girls wearing leggings that you can see the shape and colour of their pubic hair through; or in some cases (like me) you can see their pussies clearly.

Anyway, it took over 4 hours for us all to be finished to the satisfaction of the artists, which just left us enough time to collect the ball and walk over to the start of the parade.

No one took any notice of the netball team as we went to find our place ready to start the parade. I guess that everyone there was too interested in their own fancy dress and equipment.

I wasn’t complaining about the lack of attention that we were getting as it gave me time to relax and try to convince myself that I was wearing a proper netball uniform.

On the way Lucy took us all to a hot dog stand to get something to eat and drink before we started. I don’t know if she’d paid them before she’d gone to get painted, or if she managed to get them free because of the way we were ‘dressed’; but she didn’t have any money on her when she came out of the warehouse.

Emma didn’t want to eat the bread roll of her hot dog so she pulled the sausage out and was holding it in her fingers while she ate it. One of the girls told her to be careful which open hole she put it in.

We took our place and the parade finally started. We started bouncing the ball between us and running round our moving area, just like girls do playing netball.

To start off with I managed to stay near the middle of the road, but as time went on I found myself getting very close to the crowd. A couple of times the ball went into the crowd and as I was nearest I had to go right up to people and stand in front of them while someone retrieved the ball and passed it to me.

When I was stood in front of a couple of young men one of them said,

“Fucking hell, I can see her clit.”

That made me blush, but I didn’t turn and run; I ignored him and waited for the ball.

There were a few other rude comments that we heard, but we all ignored them.

There were also quite a few policemen lining the route. None of them said anything about our state of dress, in fact I saw a couple of them smile at us.

Towards the end of the route I saw Ryan. He grinned at me and put both his thumbs up to show his approval for my ‘costume’. He followed us to the end of the parade then came over to us. He had his camera in his hand and was still taking pictures as he walked up to us.

Ryan came right up to me, put his arms round me and kissed me, long and hard.

When we broke the kiss I told him to be careful that he didn’t disturb the paint. He backed off and checked my paint. It was still intact.

“You’re amazing.” He said to me. “Look at you walking around the streets totally naked in broad daylight with all these people looking at you. I’m really proud of you.”

“I’m not naked I’m dressed in this paint.” I replied.

“If that’s not naked then I’m going to buy a few gallons of that stuff and we’ll ‘dress’ you in it all the time. You look fantastic.”

Ryan put his hand to my pussy and slipped a finger inside me.

“And easily accessible too.” Ryan continued as I felt my pussy get wetter.

We turned to Karen and Emma and Ryan said,

“You 2 look fantastic as well. Are you going to come to work dressed like that Karen?”

“I think that our bosses might just have a bit of a problem with that.” Karen said.

Ryan turned to me and asked me what the ‘GS’ on my chest meant. When I told him that it was ‘Goal Shooter, he said,

“Are you sure that it doesn’t stand for ‘ Get Stuffed’ or ‘Good Shag’ or ‘Great Stripper’ or ‘Girl Streaker’; yeah, at the moment the last one sounds good.”

We all had a bit of a laugh at that, just as Lucy came over and told us that we were free to leave so most of us started heading back to the warehouse. We got a couple of rude comments on the way, but in general people only stared at us.

When we got to the warehouse we found that it was locked. I had a quick panic attack but the others were quite calm. We decided that we’d have to go home on the bus and Emma promised to get our clothes the next day.

Karen, Emma, Ryan and I split from the rest of the group and started walking towards where we could catch a bus, but Ryan said that it would be a shame not to have a good look round the carnival while we were there. I wanted to go straight home but I got out numbered, and we started wandering round all the stalls.

I felt embarrassed at times, especially when someone said anything bad about our state of dress; but fortunately that only happened a couple of times. I did notice that I kept seeing the same group of teenage boys a few times. I guess that they wanted to see the naked girls as much of us as they could.

Ryan didn’t help either; he kept sneakily touching my clit and fingering me. A couple of times I had a quick look at my pussy to check that it was still covered in paint.

After about an hour we all decided to go home. I know that all Ryan’s attention to my pussy had made me want to go somewhere where he could fuck me.

We walked to the bus stop and Emma and Karen got on their bus (Ryan had given them some money).

When our bus came the driver stared at me. I thought he was going to say something and tell me to get off, but he didn’t and we went up the stairs to the top deck. I carefully sat down, hoping that the paint would hold.

When we went up the stairs Ryan went in front of me (as usual), and I was followed up by a young man. I tried to not think about the view that he must have had.

When we got off the bus the first thing that I did was to get Ryan to check my butt and back. Fortunately the paint stayed intact. As we climbed the stars to our apartment, our neighbours John and Sandra were coming down. We all said ‘Hi’ and I saw that Sandra had a big grin on her face. As we got further apart I heard John ask Sandra why she didn’t wear outfits like I did.

As soon as we got through the door Ryan pushed me against the back of the door and fucked me hard.

When we were done Ryan checked my paint and we were both surprised to see that it was still intact. Surprisingly it was so after a quick bite to eat Ryan decided that we were going for a walk. I wasn’t too happy, but as usual, Ryan got his way.

As we went down the stairs we saw Sandra and John coming back up with a couple of shopping bags. This time they got a full frontal view of my virtually naked body. I was still embarrassed, even though they had both seen me totally naked a few times before. Why is it always me that people see naked, and not Ryan?

We walked down the street with Ryan holding the hand of a very nervous and slightly excited girl.

We walked to the park with only a few people passing us; none of them said anything although a couple stared at me. Ryan kept telling me that I wasn’t naked, but I sure did feel naked.

There were a few more people in the park, including a group of youths playing football, Ryan dragged me quite close to them, but none of them took any notice of me.

We walked back home by a different route which took us passed a petrol station. As we approached it Ryan put his hand in his pocket and got some money out.

“Go and get us an ice cream please TT?”

I was a bit shocked at first, he wanted me to go into a shop and buy something, dressed in only a cup full of paint. I had been getting slightly used to being on the streets like that but this was something else. There was every chance that the person behind the counter would be a man, and there was a good chance that male customers would go in while I was there.

The other part of the problem was that I just knew that Ryan would manage to persuade me to do it.

He did. Three minutes later I was walking across the forecourt clutching a 5 pound note. A car drove in and stopped right next to where I was walking. Two men got out and stared at my butt as I passed them.

As I opened the door my worst fears were realised. A man behind the counter was staring at me.

With a pounding heart I went to the ice cream cabinet and opened it. A blast of freezing air blew up to my nipples and they got even harder. The nerves and embarrassment got a bit of a jolt as my pubic bone touched the cabinet as I leant forward and down to get the ice creams from the bottom of the chest cabinet.

I suddenly realised that the man behind the counter would be getting a great view of my bent over butt.

I quickly grabbed 2 ice creams, stood up, shut the cabinet door and turned round. Yes, the man was still watching me. I heard the doorbell ring and 3 men walked up to the counter in front of me.

Just my luck, each one of them wanted to buy something and while each one was getting served the other 2 looked at me. One of them smiled at me but I turned my head away. I was too embarrassed to make eye contact. What’s more, my pussy was getting quite wet.

Finally, they finished and left leaving me stood in front of the man behind the counter. I could see that he was looking right at my painted pussy.

I put the ice creams on the counter along with my money. This brought the man back to earth and he scanned the ice creams and took the money. I waited for the change and left. I almost ran back to Ryan.

As we continued our walk back home Ryan told me that he thought the man in the filling station would be copying the CCTV recording so that he could take it home and use it as wanking material.

We made it back home without any problems. I was feeling very horny and I pounced on Ryan just as soon as the front door was shut.

**The next day**

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

The next morning I was woken by Ryan getting dressed. He’d already had a shower and was about to leave for work. He asked me if my paint job was still intact so I got up and went to the mirror.

We were both surprised that it was, although the ‘socks’ were showing signs of wear. Just as Ryan was leaving he said,

“You should go out for a jog dressed like that before it starts to peel.”

I laughed a bit and said,

“No chance!”

As I drank a cup of coffee I started to think about what Ryan had said. I kept telling myself that it was a stupid idea, but the more I thought about it the more I realised that I was getting turned on, and that I was going to do it. I knew that this was a once in a lifetime chance as it was highly unlikely that I would get some clothes painted on me ever again.

I decided to not have a shower and think about it some more.

An hour later I put my trainers on and headed for the front door. Just before I got there I turned and went back to the bedroom to do another stupid thing. I pushed one of my remote vibes up my pussy and switched it on low. I knew what would happen but I still went ahead and did it.

As I ran down the stairs I was nervous as hell, but excited as hell as well. I even checked my pussy just to make sure that my juices hadn’t dislodged the paint.

Jogging down the street felt good and I started to relax, but not for long. The vibe was starting to have an effect

I guess that most of the people who saw me thought that I was wearing similar clothes to the girl athletes on the Olympic running tracks. It was only those who got close enough to see my camel toe, and realise what it was, that stared at me; but I just kept running.

I decided that I didn’t want to have any orgasms anywhere near any people so instead of going my usual route I headed for the park. Shortly after I got there I had to find something to lean on as my first orgasm hit me.

I decided to hide behind a big tree and leaned back on it. It had rough bark on it but I wasn’t worried by it hurting my back and butt a bit. When I started to calm down I looked round and was glad that I couldn’t see anyone.

I set off jogging again but it wasn’t long before the vibe raised my AF again. I saw the wooded area and headed for that intending to run through it on the path that Ryan and I had walked a couple of times before. In the wooded area the path splits and Ryan and I had always gone in the direction of the open ground that we could see. It was my intention to go that same way, but I guess that my mind was on other things and I missed the turning.

As I ran I was thinking that I didn’t recognise anything but my mind was concentrating on the feelings in my pussy. Before I knew it I hadn’t a clue where I was. I kept going until I just had to stop again. I found another tree and leant back against it. This time I fingered myself and had a wonderful orgasm, even screaming out.

As the waves receded my hand left my pussy and I saw some of the paint on my hand. I leant forwards, looked at my pussy and saw that the paint on my vulva and clit had come off; so had some of it on my pubic bone.

I had a quick little panic as I realised that most of my pussy was uncovered. I moved my hand to the top of my bottoms and pushed the paint. Shit! It started to come off. I put my hand to my right nipple and gently pushed. The paint came off.

I had a sudden thought about my butt and back. I’d leant against that first tree and then against the second. I stood up straight and turned round. Shit, shit; there were a couple of big bits of paint on the tree and judging by their position they were from my butt. I tried looking over my shoulder to see how exposed I now was, but of course I couldn’t see my butt.

After a few seconds trying to decide how I could get home without being seen I decided to keep going along what must be on some sort of nature trail. I was real glad that I hadn’t seen anyone for ages.

Off I set, quickly wishing that I’d left the vibe at home - and myself.

That trail seemed to go on forever. After about 5 minutes I turned a corner and was confronted by an old man swinging a dog lead. He gave me a funny look as I smiled at him and wished him a good morning.

My AF was getting dangerously high when all of a sudden I saw the same man again. WTF; how was that possible.

I smiled at him again, and this time I saw him turn to watch me running away from him. He must have had a great view of what I suspected was my now bare butt. I got round the next corner and had a third orgasm. This time I didn’t lean against a tree. Instead I bent over and leaned on my knees.

When I could I started thinking about how it was possible for me to have seen the same man twice. The only explanation that I could come up with was that I was going round in a big circle and had missed a turning that would get me back to somewhere that I recognised.

I set off again and in a few seconds I saw an elderly couple walking towards me. As I got very close to them I heard the woman say,

“Oh my!” and the man say,

“Wow, remember when we did…”

That was all I managed to hear.

As I ran I tried to concentrate on the path; it was difficult.

I could see the same man in the distance and my heart sank; then I saw it. The path was in the shape of an inverted ‘Y’. I quickly went to my left and roughly in the direction that I had just come from.

That was it; I started to see things that looked familiar then the path ended and I was back on open ground that I recognised.

I was knackered and without thinking I sat down on the grass to have a quick rest. As soon as my butt touched the grass I knew that I’d made a stupid mistake. I didn’t think that things could get any worse that I’d just made them so I sat still to get my breath back and let my AF get back to a very small number.

I sat there with my knees up and well apart, and looked round. I couldn’t see anyone so my right hand went to my pussy. It was very wet and I felt a jolt as I touched my clit.

“Stop it you stupid girl.” I said to myself and lay back on the grass behind me. I closed my eyes and tried to think about anything but sex.

I was somewhat successful but when I opened my eyes and lifted my head I saw a workman standing about 20 feet away in front of me; and he was stood there looking at me. I still had my knees up and open. He must have been able to see everything.

OMG! I got to my feet and ran. Just as I started to run I looked down to where I had been sat and saw a few bits of green paint on the grass. As I was running I wondered just how much of my back and butt was still covered in paint.

By the time I’d got to the edge of the park the vibe had raised my AF dangerously high. Fortunately I hadn’t seen anyone else in the park but I had to go along a few streets to get home. I had flashbacks of the night that Emma and I had been dumped naked about a mile from home; and the places that we hid on the way. I was going to have to do the same to get home without getting arrested.

I mentally planned my route to include streets that had a lot of cars parked along them. I was probably going to need them.

I bolted out of the park and along the first street. Fortunately there were only a couple of people on the street and no moving vehicles. Whenever there was someone on my side of the road I crossed over and ignored them.

The second street was busier; but not that bad. Twice I had to duck down behind a parked car. Whilst behind the second I had to frig myself, My AF was at about an 11and I just couldn’t wait. I crouched behind a parked van and rubbed my pussy. Relief came almost instantly.

I turned into the next street that thankfully looked empty of people. I kept jogging and saw a big van at the side of the road on my side. I still couldn’t see anyone so I kept going. Just as I got level with the van 2 men in white overall and carrying tins of paint, stepped onto the footpath from behind the van.

I stopped dead and they stopped dead. We stared at each other for what seemed like hours, but was probably only a couple of seconds; then I bolted. I brushed passed the men and was off.

“Am I dreaming or did I ……” was all I heard from the men.

I had one more orgasm before I got home. It was as I was hiding behind a wheelie bin. My right hand touched my clit and my left hand was in my mouth stopping me from screaming.

I managed to get up the stairs to our apartment without incident and the first thing that I did was switch the vibe off. Then went and looked at myself in the mirror. About half of the paint was missing. I spent the next 15 minutes peeling most of the rest of it off before having a shower and relaxing for a while.

As I lay on the sofa I thought back. I confessed to myself that part of me had enjoyed it; and I’d never had so many orgasms whilst out jogging.

I jumped on Ryan as soon as he got through the door that afternoon. When I broke the kiss he asked me how easy it had been to get the paint off.

“Too easy;” but there’s still some on my back that I can’t reach; can you get it off please?

As Ryan obliged I told him all about my jogging expedition. As I got to the end of the account I asked Ryan why he thought the paint had come off so easily while I was jogging, but not the previous day. Ryan though that it might me a combination of the time that it had been on, my natural body oils, the sweat from jogging and my well lubricated pussy.

Ryan also said that next time I’d have to avoid going out in public the next day.

“The NEXT time!” I said, “What are you planning?

Ryan just smiled.

**Party piece**

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A couple of weeks later Ryan told me that he’d invited another couple of his mates round for a games night.

“Please don’t make me stay naked for them.” I pleaded; but Ryan finally got his way again. To be honest, I didn’t protest that much for 2 reasons; firstly I knew that I’d give in eventually; and secondly, I knew that Ryan would find some way of making me cum in front of them; and I just love orgasms.

The big night arrived and I opened the door to a not so surprised Paul and Dan. Ryan must have told them to expect me to be naked.

I invited them in and offered them a beer. Both Paul and Dan complimented me on my outfit. I could see a bulge in Paul’s trousers.

The 3 men sat on the sofa and started playing their games so I went and sat opposite, put the television on and started drinking my beer.

The 3 guys were concentrating on their game, but as the game they were playing was only for 2 players they took it in turns to not play. Ryan was the first one to miss out, but he was watching Paul and Dan most of the time. Occasionally he would look across to me and smile or blow a kiss to me.

Ryan started motioning for me to open my legs and let him look at my pussy. As the other 2 were engrossed in their game I didn’t see any harm in it, so I did it. It felt good and my pussy got wetter.

After I got fresh beers for us all and put some snacks on the table I sat down again and Ryan indicated that he wanted me to flash him again; so I did.

This went on with me getting wetter and wetter until Ryan was back in the game and Dan sat out. Fortunately Dan seemed more interested in watching Ryan and Paul play than looking over to me.

I got more beers and it was soon Paul’s time to sit out. At the change-over Ryan motioned for me to open my legs again. The beers were loosening me up a bit so when the game started again I left my legs open; not too far, but enough for Ryan to see my pussy.

The game got going again and I soon noticed that Paul was looking over to me quite a bit. I was trying to decide if I should close my legs. I wanted to, but something was stopping me. I kept telling myself that there was nothing wrong with exposing my pussy; that Paul must see his girlfriend’s pussy every day so he couldn’t be interested in mine. I tried to convince myself that he would be more interested in his girlfriend’s tits than my nothing tits.

In the end I just thought,

“Fuck it; let him look, I know that it will make Ryan happy seeing him take long looks at my naked body.”

Shortly after that I realised that I was getting horny. I got up and got more beers.

Dan and Ryan’s game was over quickly, I think that Dan thrashed Ryan, and the guys decided to watch the football. It couldn’t have been a good game because they were all looking disappointed and spending more and more time looking at me.

In a way I felt happy that Paul and Dan thought that I was worth looking at. Ryan? Well his eyes looked like they do when he’s fucking me. They were full of lust and pleasure.

Anyway, after about 15 minutes the guys had had enough of the football. Out of the blue Ryan said,

“Tell you what guys, the game’s crap so why don’t we get Tanya to show us her party piece?”

My jaw dropped. I tried to think what Ryan was on about. I really did hope that it wasn’t what I was thinking that it was.

Ryan switched the television off and said,

“TT, why don’t you go and get that bag of golf balls?”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.” I thought as I stood up and started walking towards the bedroom. “Please don’t make me do this Ryan.”

But I just knew that I wouldn’t say that to Ryan; it was a waste of time because I knew that I would do it; anything for my lover.

When I got back to the lounge the guys were standing up waiting for me. Ryan told me to stand behind the sofa with my butt against the back of it. Ryan then came to me, gave me a kiss and lowered me backwards over the back of the sofa so my head and shoulders rested on the seat. My butt was resting on the back of the sofa with my legs dangling down.

“We need your pussy pointing to the ceiling TT. Can you open your legs and bring them back over your head?”

I did then Ryan told me to hold my ankles.

My pussy was now pointing to the ceiling and wide open.

“Good girl!”

The 3 of them came up close to me with Ryan standing in between Dan and Paul.

“Boy does that look good.” Dan said.

“It sure does.” Paul said. “I can feel the heat from here, and she’s so wet!”

Ryan took one of the golf balls out of the bag and put it on my pussy. It was a bit cold and my pussy jerked.

Ryan put a bit of pressure on the ball and my pussy opened to take it. Ryan felt it start to slide in and removed his finger. My pussy literally sucked the golf ball in.

“Fucking hell!” Paul said, “That’s amazing.”

“I’ve never seen anything like that before.” Dan said.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet!” Ryan said. “Squeeze it out TT.”

The humiliation was deafening me and Ryan had to say it again. I clenched my muscles and the ball started to come out.

“Fucking hell!” Paul said – again. “The whole area around her pussy is moving.”

Ryan caught the golf ball before it rolled off me and onto the floor then gave it to Paul.

“You do it; Tanya won’t mind.”

I certainly did mind; but I didn’t say anything as I felt the ball on my pussy and pressure being put on it.

As my pussy opened and swallowed the ball I could feel my AF rising.

“Here Dan, you try it.”

“Can she take 2?” Dan said.

“Sure. Go on, do it; but don’t push too hard, her pussy will do all the work.” Ryan said.

I felt another golf ball at my pussy then my muscles got to work and swallowed it.

“I just love the way you can see all the muscles around her pussy contracting and releasing to take it in. Tanya, are you controlling that or does it just happen?” Paul asked.

Before I could answer Ryan told Paul that it was totally involuntary. He said that he could probably put a golf ball to my pussy while I was asleep and it would swallow it.

I wondered if that was right.

Ryan gave Paul another golf ball and told him to have another go.

“Blood hell Ryan,” Paul said, “how much space is there in there.”

“Enough to take that.” Ryan said.

Just as the third ball touched my pussy I started to cum.

“Hold it Paul,” Ryan said, “I think that we’d better wait a minute or two.”

“Wow!” Paul said, “Look at those muscles go. The next time that I get a woman I’m going to watch her cum from this angle and see if she does the same.”

When the convulsions stopped Ryan told Paul to try again.

He did, and my pussy swallowed the third golf ball.

Ryan got a fourth golf ball out of the bag.

“Here Dan, your turn.” Ryan said.

“Never!” Paul said.

“Go on Dan.” Ryan said.

I felt the ball at my pussy and my muscles sucking it in.

“Awesome!” Paul said. “Blood hell. It was in and now it’s coming out. Are you doing that Tanya?”

I didn’t answer, but Ryan did.

“Push it in again Dan.”

Dan did, it promptly disappeared the re-appeared.

“You try it Paul.”

Paul did, and the same thing happened.

“I’ve never managed to get that fourth ball to stay in.” Ryan said. Then,

“Okay Tanya, push them all out.”

One by one I squeezed and out they all came. I was just thinking that my humiliating ordeal was coming to an end when Ryan started flicking and squeezing my clit. The inevitable happened and I came again with all 3 of them looking down at the spasms in my pussy and the convulsions that caused my legs to jerk.

“Man; that sure is a beautiful sight.” Paul said.

A couple of minutes later Ryan pulled me up onto my feet. I looked at Dan and Paul and my face got even redder. I wanted to run and hide, but Ryan put his arms round me and whispered “Thank you,” into my ear.

Thankfully, my ordeal was over for that night. Ryan said that I should go and have a shower. When I got out and went back to Ryan, but Dan and Paul had left. Ryan was feeling very randy and he had me on the sofa before we went to bed.

The next morning I woke up feeling ‘different’, but nice. I soon realised that Ryan had pushed a golf ball up my pussy.

“Did you have to push it in?” I asked.

“Only a little bit, then your pussy did the rest.”

“Ryan,” I said, “I was really humiliated last night; please don’t ask me to do that again.”

Ryan hugged me and said,

“I only ask you to do things that I know that really want to do, things that I know that you’ll enjoy.”

The thing was, I did get quite a bit of pleasure out of it, those wonderful orgasms, so how can I argue with him? He knows what my body wants just as much as I do, maybe more.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 11 – More humiliation**

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

**Impromptu Party**

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So there we were one Saturday evening, at home on our own. We’d decided to experiment with a bit of bondage and Ryan had ordered a couple of thing from the internet.

Early in the evening Ryan had stripped me and put the ankle cuffs on me and attached them to a spreader bar. He also put wrist cuffs on me and joined them behind my back. I was sat on the front edge of the sofa leaning back with Ryan teasing my nipples and pussy and slowly bringing to the edge then stopping, again and again. I was wearing my nipple barbells, but not my clit one, and Ryan kept pulling them. He’d been telling me that he’d like to leave me like that in a public park or beach and watch people’s reaction to seeing me. That got me scared, and excited. So did his threats to get some workmen round to fix something or other with me like that.

Anyway, after about an hour or so of me pleading for him to give me the release that I needed, the doorbell rang.

“Who the fuck is that?” I asked as Ryan stood up. “You’re not going to the door to find out – are you?”

I started to panic a bit because I just knew that Ryan would open the door to find out who it was. He has no problem with other people seeing me naked; even though I get terrible embarrassed by it.

As Ryan opened the door I heard him say,

“Oh hi Karen, Emma; what brings you here?”

“We decided to go to that pub just down the road from here and wondered if you two would like to join ……….. Fucking hell Ryan, what are you 2 up to?” Karen said as she walked in and saw me.

“Bloody hell Tanya; I guess that this confirms that you really did enjoy being wheeled around town with those plaster casts on and your legs spread wide.”

“How many times has Ryan made you cum with you like that?” Emma asked.

“He hasn’t yet; he’s been teasing me for the last hour or so. Ryan, can you cover me up please?” I said.

“Don’t cover her up because of us Ryan,” Karen said, “we’ve all seen that gorgeous body lots of times before.”

Ryan didn’t cover me; instead he came and sat next to me while Emma and Karen sat opposite me.

They both stared at my pussy for a while then Karen said,

“Nice and puffy and wet Tanya; just how I like them. So, what do you two think? Do you fancy coming to that pub with us; or how about I go and get us some beer and we have a quiet night looking at Tanya’s pussy?”

“Ryan, get me out of these things and I’ll go and get some clothes on so we can go out.” I said.

“No, no,” Ryan said, “I like the idea of a few beers here.”

Ryan got his wallet out and gave Karen some money and she stood up to leave.

“You can stay here if you like Emma, I can manage on my own. You’re not going to release her are you Ryan?”

“Hell no.” Ryan replied.

“RYAN!” I said, knowing full well that he’d leave me naked in front of our friends,

“At least cover me with something.” I pleaded.

“I’ll get something.” Emma said, and off she went.

I felt relieved, and grateful to Emma. While she was gone I again asked Ryan to free me, but he leaned over me, kissed me, ran a finger up my slit and said,

“You’ll enjoy those two watching and maybe teasing you.”

Emma came back and put a little face cloth over my belly button and said,

“There you are Tanya, all decent now.”

Both Emma and Ryan laughed then Ryan bent over me and folded the towel double so that my belly button was exposed; then said,

“That’s better, I like looking at you belly.”

“So Emma, you know what we’ve been doing for the last hour or so, what have you two been up to today? Ryan asked.

Emma stared at my pussy, which got even wetter, as she told us about their day; how they’d got asked to leave a clothes shop for coming out of the changing rooms and going to get some more clothes to try on whilst still naked.

I started to relax a bit as the conversation moved away from me and my pussy. A short while later the doorbell rang again. Emma opened the door and let Karen and the beers in.

“Bloody hell Karen, you’ve got enough beer for a long night.” Ryan said as he went and helped her carry them to the kitchen and loaded-up the fridge.

Ryan opened some bottles and they came and sat down again. Ryan had brought me a bottle and he kept holding it to my mouth to let me drink.

As we talked I kept noticing Karen looking at my pussy, which kept it quite wet.

After about 10 minutes the doorbell rang again.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I phoned a few friends and invited them here.” Karen said.

“WHAT! KAREN I’M NAKED.”

In walked 4 men and 2 girls. All of them stopped and stared at me as soon as they saw me. I felt my blush extend from my face to my chest. My nipples got so hard that they hurt and my pussy gushed.

“Blood hell Karen, you weren’t joking.” One of the guys (Gary) said. Gary is another guy that works with Karen and Ryan. I’d met him before, but he’d never seen me naked before – well apart from on skype from Greece.

I didn’t know the others but that soon changed as Karen insisted on introducing them to me. They all stood in front of me looking down at my naked body as I blushed and gushed.

Ryan kept putting the beer bottles to my mouth and almost pouring it into me as everyone took it in turns to come and talk to us, and stare at me, my rock hard nipples and soaking pussy, I was sooo embarrassed.

Things got worse when Karen decided that I’d drunk enough. To stop me from having anymore she produced a ball-gag out of her bag and put it on me. I tried telling her not to but she ignored me.

“Something I was thinking about using on Emma later.” Karen said.

Everyone got a little drunk as I watched them watching me. After a while Emma brought a bottle of beer over to me and asked if I’d like some. I shook my head sideways and Emma said,

“I know where we’ll put it,” and she proceeded to push it into my hole as I shook my head pointlessly.

I was so wet that it didn’t take Emma long to get it so far in me that only the bottom inch was sticking out.

“That was easy.” Emma said loudly; attracting the attention of anyone who hadn’t noticed what she was doing.

“What else can we put in her?” Emma announced.

“What’s this about a little party trick that I’ve heard you’re good at Tanya? This is a party; how about you show us?” Karen said.

FIH had Ryan actually told Karen about the golf balls? I hoped not, but after a short pause Karen continued,

“Where’s the golf balls Ryan?”

“No, no, not here, not now.” I thought, and hoped, but Ryan stood up and walked towards the bedroom.

Ten seconds later he was back, with the bag of golf balls in his hand.

“Who wants to see how many they can get inside Tanya?” Ryan asked.

Of course all the guys did; and amazingly, all the girls did as well.

Karen grabbed the bag off Ryan and got down in front of me. I was shaking my head and trying to say, “No, no, please don’t do this,” but no one could understand the distorted sounds coming out of my stuffed mouth.

Karen pulled the beer bottle out of me and I felt my hole close (well nearly). Seconds later she held a golf ball to my hole and gently pushed. My hole opened wider and swallowed the ball, much to the cheers from most of the people watching.

Karen did the same with the second and third golf ball. Each time my pussy eagerly sucked the ball in.

“What about another Ryan?” Karen asked.

“Try it!” Ryan replied.

Karen did, and everyone watched as it disappeared inside me. Just as everyone was applauding I felt my hole open and the ball started coming out.

“Woah there Tanya, don’t push it out.” Karen said.

“We’ve never been able to keep the fourth one in.” Ryan said.

“How about if I try this?” Karen said as she pushed it back in and held it in with her finger.

Of course, with her finger in my hole the ball stayed put. She experimented by removing her finger a couple of times, but each time my pussy muscles started to eject the ball.

Karen held it in with one hand then started playing with my clit with the other hand.

“I wonder if it will still come out when she’s cumming?” Karen said.

“Oh no, please don’t make me cum in front of everyone.” I thought. My screams couldn’t get out and everyone was ignoring my head shaking.

I didn’t last long, and started to spasm and cum. My hips trust up and down as everyone just stared at me. Sometime in the midst of my orgasm Karen removed her finger and joined the other in just watching me. I could feel the ball coming out, and heard it drop to the floor.

As I calmed down I realised that everyone was clapping. I should have been happy that I had pleased everyone, but I was so ashamed, embarrassed and humiliated – and still horny. Why was I horny? I was ashamed of myself for being horny.

Things went quiet for a minute then Ryan said,

“Push them out Tanya.”

I did, and the applause started again.

I was so pleased that the ordeal was over. It is one thing being naked in front of friends and strangers but it’s so humiliating having things stuffed in my pussy and cumming as well. I wanted to crawl in a corner and die.

But my ordeal wasn’t over.

“Who else would like a go?” Ryan asked.

Everyone moved forward. My screams went unheard again and my head shaking was ignored as Ryan took charge and said that everyone could have a go and he called for Gary to go next.

Gary was obviously a little nervous at first because he took his time and only held the golf ball to my pussy. After a few seconds Ryan said,

“Gently push it Gary.”

Gary did and my hole opened and grabbed the ball.

“That’s amazing.” Gary said as he presented the second ball to my hole.

“Don’t be shy Gary, play with her clit.” Karen said.

I saw Gary’s eyes look over to Ryan. He nodded and I felt Gary’s fingers squeeze my clit.

As Gary squeezed, flicked and pulled my clit I felt the other balls go inside me.

I started to cum again.

The same thing happened with all the 6 guests (ha!). By the time I’d had 4 of the 6 orgasms I’d stopped trying to scream and object. I was getting tired. I was no longer able to squeeze the balls out and the last 3 (I think) people had to be content with just trying to get my pussy to keep the fourth one in. All failed as my pussy just wouldn’t accept it. The 2 unknown girls were the worst (or best); they really did punish my clit. When they had a hand free they tortured my nipples as well.

The only person that didn’t push those balls into my hole and make me cum was Ryan. He just watched with a big grin on his face and a big bulge in his trousers.

When they’d all had their turn I was totally knackered. I just lay there (not that I could go anywhere). Everyone started talking to each other and Ryan came and sat next to me and put his arm round my shoulder. I still had 3 of the golf balls inside me as Ryan told me that he was really proud of me; that he loved me so much.

Most of my ordeal was over. With my head on his shoulder I soon went to sleep.

I awoke about an hour (I think) later and realised that I only had 1 golf ball still inside me. I looked for Ryan and saw him talking to one of the girls. A couple of people had slices of pizza in their hand.

“Where did that come from?” I thought – then I went back to sleep.

The next time that I woke there was only Emma, Karen and Ryan there. Emma was getting undressed and Ryan was freeing me for my ordeal. I really wanted to tell him that I was really annoyed with him but after the pleasure that I’d experienced I just couldn’t do that.

“Come on gorgeous, Emma and Karen need the sofa.” Ryan said.

“I need a shower.” I mumbled as Ryan lifted me to my feet.

“Can I have that last golf ball please TT; I’m not going to fuck you with that still inside you.”

I opened my legs and squeezed. Seconds later there was a thump as the golf ball hit the floor. I didn’t even look at it as Ryan half carried me to the shower.

Ryan joined me in the shower and he helped me wash all the sweat and my bodily juices off me; but we didn’t have sex in the shower. After he’d towelled me and put me into our bed Ryan spooned me and I fell asleep with him inside me.

The next morning I staggered to the kitchen and made some coffee. As I took some back to bed I saw Karen and Emma on the sofa, and accidentally stubbed a toe on one of the golf balls.

A couple of hours later I woke again and put a robe on. Ryan was cooking breakfast and Karen was standing at the window (naked), looking to see if she could see if mister perv was watching us. I guess that she wanted to tease him.

Over breakfast Karen embarrassed me - again, by telling me that they’d ordered pizzas the night before and when the middle-aged Asian guy had delivered them they’d invited him in and let him have a good look at me as I slept. He’d been amazed when 1 of the golf balls came out of me while he watched.

**Fancy Dress Party**

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

We had another party at our place. Ryan decided that it was going to be a fancy dress party, and that people would only be allowed in if they were in fancy dress.

I kept suggesting outfits that I could wear but Ryan kept telling me not to worry, and that he’d sort something out for me. He even said that the night before the party, and I was starting to get a bit worried.

Anyway, a couple of hours before we expected the first people to arrive he disappeared then came back with this large cardboard box. It was the size of a coffin and I joked about it being a coffin.

I got a little worried when he said,

“Sort of.”

He stood it on its end and went and got a pair of scissors and some sellotape then started cutting a hole in the top.

I got more worried when he told me to go and have a shower and come back without getting dressed.

The box was on its side when I got back and Ryan told me to slide into it.

When I was in Ryan folded the flaps round my neck so that only my head was out of the box.

“I’m not going to have much of a party like this.” I joked.

“I promise you that you’ll have a fantastic party; one that you’ll remember for the rest of your life.” Ryan replied.

I got a little more worried.

Ryan checked where my feet were then made some adjustments before sealing that end of the box. It was like I was in a coffin, but with my head out.

What Ryan did next really did worry me. He cut a hole about 6 inches in diameter right above my pussy; and a slot about 12 inches by 6 above my little tits.

Then he rolled the box over and cut another 6 inch diameter hole above my butt.

Next, he lifted the box up so that I was stood on my feet. I was stuck; all I could do was to move my head sideways. The only other thing that I could do, but didn’t want to do, was to lean on one side so that I fell over.

“Okay Ryan, fun over, can you let me out please? I need to get ready for the party.” I asked.

“You are ready for the party my love. That’s your fancy dress.”

“You’re joking; I’m in a bloody box. The only part of me that’s visible is my head, and my …… oh no..”

It dawned on me; Ryan wanted (was expecting) me to get groped through the holes in the box.

“Ryan please don’t do this to me;” I pleaded, “I’ll get embarrassed and humiliated.”

“And extra horny;” Ryan said, “I bet that you’ll be begging people to make you cum.”

“I will NOT.”

“Of course you will,“ Ryan said; “you love it when people see you naked and touch you.”

“Only you.”

“Liar,” Ryan said, “how many times have you cum while you’re naked in front of strangers, and when they’re touching you?”

“Hundreds.” I whispered.

“Right then, a few more times tonight then. You’ll love it”

And he was right. Okay I love the orgasms, but it’s still embarrassing and humiliating.

Just then the doorbell rang.

“Hang on a minute.” Ryan shouted.

Ignoring my protests Ryan went and got a blindfold and ball gag and put them on me. I resigned myself to a humiliating evening but at least I wouldn’t be able to see my tormentors.

I heard voices, some I recognised and some that I didn’t. I felt my right nipple get squeezed and Karen said,

“This is going to be fun Tanya. I’m really glad that you decided to be the entertainment tonight.”

I wanted to protest and put her straight but there was no point. She wouldn’t be able to understand my garbled voice.

The doorbell rang again and I heard more voices. Some were talking about me and occasionally I felt a hands come through the holes in the box.

As time went on more and more hands came through the holes and the hands started getting more adventurous. My nipples were really getting abused and fingers invaded my wet pussy.

I think that it was a girl’s hand that was the first that I realised was trying to make me cum; and she was good at it. Just as I realised that I was going to cum, the hand disappeared. After a few seconds it came back and took me over the edge.

There were big cheers as someone told everyone that I was cumming. As I calmed down I heard Karen say,

“Right, who’s next?”

The next thing I felt was me falling. Fortunately someone caught me and stood me up again. Ryan asked me if I was okay but all I could do was mumble.

More hands came into the holes and my body got tortured. Before long I was cumming, again and again. Someone removed the ball gag so that people could hear my moans and screams of pleasure; but the blindfold was left on. In a way I was glad that I couldn’t see who was pleasuring me; but at the same time, every time I saw one of our friends after that night I would be wondering if they had made me cum.

I don’t know how many orgasms I had, but eventually my legs started getting a bit weak. I felt the cardboard pressing on my neck. Somehow I managed to tell Ryan that it was hurting. He must have realised that I was serious because he stopped the people who were currently groping me and lowered the box onto the floor. Then he ripped the sellotape off the top of the box and freed my neck.

I was hoping that my torture and humiliation was over but it wasn’t. I heard Ryan say,

“Okay, you can continue now.”

The hands came back through the holes and I felt my legs spread as much as they could within the confines of the box.

I couldn’t fight it so I just lay there and took the pleasure that was being inflicted on me.

Eventually the hands and orgasms stopped and things went quiet. Then I went to sleep.

When I woke up Ryan was cutting the cardboard and freeing me. When the blindfold came off Ryan and I were alone.

Ryan helped me up and to the shower. All the time I kept repeating,

“You bastard; you bastard.”

When Ryan had dried me and put me on the bed the,

“You bastard” changed to “fuck me.”

He did.

I never did find out if anyone who came to the party wore fancy dress. Whenever I asked Ryan, Karen or Emma they just changed the subject.

When I next saw Karen and Emma they kept telling me how lucky I was to have someone like Ryan who always wanted me to have lots of sexual pleasure.

I know that they are right; it’s just that I’d like to have a bit more say in how I get that pleasure. But there again, if I knew beforehand would these ‘events’ be as pleasurable?

**They’re spying on me**

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

One Saturday evening when we were out having a drink with Karen and Emma, Karen told me that she liked my new blue dress. After thanking her, I suddenly wondered when she’d seen it. I wasn’t wearing it that night and I’d only got it a couple of days before. I was confused and asked her when she’d seen me in it.

“Yesterday morning when you were trying on different outfits.”

“But yesterday was Friday, you were at work and I was at home on my own; how could you have seen me?”

“Ooops!” Karen said, and looked at Ryan.

“Thanks Karen.” Ryan said; then he turned to me.

“TT, do you remember me bringing those 2 webcams home a couple of weeks ago and trying to get them working?”

“Yeah, but you gave-up didn’t you?”

“Well no, I did get them working and then I hid them, one in our bedroom and the other in the lounge.”

“Switched on?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“So who have you given the IP address’ to? Who’s been spying on us?” I asked as I remembered a frigging session on the sofa after trying on various outfits the previous morning.

Both Emma and Karen put their hands up.

“Who else?”

“Just some of the guys at work.”

“Ryan! You’ve been letting your mates spy on me. How could you?”

“They haven’t seen anything that they haven’t seen before. Besides, now that you know I bet that you’ll get all excited when we go to bed tonight.”

“Well yeah, but that’s because of you.”

“I bet that you get extra turned on tonight because there might be some man watching you.”

I shut up then, Ryan was probably right but I wasn’t going to admit to it.

“Hey babe,” Karen said, “You look so cute laying there fast asleep without the covers over you. If it wasn’t for Emma and Ryan I’d be hitting on you.”

I said nothing and when we got home I switched the light off as I went into the bedroom to get undressed.

It wasn’t long before Ryan had cheered me up, and before I knew it I was riding Ryan; with the light on.

I woke up the next morning in a happier mood. Overnight I’d come to the conclusion that I didn’t care that Ryan’s mates were seeing me naked. After all, they’d all seen me naked before. It’s like mister perv over the road; I’ll just pretend that they’re not there.

I didn’t want to think about Ryan’s mates giving the IP address to any of their friends.

On the Monday afternoon after I got back from the shops I was feeling a little lonely and horny. After I’d put everything away I sat on the sofa and started thinking about Ryan. Before long I’d taken my top and skirt off and was having a slow frigging session thinking back to our holiday and the fun that we’d had.

I had just cum and was enjoying the calm after the storm when my mobile rang. I cursed at being interrupted. It was Karen and she told me that she was in meeting that had stopped because of me. She told me that she’d left a window on her laptop open and accidentally opened it when starting a presentation. Me frigging myself had suddenly been displayed on the projector screen and the 4 people there (not Ryan) had made her open the window again so that they could watch me.

Karen was phoning to thank me for the entertaining interruption.

I blushed, clamped my legs shut then ran to the bathroom. After getting over the initial shock I realised that I was still horny as hell and I went back to the sofa and did it again.

I have no idea if anyone was watching.

Sometimes when I’m walking around naked at home, or pleasuring myself, I do wonder if Ryan, or anyone else, is watching me. I have to admit that it does get me excited – not that I would ever admit it; probably not even to Ryan.

**One warmish Saturday night**

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

One Saturday evening a while back, when the weather was reasonable, we decided to walk to a nice pub that we know. Ryan wanted me to wear just one of my floaty summer dresses; the one that is about mid-thigh long with the top scooped and loose fitting. If I bend forwards anyone who looks can see my tiny tits and nipples.

In the pub we’d been sat opposite each other and Ryan had eased his legs between mine. I wasn’t bothered about that because the dress is long enough and there’s enough material to fall between my legs and for me not to be showing anything. The other thing was that the noise in the pub was such that I had to lean forward to hear Ryan at times. Again, I wasn’t bothered that Ryan was able to see my tits. I even felt good when I noticed where his eyes were looking. I never caught any of the men stood near us looking down my top.

Anyway, we had a few to drink and were a bit ‘happy’ when we left. We decided to walk home via the park where I’ve had a bit of fun in the kids play area.

When we got there we sat on one of those wooded benches that were there for the parents to watch their kids from. After a couple of minutes we started kissing and I turned sideways and sat on Ryan’s lap so that we could still kiss and Ryan could have easy access to caress my tits and pussy. It was late at night, and although the street lights were on, the place was deserted – or so we thought.

After a few minutes Ryan had opened the buttons all the way down and my whole front was exposed.

When we broke a kiss I suddenly thought that I saw someone in the nearby bushes. I told Ryan but he dismissed it saying that no one would be out there at that time of night.

A bit later when Ryan was finger fucking me I definitely saw someone, a man, and he was in front of the bushes. Then I saw another man not far from the first man. I told Ryan who looked and said,

“Oh good; let’s put on a show for them.”

“What! I can’t do that.” I replied.

“Yes you can TT, just pretend that they aren’t there.”

I knew that it was pointless arguing so I resigned myself to the men seeing me naked, and probably more. At least we weren’t directly under one of the street lights. If I concentrated on what Ryan was doing to me perhaps I could just pretend that they weren’t there.

Ryan soon got me close to an orgasm, but he stopped and just kissed me for a while as I calmed down.

Then he did it again. This time as well as kissing me he eased my dress off me so that I was naked.

When he broke the kiss he told me to stand up with my back to him. The 2 men got a full frontal view of me. Ryan told me to open my legs and stand either side of his legs; then he pulled me down. I’d been busy looking at the men and hoping that the street light weren’t bright enough for them to see my bits too well; and not realised that Ryan had got his cock out. When he pulled me down his cock found its home.

I gasped, then relaxed. There was nothing that I could do except enjoy it and think of England.

As I was bouncing up and down the 2 men came a lot closer. So close that I could have reached out and touched them – if I’d wanted to – which I didn’t.

“She’s so young.” One of the men said.

“Yeah, doesn’t she make you want to give her one?” The other said as he rubbed the crotch if his trousers.

“Cum for daddy.” Ryan said.

“Fucking hell!” The first man said.

The second man unzipped his trousers and got his hard cock out.

“No touching her; okay.” Ryan said.

Both men nodded.

I couldn’t help myself; I didn’t really want to have an orgasm in front of those men but I’d lost control of myself. I got quite vocal as the spasms hit me. I stopped caring where I was and who was watching me.

Ryan kept me going up and down until another orgasm was starting to rise; then he stopped and held me tight as he shot his load inside me. We just sat there for a couple of minutes as we calmed down.

I opened my eyes and saw the 2 men; they were both wanking as they stared at me.

“Poppet, isn’t this the playground where you said that the ropes had made you cum?” Ryan said.

I realised what Ryan was doing, and I’d already lost my inhibitions for the night.

“Yes daddy, but can I play on the climbing frame for a bit first?”

“Okay princess, but be careful.”

I lifted myself off Ryan’s cock and immediately felt our juices start to run down my inner thighs. Ignoring it and leaving my dress on the bench, I ran over to the climbing and started climbing.

I turned and looked back. The 2 men had followed me and 1 was climbing under the frame so that he could look up at me. I was glad that the street light weren’t as good as daylight.

I giggled a bit to myself as I realised that my pussy might be dripping onto the man.

I climbed all over that frame before Ryan said,

“Okay princess, show daddy how good you are at climbing the ropes.”

“Okay daddy.” I shouted as I got off the frame and ran to the ropes.

“Ooow, it’s cold.” I said as I jumped up one of the ropes and pressed my pussy onto it.

“Up you go.”

I easily climbed to the top then wrapped my legs tightly round the rope, pressing it against my pussy. My clit told me that it was enjoying the cold pressure.

“Slide down slowly Poppet.” Ryan said.

I loosened my grip, probably too much because I slid down quickly. I managed to stop myself after about 3 feet; just as my first orgasm (second of the night) arrived. I hung on for dear life as I screamed and shook.

Just as I started to get my composure back I looked down. Three men and 2 cocks were looking up at me. My grip automatically loosened and I slid down another 3 or 4 feet. This time the pressure on my clit felt REALLY good.

Another orgasm hit me.

I repeated this again before I lost my grip and fell to the ground. As it turned out I was only a couple of feet above the ground but I still fell flat on my back with my legs wide open. When I opened my eyes 2 cocks started shooting their load all over me. I got blobs of jism from my hair to my pussy, and Ryan was just stood there with a big grin on his face.

No sooner than they’d finished cumming, the 2 men were gone, leaving their calling card all over me.

Ryan helped me to my feet and gave me a tissue from his pocket. I’d gone out that evening without my bag so I didn’t have any more.

“You can use your dress to wipe the rest off.” Ryan said, but I couldn’t; we couldn’t find my dress; the bastards had stolen it. I was left naked in the park and still covered in strangers cum.

“Rub yourself on the grass.” Ryan said.

I did, well as best as I could. Then I started to panic a bit because I still had to get home. Ryan came to the rescue as best as he could; he was wearing a light jacket and he took it off and gave it to me. It only covered half my butt and not my pussy, but it was better than nothing.

Fortunately we made it home without any incident, although a couple of cars did beep their horns at us.

“We’ll have to do that again sometime.” Ryan said as we fucked in the shower before going to bed.

**Halloween Party**

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Karen and Emma had a Halloween party; but only people who got dressed-up could go. Ryan said that he’d sort out a costume for me - again, and that worried me - again. I just knew that he’d get something indecent.

I was right.

The top was black and see through and had a white skeleton on it. Fortunately the white skeleton covered my nipples.

The skirt was a black tutu one. It flared out and my butt and pussy felt as naked as they were. Underneath I wore a garter belt holding up black stockings that had the legs of the skeleton painted on.

Ryan wore a black shirt, black trousers and a black cape; and he got me to put some ‘ghost’ and fang makeup on his face.

I felt exposed and foolish going to Emma’s and Karen’s place. I was glad that, for once, Ryan followed me up the stairs on the double-decker bus.

I didn’t feel out of place when Emma opened their door; she was dressed very much like me. Karen wore a pair of heels; that’s it.

Everyone else there was in fancy dress but Karen stole the show. That was until someone pulled at my tutu and it ripped off. I was left virtually bottomless. The tutu was beyond quick repair and Emma, and the alcohol that I’d consumed, persuaded me to stop trying to fix it and continue bottomless.

The guys there seemed to enjoy me being like that nearly as much as they enjoyed Karen’s nakedness.

Some of the other girls there were wearing skimpy costumes as well. One was wearing just a black bikini on which she’d painted a couple of bones, and she had fake blood runs down her front. Another just had a few strategically placed bandages round her. They didn’t look too secure and as the night went on one of her breasts got exposed and she never bothered to cover it.

Anyway, after my tutu got ripped off I tried to spend a lot of time sitting down, that way at least my pussy would be covered. As people got tired, more and more of them wanted to sit down. I had to sit on Ryan’s lap and it wasn’t long before I felt his cock get hard. I decided to tease Ryan a bit by grinding my bare butt on him. That was a mistake because it wasn’t long before he carefully got his cock out of his trousers, gently and slowly lifted me up, then lowered me back down; impaling me on his cock. He did it so slowly that the first I knew of it was when I felt him go inside me.

We sat like that for ages as we talked to the people around us. Emma even got us some more drinks as we sat there. She didn’t look as if she knew what was going on.

At one point I had my head on Ryan’s shoulder and I whispered that I wanted to cum. I felt Ryan’s cock get harder but that was all, he was busy talking to a man about motor racing.

I got a bit disappointed when Ryan’s cock started going soft with neither of us having cum; but I guess there were just too many people around us.

As the people next to us got up Ryan took it as a diversion and he lifted me up long enough for him to quickly put his cock away without anyone noticing. Or so we thought.

“Have you 2 been fucking?” Karen loudly asked.

I went bright red and said,

“No.”

“You have. Why else would you blush like that?” Karen quickly came back.

“Hey everyone, this little skeleton has been boning her boyfriend on the sofa.” Karen announced to the world.

A couple of people started clapping and everyone turned and looked at me (and Ryan). I was still bottomless and I felt so embarrassed.

Fortunately everyone lost interest quite quickly and went back to whatever they were doing.

Ryan stood up and said,

“Thanks Karen; nothing like a good mate for embarrassing you.”

Karen leaned of to him, kissed him on the cheek and said,

“You’re welcome. You know she loves it; I bet she’s just got all wet.”

“Ryan’s embarrassed.” I thought, “what about me? I’ve just been fucked in front of strangers and you’re telling people that I loved it.”

I had actually; and those talking about it had caused me to have a little wet rush; but it was embarrassing with those people listening.

Ryan and I went into the kitchen and got another beer. I leant my side on him as we drank and we talked to a couple. Ryan’s spare hand found its way to my bare butt and gently caressed it. It felt good.

People started leaving and I suddenly realised that we had to leave as well; but I was bottomless. Emma came to my rescue, and after a bit of teasing, saying that I’d have to go home like that, she leant me one of her skirts.

We got an early morning bus home then got the relief that I needed while we were in the shower.

**Another Nude Modelling Job**

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

Ryan got a phone call a couple of weeks ago; it was from Dan, the Art College teacher who I’d been a naked model for a couple of times. Dan had wanted to know if I’d be interested in a session modelling for someone to pose at an art exhibition; naked of course. Dan had told Ryan that I would be perfect for the job.

Of course Ryan had said that I would be interested, without even asking me. I would have said no because those modelling jobs are so humiliating. Having to pose naked, in such lewd positions is horrible. Okay, I sometimes get turned-on by them but the embarrassment is horrible. This job was probably going to be more embarrassing because there would be a lot more people there.

Anyway, the dreaded evening arrived and we walked into the art gallery. I looked round and saw lots of drawings of naked people. A gay sounding man came up to us.

“You must be Tanya; I’m Nigel; you’re late. Thank you so much for helping us out.” The obvious gay held out a very limp hand for us to shake.

“This is your boyfriend then Tanya?” Before I had chance to answer Nigel continued,

“I don’t know what Dan told you but I need girls to take part in some sexual activities during the display. I’ll re-shuffle the girls so that you’re not with one of the male models. I’ll put you on the stand where you will be on display on your own. Will that be okay with you?”

I was going to say “No,” but Ryan opened his mouth before I could, and said,

“Of course it will; Tanya has no inhibitions about her body.”

I wanted to kill Ryan.

“Good, good, if you follow me I’ll explain everything.”

As we walked Nigel was going on about some of the displays.

A totally naked man sporting a huge, erect cock walked in front of us,

“Excellent Trevor, just keep it like that for the rest of the evening. I’ll get to you later.” Nigel said.

I could see about half a dozen totally naked people around the place. All looked like they were about to indulge in some bondage and sex.

“Bloody hell.” I thought; “What have you got me into Ryan?”

Okay, there were loads of pictures around the place, and even some statues; but from what I’d heard and seen so far it looked like it was a sex show, not an erotic exhibition.

Then I saw a banner on one wall. It read,

“The Beauty of the Female Orgasm.”

I started to get worried.

Nigel led us to a table that was about 3 feet by 6 feet and 4 feet high. At each corner there were steel ‘D’ rings screwed onto the wood.

“Come on girl, hurry and get those rags off; the guests will be here in minutes. I thought you said that you weren’t shy about your body?”

“It’s Ryan that’s not shy about my body, but I am.” I thought but didn’t say.

I quickly took my top off, dropped my skirt and kicked my shoes off. Ryan picked them up as Nigel continued.

“Good, no horrible hair; everyone will want to see all of your girly bits. Put these on.”

I don’t know where Nigel produced them from but he handed me 4 velcro ankle or wrist cuffs. Each had a ‘D’ ring.

“Quickly please sweety.” Nigel said.

With Ryan’s help I quickly did as I was told.

“Climb up then.”

Ryan helped me.

“Right girl, on your back, we’ll start with the basic spread position.” Nigel ordered as he got some short lengths of rope from out of a box.

He threw 2 pieces to Ryan, telling him to try my wrists to the ‘D’ rings; at the same time as he pulled my legs apart and tied them to the corners. I was spread-eagled and very exposed.

“Right young man, she looks a little dry, play with her and get her all wet before the quests start arriving.” Nigel said as he picked-up a box and put it on the table. Written on the side was,

‘PLEASE MAKE ME CUM’

I looked at Ryan who he had a big grin on his face.

“You’re in for a pleasurable evening.” He said.

“Please stop this Ryan. I’ll do anything you want, but please don’t let this happen to me.”

“Come on TT; you’ll love every second of it. Think of all those orgasms.”

Well yes, the orgasms would be great, but there would be lots of people watching me; and goodness only knows how many people giving me those orgasms. I was, and I wasn’t happy.

Ryan leant over and kissed me, a long, nice kiss on my mouth. As he was doing that his hand slid up and down my body, playing with my nipples and then my pussy. My fear faded as I started to get wet and then aroused.

Ryan continued to the point where I was close to cumming then he stopped.

Just as he stood up and took his hand off me I heard I heard Nigel shout,

“Right kiddies, the show starts now, Get ready for some fun.”

A couple of minutes later people were filling the room. It wasn’t long before a couple came over to me and read the sign.

“It will be my pleasure,” the man said and reached out and rubbed my nipples.

Soon a few people were standing around me and basically, groping me. It was nice, but horrible at the same time.

Then I heard Nigel,

“Hey people these might help you get her going.”

I looked at him as he tipped up the box telling people to make me cum. Three dildos and 2 vibrators fell out onto the table. I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

A woman picked up a dildo and gently pushed it into me before fucking me with it while a man was pulling and squeezing one of my nipples. I looked over to Ryan and saw a big smile and a big bulge.

Needless to say it wasn’t long before my body betrayed me and I felt my AF quickly climb. As I started to cum my body arched up and started shaking; and I got quite vocal.

As the pleasure started to recede the man and woman backed away and were replaced by 2 women. I looked at their faces and saw evil grins. I just knew that they were going to make me cum - again.

A hand pulled the dildo out of me and some fingers found my clit. That hand just knew what my clit needed and it gave it to me, over and over again. Multiple orgasms just seemed to merge into one never ending gigantic orgasm. After trying to fight it for ages, I just blacked out.

When I came round I saw Ryan and Nigel looking down at me.

“My my sweetie; that must have been a good one; I could hear your screams of pleasure from the other side of the room. Are you ready to move to the next position?” Nigel said.

Without waiting for an answer Nigel started un-tying the ropes attached to my ankles. He then told me lift my legs right up in the air. I was a little slow reacting to Nigel’s command and he said,

“Come on, we haven’t got all night; customers are waiting to play with your pussy thing.”

“PUSSY THING!” I thought; “that’s my pride and joy you’re talking about you little gay b………….”

My ankles were then tied to the same rings that my wrists were and pulled as tight as my body would allow; leaving my pussy stretched wide for everyone to see and play with. It wasn’t long before people (men and women) were using various dildos and vibrators on me.

That was just the second of four different positions that Nigel had me tied down in. Each one stretched my legs wide, and in each position people made me cum, numerous times; either with those toys or their fingers. I lost count of how many orgasms I’d had by the time Nigel finally released me. Thankfully (maybe not), I never blacked out again.

I lost sight of Ryan a couple of times. He later told me that he’d wandered round to see the other exhibits. He told me that he’d seen 5 or 6 women, all naked, and all being fucked by men with big cocks. There were a couple of women who were masturbating on tables with people watching them and one woman who was impaling herself on very large objects screwed down to a table.

I was totally knackered; and sore as well. Fortunately there was a shower in one of the back rooms but I had to wait in turn to use it. Ryan was hoping that he could join me but the queue was too long. The poor man’s balls must have been bursting.

When I was clean, dressed and slightly refreshed; we found Nigel, got paid and headed for the bus home. Fortunately, by the time we got home I was lively enough to enjoy Ryan getting his release, even if I was sore. I was still sore two days later, but I didn’t complain to Ryan.

The next morning as we discussed the evening over breakfast I had to admit that I’d enjoyed the experience. But I’d still been extremely embarrassed. The money had been good but I still wouldn’t admit to being an exhibitionist.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 12 – More embarrassment**

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

**Ryan goes on another Training Course**

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

Ryan had to go on another week long training course, and the bad news was that I couldn’t go with him. The other annoying thing (from my point of view) was that it was in southern France.

Ryan wasn’t happy and offered to let me go to the seaside for a few days. He said that we could afford for me to stay in a small hotel and that it would be a good opportunity for me to get out and get some good, fresh sea air, and some exercise.

I didn’t fancy a hotel and asked him if I could go to his uncle’s mobile home. A quick phone call and it was all fixed up.

We had 2 weeks to organise everything. The weather was still reasonable and we decided that I wouldn’t need many clothes with me. After all, I wasn’t planning on going to the pub or anywhere nice; I planned to spend the time reading, eating, exercising and sleeping.

Ryan downloaded lots of erotic stories for me to read and put them onto our kindle.

I was feeling quite sad as I got up on the Friday that I was to leave. After a last fuck and a shower I put a skirt and top on. Ryan stopped me and suggested that I put on all my piercing jewellery so that it might take my mind off us being apart.

I’d already packed my small bag and Ryan zipped it up after I’d put the jewellery on.

A final kiss and a fingering from Ryan, and I set off for the bus, train then bus journey.

On the train journey I was sat opposite a man slightly older than me. He kept staring at me so I looked down my front and saw that my nipple jewellery was trying to poke through my thin top. I hadn’t crossed my legs and there was a good chance that he might have been able to see my pubic bone or even my pussy. I was still in a sad mood so I just ignored him.

**Day 1**

**-------**

As soon as I got to the holiday park I went to reception and got the key, then to the little shop for some essential supplies.

In the mobile home I stripped naked, made a coffee and went and sat outside the back to relax. I saw that the little fence between the mobile home and the path to the beach had been blown down. It was a small fence anyway and wouldn’t have stopped anyone on the path (if they looked) from seeing me, but I didn’t care.

I dozed off and woke a few minutes later in a better mood and decided to start my exercising. I took off my jewellery and put on my tennis skirt, a tank top and trainers, and set off along the beach. I must have run for about 30 minutes before turning to run back. None of the people on the beach took any notice (that I saw) of me as I ran passed them.

I decided to take a different path onto the mobile home, and continued running round the mobile homes back to mine.

I ran along close to the front of one mobile home and as I turned the corner I suddenly collided with two people. We all went down with me on top of a young woman. I opened my eyes and saw a girl about 18 years old; and she was mad.

“Get off me you stupid girl.” The voice was deep and sounded very threatening.

I pushed myself up and got onto my feet. I was stood between the legs of the girl and I could see her red knickers. They were very brief with side ties.

She got up and turned to a young man who was sat on the floor with his back to the van.

“Get up Tony,” she demanded. Then she turned back to me,

“Where’s your mother and father girl? You need to be taught some manners and to be more careful.”

“About 60 miles that way.” I said pointing inland.

“Don’t get clever with me you little shit…. So who are you here with?”

“I’m on my own.” I replied.

“In that case I’d better teach you a thing or two.”

The girl was tall and strong. She grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the door of the van.

“Come on Tony, the shop can wait.” She said as she pulled me into the van.

Once inside she pushed me against the table and told me to bend over it.

“Why?” I asked, “Who do you think you are anyway. It was an accident, no one is to blame; besides, you have no right to punish me; I’m leaving.”

“I’m Jenny, and you need to be taught a lesson. You WILL do what I say.”

She pulled me back and pushed me over the table.

“Hold her arms Tony.”

Tony went round the table and held my wrists. I was stuck.

I felt an almighty whack on my butt.

“Ooowwww!” that hurt.

“Good.”

“Bloody hell, a slut as well as a shit. Tony, look, she hasn’t got any knickers on. Where’s you knickers girl?”

“I haven’t got any.”

“What do you mean haven’t got any? Where are they?”

“I don’t own any.”

“You are a slut then. In that case you’d better take the rest of your clothes off. If you don’t we’ll rip them off you.”

I looked at Jenny, then Tony. They were both a lot taller than me and I wouldn’t have been able to fight them.

I started stripping. When I was done Jenny said,

“Right slut, get back over that table.”

Reluctantly I bent over the table.

“Open those legs slut.”

I did; and soon felt my butt hurt again. Jenny’s spanking went on and on and on. My butt was hurting and I was screaming and crying, but Jenny’s assault continued. My butt hurt like hell and I was sobbing loudly.

Jenny stopped her assault on my butt.

“Right slut, are you sorry for barging into us?”

I nodded.

“Say it slut.”

“I’m sorry.”

Sorry for what slut.”

“Okay, I’m sorry that I barged in to you.”

“I can’t hear you slut.”

“I’M SORRY THAT I BARGED INTO YOU.” I shouted.

“Well, that’s a start. Tony, you come and take over from me, my hand’s starting to hurt.”

Tony started on my butt. His hand hurt even more than Jenny’s did.

Oh the pain; it was horrible.

After a couple of minutes I realised that I wasn’t complaining about the pain any more. I was still crying but my butt had gone numb. After a few more slaps my pussy started getting wet and warm.

“Why was that?” I thought. “I couldn’t be enjoying it.”

But I was; I felt an orgasm building. I tried to fight it, but I didn’t stand a chance. All of a sudden it hit me. The spasms jerked my body all over the place. Tony stopped spanking me and just stood there.

“Is she….. ?” Tony asked.

“Yes, I think she is.” Jenny replied.

“She looks too young to have orgasms.” Tony said.

“Well the slut is having one now.” Jenny said.

As the waves receded and the spasms stopped, Jenny pulled me to my feet.

“Well slut, that was a surprise, I didn’t think that you had it in you. We’ll have to try that again to see if it was a one-off or if we can repeat it. In the mean time we have to get to that shop, there a couple of things that I have to get before we leave in the morning; and you’re coming with us. I don’t want you sneaking off.”

With that Jenny picked up her purse and told Tony to grab my arm. I reached for my clothes but Jenny told Tony to stop me and he pulled me outside without a stitch on.

“Please, please don’t do this to me. You’ve punished me enough already, please let me go. Please!” I pleaded.

“Girl, if you don’t stop winging I’ll give you round 2 out here. And don’t go trying to run off. I bet that Tony can run faster than you can.”

What could I do? With my head hanging down I followed them through the site to the little shop. We only saw one couple, and they ignored us.

“I’ll wait here.” I said as we got close to the shop, hoping that I’d get the chance to run away.

I didn’t get the chance; Tony pulled me right into the shop. I just stood there with my head hanging and my hands covering my pussy.

“What have we here? The shopkeeper asked Jenny.

“She’s been a naught girl and she’s being punished. Girl, come over here and show the nice man your butt.”

I walked over and Jenny told me to turn my back to the man.

“Wow, it’s good to see some old-fashioned corporal punishment. The world would be a better place if more of that was doled out.”

“Bend over slut and let the man get a proper look.” Jenny said.

I did, and hoped that the man couldn’t see my pussy.

“She’s been told that she has to stay naked for a week so that everyone can see her red butt. I hope that you don’t mind.”

“Not at all, and I can’t see the owners having a problem with it. We tend to agree with what’s wrong with the world today.” The shopkeeper said.

“All week! It’s a good job that I’m only staying here for a few days. I’ve got to escape from these 2 morons.” I thought; “Anyway, I thought that these 2 shit-heads said that they were going home tomorrow.”

Jenny bought a couple of things and we headed back, Tony holding my arm all the way.

“Right slut,” Jenny said, “get over that table again; I want to see if your last performance was a one-off or not.”

“No please, you’ve done enough, I won’t barge into you again, I promise.” I pleaded; but it was to no avail as Jenny pointed to the table.

I reluctantly bent over the table again and my butt got tortured again. With my butt already being red and painful, it didn’t take long before first, I was balling my head off; and secondly, I got wet and felt another orgasm building.

I didn’t want to cum again; not with them forcing me; but they were determined to humiliate me some more.

The orgasm waves started and I started shaking. My muscles were jerking and I was moaning and screaming with pleasure. I think that Tony was still spanking me, but I wasn’t sure.

Eventually the waves receded and I looked round to Jenny. She had a big grin on her face.

“So it wasn’t a fluke slut. I guess that you’re starting young. Don’t think that you are done here. I’ve got other things for you to do. Get down on the floor, flat on your back.”

The floor was cold on my hot and sore butt but I did as she said, keeping my legs together and covering my nipples with one arm.

What happened next both amazed and scared me; Jenny started taking her clothes off. Her lower half looked good, slim legs and flat stomach; but as her top came off I nearly laughed at her rather large, ugly bra. And when it came off I really did appreciate the fact that I have no tits. They were like 2 floppy footballs. How she manages to walk around with them amazes me.

Anyway, Jenny knelt down with her knees over my shoulders. The scary bit came next; she lowered her pussy onto my face.

“Eat it slut; and you better be good.”

What choice did I have? As her hairy pussy came into contact with my mouth I automatically opened my mouth and closed my teeth round her clit. I decided that the sooner I got it over with the better. I decided that since she’d been rough with me then I was going to be rough with her. I chewed hard and almost bit her clit off. She was loving it and she soon started cumming. It was quite a small orgasm – by my standards; she didn’t seem to be letting herself go.

All the time Tony was just watching, but as soon as she could she told him to play with my pussy, but warned him not to fuck me.

“You don’t want to end up in jail,” she said.

As soon as I felt Tony’s hand touch my pussy I opened my legs.

“Why did I do that?” I thought. “Why did I make it easy for him?” There was no way that I was going to cum with him touching me.

I was right. Despite his probing and squeezing he was hopeless. I nearly smiled when I realised that if that was the best he could do then poor Jenny.

Why was I feeling sorry for her?

When Jenny got up she told me to get up and onto my knees.

“Here’s a treat for you Tony. Open your mouth slut; and Tony, unzip and get it out.”

I kept my mouth shut; even when Tony got his cock out and pressed it against my mouth.

“SMACK!”

The pain on my butt made me gasp and Tony’s cock went in.

“Suck slut.” Jenny said.

What could I do? I sucked. In less than a minute I felt that Tony was about to cum.

“I don’t want to swallow his cum.” I thought.

Just as I was resigned to having to swallow, he pulled out and shot his load all over my face and chest.

“Thank fuck for that.” I thought.

“You could have cum insider her mouth Tony, I wouldn’t have minded.” Jenny said, then added,

“Right slut, we’re going for a shower. Tony, go and lock the door. I don’t want this slut escaping. I’ve got more planned for her.”

They both went to the bathroom and I heard the shower start. I suddenly had a brainwave. I grabbed my clothes and went to the big window. It opened. I had an escape plan.

I threw my clothes out and was just about to climb out when I had another brainwave. I ran to the suitcase that was still open on the floor and rummaged through it. I pulled out every pair of knickers, tights, bras, trousers and shorts that I could find. Remembering to pick up the red knickers and bra that Jenny had been wearing, I threw the lot out of the window and climbed out.

I quickly picked up everything and ran.

I spotted a litter bin and dumped all Jenny’s clothes into it. With a satisfied feeling I picked up my clothes and ran to my mobile home. I quickly locked myself in and breathed a sigh of relief. As I started to think about what had happened I moved to a chair to sit down but as soon as my butt touched the seat I stood up again; it was too painful. That brought me back to the here and now. I needed a hot shower. I wanted to get rid of every trace of those 2 horrible people.

When I finished drying myself I put the kettle on and stood there thinking.

It all started because of a simple accident. I didn’t want to crash into them. That girl’s reaction had been way over the top, but in a weird way I’d enjoyed part of it. Yes, my butt still hurt like hell but the orgasms that I’d had when they were spanking me were amazing. In a way I’d enjoyed eating her out, and giving him the blow job but I certainly didn’t enjoy having their pubic hairs stuck in my throat. I needed a coffee to clear that problem.

Being dragged to the shop while naked was horrible. The man in the shop had only seen me a couple of hours previous when I bought some supplies. I was amazed that he didn’t pick up the phone and call the police. But there again, he must get quite a few scantily clad people in there at times; maybe some of the parents let their kids run around naked. Oh, just remembered, the last time that I was there with Ryan we did see a few kids running around naked, so maybe that’s why the shop man wasn’t freaked out. I wondered how many kids bare butts that he had seen that were as red as mine.

Maybe I should go to the shop naked again. I don’t want to think about that anymore at the moment.

I know that I’d been wrong to steal that girls clothes but she deserved some punishment. Perhaps she might learn something from it.

As I got to the end of my coffee I went and got my phone, I wanted to talk to Ryan before he left for the airport.

When I told Ryan all about my ordeal he was very sympathetic and offered to cancel his training course and come straight over. I explained that I was okay and that it wasn’t necessary. The conversation lightened up and Ryan suggested that perhaps I should do what Jenny had said (if the weather was okay) and stay naked for all the time that I was there. He wanted me to walk around the site naked, and go to the shop again, naked. He reminded me that I still look like a 12 year-old and can get away with doing these things.

The more that I said that I didn’t want to, the more Ryan said that I should. As usual Ryan got his way. Then he asked me if I’d unpacked my bag yet. When I said that I hadn’t he told me to go and look in the bottom of it. When I did I found my Ben Wa balls and a new remote controlled egg vibrator.

He then gave me another challenge for my holiday. He said that it was something else to take my mind off being on my own. The challenge was to have more than 15 orgasms each day using any method that I wanted. He said that for every day that I succeeded he would treat me to a new dress, pair of shoes or a handbag.

That was a challenge that I liked and quickly agreed to it without realising that I’d be out and about naked and maybe having orgasms whilst outside. Ryan said that this challenge would help me with the staying naked challenge.

After the phone call ended I started thinking about what I had agreed to do. Why the hell had I agreed to do the ‘naked all the time challenge’? I was mad; but I had agreed, and I always keep my word. I just couldn’t not do what I had agreed to do. I needed to think about it; but quickly realised that I had already started; I’d never got dressed after my shower.

I decided to get something to eat and stood up eating my food.

I went to bed early that night, going to sleep face down with my right hand under me, holding my pussy.

**Day 2**

**-------**

I woke up next morning in very much the same position, except that my fingers had obviously been at work on my pussy during the night, my legs had spread wide and I was quite wet.

I looked at the clock and discovered that it was still early. Feeling refreshed I decided to go for a run before there were too many people about. I had a pee and cleaned my teeth then went for my trainers, skirt and top. Just as I started to put the skirt on I remembered the challenges. I knew that trainers wouldn’t count so they went on.

I know that the 2 shit-heads had me walking around the site naked the previous day, and that no one had said anything; but Ryan’s challenge meant that I would be out and about naked on my own for the rest of the time that I was there. That thought was scary and I wondered what I could do to reduce the chances of me getting into trouble. I needed to look more like a kid. I remembered the other times that I wanted to look like a kid and that I’d put my hair into pigtails. I decided that it would be pigtails for the rest of the holiday. I went to the bathroom and put my hair up.

Then I thought about the cumming part and considered the vibrating egg; and immediately dismissed the idea. It would be way too much while running. I wouldn’t get more than 100 yards.

Ben Wa balls it was. Previous experience told me that I can run for quite a distance before they get the better of me. I remembered the incident with the workman getting out of a van and had a little chuckle.

After I pushed the balls home I looked outside to see if anyone was looking, then stepped out. It was still a bit fresh, but I knew that I’d soon warm-up – one way or another.

Off I went, heading straight for the beach and the path at the edge of the beach. I guess that it was too early for most people and I never saw anyone, but I did have to stop twice when my balls got the better of me. Two down, 13 to go I thought as I started running again.

As I ran back through the holiday park I saw a taxi with Jenny and Tony in. I had a little chuckle wondering how Jenny was getting on without any underwear.

I had a shower then got myself some breakfast. The sun was coming up so I went out the back and gently sat on the chair to eat and plan my day.

I’d done a little exercise and had 2 orgasms already; and I was still naked. So things were going well for Ryan’s challenges. I decided to swap the balls for the egg and do some reading. I took my plate and cup in and came back out with the egg and my kindle. Looking round to make sure that no one was watching I squat down and squeezed the balls out and pushed the egg in.

I didn’t switch the egg on, instead I went and got a towel to put on one of the sun loungers and lay there starting to read about Vanessa’s New Life. I wanted to relax before driving myself crazy.

It didn’t take long for me to start getting aroused. That Vanessa certainly threw herself into what she wanted for a new life. I started thinking about Ryan and I and how I’d changed since I met him. There was a little similarity, but unlike Vanessa, I could never get to like people looking at me naked.

I think that Ryan wanted me to read these stories to see if I will change my mind about being an exhibitionist. I doubt it. Even if I complete Ryan’s challenges I will be doing them while sexually aroused, when the sexual desires have taken control of my body; not when I’m not aroused.

I stopped reading and thought about Vanessa getting spanked by her father, and how she’d got aroused and actually had an orgasm. Then I thought about how I’d cum hard when I’d been spanked the previous day. I’d thought that I was some sort of freak reacting like that, but Vanessa had done the same, so maybe I’m not a freak, maybe it’s normal.

My arousal got stronger, up to an AF factor of 6 or 7. I decided to switch the egg on and let me have number 3.

That was the first time that I’d switched that vibrator on and it surprised me. It felt different; more ‘active’. It felt like it was dancing inside me.

I put the kindle down and lay back to let it happen.

It happened reasonably quickly and it left me covered in sweat. I had to go and have another shower, but left the switched off egg inside me. I’d decided that I was going to leave it inside me until the batteries needed changing.

Whilst in the bathroom I looked at my butt in the mirror. It was still quite red and tender. I still had to take it easy when sitting down.

I relaxed on the sun lounger and soaked up the not so hot, but pleasant sun.

After a while, and a quick nap, I decided that I needed to get a change of scenery for a while. I decided to go for a naked walk on the beach, taking the small remote control for the egg so that if I get a bit scared about being naked I can give myself a quick burst and move my attention from being scared to being aroused.

Walking onto the beach I saw a few people there, some with kids down by the water’s edge. As I walked close to some of them, none of them took any notice of me. That both pleased me and disappointed me. Pleased because it meant that everyone was treating me like a kid, and disappointed because everyone was treating me like a kid.

Yes, the same reason; I’m an adult and want to be treated like one but I didn’t want to get arrested like an adult would. I suppose that I want the best of both worlds.

At one point when I wasn’t close to anyone I switched the egg on and just stood there with my legs apart. The egg did its job and I soon started cumming. I bent over and put my hands on my knees to help stop me from collapsing. It was a good thing that I wasn’t close to anyone. I sure would have got some funny looks. As I calmed down I thought that the beach might be a good place to have the orgasms for Ryan’s challenge; quite public, quite big, but quite remote. If I picked my place no one would ever know what was happening.

Walking back to the mobile home I decided to ‘test the waters’ by walking through part of the holiday park. It was only when I got near some youths that I got noticed. They stared at me as I passed them. I didn’t look back after I had passed them so I don’t know if their eyes followed me. I didn’t hear any comments about my red butt.

I walked past the swimming pool and had a quick look in. There were a few people, adults and kids there, some on sun beds and some in the pool. No one looked at me as I went to investigate an addition since I was there a year ago.

It was an outdoor jacuzzi and by its looks it had hot water in it. I was definitely coming back there later.

I don’t know if it was because I’d had an orgasm a few minutes before or because I was walking passed people while I was naked, but I was starting to feel horny again. I knew that I should leave it until later, but I turned the egg onto low and kept walking.

I felt it building as I left the pool area and made another about 50 yards before it hit me. Looking around I saw no one and again bent over, put my hands on my knees and started shaking. The spasms were just dying down when I heard a youth say,

“Nice butt kid. It looks like you’ve been a naughty girl.”

As he started the second sentence another boy’s voice said,

“And pussy.”

I stood up straight quickly and started walking. My face felt like it was as red as my butt obviously was.

Back at the mobile home I got myself a drink and did a mental count. Five, I’d had 5 orgasms so far that day. I was still horny thinking that those boys had seen my pussy so I went out the back to the sun lounger and switched the egg on to full. I was going to try for 2 more in quick succession.

I got them, but I wasn’t quiet about it. At one point I thought that I saw someone looking at me but I was in the middle of something that I couldn’t stop so I ignored it.

The second orgasm started to subside so I switched the egg off; I needed a rest.

I had a short rest but quickly became restless. I needed to get out somewhere, and I needed more orgasms. I’d only had 7 so far that day and it was already mid-afternoon.

I didn’t fancy the beach or the swimming pool. I was going to save that pleasure for the next day so I decided to walk round the parts of the holiday park that I hadn’t seen so far. I had seen parts that looked different and I wanted to see what they were.

I had a decision to make, Ben Wa balls, egg and control unit, egg and no control unit – switched off, or egg and no control unit – switched on.

I chose the latter and set off totally naked, nothing in my hands and a purring in my pussy. How far would I get before I started having ‘problems’?

I hadn’t gone more than a couple of hundred yards when those damn youths appeared again; three of them this time. When they saw me they stopped and watched me walk past them. As I got just passed them one of them said,

“Still bright red I see.”

I ignored them, but my face was starting to go red. It was partially to do with the teenagers and partially the egg. I was starting to get aroused.

I kept walking and they followed me. I suddenly realised that I had an orgasm approaching and 3 youths following me. If it arrived soon they would be able to watch it happening. Now that would be embarrassing.

I started walking faster but time was running out. Turning a corner I saw the kids play area. I went straight to the swings and sat on one. Then it hit me.

The next thing that I knew I was sat there, hands gripping the chains for dear life; my legs were up, parallel to the ground and wide apart.

I looked up from my legs and saw the 3 teenagers in front of me staring at my pussy.

OMG! I closed my legs quickly.

“Noisy little slut isn’t she.” One of the teenagers said.

“Yeah, and look at that pussy; it’s leaking. What’s that white stuff?” Another one of them said.

“It’s like your jism, but for girls stupid. You have wanked and got white stuff out haven’t you?” The third teenager asked.

“Of course I have stupid.”

“But why’s she cumming? No one’s touching her or fucking her.”

“I don’t know. Why don’t you ask her?”

“Not me. You ask her.”

“Don’t look at me.” The other one said to his mates.

After a few seconds pause when they stared at me and I stared at them, one said,

“So how come you ain’t got no clothes on kid?”

I thought about ignoring them but decided that if I answered their questions they might go away and leave me alone.

“I’ve been naughty and this is my punishment.” I said.

“I’m glad that my mum and dad don’t punish me like that.” One said. Another followed with,

“Then we’d all have a laugh.”

“Fuck off.”

“So how long do you have to stay without clothes?”

“All week.”

“Can’t you just stay in your room?”

“No, they say that I have to be outside all day.”

I don’t know if it was the egg, or the fact that these 2 youths were talking to me, or both, but I could feel another orgasm approaching. I had to get away from them. I slid off the swing seat.

“I’ve got to go now; my dad will get upset if he sees me talking to boys.”

I walked away, and thankfully they didn’t follow. After a few seconds I heard one of them say,

“See you around nudie kiddie. I hope your butt doesn’t hurt too much.”

In between the silent moans I smiled a bit, my butt did still hurt a bit, but I didn’t think that it was noticeably red.

I turned a corner and saw that I was at the back entrance to the swimming pool. Could I make it to the jacuzzi before it arrived?

Not knowing whether the water in the jacuzzi was cold or warm I quickly slid over the side and into the water. It was warm.

I sat there with my eyes closed as my body jerked and bucked. Thankfully the water was up to my neck. I fought to stay silent but a couple of muffled moan did escape.

“I know that it’s nice in here, but I didn’t think that it was that good.” A man’s voice said.

I opened my eyes and instantly went red. There was a man sitting in the jacuzzi opposite me.

“Shit, does he know that I’ve just cum?” I thought.

After a few seconds pause I said,

“It’s all hot and bubbly, it’s tickling me.”

“You must be that little girl who’s being punished; you must have been a bad little girl.”

“Does everyone on the site know about me?” I thought.

I just stared at him.

“Never mind, the bubbles will make your backside feel better.”

I looked down at the water and saw that the bubbles were covering all of me. With the warm water feeling so good and no one being able to see my body, I decided to help number 10 on its way. My right hand went to my pussy and started playing with my clit. It seemed so naughty masturbating right in front of that man, even if he couldn’t possibly know what I was doing.

I slid first one then a second finger inside me. I could feel the egg vibrating away. It felt sooo good. I got my fingers round the egg and pressed it different ways until it pressed against different parts of me. Ooohhh so nice. I started cumming again.

I opened my eyes and saw that the man was still staring at me. Were my eyes giving me away, did he know what I was doing? At that moment I didn’t care, the pleasure was so overwhelming.

As I slowly got back to normal I suddenly realised that I would have to get out of the jacuzzi in front of the man. I could either stand up and walk over to the steps, in which case he’d see my pussy from the front, then my butt; or turn round under the water and climb out over the side. That way he’d see my pussy from behind as I bent over to climb up. Either way he’d see my swollen pussy.

I chose to climb out over the side; at least I wouldn’t see his face as he looked. However, things didn’t go to plan. As I turned and stood up my left foot slipped. I went flying forwards and ended up with my stomach on the edge of the jacuzzi, my butt in the air and my legs spread wide, half under the water.

For a few seconds as I recomposed myself the man must have had great view of my butt and spread pussy. I vaguely heard him say something, but I was more interested in getting out of there. I got myself together, climbed out and nearly ran out of the pool area.

It was only as I hurried away that I remembered that I was dripping wet and didn’t have a towel with me; and the egg was still purring away.

As soon as I got back to the mobile home I switched the egg off, dried myself and went to lie on my bed. I needed a rest.

I woke up about an hour later to find that I had a text from Ryan. In my reply I had to admit that I’d only cum 10 times. I was disappointed that I hadn’t achieved Ryan’s target and I’d missed out on a new dress or shoes. I vowed to try a lot harder the next day.

At least I had a few hours to relax without trying to make myself cum.

I got myself some food and relaxed on the bed reading. Sometime later I stopped reading for a while and reflected on my day. I’d gone the full day without putting any clothes on at all; I’d walked about in public butt naked; I’d had 10 orgasms and felt horny nearly all day. I knew that I had to try harder the next day. I still didn’t think that I was an exhibitionist. I wouldn’t have done any of that if I hadn’t been horny and Ryan hadn’t challenged me to do it.

I fell asleep reading more of Vanessa Evan’s New Life.

**Day 3**

**-------**

When I woke the sun was shining through the window. I felt refreshed and ready to earn myself a new dress. It was Sunday and a potentially a busier day with regards to people being there. I felt a little apprehensive.

A nude run along the beach was my first pleasure of the day. I got ready (had a pee, cleaned my teeth and inserted my balls) and set off.

I had a good run and only saw one couple walking their dog. I had orgasms 1 and 2 of the day, both with no one around.

Orgasm 3 came with my fingers in the shower.

Orgasm 4 came when I swapped the steel balls for the egg. To check that the egg worked with the new batteries I turned it on to full and just had to see how long it took to make me cum. I came before I’d finished getting my breakfast ready.

After breakfast and cleaning my teeth again I dried my hair and put it into pigtails for the day. I looked good and the sun was shining so I went for a walk.

I was starting to get over the nervousness of when I step out of the mobile home naked and just set off down the road with just the remote control round my neck. Earlier that morning I’d had the idea of putting a bit of string through a hole in the control and wearing it round my neck. That way I had both my hands free and still have the control if I want to turn the egg up or down. I only hoped that I’d remember to take it off when I went swimming.

People were starting to walk about, but apart from a couple of odd looks, no one said anything to me. I was getting more and more convinced that most people on the park knew about the little girl who was being punished by having to stay naked.

I passed the swimming pool and it looked inviting so I went back and got a towel and my kindle. On the way back to the pool I decided that I’d better have number 5, I wanted to spread them out during the day and not have to give myself half a dozen all at once. I figured that if I did that I might not get so knackered.

I stopped round a corner where I thought that no one could see me and switched the egg to full. I was anticipating the sudden activity but I still jumped a little. I was just starting to cum when a dog, followed by an old man, came round the corner.

It was too late, I couldn’t stop. I think that the old man must have been a little deaf and blind; he just kept walking; although the dog did come and have a quick sniff of me before walking on. Maybe it was a gay dog and didn’t like the smell of human pussy.

Anyway, I got to the pool, claimed a sun lounger, took the remote control off and dived in. It felt good, a little cold, but good. My nipples were rock hard when I got out.

I dried myself and settled down for a long read.

I got very engrossed in Vanessa’s New Life and loved reading about her holiday in Ibiza. I really liked the part where they were standing in that bar and Jon slid his hand into her skirt and made her cum without anyone being able to see. I also loved it when they were in that dark bar and Vanessa was getting groped by different people.

All the pussy playing must have had a subconscious effect on me because I suddenly realised that my legs had drifted apart and my right hand was resting on my pubic bone. I wondered if I’d been fingering myself without realising it. I looked round and no one was staring at me so I guessed not.

What I did do though was to switch the egg on, on low. I wanted to feel good.

Just as I was getting to the end of Vanessa’s New Life I read about their fun with a vacuum cleaner. I remembered seeing one in the mobile home and wondered if I should have a play with it. The thought was getting me horny, so horny that number 6 was fast approaching.

I put the kindle down, got up and just managed to jump into the pool as it hit me. I put my hand into my mouth to stifle my screams.

At least no one would be able to know that I’d just cum.

After cumming in the pool with the water up to my neck I did a few of the short lengths then got out and turned the egg off. I wanted some peace while I started reading about Vanessa’s friend Debbie.

That too made me horny and again I found my legs open. I could easily see my swollen, shiny lips. Shit, I hoped that no one else noticed.

I quickly closed my legs and got back to reading ‘Debbie’s Pussy Power’ and got to the part where she showed her pussy at job interviews. I wondered if I should do that when I manage to get an interview.

All of a sudden I heard a man say,

“Hello Tanya.”

I stopped reading and looked up. It was the man who’d talked to us last time Ryan and I were there; the one with the 2 young kids.

“Shit, I don’t want to get lumbered with them.” I thought.

“Oh Hi, Pete isn’t it?”

“Yes, that’s right, are you here with your brother Ryan again?”

“No, Ryan couldn’t make it; I’m here on my own this time.”

“Wow! Your parents must really trust you.”

As Pete was saying that I looked at the kids stood next to him. Something wasn’t right. I remembered 2 young kids but these 2 were much older, about 17 or 18, one boy and one girl.

“Oh, these 2 are my oldest kids; the other 2 are at school this week.”

I looked at the kid’s faces and saw where they were looking. I looked down and realised that I’d done it again. Every time that I read about girls flashing their goodies my legs open without me realising and my pussy gets wet(ter). I looked at Pete’s face and his eyes were looking at my pussy as well.

I clamped my legs together.

“Tanya, this is Alfie and Freya.”

“Hi.” I said.

“Well it’s good to see you Tanya. I’ll let you get back to your book. Maybe see you around.” Pete said and they started walking away.

When they were a few feet away I heard Pete say,

“She was naked the last time they were here; apparently she has trouble keeping her clothes on.”

Alfie looked back at me and smiled when he saw that I was looking at him.

I blushed.

I needed something to take my mind off the possibility of Pete and his kids making a nuisance of themselves. I switched the egg on and started thinking about Debbie’s ability to control men by teasing them with flashes of her pussy. The theory was good but I could never do anything like that.

I got back to the story but it wasn’t long before I could feel number 7 approaching. I didn’t fancy the idea of cumming while I was laid out on the sun lounger; there were way too many people around. I looked round and decided that the jacuzzi was my best bet. I could see 2 heads there but I couldn’t decide whether they were male or female, or what age.

I switched the egg on to full and walked quickly to the jacuzzi. As I got close I saw that it was 2 youths; 2 of the ones that I’d come across the previous day. It was too late to change my mind and I quickly climbed in and sat down with the water up to my neck.

I put my hand over my pussy and pressed as reached my peak. Number 7

“Oh, that’s nice.” I thought as my legs started shaking. My other hand came up to my mouth to try to hold in the moans that were about to escape.

“Hey kid!”

“Is there anyone at home?”

“HEY YOU!”

“What, what did you say?” I said as I started to calm down and realise that the 2 youths were talking to me.

“I said ARE YOU FEELING OKAY? You’ve got that strange look on your face again;” one of the boys asked.

“Err yeah,” I replied, looking down to check that they couldn’t see my body through the bubbles. “I’m err, I’ve got a pain in my stomach. I’ll be okay.”

“Do you want me to rub it better?” The other boy said.

“Ignore him, he’s a moron.” The first boy said. “So you still can’t wear any clothes then?”

“No.”

“Is your butt still red?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Stand up and turn round, I’ll check and let you know.”

How stupid could I get; I stood up and turned round.

“Yeah, that looks normal; apart from that bit.”

Before I could say anything the teenager reached over and touched my butt.

“Hey, get off me.” I said.

I turned round and sat down.

The 2 teenagers started asking me questions about who I was, where I came from, did I like having to walk around naked, did I like showing my pussy to people? I was getting sick of all the questions and I only gave brief answers.

Talking to them with the egg vibrating away inside me was getting me turned-on – again. I could feel that tingling getting stronger and stronger. I didn’t really want to cum in front of them again, but I was getting close and it looked unavoidable.

Orgasm 8 hit me like a bolt of lightning. It crept up on me then hit me when I wasn’t quite expecting it.

“Aaaaaaarrrghhhh, ooooooh, ffuuuuuuck.”

The 2 teenagers sat in silence as I told the world that I was cumming. When it subsided one of the teenagers said,

“How come your cumming? You’re not getting fucked and I can see your hands so what’s going on? Are you ill with some weird disease or something?”

“I’m not cumming,” I lied, “I’ve got this problem with my stomach; it hurts like hell as times.”

“It sounded like you were cumming.” One teenager said.

“How would you know? When have you seen a girl cum?” The other teenager asked.

Teenager one said nothing.

Just then a man appeared beside the jacuzzi and told the teenagers to get out and follow him. Peace at last.

I sat there and closed my eyes. The egg was still doing what it was supposed to and I waited for number 9. As I waited I felt a little chuffed. It was only late morning and I’d already had 8 orgasms. I day dreamed about the dress that Ryan was going to have to buy me.

Number 9 wasn’t as strong and number 8, but it was satisfying. My eyes were shut all the time so I didn’t see if anyone saw or heard me. I didn’t care.

After number 9 I realised that I was a little hungry so I got out of the jacuzzi and rushed to the sun lounger to switch the egg off and get dried. I said ‘rush’, but my legs were a little weak. Orgasms are tiring.

After getting some food inside me I felt better. So much so that I decided to go for a long walk on the beach. With the egg control hanging round my neck and nothing else with me, I set off. There were more people on the beach than I’d ever seen there before, well it was a Sunday, and the weather was sunny.

No one took any notice of me as I walked along the sea’s edge; not even a couple of older looking boys that were making sand castles. I thought one father may have been looking at me but he suddenly said something to his kids and turned away.

In a way I was slightly disappointed, but at the same time I was glad. As the people thinned out I decided that I needed a distraction, and number 10, so I switched the egg on to low. That felt nice.

I kept walking and a few minutes later I moved the switch up to full. Soon I was standing there shaking as orgasm number 10 hit me.

Oh, that was good. I decided to leave the egg of full and let it take me to another high. Just as number 11 hit me I became aware of 2 men on quad bikes coming towards me. My orgasm was in full flow with my arms and legs quivering and shaking; and there was no way that I could stop.

“Are you okay little girl?”

It took a minute or so before I could take in what was he’d said. The 2 men were policemen, obviously patrolling the beach on their quad bikes.

“Oh shit!” I thought, “I’m in deep shit now.”

“You don’t look too well, are you all right?”

“Err, yes, I think so.”

“Where are your parents?”

I pointed down the beach to where the holiday park was. I could only just see it. I must have walked for about a mile.

“You shouldn’t really be out here all this way from your parents, especially dressed like that. Come on, climb on, we’ll take you back.”

I just stood there, looking at the 2 men, not knowing what to do. My orgasm had subsided but the egg was still of full; I couldn’t last long before I’d have another one.

Stupid me, I didn’t think to turn the egg off, instead I climbed on the back of the quad bike. To do that I had to lift one leg over the seat, I just hoped that the other policeman wasn’t looking.

“Put your arms round me and hold tight.” The policeman said.

The quad bike slowly moved off towards the holiday park. It wasn’t long before the egg, the vibrations from the quad bike and the fact that my nipples were rubbing against that policeman’s back; took me over the top with number 12. I could feel myself squeezing the poor policeman’s waist.

“No need to be scared.” I heard the policeman say.

When we stopped at the first entrance path to the holiday park I just sat there still squeezing the poor policeman’s waist. My orgasm was just starting to subside.

“You can let go of me now and get off.”

“Hey Dave, does she look okay to you?” The policeman said to his colleague.

“Her face is all screwed up but apart from that she looks okay. I guess she’s just scared being on the bike.”

“Come on luv, time to get off.” The first cop said.

By that time I was getting back to normal. If you could call being naked and just having had an orgasm sat on the back of a police quad bike and holding onto the policeman, normal.

Anyway, I managed to stand up and climb off. As I stood there I looked at the bike that I’d just got off; there was a big wet patch on the plastic seat. I’d leaked and I just hoped that it would dry before the 2 cops looked.

“Okay, off you go to your parents, and don’t go for long walks on the beach without them, okay?”

I nodded and slowly walked into the holiday park with my head down and my right index finger in my mouth.

I went back to my mobile home and sat on the sun lounger out the back. I started realising how lucky I’d been, if they’d had any idea that I was actually 23 years old I’m sure that I would have been on the way to the police station right then. For once I was really glad that I look like a little kid.

I remembered how hard my nipples had got rubbing up against the policeman’s back and felt another orgasm building. I decided to let that one happen then switch the egg off, I needed a rest.

The thing was, for some unknown reason that orgasm was a double. Number 13 hit me, subsided, then number 14 hit me. I looked over to the path to the beach. A family was walking to the beach and the man was looking over towards me. I wondered if he realised what was happening to me.

After a little nap I woke up feeling restless. It was mid-afternoon and I needed to do something. I wanted to go somewhere, but where? Being naked my options were limited. Then I remembered walking to the nearby village with Ryan, when we’d first met Pete and his young kids. I’d been naked most of that day as well. The only difference was that Ryan had been there to protect me if anything had gone wrong. If I was going to do it again I’d have to make sure that nothing went wrong.

I decided to head towards the village and see how far I could get. After all, I could turn back at any time.

Wearing only the egg’s remote control round my neck I set off. Walking down the beach wasn’t a problem. I only saw one middle-aged couple and they both ignored me. As I headed inland I started to get a bit nervous. It was time to turn the egg on, on low, and let it take my mind off my nervousness.

The car park was quite full of cars but I only saw one couple, about my (real) age. They both looked at me, but were more interested in each other. I wondered if she was going to have an orgasm on that beach.

As I left the car park I needed more of a distraction so I switched the egg onto full for a few seconds. That took my mind off where I was.

A couple of ‘beeps’ from a passing car’s horn brought me back to reality, but I was too far gone to turn back. Too far gone as in it was a shorter distance back to the holiday park if I kept going; and too far gone in that I was getting close to cumming.

I looked for somewhere ‘private’ to have number 15. There was nowhere, I was on the side of a public road totally naked. Any number of cars, cyclists or pedestrians could appear at any second; but it was too late, number 15 had arrived.

As my body spasmed I was oblivious to anyone who may, or may not have been there. I was in a different world. With me bent over and my hands on my knees I let it happen – not that I had any choice.

As I recovered I saw a pair of bare legs in front of me. I looked up and saw that it was that girl, Pete’s daughter, what was her name, oh yes, Freya. She was wearing a red string bikini and some flip-flops.

“Hey!” Freya said, “Are you okay, you don’t look too good.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’ve just cu… err, had a pain in my stomach.” I replied.

“There’s a seat over there, let’s go and sit there for a minute.” Freya said.

Freya got hold of my hand and led me over to the seat, which was in the kids play area; the one that Ryan and I had been to the last time that we were there.

As we crossed the road I used my other hand to switch the egg off. I didn’t want to have another orgasm with her there.

We sat on the seat and Freya said,

“How are you feeling now Tanya?”

This girl has such a friendly, soft voice. She seemed like such a nice girl. For some strange reason I liked the girl and felt comfortable with her.

“Yeah,” I said, “I’m much better now.”

“What was the pain?”

“It wasn’t a pain, I was having an orgasm.”

Why had I just said that?

“Well, I did wonder. I recognised the signs.” Freya said. “You’re not really a kid are you?”

I shook my head sideways.

For some reason I felt better knowing that my secret was out. I’d been alone for a couple of days and I guess that I needed to talk to someone. I sat there and told Freya the whole story. As I was doing so Freya kept saying things like,

“Wow!”

“That’s amazing.”

“I wish that I could do that.”

“That Ryan seems to be a really cool guy.”

“I wish that I was you.”

“I’m jealous.”

It was so easy talking to Freya. I wasn’t at all embarrassed saying some of the things that we / I had done. She took it all in, and when I’d finished Freya said,

“Tanya, you are one amazing woman, I’m so jealous of you and your life. I only hope that I can find someone like Ryan.”

Now it was my turn to be embarrassed, and it was nothing to do with my state of dress.

There was a bit of a pause in the conversation and I realised that time was getting on and it was cooling down a bit. I shivered a bit and Freya said,

“Yes it is a bit, shall we head off back.”

I felt so relaxed walking with Freya, she was wearing only her red sting bikini and I was totally naked. We walked right through the front gates of the holiday park and no one took any notice of us.

We got to the place where Freya had to go one way and me another. Freya asked me what number mobile home I was staying in and promised to come over first thing in the morning. Apparently her brother and father were going off playing golf the next day so she would have been on her own for the day.

I was feeling happy as I walked those last hundred yards, so happy that I switched the egg on to full. I just made it back before number 16 hit me.

As it subsided I switched the egg off and went for a shower.

After that it was a long text to Ryan; so long that I had to go up it and delete some of it so that I could finish. I even forgot to tell Ryan how many times that I’d cum that day.

I was hungry and had to decide what to eat. I was undecided as to what to do about food. I could make something for myself, go to that takeaway part of the on-site restaurant; or phone them and get them to deliver a pizza or something.

I chose to go to the takeaway. I also chose to switch the egg on to low just before leaving.

I felt good walking around the site in the partial darkness of the evening.

I made it to the restaurant just as number 17 hit me. I dodged into a shadow and let it happen – not that I could have stopped it. I dashed in and placed my order. The man behind the counter stared at me, but never said anything.

It took ages to get the food ready and I was dangerously close when I final got my food.

The same shadow saw number 18 arrive.

I switched the egg off and continued back to the mobile home. I ate in peace then had another shower before collapsing into bed. I was knackered.

**Day 4**

**-------**

I woke to the sound of someone knocking on the door. I opened it to see Freya standing there.

“Good morning my little exhibitionist.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I mumbled as I turned to the kitchen to put the coffee on.

Freya was wearing a miniskirt, tank top and trainers. It was obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“It’s 7 o’clock. Dad and Alfie have already left so I thought that I’d come and see my little exhibitionist.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.”

“Of course not. So what have you got planned for today?”

“Well, after a coffee I usually go for a run. Do you fancy joining me?”

“You go like that then?”

“Of course, how can I keep to Ryan’s challenge if I put some clothes on?”

The kettle boiled and we were soon drinking coffee. As soon as we’d finished Freya said,

“Okay, let’s go.”

“Err Freya, how about you strip before we leave?”

“I don’t think that I could do that.”

“Why not? I’m naked.”

“Yes, but you look like a kid. I’ve got these.” Freya said as she cupped her tits.

Freya’s tits are probably an ‘A’ cup so I said,

“So what? No offence, but there’s boys out there with tits bigger than those. Come on, get em off.”

“I don’t know, people might see me. I’ve got my bikini in my bag, I can wear that?”

“No. On my runs the last couple of days I’ve only seen one old couple and they totally ignored me. It’s too early for most people so come on, get ‘em off.”

“But!”

“No buts.”

“Well, I know that I said that I was jealous of you being able to walk around naked, but I don’t know if I can do it.”

“No buts, there’s only one way to find out.”

“I don’t know.” Freya said, but as she was saying it her hands were already gripping the bottom of her top.

Freya’s top came off and she started undoing her skirt. As it dropped to the floor I said,

“No knickers Freya. There’s hope for you yet.”

“I thought that I’d give you a bit of moral support. I never expected to have to put it on display to the world.”

“I think that you’re going to enjoy showing the world your bald puss more than I do. Oh, nearly forgot, I’ve just got to put these inside me.”

I picked up my Ben Wa balls and squat down.

“What are those?” Freya asked.

I told her.

“How do they work?”

I told her.

“Won’t they fall out?”

“Not if you clench your pussy muscles.”

“Can I try them?”

“Of course, but when we get back. It being your first time I don’t want to risk one dropping out on the sand; we might never find it again.”

“Fair point. Can I try them when you put your egg in please?”

“Of course.”

“Good, I don’t want you to be the only one having fun all day. Talking of which, how many did you get to before going to bed?”

“18 – That’s 1 new dress that Ryan owes me….. I wonder if he’ll let me use an average of each day?”

“Come on my little exhibitionist; if I’ve got to do this then the sooner the better.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.”

With that we opened the back door and stepped out.

“This feels so weird.” Freya said.

“Don’t worry, you’ll soon get used to it.”

“I don’t know if I do want to get used to it.”

“Just act like you are doing something that you do every day and that millions of other people do it as well.”

“It’s alright for you to say that, you’ve done it hundreds of times. This is my first time.”

“Just follow me.”

With that I started jogging along the edge of the beach with Freya in hot pursuit.

After about half a mile of seeing no one, the balls in me were really working well. My AF was rising quickly. Another couple of hundred yards and I had to stop as it hit me. Bending over like I usually do my body started shaking. Freya stopped too and stood next to me, looking at me and grinning. She was still grinning as I calmed down.

“That the first for today? Only another 14 to go.” Freya said.

“You’re enjoying this aren’t you?” I asked.

“Of course; but not as much as you.” Freya joked.

Freya wasn’t as used to jogging as I am and she wanted to go back. I agreed and we turned round. My second orgasm of the day hit me just before we got back.

When I made it back inside, Freya was already in the shower. I waited for her to finish then went in myself.

When I’d finished I went into the lounge and saw Freya with her towel wrapped round herself.

“A bit late for modesty isn’t it?” I asked.

“I guess so, force of habit I guess, when you live with your mom, dad, brother about the same age and 2 much younger kids, you tend to keep yourself covered up.”

“I can understand that, I’m lucky, there’s only Ryan and me so we often walk around our place totally naked. I like looking at his cock and see it go hard and soft again, and everything between. I’m glad that I’m not a man, it’s so much easier for us girls to hide our arousal.” I said.

I got us some breakfast and while we were eating I asked Freya,

“So Freya, how did you enjoy your first nude run?”

“Well, you were right about soon getting used to it, although I don’t know what I would have done if we’d seen anyone. It was sort of exhilarating; I mean it was a sort of turn on.”

“Try it with a couple of steel balls clunking away inside you.” I interrupted.

“I suppose I kind of enjoyed it.”

“Tell you what,” I said, “If you wear these balls today and you don’t have any accidents, you can wear them tomorrow when we go for a run.”

“Who says that I’m going for a run with you tomorrow morning?”

“Your choice.” I said.

“So I can try those balls today then?” Freya asked.

“Yes, of course you can.”

“Good, I don’t want you to be the only one having fun.”

“Anyway, you never did tell me how you knew that I wasn’t a kid?” I asked.

“Well, the first clue was when I first met you at the swimming pool. You were lying with your legs open and your whole pussy looked way too developed for a young kid. The second clue as the way you talked to my dad. You didn’t say much but it was the way that you said it; it wasn’t like a kid would have said it. The third clue was your kindle. What kid would be reading a book in a place like this? The fourth clue was as I watched you walking around; you just had a more ‘adult’ look to the way you walked. Finally, when you were bent over cumming, you just looked like you’d done it lots of times before. A young kid would probably be still getting used to it.”

“Oh, you’re an expert on what women look like when their cumming are you?” I asked.

“No, no, it’s just that you looked like you’d done it hundreds of timed before.”

“I have.”

We both laughed a bit.

Breakfast over, and cleaned away, Frey said,

“Okay, what’s your plan for today? I want to watch you have these hundreds of orgasms.”

“Well… If you hadn’t been here I’d probably swapped these balls for the egg then gone outside and read for a bit.”

“Can I try that egg before you use it? I’ve never used anything like that before.”

“Yeah, sure,” I said, “I just need to put some more batteries in it.”

I went and got the batteries. When I got back Freya had taken the towel off and was fondling the egg in her hands. She gave me it and I put the batteries in.

“Are you ready for this?” I asked.

Freya shook her head; she looked a bit nervous as she squat down.

“Put some spit on it so that it’ll go in easy.”

“I don’t think that I’ll need that.” Freya said.

“You must be as horny as me.”

Freya gently pushed the egg up her vagina.

“As far as you can get it.”

Freya’s finger disappeared, came out then she slowly stood up.

“I feel full.”

I smiled and picked up the remote control.

“Are you ready for this?”

Freya nodded so I switched the egg onto low.

Freya gasped then her face settled to a contented smile.

“Ooow, that’s nice. I’ve got to get one of these things.”

I let it run for a minute then turned it up to full.

“Aaarrrggghhh! Bloody hell, that’s wonderful.”

Thirty seconds later she started cumming. I thought that I could be loud, but Freya was unbelievable. I thought that the neighbours might come over and complain.

Freya put out an arm for me to help steady her; she did look as though she might collapse into a quivering pile of jelly. I switched the egg off.

When Freya got some way back to normal she said,

“Bloody hell Tanya; I think that I could get up to 15 in less than an hour with that thing. I really do have to get one of those.”

I let her wallow in the aftermath for a few minutes then asked her for the egg and added,

“If I don’t get started soon I won’t have the energy to get to 15.”

Freya squat down and squeezed. On the third attempt the egg popped out and fell on the floor. I rinsed the dirt from the floor off and squat down and pushed it in. When I stood up I gave Freya the Ben Wa balls (which I’d taken out when I was in the shower) and said,

“Your turn.”

Freya took them and pushed them in.

“As far as you can.” I added. “Remember, if you feel them slipping out, stop and clench your pussy. You should be able to keep them in with a bit of practice.”

When Freya stood up she grabbed the egg’s remote control and said,

“I’m going to have some fun with this.”

I’d only known Freya for less than 24 hours but I trusted her, but at the same time I wondered if she had a cruel streak that I hadn’t seen before; I hoped not.

“If you’re going to read a book then I’m going to listen to my mp3 player.” Freya said as she picked up her bag and we went out the back and set ourselves up on 2 sun loungers.

As we settled Freya told me that she’d never sunbathed naked before and was a bit worried that someone might see her.

“I’ve done it the last couple of days, and the week that we were here last year, and I’ve not had any problems.” I said.

“Yeah, but you’re an exhibitionist.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.”

I’d just got into reading about Vanessa’s Holiday in the South of France when Freya switched the egg on to low. I jumped a bit, smiled at Freya then got back to the story.

Five minutes later I couldn’t concentrate on Vanessa and her friends having a race carrying wine bottles in their pussies and put the kindle down. I let Freya bring me to my third orgasm of the day. It was a good one, causing my muscles to spasm and my mouth to let out long moans.

As my body returned to normal and the Freya turned the egg off, I looked at Freya and saw a big grin on her face.

“I’m enjoying this; I’m going to have some fun with you today my girl.”

“I enjoyed that as well, but please don’t make me cum in front of strangers, it’s so embarrassing.” I replied.

“We’ll see, I think that perhaps you secretly enjoy things like that.” Freya said.

“No I don’t, please don’t do it Freya.”

“We’ll see.” Freya said as she switched the egg back on, on low.

It was pointless picking up my kindle and I just lay there waiting for the inevitable fourth orgasm. I was just getting close as Freya turned the egg off.

I groaned and asked her why she’d done that.

“I want you to be a horny little exhibitionist all day. Besides, I don’t want you to get worn out, or should I say orgasmed out too soon. Can a girl get orgasmed out? I’ve never had more than 4 in 1 day. What’s the most that you’ve had in 1 day?”

“Eighteen, yesterday; I think. If I’m having lots all together I tend to loose count. I suppose that spreading them over a day helps me to keep track of how many.” I said; “and I’m not an exhibitionist.”

Freya grinned,

“Of course not. Oh, these Ben Whatsit balls aren’t doing anything for me, I can hardly feel them.”

“You won’t, not just lying there. You have to move around to get them clunking together.” I said.

“Shall we go for a walk then?” Freya asked.

“Okay, but it will have to be round the holiday park; I don’t want to risk losing one of the balls.”

“I can’t go round the park, not like this.”

“If I can then you can.”

“No I can’t, I don’t look like a young kid.”

“Tell you what, let’s just go for a walk round this mobile home and see how it goes?”

“I can’t.”

“Yes you can.”

As I said that I got up I grabbed Freya’s hand and pulled her up.

“No, I can’t do this.” Freya said.

“Yes you can.” I replied; pulling Freya towards the end of the home.

“See, no one’s looking. Move your hands; you’ll attract attention to yourself.”

“I thought that you said no one was looking.”

“They aren’t, so drop your hands.”

We continued walking and Freya said,

“I can feel the balls clunking together. It feels nice.”

We made it back to the sun loungers without incident and as we sat down Freya said,

“I enjoyed that, I’ve got a tingling.”

“Shall we do it again?”

“NO! Once was quite enough for me; get back to your kindle.”

I did, but 5 minutes later Freya turned the egg back on, on low.

I smiled and continued reading.

A few minutes later the egg vibrations increased. Two minutes after that number 4 arrived.

I got back to my kindle and started reading about Vanessa’s trip to London. That reminded me of my time in a London hotel while Ryan was on another training course.

I was still wet from my previous orgasm, but instead of the fresh air drying me I was getting wetter; and hornier. If Freya didn’t turn the egg off number 5 would arrive soon.

Freya must have seen what state I was in and instead of turning the egg off she turned it up to full. Number 5 hit me as I lay there with my legs open and Freya staring at me. Not content with giving me 1 orgasm, she left the egg switched on full until I’d had number 6. I was so glad when she finally turned it off; I was knackered.

“Enough, please Freya, I need a rest. I need to do something different for a while.” I said. “How about we got for a walk?”

“Okay,” Freya said, “I’ll just put some clothes on then we can go for a wander around the site.”

“I was thinking more of once more round the mobile home then out onto the beach. It’s still only mid-morning and I haven’t seen anyone go down to the beach yet.”

“Okay, give me a second to put a skirt and top on then we’ll go.”

“No, you can come like that, you’ve been round the mobile home, and out onto the beach once today without any clothes on so you can do it again. You know that you want to Freya.” I said.

“Yes and no, I like the idea but I don’t want to be seen by anyone.”

“Come on, I bet that you won’t regret it, and those balls will take your mind of your lack of clothes.”

“Weeeeell, okay then, can you go and have a look to see if anyone is out there?”

“Okay then.”

I said and got up and went round the corner. I didn’t go all the way, only out of sight of Freya. After standing there for a minute I went back and told her that no one was there.

“Let’s go!” I said.

“Are you sure that it’s clear?” Freya asked.

“Would I?”

“I’m not sure; I think that you’re trying to turn me into another exhibitionist, like you.” Freya said as she got up and walked over to me.

“I’m not an exhibitionist.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

We walked round the corner, out onto the main path through the site and I was both glad and sad that there was no one else there. Glad because I didn’t really want anyone to see me, and sad because there was no one to see Freya. I wanted her to know what it was like to be naked in public.

We got round the back of the mobile home and then went onto the path to the beach. There were a few people there, but way off in the distance.

“We’ll turn back before we get to them.” Freya said as she walked swinging her arms.

After a minute or so she said,

“These balls are funny; every time they knock together I get this little jolt. I can see why you like them.”

“So you’ve never been naked in public before Freya?”

“Not before today.”

“How are you enjoying it?”

“It’s a nice feeling and a scary feeling. I like the feeling of the warm air all over me, the freedom of having no clothes. I don’t want to be seen by anyone but I do want to be seen by lots of people, especially men. I don’t really understand it.”

“Wait until you try swimming naked; now that IS a nice feeling.” I said. “You’re getting a bit turned-on by this, aren’t you Freya?”

“Well yes, but I think that might just be the clunking in my pussy, how can you tell?”

“Your nipples are a bit of a giveaway.”

Freya giggled then said,

“You must be turned-on as well then.”

With that she turned the egg onto low. I saw her hand go to up to the control that was still hanging from her neck so it wasn’t a surprise when it went on.

We kept walking. As we got closer to the people that were sunbathing, I expected Freya to say that she wanted to turn back, but she kept walking; even when we got close to a couple of teenage lads.

I looked at Freya’s face, she was blushing, but she had that wanting, lustful look. I was sure that she wanted the lads to look at her. Her nipples certainly did, they looked rock hard.

As we got passed the lads Freya said,

“OMG! That was awesome. Did you see their faces as they looked at me? I could tell that one of them definitely had a boner. Oh shit, I’m gonna cum. Are they still looking at me?”

“Do you want them to look at you?”

“Fuck yes.”

“Turn and look at them Freya.”

Freya did turn, and she stood there shaking as the waves rushed over her.

I wasn’t doing any better (or worse); the egg and Freya’s condition got me cumming as well. I reached out to Freya and we held each other’s hand as Freya’s second and my seventh orgasm of the day took control of our bodies.

All that time Freya was staring at the lads. I wondered if they creamed their pants – that was if they knew what was happening.

We got control of our bodies back and started walking again.

“That was fucking awesome.” Freya said; “now I know why you like being naked all the time.”

“I don’t like being naked all the time, I told you; it’s Ryan that talks me into doing it.”

“Whatever. You can’t tell me that you didn’t enjoy that.”

“Of course I did, but I wouldn’t have been here if it hadn’t of been for Ryan. Oh, and can you turn the egg off please.”

“It was your idea to go for a walk on the beach with both of us naked, and these things inside us.”

I couldn’t argue with that.

“Let’s do it again.” Freya said.

“What! No, no, I don’t want to.”

Freya grabbed my hand and we set-off running – away from the lads. After about 100 yards she turned us round and we set-off back, towards the holiday park, and those lads.

All of a sudden I felt the vibrations in the egg increase and realised what Freya was doing. The running was to get Ben Wa doing his job so that she was ready to cum again, and the turning the remote control up was to make sure that I’d cum as well.

We got closer and closer to the lads, and I could tell that I couldn’t last much longer. I wanted to keep running past the lads but Freya stopped right in front of them. She was still holding my hand as she turned so that we were facing the lads. She’d timed it right and we both started cumming again. Freya’s third and my eighth orgasm of the day. This time Freya got vocal; and I let out a couple of low moans.

The 2 lads just stared. One had a blank expression on his face but the other was grinning from ear to ear. As I calmed down I saw a wet patch on one of the lads shorts grow. I wondered if he’d creamed his pants.

When Freya was back to normal she said,

“Did you like that boys? Shame that’s all you’re going to get.”

With that Freya pulled my hand and we walked off. When we were out of hearing range Freya said,

“That was fucking awesome Tanya. Have you ever done anything like that?”

“If you turn the egg off I’ll tell you about some of the times that my so-called friends have made me cum with people watching me,” I said.

We walked back to the mobile home with me telling Freya about just a few of my humiliating experiences. On the way we saw 2 couples walking in the opposite direction. Both of the men looked at Freya’s tits. Thankfully, none of them took any notice of me.

Back on the sun loungers Freya was really enjoying my humiliating memories. When I’d finished she said,

“Think of all those men who were lusting after your body, think of all those orgasms, and the fucking that you got afterwards. You really are a lucky girl.”

“I don’t feel it.”

“You should, I wish that I had done half of what you’ve done.”

It was lunchtime and we were both felling hungry. I didn’t have much food in the kitchen

“Do you think that I could get away with going to the shop naked?” Freya asked.

“No, not naked, your bald pubes look like a little girl but those tits are too big for you to be a little girl; but you might get away with topless; people seem more tolerant at the coast.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. I saw a couple of topless women at the swimming pool the other day. Alfie couldn’t take his eyes off them. Maybe I should let him look at mine; and my pussy. It’s a long time since we saw each other without clothes on and I want to see what his cocks like these days.”

“How will he seeing you naked get you to see his cock?”

“I’ll do the ‘I’ll show you mine if you show me yours’ thing. We can do it tomorrow, dad’s going out but Alfie is supposed to be staying here, to keep me company.”

Freya put on her skirt then said,

“Can I try on one of your skirts, this one is so heavy that there’s no way that I’ll be able to flash anyone.”

I took Freya to where all the clothes that I brought with me were. There were 3 skirts and a few tops. Freya said,

“You didn’t bring much with you; I guess that you knew you wouldn’t be wearing much. Can I wear this as a skirt?”

Freya was holding the tube top that I’d brought.

“That’s a top.” I said.

“I know, but it will make a great skirt, just what I have in mind.”

“Well okay, but it will look more like a belt than a skirt.”

“That’s what I’m hoping.” Freya said.

And it did look like a belt. The top of her butt crack was showing and I’m sure that if she bent over, even the slightest bit, her butt would be showing. As for the front, With Freya stood up straight I could just about see a hint of her vulva. I wondered how much would be showing when she walked about.

We set of to the shop with me wearing absolutely nothing except for the egg; and Freya wearing only my skirt and my Ben Wa balls.

We got about half way there when those damn youths appeared again. This time they seemed more interested in Freya’s tits. I saw Freya’s hand go up to her chest, but it wasn’t to cover her breasts, it was to switch the egg on. I wasn’t expecting that and I jumped a little and gasped.

“Like what you see boys?” Freya asked them.

I don’t think that they were expecting Freya to be so ‘up front’ and they just stood there staring and watched up walk passed them.

The egg was still purring away inside me as we went into the shop. There was only the man serving in the shop. He looked at both Freya and I but he never said anything about our state of dress. Freya must have decided to try to tease the man because she decided to bend over (at the waist with straight legs) to check something on a low shelf.

I nearly let out a gasp as I realised what both the shopkeeper and I could see. Freya’s pussy was all swollen and wet. I looked over to the man and saw a slight grin on his face.

The show only lasted a few seconds before Freya stood up and said,

“I think that we’ll just get a tin of sardines and a baguette;” and she went and got them as the man and I just watched.

“Tanya, can I have some money please?”

I went to the counter and opened my purse. As I gave the man some money I wondered if he could hear the egg vibrating away inside me. That thought made my AF rise. I had to get out of there. I certainly didn’t want to have an orgasm standing in that shop, in front of that man.

We got about 10 yards away from the shop before it hit me. I was shaking and moaning. The problem was that those damn youths were still there.

“Is she cumming again?” One of the boys said.

“Err yes, but how did you know? It’s her ninth time today.” Freya said.

“Because we saw her on the swings yesterday and she cumming then.”

“Tanya! You’ve been cumming in front of these teenagers; how could you? Haven’t you got any morals?” Freya said.

I couldn’t answer her. I was a little pre-occupied.

When I could talk I said,

“Listen who’s talking, remember what you did on the beach a couple of hours ago. I bet that if I told you to go and sit on the swings and show your pussy to these teenagers you would, wouldn’t you?”

“Come on Tanya; and come on boys. That’s if you don’t want to miss the show.”

Freya grabbed my hand and almost dragged me to the kid’s play area. Fortunately it wasn’t far away, and there was no one there.

Freya took me to the swings and told me to sit on one of them. As soon as I was sat down she pushed me so that I was swinging backwards and forwards. The thing was, Freya hadn’t turned the egg off. It was still on low, but Freya turned it up to full.

Freya got on the next swing and started swinging back and forwards. As she swung, her legs were wide open. I was sat on the swing next to her and I could see her pussy so the boys in front of her must have had a great view.

The egg got the better of me and I had my tenth orgasm of the day. Like the last time on the swing I was hanging on for dear life. I remember moaning and cursing as the boys just stared.

As the waves subsided I said,

“Turn it off Freya, pleeease.”

Fortunately Freya took pity on me and turned the egg off.

“That was fun, now watch me.” Freya said.

Freya’s swinging was quite slow by then and she was able to let go of the chain with her right hand, which moved to her exposed pussy. She started frigging herself while the boys and I watched.

Freya’s AF must have been high. Either the balls were working over-time, or she gets really turned on just by boys looking at her, because it didn’t take long for her to cum.

All the time the teenagers just stared at her.

When she was done Freya got off the swing, pulled her ‘skirt’ back over her butt and told me to get off my swing. Then she turned to the teenagers and said,

“Okay, shows over; go and have a wank somewhere.”

With that she picked up the bag with our lunch in it, grabbed my hand and we walked away, leaving 2 stunned youths.

As we got out of earshot Freya said,

“That was fun; we’ll have to do that again before we leave.”

“And you call me an exhibitionist.” I said.

We got back to the mobile home, made lunch and sat on the sun loungers eating. Oh, Freya had taken her ‘skirt’ off as soon as we’d got back.

“So how many are you up to today Tanya?”

“Ten;” I replied, “Only another 5 and I’ll get another dress out of Ryan.

“Good,” Freya replied, “We’ll have to get the next 5 over quickly; I’d like to borrow that egg – if you don’t mind.”

With that Freya turned the egg on to full for a few seconds.

“Don’t want you forgetting what’s coming, or should I say cumming.” Freya said.

Lunch over we decided to go to the swimming pool. Freya decided that she’d go topless, but couldn’t decide whether to wear her bikini bottoms or my tube top as a skirt again. In the end she decided on my tube top, taking her bikini bottoms in case she wanted to go for a swim or into the jacuzzi.

When we got to the pool we commandeered 2 sun loungers and lay there, Freya listening to her music and me starting to read about Vanessa’s life. We’d both crossed our ankles when we’d got on the sun loungers and after a few minutes I saw that Freya was rhythmically squeezing her legs together. I wondered it that was making the steel balls clunk together.

About 15 minutes later I realised that I had uncrossed my legs and my knees had drifted apart. Vanessa’s adventures were getting me horny.

Freya must have noticed because I suddenly felt the egg start vibrating.

“Oh no, not here, not with all these people around.” I thought, but it was too late. Freya had got me started again, and she turned the egg up to take me to my peak.

I put the kindle down and gripped the sides of the sun lounger waiting for the inevitable. Freya was ignoring me but she had a slight grin on her face. She was looking around to see if anyone was looking at me.

I was beyond caring as number 11 hit me. My knuckles went white as I tried to stay still and quiet. I just about managed it and I don’t think that anyone noticed.

As I returned to normal I looked at Freya. The grin was still there, her nipples looked very erect and her legs were no longer crossed. Anyone who cared to look must have been able to get a great view of her pussy. I guessed that it would be nearly as swollen and wet as mine.

Then I saw that Freya’s stomach was jerking to a constant rhythm. After a few puzzled seconds I decided that she was clenching and un-clenching her pussy muscles. I guessed that doing that was clunking the steel balls together inside her. I continued to watch her, occasionally looking round to see if anyone was looking at us. No one was.

Freya started shaking and she too gripped the side of the sun lounger. I grinned as Freya reached her climax. Fortunately she managed a quiet one. I hate to think what would have happened if she’d been as noisy as she’d been earlier.

The egg was still on full throttle and I approaching number 12. I was getting tired as well. My knuckles went white again as I fought to stay still and quiet.

I think that I managed not to attract any unwanted attention.

“Time for a swim Freya;” I said, “and please switch the damn egg off.”

Fortunately, Freya did then she said,

“I’ll have to change into my bikini bottoms.”

With that she got the bikini bottoms out of her bag, stood up, pulled her ‘skirt’ right off then put the bottoms on. She may only have been totally naked for a couple of seconds, but she did attract the attention of one man who I saw staring at her.

We dived in and it was so good to relax knowing that the egg was switched off and that the control was in Freya’s bag.

We stayed in the water for about 15 minutes before Freya wanted to go into the jacuzzi. As we climbed out I noticed that Freya’s bikini bottoms were hanging quite low, she’d probably not tied the strings very tight and when the material got wet it had slid down revealing the top of her butt crack and part of her hairless pubes.

The warm bubbles felt great; if the swimming pool was relaxing then the jacuzzi was heaven. I sat there with my head back on the edge of the jacuzzi and my eyes closed. It was wonderful.

When I opened my eyes and looked at Freya I saw her bikini bottoms in a heap on the side of the jacuzzi. One of her arms was out of the water and the other was under the water. By the look on her face that hand was frigging her pussy.

After a minute or so Freya’s face got a satisfied smile on it. A few seconds later Freya said,

“Your turn; I want to see you cum again my little exhibitionist. How many is it so far today then, 11 or 12?”

“Twelve actually; and you’ve got the nerve to call me an exhibitionist after that little display on the sun lounger. Wearing that belt and showing what you were showing made you look more naked than actually being naked. At least I look like a kid. With those tits you definitely look like a gorgeous woman… And how many are you up to today?”

“I think it’s about 5 or 6, I’m not really counting. Come on then, I want you to get up to your 15 so that I can borrow that egg.”

It was only early afternoon and I was up to 12 orgasms. I thought about another new dress as my right hand descended to my clit.

I was just getting worked up when a middle-aged man came and climbed into the jacuzzi. I looked down and checked that the bubbles were hiding what I was doing then continued. As I frigged myself I looked at the man. I hadn’t seen him around the pool so I wondered if he realised that he was sat opposite 2 naked young women.

I looked at Freya and saw a glazed face; I smiled and assumed that she was doing the same as I was.

When number 13 arrived I managed to keep my mouth shut and the jerks and shaking were all under the bubbles. My face however wasn’t, and I must have had a few unusual facial expressions as the man asked me if I was okay. I waited until I was capable of giving a coherent response and told him that I was okay.

After a few minutes rest I decided that I was going for number 14. I’d just got into it when Freya decided that she was getting out. She tuned and picked up her bikini bottoms the stood up. The expression on the man’s face was priceless. There was no way that he was expecting Freya to be naked. Freya’s pussy was about 2 feet from his face for a couple of seconds before she climbed out and walked back to the sun lounger with her bikini bottoms screwed-up in her hand.

When she got there she wrapped her towel round herself and sat down. I saw her reach for the remote control and was surprised that it could communicate with the egg with me being in the jacuzzi. The egg burst into life, on full blast.

It wasn’t long before I was cumming again, but this time my hand was cupping my throbbing pussy under the water. Number 14 was a really intense one and the man opposite was staring at my screwed-up face all the time. At least I managed to stay quiet.

Freya must have realised that I’d just cum because I saw her grinning and holding the remote control up. She switched the egg off and I relaxed. After a minute or so I decided to join Freya. I wanted to get out and over to the sun lounger without anyone seeing me but that was impossible so I just did what Freya had done.

I didn’t look at the man as I put my pussy 2 feet in front of his face. I just climbed out and walked.

I lay on the sun lounger next to Freya and breathed a sigh of relief. I told Freya that I wanted to go back to the mobile home. Freya agreed and stood up; the towel still wrapped round her.

Somehow we managed to get back to the mobile home without either Freya switching the egg on, or her taking the towel off and showing the world her tits and pussy.

Once there Freya dropped the towel and led me out the back.

“How many are you up to Tanya?”

“Fourteen.”

“Oh goody; 1 more to go. Come on.”

Freya grabbed my hand and the 2 naked girls walked out onto the beach. Just as we got on to the sand Freya switched the egg on. Fortunately there weren’t that many people near us because I jumped a little.

“I want your last egg induced orgasm of the day to be outside, in totally natural surroundings, with perhaps the odd 1 or 2 strangers watching you.”

“Please Freya; can we go back to the mobile home? I’m tired and I was to rest for a while.”

“No my little exhibitionist you’re going to cum right here; at one with nature.”

With that Freya turned the egg up to full blast and I had no choice but to accept the inevitable. Freya was still holding my hand and she slowly led me along down the beach to the water’s edge.

We didn’t make it because I stopped and started shaking; my arms and legs jerking as number 15 hit me. I nearly collapsed onto the sand but Freya held me up.

A passing young couple must have thought that I was having some sort of epileptic fit because the woman asked Freya if I was okay. When I heard the woman ask I was expecting Freya to tell her what was really happening, but instead she said,

“Yes, thank you, she’s just practising for play that she’s in. She plays the part of a girl that fakes illness to get money out of people. Thank you.”

The couple obviously bought it because they kept walking.

Freya left the egg on at full blast as my spasms subsided a little then rose up again. I dropped to my knees (spread wide) and let out a few low moans. I wanted to scream out but I wasn’t going to do that out there.

Finally Freya turned the egg off as she stood in front of me grinning. As I calmed down she said,

“Your pussy’s been blowing little bubbles in your juices as they’ve been flooding out; look.”

I looked down and saw that there were some little bubbles in my juices. I quickly stood up and squeezed my legs together.

“Now you’ve got your 15 can I borrow the egg please? I want some of that fun.” Freya asked.

“Yes, but I’m not squeezing it out, down here; let’s go back to the mobile home.”

We walked back and then squeezed out the foreign bodies that were inside our bodies. I cleaned them up then put new batteries in the egg. Passing it to Freya I held it out and said,

“Swap this for the control; I want to make you suffer like you did me.”

Freya grinned, passed me the control and said,

“I hope so.”

“So where and how do you want to start Freya?” I asked.

“How about right here and now?”

I switched the egg on at low power. Even though Freya was watching me she still jumped a bit.

“Let’s go for a walk.” Freya said, and headed outside and towards the beach.

I was glad that she chose the beach because there was more chance of her getting away with being naked on the beach than in amongst the mobile homes.

We hadn’t got more than 50 yards when Freya asked me to turn the egg up, so I did, on to full. Thirty seconds layer Freya stopped walking and started shaking.

“Oh fuck, shit, fuck, fuck, aaarrrggghhhh, oooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Freya put out a hand for me to grab, she needed a bit of support. I turned the egg down but Freya said,

“No………. back up to full……… please.”

So I did, and Freya dropped to the sand. She lay there on her back; legs spread wide, and just shook and jerked. It was a good job that no one else was nearby. I could see her juices flowing out of her pussy.

After a good 30 seconds there was no sign of Freya’s spasms stopping. After another 30 seconds I decided to turn the egg off, Freya looked like she was about to collapse and die. It took another minute for the spasms to stop and for her to look almost normal.

“That was fucking amazing.” Freya finally said, “It was like I was on a different planet; nothing seemed real. It was wonderful.”

“Ready for another?”

“No, yes, no; give me a minute please. Let’s go back to the mobile home; I want to find a man to do that in front of him.”

“You can’t go walking around the holiday park like that; you’ll get arrested. You’ll have to put your bikini bottoms on.”

“I’ll wear your tube top as a skirt again; I don’t want my pussy covered. I want a man to see it as I’m cumming.”

“Bloody hell girl. Listen to yourself; and you’ve got the nerve to call me an exhibitionist.”

“I never said that I wasn’t one.”

“True.”

“Besides, I wasn’t one until I met you. Look what you’ve turned me into Tanya.”

“Don’t go blaming me Freya; I didn’t ask you to strip off and flaunt your body in front of those young men.”

“No you didn’t, but if you hadn’t been naked then I wouldn’t have thought of doing it.”

“Hey Freya, that’s not my fault, I didn’t want to spend all my time naked and to cum 15 times a day.”

“Yes you did, you want those new dresses.”

“Well yeah, but………”

“But nothing; you wouldn’t have done it if you didn’t want to Tanya.”

“It was a bet, a challenge’ of course I’ve got to do it.”

“Not if you really didn’t want to.”

Fortunately we’d got back to the mobile home by then because I didn’t know what to say; so I switched the egg back on, on low.

“Take that bitch.” I said.

“Slut.” Freya said; and turned and kissed me full on the lips, before turning and picking up a towel off a sun lounger.

“Can you rub the sand off my back and butt please Tanya?”

When I’d finished I went and got the tube top for Freya to wear as a skirt. She put it on and we walked out onto the main path through the holiday park.

“Oooow, that’s nice.” Freya said as she rubbed her stomach.

I hadn’t noticed before but Freya’s nipples were very big and they looked hard. I smiled and felt mine remind me that they were there.

A couple of people passed us and didn’t take any notice of our state of dress. By the time we’d got near the entrance Freya’s skirt had ridden up and her pussy was on display.

“Let’s go out onto the main road.” Freya said in a kind of suggestive way. The egg must have started to get at her and I wondered what exhibitionistic thing she was thinking of.

As we walked down the road a car with a couple of young men in it beeped its horn and the men shouted something at us. I couldn’t understand what they actually said, but I could guess what sort of thing it was.

“Can we go back now?” I asked.

“Not yet, I haven’t cum yet.” Freya replied.

“I can soon fix that.” I said, and turned the egg up to full blast.

Freya’s arousal had been simmering nicely and it didn’t take long for her suddenly shout,

“Oh fuck!” and she start cumming.

No sooner than she’d started, a car pulled up alongside us. It was the car with the 2 young men it that had passed by a couple of minutes previously. One of the men started to ask for some directions, but stopped speaking as soon as he saw Freya shaking all over.

“Is she okay?” He asked.

“Oh yeah, she’s just cumming.” I replied. It was really nice to not be the centre of attraction.

The 3 of us just watched Freya shaking and listening to her moans and expletives. She went on for ages and I was wondering if it was because she was stood there, naked, in front of 2 unknown young men. Then I remembered that the egg was still on full blast. I reached for the control and switched it off.

Freya’s reaction was almost immediate. She started coming down from her high.

When she was just about back to normal, the young man asked us where some place that I’d never heard of was. I told him so and grabbed Freya’s arm and started pulling her towards the holiday park.

“Was that good enough for you?” I asked Freya.

“That was so cool; I want to do it again.” Freya replied.

“The chances of 2 more young men stopping their car alongside us in the next 5 minutes are so remote that it just ain’t going to happen. Let’s get back to the mobile home.”

Freya didn’t object as I led her though the park to the mobile home. We passed a few people but no one took much notice of us.

No sooner than we’d gone through the door Freya took her skirt (my tube top) off and asked me for the control. She switched the egg back on and went out the back and lay on one of the sun loungers.

Freya was obviously craving more orgasms because she was jerking about in pleasure for the next half hour or so. I just lay on the other sun lounger, rested, and read Vanessa’s story ‘If only I knew then what I know now.’ That got me horny and about half way through the story I realised that my hand had gone to my pussy and my fingers were playing with my clit.

By the time that I got to the end of the story I was so close that I just kept going and gave myself number 16. As I calmed down I saw that Freya had stopped making herself cum and was watching me with a contented look on her face.

We both lay there for a while, soaking up the late afternoon sun. It was Freya that broke the silence by saying,

“Let’s go for a gentle stroll, no egg and no Ben Wa balls; just a relaxing stroll.”

“Okay, but you’ll have to take it out, and put a skirt on Freya.”

“Okay.” Freya said and she stood up, squat down and squeezed the egg out. Catching it she put it to her mouth and licked it.

“I taste quite nice really.”

We went inside. Freya put the egg on the table then my top round her hips and we left. We slowly wandered round the paths, talking about boys, sex, orgasms and her brother Alfie. Apparently Freya’s father was going off golfing on his own the next day, leaving both of them behind. I asked Freya what she was going to do but she hadn’t decided. She wanted to spend the day with me but didn’t want to abandon Alfie.

“Bring him along.”

As soon as I’d said it I realised that I was inviting a 17 or 18 year old young man to look at me naked all day. What’s more, if I was going to complete Ryan’s challenge, and get myself another dress, I was inviting that man to watch me have 15 orgasms. What the hell was I thinking?

“Yeah, I could,” Freya said, “he hasn’t seen me without clothes on for years, maybe it’s time to educate him. What about you Tanya, could you put up with a horny teenager staring at you all day?”

“Yeah no problem.” I stupidly replied. Of course I minded; I didn’t want a young man watching me cum multiple times. Even once was once too many.

We found ourselves near the kids play area and those 2 damn youths were there again. They weren’t on the equipment; they were messing about near some big trees at the other end. One of them was trying to climb up a tree.

For some reason, Freya guided me over to the teenagers. As we got close I looked over to Freya and saw her tweak her nipples. The minx wanted them to see her nipples all hard. I looked down at mine and saw that they were already hard. I also saw that my top had worked its way up a bit and the front of Freya’s slit was on display. I guessed that this was going to be a ‘Freya showing-off’ session. I didn’t mind that, at least it took the attention away from me.

“Whatchya doin?” Freya asked.

“What does it look like?” One of the youths replied.

“I bet that either of us 2 can climb higher that he can.” Freya said pointing at the youth just off the ground in the tree.

“Bet you can’t.” Another youth said.

“Right then, you see how high you can get then we’ll show you how it’s done.”

“Yeah right.” One of the youths said. ”Get out of the way Ben I’m going to show these 2 girls what a man can do.”

I smiled to myself and had a good look at the tree. The branches started quite low and there were enough of them; although some looked quite far apart. I reckoned that I could climb it.

The first problem that the youth had was getting onto the first branch. Its height was such that the youth had to jump up, grab the branch and pull himself up onto it. It was difficult for him, but he managed it.

Five minutes later he was as far as he could get and he started to come down.

“Beat that.” The youth said.

“Off you go Tanya, you can get higher.” Freya said.

“Why me, you were the one saying that you could beat the youths.” I said.

“I’ll climb it in a minute, you go first.” Freya almost ordered.

I went to the tree and jumped up. I grabbed the branch and pulled myself up so that my waist was over the branch. Then I swung my right leg out and up, and got my foot on the branch. All I had to do was push myself up so that I could start climbing from there, but Freya suddenly shouted,

“Stop! Hold it there Tanya; I just need to do something.”

The thing was, my left leg was hanging straight down and my right leg was at 90 degrees with my foot on the branch. In other words, my pussy was spread wide.

“Hey youths,” Freya said, “time for a human anatomy lesson.”

“What! No Freya; don’t do this; let me climb up.”

But Freya grabbed my left leg and stopped me from climbing. Meanwhile the 2 youths had moved in close and were looking up at my spread pussy.

I felt Freya pull my pussy lips apart then she started describing all the parts using the medical names and the slang names. When she got to my clit she pulled on the hood and said,

“What have we got here? Tanya, have you been pierced?

“Err yes, my nipples too.”

Freya then explained to the youths what piercing was before pulling and pushing my clit to let them have a good look. All that attention to my clit got my juices flowing and they started seeping out of me. My now wet pussy gave Freya the excuse to explain to the youths why I’d got wet and what the effect it had for something going into a pussy. She started to finger fuck me right in front of these 2 teenage youths.

Fortunately she stopped before I got close to cumming. I didn’t want the humiliation of cumming with their faces a couple of feet from my pussy.

Anatomy lesson over, Freya let go of my ankle, slapped my butt, and said,

“Go girl; show these 2 how to climb a tree.”

And I did, I got a bit higher than the youth had before deciding that the point was proved, and climbing down.

When I landed on the ground I turned to Freya and said,

“Okay, Freya, prove that you’re good at climbing trees as well.”

Freya grinned, looked at the 2 youths and said,

“Watch closely gentlemen.”

Freya jumped for the first branch and stretched her leg up, then stopped, as if she was waiting for something. I suddenly realised that she was waiting for me to do to her what she’d done to me. I grabbed her ankle and said,

“Okay boys, come over here and show me what you’ve learnt. Touch each part and tell me what it’s called.”

One youth stepped forward and hesitatingly put a finger out close to Freya’s pussy.

“Go on, it won’t bite.”

The youth touched Freya’s labia and she let out a soft moan.

“Don’t be shy; use both hands to open her up.” I said.

The youth got more confident and started telling me what each part was called. When he got to Freya’s clit I said,

“Rub it, and pull it; she won’t mind.”

I watched as Freya’s pussy got wetter and more swollen. A couple more moans escaped from her mouth.

“Do what she did to me.” I said.

The youth looked nervous so I said,

“It’s okay she likes it when you do that. Listen to her moaning; that’s a happy moan.

The youth’s index finger slowly disappeared inside Freya.

“Move it in and out.” I instructed.

He did, and I saw Freya get wetter.

“Okay, stop now. It’s time to let your mate have a go.”

Youth one stepped back and youth two eagerly moved in. He was more confident and quickly went through naming Freya’s bits. When he got to her clit he rubbed and pulled and squeezed. Freya’s moaning told us that she was enjoying it.

“Okay, that’s enough of that, finger fuck her.” I instructed the youth.

Freya was getting really turned on, but when I thought that she was getting close to cumming I stopped the youth.

“Okay, female anatomy lesson over. Now just look.”

“Tanya, why did you stop him I was just getting close?” Freya asked,

“I know.” I said with a grin on my face.

“Bitch.”

Freya pulled herself onto the branch and just stood there with her feet wide apart. I could see her very wet pussy and inner thighs. If I could see that then the youths could see it as well.

“I’ve decided that I don’t want to climb this tree anymore; instead I’ll just frig myself right here.” Freya said, and she did.

As the 2 youths and I watched she masturbated to an orgasm with her right hand while her left hand was used to stop herself from falling off the branch.

Personal satisfaction taken care of Freya jumped down and started walking off.

“Come on Tanya, I’m starting to get bored here.”

As we walked off towards Freya pulled her ‘skirt’ down so that her pussy and butt were covered.

“So Tanya, have you got your clit and nipple jewellery with you?” Freya asked.

“Yes.”

“Will you put them on, or is it in, when we get back?”

“If you want, but I daren’t wear it outside the mobile home because it will attract attention and people might start thinking that I’m not a little kid.”

“Wear it all day tomorrow; it’s your last day here and it doesn’t matter if you get asked to leave.”

“Let me think about that, I don’t know that I want the attention. Besides, aren’t you going to have Alfie with you tomorrow?”

“I’m sure that he won’t mind.”

“Yeah, but I might.”

We were soon back at the mobile home and realised that we were starting to get hungry. While I went and got my jewellery Freya phoned the on-site restaurant and ordered a pizza to be delivered. I told Freya that I’d stay in the bedroom while it was delivered. Freya laughed and said that she’d better get ready. Her version of ready was to get totally naked.

“I’m going to enjoy this;” she said then added “So did it hurt when you got pierced?”

“It did a bit, and I was sore for a few days, but it wasn’t that bad,” I told her.

Freya had one of the barbells and stirrups in her hands and was unscrewing it.

“Doesn’t it feel funny when you have those chains dangling from your nips and clit?” Freya asked.

“At first it does, then you get used to it; but when the chain slides against your skin, or bounces against it, it reminds you that they’re there, and what they’re attached to. It’s even better if something or someone gently tugs on the chain.”

By that time the chain was dangling from my clit and Freya reached over and gently tugged it.

“Like this you mean?”

“Yeah, just like that.” I replied.

Freya continued gently pulling the chain in all directions. When it rubbed against my clit it felt good.

“Stop it, I said, “I can’t concentrate on getting this through the hole in my nipple.”

“Let me help.” Freya said.

Freya started playing with my left nipple, slowly teasing me as she slowly inserted the barbell and hooked the stirrup and chain on. Then she started gently tugging on each of the 3 chains in turn.

“Have you ever cum just by someone playing with the chains?”

“No, but if you don’t stop doing that there might be a first time.”

Freya didn’t stop. She kept going and my AF kept rising.

“I’m gonna cum.” I said and just started to cum when someone knocked on the door.

“Come in.” Freya shouted.

The door opened and in came this gorgeous young man. When he saw us he stopped dead in his tracks and just stared. I wasn’t so lucky; I couldn’t stop cumming with number 17.

Freya stood back and the pair of them watched me.

“Looks good doesn’t she?” Freya asked the man.

“So do you.” He replied.

When I finally calmed down the man looked at me and said,

“You I recognise, I’ve seen you walking around the site. I take it that you’re still being punished? Was that little performance part of the punishment? And what’s with the chains?”

Before I could answer – even if I’d wanted to, the man turned to Freya and said,

“I haven’t seen you before. Are you being punished too?”

“No, I just want to be like this. I like men looking at me.” Freya said.

“Wow! We don’t get many like you out here. I’d look at you two all day if I could. Are you going to put on a bit of a performance like your friend here?”

“And what sort of performance were you thinking of?” Freya asked as she walked over to the man who still had the pizza box in his hand.

The man adjusted his cock in his trousers as Freya continued,

“How about I give you a blowjob while my little friend here makes herself cum again?”

“Works for me.” The man said.

“Oh, and we get the pizza for free.”

“You do what you just said and we’ve got a deal.”

The man put the pizza box down as Freya went and knelt in front of him. I hadn’t wanted to frig myself in front of the man, but Freya had done a deal with him; besides, he’d just seen me cum, so I kept Freya’s side of the bargain. I was still ‘high’ from cumming a couple of minutes previous, and the sight of Freya getting the man’s hard cock out of his trousers and engulfing it with her mouth made making myself cum with number 18 quite quick and easy. I guess that the man watching me helped as well.

It wasn’t such an intense orgasm, but it certainly was one.

It didn’t take Freya long to make him cum, and she swallowed every drop.

“Do you want a go Tanya?” Freya asked.

“No, it’s okay, my boyfriend wouldn’t approve.

“Shame.” The man said as he put his softening cock away and zipped up.

“Thanks for the appetiser.” Freya said as she led the man to the door.

When he was gone I said,

“Wow Freya, I wasn’t expecting that. You certainly do like exposing yourself, and me.”

“Yeah, and I didn’t think that you mind; you certainly seemed to enjoy it.” Freya said.

“Can we have the pizza now please?”

“Yeah then I’ll have to go, dad and Alfie will be back soon.”

“Are you going back dressed like that?”

“I’d love to, but I don’t think that my father would approve. As for Alfie, we’ll see tomorrow.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked.

“I’m not sure yet, but whichever way it goes I know that we’ll all have a good time.”

I was a bit concerned by that comment, but I let it go. We finished the pizza and Freya put her (her) skirt, tank top and trainers on and left. In a way I was looking forward to the next day, but at the same time I didn’t want it to happen.

I cleared up, had a shower, texted Ryan and settled in bed with my kindle. Reading about Vanessa’s adventures got me gently playing with clit and brought myself to a slow and gentle nineteenth orgasm.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 13 – Even more embarrassment**

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

**Ryan goes on another Training Course – continued**

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

**Day 5**

**-------**

I woke early and, the weather looked reasonable, I decided to go for my morning run. Pushing the Ben Wa balls as far as I could up my vagina I stepped outside and set off. I was still wearing the barbells, stirrups and chains. The bouncing of the chains helped to raise my AF and I had my first 2 orgasms of the day on the deserted beach. It was good to let it all out, rather than trying to keep quiet.

When I got back I got straight into the shower then dried myself; I was putting the kettle on when I heard someone knocking on the door. It was then that I remembered that Alfie would be with Freya. I quickly started to take the jewellery off, but the door opened and Freya and Alfie walked right in.

Freya came in first, dressed in a miniskirt and tank top; closely followed by Alfie.

“Hi Tanya, you remember Alfie don’t you?” Freya said; “don’t be shy, move your hands, Alfie’s seen you naked before, remember?”

“Errr yes, but not like this.” I said.

I realised that it wouldn’t be long before Alfie knew my secret and slowly lowered my hands.

“Bloody hell Freya, what have you been doing to the kid?”

“Alfie,” Freya said, “today is going to be a very educational day for you. You’re going to learn things that you never even dreamed about. When did you last see me naked?”

“What’s going on Freya?”

“Just answer the question Alfie.”

“Okay, I suppose it was you when we 4 or 5 and we had to share a bath.”

“Yeah, you used to undress me when I couldn’t get my dress undone, remember? How would you like to see me naked again?”

“Freya; I’m your my brother.”

“So what! You’re a normal man and I’m a reasonable looking woman; answer the question.”

“Of course I’d like to see you naked, but you’re my sister; it’s not right.”

“Stop being such an old fuddy-duddy; there’s no harm in a brother seeing his sister naked, is there Tanya?”

“Err, I guess not.” I said.

Before I’d even finished those few words, Freya was peeling her top off. Her pert little tits and hard nipples came into view. Poor Alfie just stood there mesmerised by Freya’s exhibitionism. He didn’t know what to say, but I saw movement in his shorts.

Freya threw her top onto the sofa and unzipped her skirt. Letting it drop to the floor she stepped out of it and kicked it onto the sofa not far from her top. Apart from her sandals she was naked and hairless from neck to toes.

Freya turned to face Alfie, parted her feet and just stood there for a few seconds before saying,

“Well Bro, what do you think?”

“Fucking amazing, I know that I’ve seen you in your bra and knickers a few times recently, but this is just amazing.”

“Okay Alfie, don’t get too excited; well not yet, I don’t want you creaming your pants; there’s more revelations for you. Look at Tanya; how old do you think she is?”

I blushed as Alfie turned to look at me. I also got a wet rush and hoped that Alfie couldn’t tell.

“Well, when I saw her at the pool the other day I guessed about 11 or 12, but seeing her this morning with those rings and chains; I’m not sure. I’ve never heard of girls of 11 and 12 having piercings; well not those piercings. I don’t know. Just how old are you Tanya?”

Sheepishly I told him. My face went all hot as I told him that he was about 10 years out.

“No!”

“It’s true.” Freya said. “There are tell-tale signs; Tanya jump up on the table and lay back.”

I should have refused, but I didn’t think and just got on the table, and lay back, and opened my legs. Freya hadn’t even told me to do that last bit but I just did it automatically.

“Look at her pussy Alfie. Little girl’s pussies don’t have lips that big; and I’ve never heard of an 11 year old having a clit like that; and look closely, her hole is open a bit. If you had a torch you’d be able to see inside her.”

Freya picked up the end of the chain and gently pulled my clit hood up revealing all of my clit to Alfie. I felt myself getting quite red, and quite wet.

Little girls don’t get as wet like that either.

“Wow!” was all Alfie could say for a minute or so, then,

“But she hasn’t got any tits.”

“Not all women have tits Alfie. Most who haven’t wear bras stuffed with whatever so that no one can tell. Tanya here isn’t ashamed of her lack of breasts, are you Tanya?”

“So you really are 23 Tanya. So how come your walking around without any clothes on?”

Before I had a chance to say anything Freya said,

“Her boyfriend challenged her to do it. He also told her that he’ll buy her a new dress for each day that she has at least 15 orgasms. She’s getting 2 new dresses so far and she’s going for a third one today aren’t you Tanya?”

They both looked at my face and I quietly said,

“Yes.”

“How many have you had so far today Tanya?”

“Two.”

“Shall we make that 3 right here and now?” Freya said.

Freya didn’t wait for me to answer. If she had I would have said that I didn’t want to because Alfie was there and staring at me as I still lay on the table. Also, I still had the Ben Wa balls inside me and I’d never had both the balls and the egg inside me at the same time.

The next thing that I knew Freya was pushing the egg into my vagina and Alfie was asking what it was.

“It’s a vibrator; you’ve heard of those haven’t you?”

“Of course,” Alfie said, “but it hasn’t got a switch on it.”

“It’s a remote controlled one, like those damn cars you used to have.” Freya said as the egg disappeared out of sight.

Freya held the control up then passed it to Alfie.

“You switch it on.” She said to Alfie.

“How will I know if it’s on?” Alfie asked.

“Maybe you will, and maybe you won’t; watch Tanya and see if you can tell.”

Alfie turned the egg on and my body jerked even though I was expecting it.

“Wow, a vibrator can do that to a girl.” Alfie said.

“And more,” Freya said; “you play with that control and watch Tanya.”

Alfie did, and the inevitable happened. My AF went up and up. The egg vibrating against the steel balls seemed to intensify the effect.

I didn’t want to cum in front of Alfie, but I had no choice in the matter. I got vocal and my body got active as the spasms hit me. At one point only my heels and shoulders were on the table. Why is it that having an orgasm in an embarrassing and humiliating situation always makes it a stronger one?

As my third orgasm of the day subsided Freya said,

“Well done Tanya, we’ll soon get you up to 15 today. Oh Alfie, you can turn the egg off now.”

Freya had to remind Alfie what she’d just said because he was stood there in some sort of daze. Maybe he’d never seen a woman have an orgasm before. For some weird reason I just lay there letting him stare at me.

After a couple of minutes Freya said,

“Okay Alfie, you’ll get plenty of time to see Tanya naked later; she’s not going to start wearing anything now. Neither am I so you’ll be spoilt with 2 gorgeous naked ladies in front of you all day. So Tanya, what did you have in mind for today?”

“My plans have all gone out of the window.” I said, “Originally I planned to spend every day lazing around the site, a bit like yesterday; but now that there are 2 of you, and that 1 is a man, I’m not sure what to do. Have you any ideas that don’t involve any of us getting arrested?”

“Well,” Freya relied, “I guess that Alfie will want to look at us both all day, so how about we start by going for a walk along the beach?”

“Fine by me.” I said.

“You’re going like that Sis.” Alfie asked.

“Of course, Tanya’s been walking along the beach like that, and the other day she even got a lift back by a policeman. Yesterday morning we both went for a naked jog along the beach.”

“Cool,” Alfie said, “but she looks like a kid, you don’t. You might get arrested.”

“No I won’t. I didn’t yesterday.” Freya said.

“You went out on the beach like that yesterday. Bloody hell; I wish that I hadn’t gone with dad yesterday.”

“Well Bro, you’re going to see me naked on the beach today, so let’s go. Oh, and put that control in your pocket – if there’s any room in there at the moment.”

We went out the back and down to the beach. I could see that Alfie was uncomfortable in his shorts; and that Freya had noticed too. The beach was quite deserted and when we got down near the water’s edge Freya whispered to me,

“Can you do cartwheels and handstands?”

I nodded.

“Come on then, let’s tease Alfie.”

With that Freya did a cartwheel right next to Alfie. He must have been able to see everything. Then it was a handstand and she spread her legs. She was like that for ages while Alfie just stared at her; well her pussy anyway.

When Freya got back on her feet she told me it was my turn. I did the same as she’d done but when I was walking on my hands I saw Freya go over to Alfie. Seconds later I collapsed onto the wet sand. Alfie had turned the egg on and the shock had caused me to lose my balance.

“No, please, not here.” I thought, but the egg stayed on. I got to my feet but I knew that I didn’t have long. As I stood there both Freya and Alfie came over to me. Freya got hold of my clit chain and gently moved it in a circle.

“Pull one of her nipple chains Alfie.”

Alfie went one better and reached over and pulled on both of them. He tugged then let go, over and over. After a while, when I was getting close to cumming, Alfie let go of the chains and rolled both my nipples between his thumbs and index fingers while Freya did the same with my clit.

I lasted only seconds before my fourth orgasm of the day hit me. I started to fall, but Alfie caught me and held me up. With my orgasm peaking I looked up to his grinning face. He has that same sadistic (but nice) streak that his sister has.

As my legs got stronger I pulled back and stood there calming down.

“Four down; 11 to go.” Freya said, “You can switch the egg off for now Alfie.”

Alfie did, and we walked on in silence.

After a while Freya said,

“You want to see me do that Alfie?”

“Bloody hell Sis, it’s one thing you being naked in front of me, but to have an orgasm. Christ, you’re my sister.”

“So what! Tell you what; when we get back to Tanya’s place I’ll make myself cum in front of you, then you do it in front of us.”

“I don’t know; it doesn’t seem right.” Alfie said.

“It’s not like I’m asking you to fuck me Alfie.”

“We’ll see.”

From the way that Alfie said that I just knew that it was going to happen. I just hoped that it didn’t turn into a threesome with Alfie fucking me. I definitely didn’t want that.

We turned round shortly after that and headed back. Half way there Freya said,

“Time for number 5; Alfie, turn that egg on; and turn the knob to full; I want it to be a quick one so that we can get back and I can have one.

I didn’t have any say in the matter as the egg burst in to life. I stopped walking and let out a big gasp. I shivered as the egg started to do its job. Freya came and hugged me as the egg quickly got the better of me. I screamed as it hit me and it was a good job that Freya was holding me as I would have got covered in wet sand if she hadn’t have been.

Alfie just watched as I peeked then subsided with my fifth of the day. Fortunately he’d switched the egg off as I reached my peak.

When I was able we continued walking. As we got closed to the holiday park a middle-aged couple came in the opposite direction. The woman didn’t look at us but the man sure did. He was smiling as we passed. I wondered if he’d got a hard-on and if his wife was going to get it later.

Back on the sun loungers Freya lay there with her legs wide open and Alfie stood between her feet. He obviously wanted the best possible view of his sister masturbating.

“God, I’m so horny.” Freya said as her hands found her tits and pussy. “Watch and learn brother.”

Both Alfie and I did watch Freya frig until she came. Not satisfied with just cumming, Freya reached out and put her hand on the front of Alfie’s shorts.

“Show me.” She said.

Alfie’s incestuous guilt completely disappeared as he dropped his shorts and underwear; his hard cock pointing up to the sky. Both Freya and I stared at it for what seemed like ages before Freya sat up and reached for it. Freya sat up then rubbed it up and down a couple of times before opening her mouth and lowering her head onto it.

I sat there and watched, my right hand’s fingers playing with my clit, as I watched Freya give her brother a blow job.

Poor Alfie must have been close to cumming as he soon grunted and jerked. Freya didn’t lose a drop and swallowed the lot. I guess that poor Alfie had been tormented by the sight of his naked sister for so long that he probably would have creamed his pants quite soon if she hadn’t done what she did.

I kept frigging and watching, as Freya kept sucking and it wasn’t long before Alfie got hard again. When Freya next took a breath she turned to me and said,

“Your turn,” to me then to Alfie,

“Give Tanya some of that wonderful cock.”

Alfie came over to me and knelt beside the sun lounger. His cock was inches from my face. In automatic mode, I opened my mouth and moved my head forward. Thinking about Ryan I started sucking, my head bobbing back and forwards.

Freya must have got up and found the eggs remote control because it suddenly burst into life. I managed to hold off the orgasm until Alfie shot his load down my throat. I had all on not to bite his cock as the waves of pleasure of my sixth orgasm of the day hit me.

It was still only mid-morning and I’d had 6 orgasms. I was doing well. For a while I dreamt about another new dress.

As I lay back on the sun lounger I thought about Ryan. I’d just given another man a BJ. I was pretty sure that Ryan would understand and forgive me.

“You’re doing well Tanya. That’s 6 now isn’t it?” Freya asked.

“Yes, having both the egg and the steel balls inside me makes me cum faster.” I said.

“You’ve got both the egg and the Ben Wa balls inside you?” Freya asked.

“Yeah, that’s nothing; you should see what I can do with a couple of golf balls.” I replied.

As soon as I’d said that I knew that I shouldn’t have because Alfie said,

“I’ve got lots of golf balls back at our place. Let’s go there and you can show us.”

“Ooh goody;” Freya said, “but I think that you’d better take the jewellery off Tanya; we’ve got to have you looking the part. Alfie, do you want to do it?”

Before I could object Alfie came over to me and was attacking my right nipple. I enjoyed the fondling as Alfie discovered how they were put together. I got so close to cumming again when he took the clit one off.

Just as the last bit of my jewellery came off Alfie asked what Ben Wa balls were so I told him that I’d show him when we got to their place.

“You can’t go out there like that,” Alfie said to Freya.

“But I don’t want to put any clothes on.” Freya said.

“The only way that I get away with it is to look like a kid. Do you think that you could get to look like a little girl?” I said.

“It’ll be difficult with those tits.” Alfie said.

“They’re not that big.” Freya said.

“You’d have to do something about your hair, and it’s a good job that you’re not wearing any make-up or nail varnish; and that you shave your pubic hair. Do you think that you can walk and act like a young girl?”

“Of course I can.” Freya said.

Freya walked across the room and back lazily, and sucking her left thumb.

“Very good, you have to remember to act like there’s nothing wrong with walking around outside with no clothes on, no covering your tits or pussy with a hand.”

“Yeah, okay; I can do that. Have you got any bands that I can use to put my hair in pigtails Tanya?”

I looked in my bag and found 2. Somehow I’d managed not to lose any over the last few days.

Freya put her hair up and said,

“Okay, let’s go.”

With that Freya went out of the front door. She was as naked as I was, and we were about to cross over to the other side of the site.

I have to admit that Freya did look like a kid. She even kicked a pebble and swung round a lamp post. The only problem was her tits.

I followed them to their mobile home. It was almost identical to the one I was staying in. Inside Alfie disappeared, presumably to get some golf balls. Freya cleared the table then told me to get on it. Without thinking, I lay on my back and opened my legs wide. Why do I always do that; it’s as if I want people to look at my pussy; which I certainly don’t.

Alfie re-appeared with a big bag of golf balls.

“I hope that you’re not expecting to get all those inside me.” I joked.

“We’ll try.” Freya said then, “but first you need to push the egg and the steel balls out. Alfie, come and watch. Tanya, go to it.”

I looked at Freya then Alfie. I got all embarrassed about what I was about to do.

“Come on Tanya.” Freya said.

I started squeezing my pussy and the egg slowly appeared, then popped out onto the table.

“Goody, I want to borrow that.” Freya said as she picked it up, squat down and pushed it up her hole.

Poor Alfie didn’t know who to look at; his eyes kept going from my pussy to Freya’s.

Both steel balls made a little thud as they dropped onto the table. Alfie picked them up and said,

“So how can these 2 possibly turn you on and make you cum?”

“Easy,” I said, “watch.”

I sat up and got the balls from Alfie and formed a ball round them with both hands. Shaking them about you could hear the clunking.

“You do it Alfie.”

Alfie did and then smiled.

“Aaah, I see. I wish there were similar things for men.”

Freya picked up the bag of golf balls, got one out and gave it to me. Feeling confident I lay back onto my left elbow and put the golf ball to my slightly open vaginal entrance. As I gently pushed my vagina opened wider and swallowed the ball.

In stereo, both Freya and Alfie said,

“Amazing.”

“Got another one?” I asked.

Freya picked up a golf ball and put it to my pussy.

“Gently push.” I said, and the second golf ball disappeared.

“Can I do the next one?” Alfie asked,

Alfie put the ball to my vagina and pushed.

“Not so hard, let me do the work.” I said.

As the third ball disappeared Alfie flicked my clit the gently pulled it.

“Aaaargh, don’t.” I said.

“Keep going Alfie;” Freya said, “we may as well giver her number 7 while she’s in that position.”

Alfie continued teasing my clit and my AF rose even higher. I did manage to tell Freya to try to get another golf ball inside me.

The ball disappeared then came back out again. Freya tried again, and again, and again. But each time my pussy wasn’t having it. Freya even tried as I had my orgasm but I still couldn’t keep it in.

Eventually, Freya and Alfie stopped and let me relax. When I was able I told them that I’d never managed to get the fourth one to stay in.

“That’s one hell of a party trick.” Alfie said.

I laughed then told them about the party where Ryan had let a few people try to get the fourth golf ball to stay in. After that Alfie asked how I got them out.

“Easy,” I said; “watch this.”

One by one I squeezed those 3 golf ball out then put the egg back in. Alfie picked-up each golf ball and swore that he’d treasure those balls forever. Then he said,

“I’m getting a bit hungry; how about we go to the café?”

“We need to make you look as if you have a reason to be naked.” I said, “How about we pretend that you’re being punished like I was?”

“But you had a red butt.” Freya said then looked at Alfie.

“No, no Alfie, you can’t.”

But it was too late; Alfie had grabbed Freya and pulled her over the back of the sofa. Her butt was sticking up and Alfie was giving her a good spanking.

“Want a go?” Alfie said after a few minutes.

Poor Freya was in tears. She’d given up fighting and was just taking it. What’s more she’d got her reason; her butt was bright red.

Finally, Alfie let go of Freya who immediately turned to me and said,

“You’re not getting off with it.” She grabbed me and pushed me over the back of the sofa.

Freya gave my butt the same treatment that Alfie had given hers; and I too was reduced to tears. As she kept going I again experienced the disappearance of the pain and the pleasure starting. As I started to cum Freya started to finger fuck me. First one, then two, then three fingers were pounding in and out of my pussy. My eighth orgasm was a very satisfying one.

All that time Alfie was just watching. I smiled to myself and wondered exactly what he was thinking of.

When things got back to normal, Freya said,

“Come on, I want people to see me.”

“How about we go to the café-cum-bar, I’m getting hungry.” Alfie said.

I wasn’t too sure because it would put Freya stationary for quite a while. I told them that there would be more time for people to stare and wonder if we were really kids. I was out-voted and we set off to the sound of me reminding Freya to act like a kid.

Thankfully no one took any real notice of us until we entered the café.

There was an oldish woman there who smiled when she saw us.

“Still being punished I see. How’s your butt?” she said with a bit of a laugh.

“She’s been at it again;” Alfie said. “Turn round and let the lady see your butt.”

“Oh my; that looks painful.” The lady said. And who’s this? Have you been naughty as well?”

Freya was looking down at the floor, hands at her side. She nodded.

“This is Freya, Tanya’s younger sister, although you wouldn’t think that by looking at her; she started developing early; probably due to them having different fathers. Our mother caught her smoking this morning and decided that the same punishment was appropriate. Turn round Freya.” Alfie said as Freya slowly shuffled round while still looking at the floor.

“Oh my; I’ve never met your mother but I already like her; she certainly knows how to treat her kids. Wait until I tell the other people who work here.”

“Can we get something to eat please?” Alfie asked.

“Sure, pick a table and I’ll bring a menu over.”

The woman laughed and walked off. When she came back she was carrying 2 cushions.

“I thought you 2 might appreciate these.” She said as she put the menus on the table, laughed and walked away saying that her husband would be over to take our order in a few minutes.

Both Freya and I picked up a cushion and put them between our butts and the chairs. My butt didn’t feel so bad.

“Tanya, slouch down on the chair and open your legs. Let’s see if the waiter looking at your pussy can make you cum.”

I did as I was told and noticed that Freya was doing the same. When the waiter did arrive the poor man didn’t know where to look. It was obvious where he did want to look because his eyes kept going back to either Freya’s or my pussies. I know that mine was all swollen and wet and I guessed that Freya’s was as well.

Just as the man had managed to write down what we wanted (both of us girls ordered kid’s meals), Alfie switched the egg on, on low. I wasn’t expecting it and I jumped a bit and clenched my pussy muscles. I hoped that the man hadn’t noticed.

I went through the meal with Alfie randomly switching the egg on for a few seconds. I should have been used to it because of the random zapping vibe that I have at home, but I wasn’t. One time that Alfie did it I’d just gotten a mouth full of my burger and the whole lot went ended up back on my plate; much the amusement of Freya and Alfie.

Just after I’d finished eating Alfie took me over the top. Probably because of the long build-up number 9 was a strong one and I was glad that we were the only ones in the café.

As we walked out of the café a youngish couple walked in. I was pleased when I noticed that neither of them was looking at me. They were both looking at Freya. It was nice to not be the centre of attraction. It meant that I could relax a little. Not that I could relax that much with the egg inside me and Alfie still giving me random blasts of full power.

We’d only walked a few yards when Freya turned to Alfie and asked him how much money he had on him. When he told her she told us that we were going on a bike ride. On our left was the little shop that I’d been in. It also doubled as a cycle rental shop.

Freya walked in, bold as brass, and told the man that we’d like to hire some bikes. The man just stared at Freya, then at me.

“Oh, it’s you; still being punished I see; and who’s this?”

Alfie went through the same story as in the café, getting us both to turn round so that the man could see our red butts. Shaking his head and laughing he told us that he’d go and get his son who looked after the bikes.

The son came out and stopped and stared. He was no older than me. I blushed and wanted to cover my chest and pussy but I managed to resist the urge. Alfie told him that we wanted 3 bikes for a couple of hours.

“Oh, right, err were a bit short on girls bikes at the moment but we’ve a few boy’s bikes if they don’t mind getting their leg over.”

I don’t know if it was intended to be a pun but I smiled a little as Alfie told him that boy’s bikes would be fine. The young man went to the back room and came back with a bike. It looked a bit big for me but the young man wheeled it to Freya. I knew what I wanted and said,

“That’s more my size.”

I went over and lifted my leg up and over. I didn’t care who could see all of my pussy as I lifted my leg. I wanted that bike. I stood with the crossbar of the bike pressing hard on my pussy and my toes just touching the floor.

“It’s a bit big for you young lady.” The young man said.

“No it’s not. I want this one.” I said.

“Well okay then.” The young man said then looked at Freya.

“I suppose you want one that’s big for you as well?”

Freya looked puzzled but she could see me nodding my head.

“Err yes, like my sister.”

The young man looked a bit confused, so did Freya and Alfie.

“Trust me,” I whispered, “you want one like this.”

I was still on the bike with my pussy pressed on the crossbar. As Freya and Alfie watched I wheeled the bike back and forwards a few inches. Freya smiled and nodded. She understood, but Alfie hadn’t a clue.

The young man wheeled another bike out and we all got a good look at Freya’s pussy as she lifted a leg over. As she tried to straighten the bike she said,

“Ow, that’s too big.”

It was, she couldn’t get the bike upright because her pussy was pressed hard against the crossbar. She lifted her leg up and over, giving the young man another look at her pussy.

“Have you got one just a little bit smaller?” Freya asked.

As the young man wheeled the bike out of the room Alfie gave me another blast of the egg. I bent my knees a little so my pussy pressed harder on the crossbar. Boy did that feel good; so good that I felt orgasm number 10 coming on.

I didn’t see much of Freya, or Alfie getting their bikes; it was all a bit of a haze as I fought to stay quiet. As I started to get back to normal I heard Alfie say,

“Come on Tanya, pay attention, what’s wrong with you?”

I put one foot up on the high pedal, lifted myself up and started pedalling out of the shop. The young man was holding the door open and as I went passed him he told me to have fun.

If only he knew.

I pedalled standing up until I caught up to the others. When I sat on the saddle I thought,

“Oh yes, this is going to be fun.”

I looked at Freya and saw that she’d discovered the fun that a girl with no knickers on can have on a bike that’s too big for her.

We rode out of the main gate, down the road a few yards then onto a trail through the woods. I was sure that Freya was getting the same feelings as our pussies slid from side to side over the narrow saddles. My clit was getting systematically rubbed by the seat. In a way I was glad that Alfie had stopped randomly zapping me with the egg, but at the same time I wondered how much I could take before number 11 would hit me.

I managed to make it about 3 hundred yards into the woods before I screamed and stopped pedalling. I slid off the seat and pressed the crossbar hard against my clit as number 11 got the better of me.

As the waves receded I looked over to Alfie. He was watching us both. I wondered if his cock was as hard as I thought it would be. Freya was stood straddling the crossbar but bent over the handlebars with her pussy trying to fuck the pointed front of the saddle. She wasn’t having much success and after a few seconds she sat on the saddle and started pedalling.

“Come on you 2. We need to find somewhere.” Freya shouted as pulled away from us.

We eventually caught her after passing an elderly couple out walking. I wondered if they’d realised that 2 naked girls had just passed them. They didn’t say anything, and I couldn’t see their faces.

Freya had stopped near a gate to a big meadow. She was getting off her bike when she saw us.

“Come on; I’m going to enjoy this.” She shouted as she climbed over the gate.

Alfie and I caught her when she lay out spread eagled on the grass.

“This is so beautiful, so natural, so erotic.” She said.

A minute later Freya got up onto her knees and reached over to Alfie. As she unfastened his shorts and pulled them and his pants off she said,

“You’re going to enjoy this. Get down on your back.”

Freya continued to strip her brother completely naked, even his trainers. Freya and I both looked down at his cock with the pre-cum seeping out of the end. A couple of seconds later Freya straddled Alfie and impaled herself on his cock. After a loud satisfying sounding sigh Freya said,

“Oh that’s so good. I’ve wanted to do that for years. Tanya, stand at Alfie’s head and kneel over his shoulders. Lower your pussy onto his face.”

Not even thinking of Ryan I did what I was told. I hovered over Alfie’s face feeling his breath on my pussy before Alfie’s hands found my hips and pulled me down.

Alfie started eating my pussy as Freya started going up and down on his cock. Both Freya and I reached out and fondled each other’s tits. For a second I wished that I had some tits like Freya’s but that thought didn’t last long as I felt Alfie’s tongue invade my vagina.

I was in heaven and it wasn’t long before number 12 hit me hard. My body jerking as the spasms took control.

I came back to my senses in time to see Freya cumming hard on Alfie’s cock. Judging by Alfie’s stomach jerking up and down I guessed that he was cumming too.

A few seconds later 2 knackered girls collapsed onto the grass. The only problem for me was that Alfie had managed to switch the egg on. I didn’t have any say in my pussy throbbing away and slowly, but surely taking me to my thirteenth orgasm in less than 6 hours. It was no wonder that I was knackered.

As the body spasms took control of me I screamed,

“NO! NO! YES! NO!”

But Alfie wasn’t going to help me by switching the egg off. Even if he did it was too late.

Finally my body stayed still and Alfie switched it off. I was too knackered to move. Freya rolled over to me, kissed my forehead and stroked my hair.

“That was beautiful. Look, it’s even got Alfie ready for more action. Do you want him to fuck you?”

I did, but I didn’t. I didn’t want to be disloyal to Ryan.

“No, you ride him again while I watch.” I said.

Freya rolled over to Alfie, took his cock into her mouth and sucked him for a minute or so before getting up and straddling him again. As she rode him I watched him play with her tits, pulling and twisting her nipples. She loved every second of it.

The rest did me some good and I managed to get up, just in time to see 2 men standing at the gate watching us. When they saw that I’d seen them they both clapped their hands. They’d obviously been watching us for a while.

Freya heard the clapping and looked over. When she saw the men she waved at them and seemed to increase her speed of bobbing up and down on Alfie. She obviously loved being watched by strangers.

Freya was getting close to cumming and also getting vocal. I was sure that she could be heard back at the holiday park she was that loud. She was cumming and she wanted the whole world to hear her.

Alfie obviously hadn’t cum by the time Freya stopped moving. She collapsed off Alfie again and I saw that Alfie was still hard. I really did want to ride him the way Freya had, but instead I knelt next to him and sucked him until he gave me a load to swallow.

I lay down again and looked at the 2 men. They must have assumed that the show was over as they turned and walked away.

About 15 minutes later Freya was the first to stand up. She looked down at us both and said,

“I hope that you enjoyed that as much as I did.”

Alfie grunted and I nodded my head.

“Come on you 2 lazy bones, I want some more fun on that bike.” Freya said.

That girl is insatiable. I had a quick count and realised that I only needed 2 more orgasms to get another dress.

“Freya wait, you can have the egg now. I need to rest for a while.”

“Are you sure?”

“Oh yes, I’m knackered.”

I squat down and squeezed the egg out onto Freya’s hand. She was that eager that she’d put her hand on my pussy waiting for it.

The egg went straight from my pussy into hers. I relaxed knowing that I was going to have a relatively relaxing time for a while.

“Switch it on please Alfie.” Freya said.

Freya gasped a little then smiled.

“Right, I’m ready, let’s go.” She said and started walking again.

Alfie got to his feet and covered his soft cock with his pants and shorts before following us to the bikes. Freya was already sat on her bike with her pussy pressing on the crossbar when we got there.

“Come on.” She said, and started pedalling away from us; her butt sliding from side to side on the too big bike.

Alfie and I got on our bikes and chased after Freya; my pussy enjoying the sliding over the saddle as I went.

A couple of minutes later Freya started shouting obscenities; she was clearly having an orgasm as she peddled.

We passed an old man out walking his dog. The poor man just stopped and stared as we approached then passed him.

When we got to the road Freya was there waiting for us.

“That was fun, I might do that again tomorrow, shame that you won’t be with us Tanya.”

“Come on,” Alfie said, “we’d better get these bikes back.”

I was a little disappointed because my fourteenth orgasm of the day was building. Never mind, I only needed 2 more for that dress and I knew that I could easily manage 2 more in the 8 or so hours before I went to bed. Maybe I could have the fifteenth as I texted Ryan later.

We cycled along the road and back into the holiday park. Only 1 can beeped at us. Probably because us 2 girls were naked; our bike riding was good, even though both of us were siding from side to side on the saddles.

As we approached the cycle shop the young man was outside waiting for us. He watched Freya and I as we slid off the saddle and pressed our pussies onto the crossbar for the last time, then lifted our legs over. I tried to do it without him getting a good look at my pussy. Unlike Freya who seemed to have her leg in the air for ages.

As the man took our bikes off us he looked at the very wet saddles, smiled, and asked us if we’d enjoyed ourselves.

“Definitely,” Freya said. “We’re going to the swimming pool to have some more fun in the jacuzzi. Care to join us?”

That was the first I’d heard about the jacuzzi but I didn’t mind. It would be nice to relax in the warm water for a while without the egg torturing me.

We’d only managed to walk a few yards from the shop when Freya stopped and put one hand on each of us. He face went red then she started shaking. Alfie must have left the egg switched on.

“Careful Freya,” I said, “if you’re not careful you’ll have as many as I’ve had.”

After a minute or so Freya said,

“Oh, I do hope so.”

When she was back to normal she let go of Alfie and me. I said,

“Remember, you need to act and sound like a little girl if you don’t want to get in trouble.”

“Please turn it off for a while Alfie. I need to get into the jacuzzi in one piece.”

Alfie’s hand went to the control and Freya gave a sigh of relief.

No one took any notice of the 2 naked girls that walked through the swimming pool area and got into the jacuzzi. Alfie had been hanging back and I saw him put the remote control on the wall before he joined us. From the expression on Freya’s face Alfie must have switched the egg on before leaving the control.

There was a middle-aged couple in the jacuzzi when we got in. Neither seemed bothered by Freya and I being naked. We all settled and relaxed in the warm water. A couple of minutes later the couple got up and left; and Alfie moved and sat between us; his hand resting on my thigh.

Shortly after that his hand moved up to my pussy. Without thinking I opened my legs giving him access. Why did I do that? It was Alfie, not Ryan.

Alfie’s finger got to work as my head went back and my eyes closed. I was sooo relaxed.

At one point I opened my eyes and saw that Freya was enjoying what the egg, and probably Alfie, was doing to her. I heard the unmistakeable sound of a girl cumming.

Alfie brought me to my fourteenth orgasm of the day as I sat there, legs wide open and eyes closed.

It was only when I finally opened my eyes that I saw that we’d been joined by a man about my age. He had a big grin on his face. My face went red as I wondered if he had realised that I’d just had an orgasm right in front of him. I turned to look at Freya; she looked as if she was still having one.

After a couple of minutes I felt a soft hand touching my thigh. I looked at Freya and she said,

“Your turn.”

I moved my hand to hers under the bubbling water. She’d leant over Alfie and was holding the egg. It was still vibrating. Realising that she’d obviously expelled it and wanted me to put it up my hole; I took it from her and opened my legs even wider. As I pushed it up my vagina I realised that it was the first time that I’d put it in while it was switched on. It felt good.

Number 15 came quite quickly. I kept my eyes closed and concentrated on trying to keep a straight face and my mouth shut. Fortunately my little moans were drowned by the sound of the bubbles bursting.

While I was occupied with my own pleasure, Freya had moved to sit on Alfie’s lap. She had an arm round his neck and was a little higher in the water. Her tits were just out of the bubbles and were being stared at by the man.

I wondered if she’d got Alfie’s cock out and was being fucked as well as being stared at. I didn’t mind, at least the man wasn’t looking at me.

Number 16 was just starting to build when Freya stood up and turned to Alfie and said,

“Can we go home now? I need to go for a pee pee.”

I nearly burst out laughing as I saw that Freya was standing right in front of the man. Her pussy was only inches from his face. At least I don’t do that deliberately.

“Okay,” Alfie said. He turned to me and continued, “Come on Tanya, I suppose you want to go to the toilet as well.”

“Can you just wait a minute? I’ve just got to …….”

I said as number 16 took control of my body. It was a good job that I’d been totally relaxed before Freya gave me the egg otherwise it might have been a long orgasm. Instead it was just a quickie, and I managed to keep quiet.

When I got control on myself back I opened my eyes; Freya was still stood with her pussy inches from the man’s face. I wondered what his hands were doing under the bubbles and giggled a bit.

“Okay, we can go now.” I said; and one by one the 3 of us got out and headed out of the swimming pool area. The egg was still vibrating inside me and I was glad when we were away from all the people.

Just as we got to my mobile home Alfie switched the egg off.

“Getting close were you?” Alfie asked.

“Yes.” I replied.

“Good, I want to fuck your mouth one last time, and it will be better if you’re cumming as I do it.” Alfie said.

“Wow, you’re getting a bit confident.” I thought. I wondered if he was going to be that dominant with Freya. I had visions of the 2 of them fucking like rabbits when they get back home, with Alfie thinking that Freya was doing what he wanted. I smiled as I wondered if he realised that Freya would be calling the shots, not him.

Alfie led me over to the table and told me to lie on it with my head bent backwards over the edge. As I got into position I realised that I’d automatically lay there with my legs, and my mouth, wide open; and Freya was moving between my legs.

Alfie dropped his shorts and I saw his cock heading straight for my open mouth.

Alfie’s cock went straight down my throat and he started fucking me, his balls banging against my face as he thrust forward. Meanwhile, Freya’s mouth and fingers were working on my pussy. The pair of them soon had me cumming.

Alfie lasted quite a long time; he must have been short of jism, having cum so many times already that day. Meanwhile I had orgasms 17 and 18 in quick succession before they withdrew and let me calm down. Alfie also switched the egg off. I was pleased about that because I was knackered.

As I lay there I watched both Freya and Alfie get dressed. I imagined Freya’s nipples poking through her top at her father and her ‘accidentally’ showing him that she wasn’t wearing any knickers, wondering what he would think; then wondering what he would say if he caught Freya and Alfie fucking.

“Don’t get up Tanya.” Freya said. “We’ve got to go now, and I suppose that you’ll have set off home before we emerge tomorrow; so have a good trip, give Ryan hell when he gets back home, and make sure that he buys you those dresses; you’ve certainly earned them.”

We said out goodbyes and I was left there still on my back on the table. I put my hand to my pussy and touched my clit. As I did so I got a little after-shock that brought me to reality.

I slowly got off the table, expelled the egg and went for a shower. I needed to relax for a while.

With a towel wrapped round me I went out the back to lie on a sun lounger to enjoy the last of the day’s sun.

When I woke up it was starting to get dark. The towel had fallen open and my right hand was playing with my pussy.

“Stop it Tanya.” I said to myself. “Give it a rest; you’re turning into some sort of nymphomaniac.”

I smiled and got up to see what food was left in the fridge. Seeing nothing, I decided to go to the takeaway. I was feeling good and wanted to look good as well so I got my piercing jewellery out and put it in then combed my hair and let it flow. I’d had enough of the pigtails.

It was only when I got outside that I thought about the little girl look.

“Sod it!” I thought. “I’m going home in the morning; what’s the worst that they could do if the realised that I’d been conning them about my age?”

I laughed to myself and kept walking.

I made it to the takeaway without seeing anyone, but those damn youths were hanging around just outside. They stared at me as I walked passed them.

“Fucking hell!” one of them said.

Inside the takeaway were the man serving and a young woman, about my age, getting served. They stopped talking and looked at me for a few seconds before finishing their business. For some strange reason I didn’t feel at all embarrassed about being naked and having the chains hanging from my nipples and clit. I thought about Ryan telling me that I was an exhibitionist and thought, for once, that there may be a little truth in that.

“You look different tonight; what can I get for you?” The man said as the woman left.

I suddenly felt embarrassed.

“Yes, my mum’s been experimenting with me. Do you like it?”

“It makes you look a lot older.”

“Yeah, I like it too. I just wish that she’d let me wear some clothes.”

“You look great just the way you are.” The man said as he packed my order.

My face burnt as I walked out knowing that the man’s eyes would be glued to my butt. I wondered if he could see the chain dangling between my legs.

The youths had a couple of rude comments for me as I passed them again; but I ignored them and kept walking.

I was eating when Ryan’s text arrived but I’d finished by the time our text conversation had finished. I was knackered and decided to have an early night.

**Day 6**

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I woke early to find a wet pussy and fingers playing with it. I decided to have one last run along the beach before getting ready to leave. The steel balls did their job and I had to stop twice to get capable of running again.

I cleaned the place up, showered and packed my things. It didn’t take long because most of my clothes never even came out of my bag. As I decided what to wear I realised that I hadn’t worn any clothes for nearly 5 days. I didn’t know if I was happy or sad. What I did know was that I’d certainly enjoyed myself. I’d never had so many orgasms in such a short time. My pussy tingled at the thought.

As it looked like it was going to be a reasonable day I decided to wear a cotton tank top and a little floaty skirt; and my jewellery and Ben Wa balls. I wanted to feel good on the journey home but at the same time I knew that I’d have to be careful in that skirt.

I didn’t see Freya or Alfie as I walked to reception, but I think that I saw their father driving off.

“Punishment over?” the woman in reception said as I handed her the key.

“Yeah, and we’re going home today.” I said.

“You look a lot older with your clothes on; quite pretty. We’re going to miss seeing you walk around.”

I blushed and quickly left.

The trip home was quite uneventful, I was making a mental list of everything that I had to get done before Ryan got home. I didn’t want us to have to go out for the whole weekend. I had things that I wanted us to do which didn’t involve clothes.

Talking about clothes, I thought about the new dresses that Ryan was going to buy me.

I went to the airport to meet Ryan and as soon as I saw him I ran to him and jumped on him. I had my arms around his neck kissing him and my legs round his waist. My skirt must have ridden up at the back because I could feel his hands on my bare butt, but I didn’t care; I was so pleased to see him. After a couple of minutes of non-stop kissing one of his colleagues said,

“Hi Tanya, I can see your butt again.”

Ryan lowered me down and I straightened my skirt.

We never did go out that weekend, and Ryan did forgive me for giving Alfie a blowjob. Oh, and I did get 3 new dresses.

**My new haircut**

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It seemed like a good idea at the time, but it didn’t take me long to realise that I’d made a mistake.

I really liked my new look, nice and short and easy to manage. Ryan said that he liked it too, but soon after he saw it he got this look on his face.

“TT, we haven’t been swimming for ages, do you fancy going this weekend?” he asked.

“Yeah, okay, I’ll wear the bikini top and swimming skirt again.”

“No, I’ll get you something new to wear.” Ryan said.

I got worried. I remembered the last time Ryan bought me a ‘swimsuit’; it turned out to be a see-through thong – no top.

As usual Ryan made me wait until the very last second before letting me have my new swimsuit. We were both naked in the changing cubicle when he gave me the bag with my new costume in. I opened the bag and all I could see was a pair of swimming shorts.

“Oh, you got yourself a new pair of swimming shorts as well.” I said.

“No, those are for you.” Ryan replied.

“What, I’ll look stupid wearing those and a bikini top.” I said.

“No you won’t, there’s no top.”

“Are you trying to say that you want me to wear just those shorts; you can’t be serious, I’ll get kicked out.”

“No you won’t. You’re always saying that your tits are so small that you look like a little girl; well now that your hair is so short you’ll look like a little boy.”

That’s when I started regretting getting my hair cut so short. Ryan wanted me to pretend to be a young boy and expose my little tits. Okay some young boys these days have moobs bigger than my young woman tits and my front does look like 2 sultanas on an ironing board but I’m an adult woman. I can’t walk around a public swimming pool with no top on.

As usual Ryan got his way. I was nervous as hell as we opened the door and walked out into the public area. I wanted to hold Ryan’s hand for moral support but we didn’t want to attract any attention. It was going to be difficult to keep our hands off each other.

The strange thing was; Ryan was right. No one did take any notice of me. I really did look like a boy. I’m not sure if that is a good thing or a bad thing. What I do know is that I felt incredibly horny.

Ryan had us swim hard to try to take our minds off me being topless. It sort of worked but we sure as hell had some good fun in the changing cubicle afterwards.

Ryan must have told Karen about our swimming session because a couple of days later Emma phoned me and invited me to go swimming with her. Once I’d agreed she told me that I had to take my boy’s swimming shorts. She said that she wanted to go swimming with ‘her little brother’.

We went and I had a good time. That was until showering afterwards; Emma talked me into taking my shorts off and showering naked. There was a man in the showers and he was facing us when I took them off. You should have seen his face when he realised that I was a girl. Emma insisted that I soap myself in front of the man. I wasn’t happy but I did it, and I was so happy when Emma said that we could go.

**I’ve got a job! – at last**

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It seems like it’s taken forever but I finally managed to get a proper job. It’s with a big accountancy firm and I work in an office with about 20 others.

In a way I’m glad that I don’t have to do the modelling kids clothes job for that store anymore, but at the same time I did enjoy parts of it. I used to get so embarrassed when people saw me naked; but at the same time I used to get so turned-on; especially when one of the fathers got so dominant and told me to take my clothes off in front of him; or worse, when they took the clothes off me and had me stand there totally naked in front of them. It was even more humiliating if they did that in front their teenage sons.

As soon as I got the phone call I phoned Ryan and we went out and celebrated. The next weekend we went out and bought me some more skirts and blouses. I wasn’t too happy that Ryan would only let me buy miniskirts; but I was grateful that they weren’t micro skirts.

The people there are really nice, but it wasn’t long before someone discovered that I don’t wear underwear. The problem is that the new girl has to work at a table, not a desk, and I keep forgetting to cross my legs. It didn’t take long for me to be known as ‘the girl with no knickers.’ They know that Ryan calls me TT, but they don’t know what the TT stands for – yet.

Being the new girl I have to do all the GDB (general dog’s body) jobs; including the filing (not much I’m happy to say) and the general running around. I have to be really careful not to show too much leg. Ryan just laughs and says that I’ll get used to it.

Whenever we have to go upstairs to the conference room my boss insists on letting me go up the stairs in front of him. I don’t think that he can see my butt, but I’m not 100% sure.

There’s a pretty good social life at my new office, for starters just about everyone goes for a drink after work each Friday. I’ve been with them a couple of times and it was fun. I declined the offer of going on to a nightclub, but I might go soon, if Ryan can come.

**Sharing Photographs**

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Ryan bought a colour printer because he needed to print some quality presentation material for work. After printing that lot he decided to take some photos of me; he wanted them to be of me naked and in some almost pornographic poses. I was expecting him to keep them in a folder on his laptop. He put them there okay, but then he decided to print a couple of them on the new printer. He printed quite a few copies and when I asked him why he told me that he was trying to get the colours right.

What I wasn’t expecting him to do was hand them out at work. When he told me I nearly threw a wobbler. When I asked him why he’d do such a thing he said that he was proud of me and that he wanted the world to see what they were missing.

I love him when he says things like that, but these were photographs of me with my legs wide open and with a dildo sticking out of me!

When I said that I’d never be able to look his friends in the face he again he repeated what he’d just said and added that all his friends think the world of me. He said that I should just think about it as another nude modelling session.

As usual Ryan’s words brought me round and before long we were at it like a couple of rabbits.

At least I was wearing my nipple and clit jewellery.

**Ryan’s younger brother Tom**

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During one of Ryan’s phone calls to his family Ryan volunteered our sofa to Tom for a few nights while he came to look round our city and see what the university is like. I like Tom; he’s a nice young man so I had no problem with Ryan’s offer.

It was only when we were in bed that night that I realised that I’d have to be careful what I was wearing, and where. I was so used to being naked all around our home. Ryan just laughed and said,

“It’s our place and you can wear what you like, where you want. It’s not as if Tom hasn’t seen you naked before. Do you remember that time when you asked him to rub suntan lotion all over you then you asked him to finger fuck you?”

“Hey, that was a mistake, I had my eyes shut and I thought that it was you.”

“Yeah, but the point is that he’s seen you naked, so what’s the big deal about him seeing you naked again?”

“Oh shit!” I thought, “Ryan’s going to have me naked in front of Tom again.”

I wasn’t happy, but as usual, Ryan got his way.

A couple of weeks later Tom arrived. As I was getting him a drink Ryan came into the kitchen and whispered,

“Relax TT, it’s no big deal; pretend that he’s a mini-me.”

I laughed then said,

“Okay, but don’t think that he’s going to fuck me.”

“Hell no, that wasn’t what I meant. What I meant was that you shouldn’t put clothes on just because he’s here. When it comes to clothes, just pretend that he’s me.”

“I think that I know what you’re saying; I’ll try.”

I kept my clothes on for the rest of the day but that evening when we were all watching television and drinking beer, Ryan started getting a bit passionate with me. He got me sitting on his lap and he started to undress me in front of Tom.

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

I buried my face in Ryan’s neck to hide my embarrassment as he started to finger fuck me. He made me cum while Tom watched.

More of Tom’s visit later.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 14 – More embarrassing experiences**

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**Ryan’s younger brother Tom**

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

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

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

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

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

I blushed and quickly got to the kitchen.

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

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

“Why? He’s seen you starkers before.”

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

“You are!”

“No I’m not.”

Ryan pulled me to the bed and fingered my pussy.

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

“Told you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was asleep when Ryan came to bed.

The next morning I blushed when I saw Tom.

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

I busied myself getting breakfast ready.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then it stopped and there was nothing for ages.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Nice chains TT.”

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

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

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

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

“You okay TT?” Tom asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you okay TT?” Ryan asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Cum on Command**

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

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

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

I laughed and said,

“Two days then.”

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

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

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

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

We kept on practicing.

**The Massage Guy**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I shouted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fuck Ryan, that was unbelievable.”

“Do you think that you can stand-up?”

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

“I’m knackered.” I said.

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

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

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

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

“Me too.” I replied.

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

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

I slept well that night.

Unfortunately I haven’t had neck ache since.

**My Job**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The man got up and left.

When he’d gone Carrie laughed and said,

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

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

“Treadmill; treadmill.” I shouted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Monday**

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

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

I had a big English breakfast that tasted great.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Please.” I said.

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

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

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

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

“Tanya.” I replied when I could.

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

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

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

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

“I can see that.” George said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

George got onto the bench and lifted the bar up.

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

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

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

“Okay Tanya, you try it.”

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

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

“No, I’m okay.”

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

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

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

I lowered the bar and said,

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

As I got up George said,

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

“I’ve already done some of that.”

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

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

“Treadmill; treadmill.” I said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I smiled and thought about Ryan calling ME an exhibitionist.

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

Carrie said,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you.”

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

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.”

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

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

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

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

I moaned as I had a little orgasm.

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

I orgasmed again and squeezed my hand onto my pussy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Carrie whispered,

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

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

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

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

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

“Treadmill.”

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

“Treadmill.”

My fingers worked harder.

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

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

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

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

I laughed a bit then said,

“How about tomorrow night?” I joked.

“It’s a date.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But…. But.”

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

“No.”

“Is anyone forcing you to be here?”

“No.”

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

“No.”

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

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

“Is anyone hurting you Tanya?”

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

“Where’s your daddy right now?”

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

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

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

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

I suddenly started cumming.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And do you?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Tuesday**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Treadmill.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

I looked at the tablet and towel and said,

“No.”

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

“Thank you.” I replied.

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

“Are you cumming?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

I blushed and felt my pussy get a little wet.

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

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

I blushed again, got a little wetter and said,

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

I looked over at the treadmills and George said,

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

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

“I hope that you’re getting this.”

Going back to George I said,

“Right then, which one’s first?”

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

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

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

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

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

As I started pedalling George said,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hi Carrie.”

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

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

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

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

“Go on, get started.”

Wow, this girl is bold.

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

“Battery not flat then.” Carrie said.

I blushed as my fingers slowly massaged my clit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When I surfaced Carrie said,

“Treadmill.”

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

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

“Bitch!” I jokingly said to Carrie.

“Sorry, I couldn’t resist it.”

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

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

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

“That’s what makes it so good.”

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

Just then I got zapped again. My body shook.

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

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

“Yes, tomorrow evening.” I replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, that was good,” Carrie said, “I’m still tingling now. You really are going to enjoy yourself tomorrow, but you’d better take that thing out before you go; you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No Carrie.”

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

I started moaning and saying,

“Treadmill, treadmill, treadmill.”

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

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

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

“Another success.” Corrie said.

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

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

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

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

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

Thankfully my thoughts were cut short when Carrie said,

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

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

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

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

“Noooooo.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But I’m naked Carrie.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well yes, but ………..”

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

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

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

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

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

I meekly followed her.

Carrie pointed at one photo and said,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“OMG! Did I forget to shutdown skype?”

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

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

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

“You heard that as well then.”

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

“Good night lover.”

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

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

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

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

The camera kept clicking.

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

I started rubbing my clit; then moaning.

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

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

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

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

I was asleep within seconds.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 15 – My Training Course continued**

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

**Wednesday**

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

Breakfast went as it did the previous day. I ate too much and felt a little bloated and rubbed my stomach as I walked back to the lift. The rubbing must have loosened the robe’s belt because it came undone as I walked. I couldn’t be bothered to fasten it again and fortunately I saw no one on the way.

The trip on the underground was horrible. When I got on the train I had to stand right in front of a sitting man. As more people poured on I was pushed right up to the man. My right foot was in between his legs. With my bag over my shoulder and that arm holding my books; my other hand was up holding a ceiling strap. I had to stretch to do this and I could see a big strip of bare flesh round my waist in the reflection in the window. I could also feel a man pressing against my back.

I smiled when I had the horrible thought of me being naked on that train.

As the train moved off a hand from the man behind me went to my butt. I looked at the reflection of him in the window and saw (and felt) him bend his knees as his hand slid down then back up under my skirt.

As the back of my skirt went up, so did the front. I looked at my reflection and saw that my pussy was exposed. I was getting exposed on 2 fronts; the man behind me was groping my bare butt (and pussy); and the man sat in front of me was inches from my exposed pussy.

Luckily, the man behind me was a lot taller than me so I was too low for him to really grope my pussy. He could touch it but not get in to it.

At the next station quite a few people got off, including the groper. My skirt fell back down and I breathed a sigh of relief.

The rest of my day went just about the same as the previous day and I returned to my hotel with my stomach still feeling full. No evening meal for me again.

As I walked through reception on the way to my room I heard someone say,

“Tanya Turner.”

“Strange.” I thought because I didn’t know anyone there.

It was a man receptionist and he told me that a package had been delivered for me. That was even stranger, but I took it and continued to the lift. Going up with 3 other people in there I opened the package. As soon as I saw what it was I blushed and pushed it back into the package.

Someone had sent me a vibrating butt plug with a big fake diamond on the end.

As soon as I got into my room I skyped Ryan, he asked me if I’d got the package. When I said that I had he told me to get the rest of my clothes off and put my new toy into my pussy.

There was already more than enough natural lubrication for the butt plug to slide straight in.

I looked at myself in the mirror and saw that I could only just see the diamond when I stood up straight. If I leaned back and thrust my hips forward the whole diamond was visible.

Ryan told me to take it out, which I reluctantly did, and he told me to work out how to switch in on. One press on the diamond and the vibe started running on low. Press again and it went to high. Press again and it switched off.

Ryan told me to wear my new vibe as soon as I got back from my massage and to keep it in until I got home; only taking it out to change the batteries. He said that I could choose when to switch it on and off.

“Even on the training course and when I go to bed?” I asked.

“Yes and yes. Remember that it doesn’t have to be switched on – apart from all evening that is.”

I thought about it and then told Ryan that I thought that I could do that; that it wouldn’t be too difficult. After all, if it got too much for me all I had to do was press the diamond once or twice and it go off.

Then he told me to change the camera on skype and to get ready for my massage.

I showered, shaved and did everything else that I had to do; then set off to find the masseur. I didn’t bother with clothes (apart from my jewellery) for 2 reasons, firstly Ryan had told me not to wear any, and secondly I would be naked on the table soon. I did carry a towel and my tablet which I switched on and started the skype call as I walked.

I knocked on the door and waited. It was opened by a man aged about 40, wearing white trousers and a white T-shirt.

“Tanya, come in.” he said with a Spanish accent.

I looked round the room and saw a table at the side of the room.

“Is it okay to leave these here?” I asked.

“Si, yes.” Manuel said.

I leaned the tablet against the wall hoping that I’d got the angle right for Ryan then turned back to Manuel. He patted the table indicating that I should climb on.

As I settled on my stomach Manuel asked me if I had any areas that I wanted him to pay particular attention to. I smiled and decided to say,

“My Pussy.”

But when my mouth opened, out came,

“No.”

I was disappointed with myself.

Manuel was good, just as good as the neck ache masseur. While he was doing the backs of my legs he just touched my pussy. It was electrifying; I let out a little moan, spread my legs wider and felt a little wet rush.

I was ready for Manuel to ask me to turn over and for him to start on my pussy but he kept working on my back and legs. Each time his hands accidentally touched my pussy it got wetter and wetter. I was aching for those fingers to be inside me.

Finally Manuel asked me to turn over. As I settled on my back I realised that I’d opened my legs quite wide. I thought about how wet my pussy felt but I didn’t care. I just wanted him to get on with it.

That man teased me something rotten. His hands massaged close to my nipples and pussy but didn’t touch them for what seemed like hours. By the time he finally touched my nipples they felt like they were going to burst.

Then he went back to my pussy, well, not in me, or my clit. He started the massaging all around it again, but this time he was pressing quite hard around my pussy, In particular he was pressing above my pubic bone. It was like he was trying to get to my g-spot from the outside. I must say that it felt like he had found it.

That went on for ages and my AF was rising quickly. Manuel brought me quite close to cumming quite a few times but he’s always back-off for a while.

When he did let me cum he changed his action. The middle 2 fingers on his right hand went inside me and pressed up while his thumb tickled my clit. Meanwhile his left hand was pressing down just above my pubic bone. It was like he was trying to feel the fingers of one hand with the fingers of the other.

I was the sandwich between his hands and I was cumming hard. I was trying to lift my butt off the table but he was holding me down.

On and on and on he went while I was cumming and cumming and cumming. I could feel the sweat pouring off me and my juices flooding out.

I have no idea how long it went for, or how many times I came.

Finally Manuel let go of me with his left hand and my butt went up in the air. From shoulder blades to ankles I was off the table while Manuel’s right hand kept torturing my pussy.

My head was going from side to side and obscenities were escaping my mouth. I was in heaven; one orgasm after another after another.

Manuel removed his hand but I still kept cumming for ages. When the big orgasms finally stopped I lay flat and started giggling. Every few seconds another mini orgasm would hit me and I’d jerk or spasm.

Manuel left me to relax for a while but I just lay there giggling and having the occasional after-shock of a mini orgasm. Manuel had to coax me to get on my feet. My legs just didn’t want to take my weight.

Eventually I managed to collect my towel and tablet and slowly head back to my room. By the time I got out of the lift I was able to skip along the corridor, still with a big grin on my face.

In my room I looked at myself in the mirror. I still had the grin on my face. I picked up my new toy and held it to my hole. As soon as contact was made I jumped and I started giggling again. As I pushed it in I started shaking. I was sooo close to cumming again.

I wanted to try the vibrating part but I didn’t dare; I didn’t know if I could take it so soon after Manuel.

It was then that I remembered Ryan and Skype. I turned the volume up and saw that the connection had dropped. I tried calling him back but there was no answer. I hoped that he’d seen most of my massage. I decided to call him back later.

I was still grinning as I set off back to the leisure centre, towel swinging round in the air. I was in a good mood and I wanted to get some exercise.

Going down in the lift I was joined by 2 middle-aged men. They stared at the naked me for ages before one of them said,

“Someone’s in a good mood.”

“Yes, I’ve just had a massage and I feel great.” I replied.

“You look a little young to be having massages.”

“My dad thought that I should start young.”

“It looks like your dad thinks that you should start a few things while you’re young.”

I assumed that he meant the jewellery and the fact that I was naked. When the doors opened the 2 men got out and I heard one of them say,

“I wish that I was still a teenager.”

I walked into the leisure centre again and the receptionist smiled at me. It was one of those ‘knowing’ smiles. I blushed a bit.

In the workout room I was met by George who asked me why I was so happy and I told him that I’d been for a massage and that Manuel had done a good job.

“Manuel!” George exclaimed; “aren’t you a little young for that sort of massage?”

“Oh no, my daddy says that I should start these things as soon as I want to.”

“Wow, your father is quite a man.”

“Yeah, can you show me some more of the machines please?”

“Sure; shall we start over there?”

George took me to a machine that strengthens your legs by you forcing them apart and then back together. As soon as George demonstrated it I knew that I was going to be embarrassed; but I was still in a good mood and I decided to go for it.

As soon as my legs parted George said,

“Wow Tanya, what’s that, has your father bought you some more jewellery?”

My legs were straining but my hands were free and I automatically touched the diamond. I didn’t realise how sensitive the switch was and the vibe burst into life. I lost it and my legs clamped together.

“Sorry!” I said, “Yes, daddy thought that I might like it. Do you like it?”

“Err yes, do you?”

“Yeah, I do, but I haven’t had time to get used to it yet. I think that I might like it more soon.”

With the vibe purring away inside me we managed to try 3 more machines before I told George that I’d had enough. I thought about having 10 minutes on an exercise cycle but there was no way that I could let my pussy slide from side to side with that diamond sticking out of my hole.

I had a quick shower, switched the vibe off then went for a swim.

Going through to the pool I saw Carrie and the 2 Japanese girls in the pool; the Japs were in the deep end, one was holding onto the rail round the side whilst the other was near the middle. She was frantically kicking, throwing her arms around and shouting something. I looked back to her friend or sister and saw that she wasn’t too happy.

I realised that the girl in the middle of the pool was in trouble so I dropped my towel and dived in. The girl was thrashing about and coughing so I swam behind her and surfaced really close to her back. Putting my right arm over her right shoulder I grabbed her left tit and started swimming backwards. It was hard work because the girl wouldn’t stop thrashing about.

It took a good minute to get her to the shallow end where I stood on the bottom. The girl was still thrashing about so I let go of her tit. As she started to go down she realised that she could touch the bottom. She stood up and continued coughing.

Her sister / friend worked her way round the side and came over to us. She hugged her sister / friend then turned and hugged me. She was going on about something but I didn’t have a clue what so I turned and swam off to the other end. I got out and went to the jacuzzi where I relaxed for a while. I’d forgotten about Carrie until she came and joined me.

“That was quite some feat that you just did; where did you learn to do that?”

I told her all about my swimming when I was at school. Carrie was impressed.

A middle-aged couple came and climbed in so we got out and went to relax on sun loungers. We’d been there, on sun loungers side by side, with our legs bent and knees apart for about 10 minutes when the 2 Jap girls appeared and stood at my feet. They were still naked, but standing with their feet together and their heads bowed down.

“WTF.” I thought and was about to get up and try to lose them when the old Japanese man walked up and stood beside them.

Just as I was thinking, “This is weird.”

The old man said,

“Please, I would like to thank you for saving my daughter.” Only in broken English and with a terrible accent.

“Please allow my daughters to take care of you.”

I hadn’t a clue what he meant by that but whatever it was I didn’t want any part of it. I got up and went to the ladies changing room hoping that he wouldn’t follow me in there.

After about 5 minutes I went back out and lay next to Carrie again.

“What’s that sticking out of your hole?” Carrie asked.

“Oh, Ryan sent me a new vibe. He says that I have to wear it until I get home.”

“Won’t the battery run flat by then?”

“Thankfully I don’t have to have it on all the time, and I can take it out to change the batteries. Imagine what it would be like on my training course to have this thing purring away inside me all day. I’d never get any work done.”

“You’d probably have a big puddle under your chair as well.” Carrie joked (I think).

After a couple of seconds Carrie continued,

“Let’s go into the sauna, I want to have a closer look at that thing.”

There was a youngish man sat in the sauna with a towel round his waist.

“Not in here Carrie, let’s go to the changing room.”

“No, here will do just fine. I’m sure that this gentleman won’t mind.”

“I do.” I said.

“Come on, you’re not going to go all shy on me; get on your back on the bench and get those legs open.”

I could have ignored her and left, but I didn’t. I did just as she told me. All the time the man was watching us both. I guess that it was quite unusual for him to have 2 naked young girls so close to him while they ignored his presence.

Carrie came and squat down near my pussy. She looked closely at the diamond then pressed on the end.

“That’s the switch,” I said as I jumped a little, “press it once to turn it on low, twice to turn it up to high; and a third time to turn it off.”

“So I’ve now got another way to make you cum Tanya.”

“Well yes, but I’d prefer to be the one touching the diamond.” I said.

“Rubbish, it’s a lot more fun if someone else does it.” Carrie said then reached out and pressed it again.

The vibe went onto full speed and I gasped.

Carrie stood up and went and sat at the end near my head, the other side of the sauna to the man. She lifted one foot up and started masturbating.

“I’ve got somewhere for us to go after our fun here.” Carrie said, “Somewhere that you’ll like. Then later on we’ll come back here and have lots more fun. I wouldn’t plan on having an early night little Tanya.”

I lay there with my legs open, the vibe pushing my AF factor up, and the man watching both of us. I could see the towel round the man changing shape.

I was the first to cum, thanks to the vibe. After the previous time that I’d cum this one was a bit of an anti-climax; but still good. Just as I was calming down Carrie said,

“Treadmill.”

“No!” I said, but the deed was done; I went back up there and started twitching. I could feel my pussy gripping the vibe.

Just as I started to come down the man stood up and left. His towel was tented out and there was a big wet patch at the top of the tent.

I reached to my pussy and pressed the diamond – peace at last.

“Now look what you’ve done Carrie.” I said.

“I wasn’t the one having 2 orgasms in front of him.”

“True, but who made me have them?”

“Hehe,” Carrie said. “But you enjoyed them. Don’t you dare try and deny it my cute little 13 year old exhibitionist.”

“Wrong on both counts; and you know it.” I said.

“I may have taken 10 years off your age, but I wasn’t wrong about the other part.”

“Yes you were.”

“No I wasn’t. Anyway, did you go and see Manuel earlier?” Carrie asked.

“Oh yeeeesssss; you were right, that man certainly has got a talent. He takes women’s orgasms to another level. How many times has he done you?”

“I don’t know; I’ve lost count. Hey, there’s this sales seminar thing on in the hotel. We’re going to see them probably roundabout now; come on, let’s get a shower and go up there. ”

We got up and went for a shower. As we were rinsing off I said,

“I don’t know that I want to go with you Carrie. I’m guessing that it will be a room full of dirty old men and I don’t want them looking at me like this.”

“Don’t be silly; you’ll love every second of it. Besides we need to go to wet their appetites for later.” Carrie said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, I’m going to let some of them know that we’ll be back down here later. I can guarantee that some of them will turn up and that we’ll get them to wank for us. I haven’t seen a man cum for errrrr 24 hours. I’m missing it.”

“Well; I’m not going to fuck any of them.”

“Neither am I.” Carrie said. “Just let them cum on me; a sort of bukkake.”

“A what?” I asked.

“It’s where lots of men cum all over a naked girl.” Carrie relied.

“Oh yes, Ryan’s told me about that.”

By that time we’d both dried ourselves so Carrie led me out of the leisure centre and up to another of the big rooms. Waiting outside were some waiters; 3 young men a 3 young girls. They had a couple of trolleys with champagne bottles and glasses. Carrie spoke to one of the men then came to me and said,

“This lot is for them to congratulate themselves for a good year. We’re waiting for the word then this lot are going in to serve it. I’ve sent one of the guys and one of the girls away. You and I are going to take their places; okay?”

“No, I don’t want to do it.” I said.

No sooner than I had stopped talking, the door opened and a man came out. He looked at Carrie and me and smiled,

“Okay, we’re ready now.”

Carrie and the staff moved forward. I followed; my heart pounding.

Inside the trolleys stopped and the 2 young men started opening the bottles while Carrie and the other girl filled trays with glasses and started taking them to the tables.

I looked round the room; lots of eyes were on Carrie and me. Not wanting to draw even more attention to me I picked up a tray, filled it with glasses and took them to a nearby table. When I got back to the trolleys Carrie was there.

“Take a bottle and go and fill some glasses. While you’re there tell them that we’ll be in the leisure centre later.”

With that she was gone.

What could I do? I picked up a bottle and went and started pouring. Everyone was looking at me. I was in a bit of a trance and at first I didn’t hear what people were saying to me. Then I started to relax a bit and started to hear some of the comments. I heard: -

“I told you that this hotel would be interesting.”

“Wow, the staff get younger each time that I come here.”

“Hey darling, can I pull your chain?”

“Do your parents know that you’re here?”

“I thought that they had laws about child labour in this country.”

“What I wouldn’t give for a couple of hours with that.”

“What’s that between her legs?”

I also got my butt groped a couple of times.

Those comments and getting groped was what I expected from a group of men. What I didn’t expect was for me to start whispering to the men telling them to come and see us in the leisure centre later. Why the hell was I inviting them to come and see me get humiliated – which was what I just knew would happen.

As I started at the last table I realised that my nipples were rock hard and my pussy was all wet. I couldn’t really be enjoying it could I?

When everyone had got their champagne we left. Carrie had a word with the girl staff member then Carrie and I headed back to the leisure centre. In the lift Carrie asked me if she could borrow the remote controlled vibe that I had been using so we sent the lift back up to my floor and went for it.

In my room I washed the vibe, put new batteries in it and passed it to Carrie. She immediately squat down and pushed it home. No need for lubrication there.

When she was happy that it was right in she asked me to show her how the control worked. I did, making her jump and squeal when she first got zapped.

“Wow, this IS fun.” Carries said, “and it has other settings as well?”

I went through all the controls with Carrie squirming as I did so.

“Can I borrow the control as well please Tanya?”

With Carrie playing with the control we went back to the leisure centre. In the corridor we got a disgusted look from an old woman who looked as if she was going to a posh do somewhere with her husband. He just smiled and wished us a pleasant evening.

Carrie set the vibe on random zap, saying that she wanted to experience what I had for the past few days; then asked the receptionist girl to look after the control for her.

We decided to go to the jacuzzi where Carrie got me to tell her all about my massage. I tried to quiz her about her plans for later but she wouldn’t talk about them. Every so often Carrie would gasp then smile.

A while later the girl that had been serving the champagne with us came in and up to us.

“The sales seminar is ending Carrie.” She said.

“Okay Amber, you go and get changed, we’ll be in the sauna area.”

“What’s that all about?” I asked.

Carrie wouldn’t tell me but she pulled me up and told me that we were going to the sauna to get warmed up.

“Warmed up!” I thought, “I’m quite warm, we’ve been sitting in the jacuzzi for 20 odd minutes.”

We went to the sauna via reception where Carrie went behind the counter, did something then led me to our destination.

The sauna was empty so Carrie told me to sit at one end of the bench and put my leg up. As I did so I looked down at my pussy; the diamond was sparkling.

Carrie asked me if I was comfortable. When I said I was she leaned over and pressed the diamond. Next she went and sat at the other end of the bench, the same way as she had told me to.

If anyone coming in glanced left or right they would get an eyeful of our pussies

“Right, I hope that we don’t have to wait long.” Carrie said as she started idly rubbing her clit.

I wondered what we were waiting for, but didn’t say anything.

A couple of minutes later the door opened and in walked Amber. This time she was as naked as we were.

“Hi Amber!” Carrie said, and introduced me.

“Isn’t Tanya a little young for this?” Amber asked. “Oh, by the way Tanya, I like the jewellery, and how the hell is that diamond staying where it is?”

“Tanya’s okay,” Carrie relied, “she had a session with Manuel earlier tonight and she has this amazing skill.”

“Young for what?” I thought; “She couldn’t have been serious about that bukkake thing – could she?” I got a little worried.

“Think of the proper name of the running machines in the workout room, but don’t say it out loud.” Carrie said to Amber.

“No Carrie, please don’t do this.” I pleaded.

“Okay Amber, say the word.” Carrie said.

Amber looked puzzled but said,

“Treadmill.”

It happened; I started cumming. My hand went to my pussy. Why did I press the button once and not twice to switch it off before firmly holding my hand over my pussy?

When it started to subside I looked at Carrie and Amber. Carrie was grinning and Amber was just staring at me.

“That’s fucking amazing. How the fuck does that work?” Amber said.

Carrie explained for me while I pressed the diamond twice. I wanted a little reminder of the orgasm I’d just had.

Amber climbed up onto the top bench and sat with her knees bent and her feet up on the bench, about shoulder width apart. I could clearly see her bald pussy. It was open, I could see inside her hole. I guessed that she was already aroused.

Just then the door opened and a man wearing only a towel walked in. He looked round at the 3 exposed pussies, grinned and sat near Carrie.

“Hi there.” Carrie said. “Have you come to look at us?”

“Oh yes, and more too if you want to play.” The man said.

“Don’t get too excited yet, we need a lot more cock before we start.” Carrie added.

“Bloody hell,” I thought, “had Carrie organised a gang bang?”

I didn’t get time to think about it anymore because the door opened and 2 more men walked in. They too stopped, stared and then smiled. Then 3 more men came in. It was getting crowded in there.

Carrie stood up and shouted,

“Okay gentlemen; there are enough of you to get started. If you’d just make way for us ladies to climb down and go outside we’ll get ready for you to start.”

Now I was getting worried. It really did sound like Carrie had organised a gang bang.

“Can we cum anywhere on you?” One man asked.

“Anywhere other than inside our butts or pussies.” Carrie shouted.

In a way I felt relieved, but at the same time I was unhappy. Carrie had organised a bukkake.

Not wanting to be a party pooper I followed Carrie and Amber out. The sun loungers had been re-arranged. There were only 3 of them now, arranged so that the foot of each were close together in a sort of star.

Carrie and Amber went and lay on 2 of the sun loungers so I took the other one. They were all raised at the head so that we could see each other. I just lay there with my legs together, but when Carrie and Amber opened their legs wide, put their feet over the sides and started rubbing their pussies I automatically did the same. The vibe inside me was purring away and I was feeling horny.

The men that had followed us out came and stood round us, looking down at our goodies.

“Okay guys, ready when you are, let’s see those cocks.” Carrie said.

Towels were removed and I was looking up to 4 hard cocks with the owner’s hands wrapped round them.

My AF went up a notch then I heard,

“Treadmill!”

“Nooooo!” I said as I started cumming.

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I said as I lost control of my body.

My body started to spasm and my back arched up. My embarrassment was forgotten as the orgasm took control.

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I kept saying and someone kept saying the same. In the midst of my high I realised that it was a man’s voice saying,

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.”

No, not man, men; some of the men were chanting it. Did or didn’t they realise what it was doing to me.

I have no idea how many orgasms I had but I was really glad when I finally started to come down. I was knackered.

I started to get my day-to-day senses back and saw that I still had 2 men wanking above me. I looked down at my body and saw that I was covered with male cum. What’s more I could taste it and there was some in my left eye.

The 2 men made their donation and I just lay there, the vibe gently reminding me of what I’d been through. Those 2 were the last of the men. I had mixed feelings about what had just happened.

“Hey Tanya,” I heard Carrie say, “was that good or was that good?”

I smiled and said,

“That was good Carrie.”

I looked over to Amber, she was covered in male cum just like Carrie and I. Amber was rubbing her clit.

“Come on Tanya, Amber hasn’t got anything inside her to make her happy; help me make her cum.”

As I slowly got up I thought,

“I’ve never done this, what do I do?”

I didn’t have to think, nature took over. Carrie sat on one side of Amber and me on the other. We gently caressed her tits, rubbing all that male cum all over them while our other hands played with her pussy. I rubbed her clit the same way as Ryan does to me.

Before long Amber started to cum. I stopped rubbing but Carrie told me to keep going. We kept going until Amber begged us to stop.

Then it was shower time for the 3 of us. I guess it was the fact that the vibe was still purring away that made me look at Carrie and Amber as they cleaned themselves, and I thought that they both looked good. I nearly had a lesbian thought.

Carrie and I decided to go and relax in the jacuzzi while Amber decided to go into the sauna. We just sat there, too tired to talk.

After a while I told Carrie that I was going to bed. We both got out and walked back to the sauna to let Amber know. When I opened the door we saw Amber sat on the bench, legs way up in the air, and George pounding into her.

I was about to say something but Carrie stopped me saying,

“Leave them; Amber’s earned a good fucking.”

I closed the door and we walked through the changing room to reception.

“Amber and George?” The receptionist asked.

Carrie just nodded as she collected the remote control and switched it off causing her to let out a long sigh.

“Fuck; that was good.”

“Hang on to it.” I said.

I left Carrie talking to the receptionist and went up to my room. A couple got into the lift when it stopped at the second floor but I was too tired to be embarrassed.

I skype Ryan and started to tell him everything that had happened that evening but I fell asleep half way through.

**Thursday**

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I woke up with the vibe very gently purring away; the battery was nearly flat. There was daylight coming through the window. Looking at the clock I discovered that I had woken up at my normal time. I breathed a sigh of relief as I realised that I wasn’t late.

I took the vibe out, put a new battery in it and went for the 3 S’s. Feeling refreshed I put the vibe back in and pressed the diamond once.

As I put just the robe on I realised that the belt had fallen out of the loops.

“Sod it.” I thought, “I’ll just hold it together when I have to.”

Breakfast went as normal, except that I needed both hands to hold my plates and one old man got quite a surprise when I walked passed him with my robe wide open.

Back in my room I skyped Ryan and apologised for falling asleep on him. He was in a bit of a rush and told me that I could tell him all about it later. The important thing to him was that I’d enjoyed myself.

While I was on the platform waiting for my train I saw the man that had groped me the previous morning. I tried to duck down behind someone else and hoped that he hadn’t seen me but when I got on the train he was right there behind me. It was crowded as usual and I was squashed between that man and another. He must have recognised me and remembered that I hadn’t screamed out when he groped me the day before so he grabbed my butt just as soon as the train started to move.

Terrifying as it was, it did feel good. His hand caressed me and quickly moved to my pussy, just like Ryan does. I think that he was a bit shocked to find something sticking out of my pussy because he suddenly stopped for a few seconds, then ran a finger round the diamond trying to work out what it was.

When he pressed on it I jumped a little as it burst into life. He tried to push the side of the diamond but his finger must have slipped and pressed on the diamond again. I gasped a little and tensed up as the vibe went on full blast.

The man must have felt the vibrations because he just stopped. My pussy was leaking my juices all over his hand.

I don’t think that the man had encountered anything like that before because he just stood there with his hand cupping my pussy as I filled his hand with my juices.

When we got to his stop he removed his hand and worked his way out. When he was on the platform he turned and stared at me.

I made a mental note to get a different train the next morning.

I felt quite self-conscious as I climbed the stairs going to the training room. I wasn’t sure if it was the fact that my skirt that day was a little shorter, and a little lighter, the fact that I had the diamond sticking out of my pussy, the fact that the vibe was still switched on full blast, or the fact that I had my juices running down the insides of my legs; or any combination of them.

What I did know was that I was squeezing my legs together as I walked up those stairs.

I went straight to the toilet, switched the vibe off and cleaned myself up.

Half way through the first session I suddenly realised that the instructor could probably see my diamond. On the Monday I’d decided that I was going to ignore the possibility / probability that he’d see my pussy and little tits a few times during the week and I decided just to ignore it; treat him like the Mr. Perv over the road; but this was different. What would he think of me with a vibe sticking out of my hole? Maybe he’d just think that it’s some sort of jewellery; yes, that’s what I’d say if he said anything.

I felt a little better and decided to concentrate on the course.

I caught him looking up my skirt a couple of times, and down my top but I just ignore him.

The train journey back to the hotel was worse. There weren’t many people in the carriage when I got on but at the next stop a crowd of teenage boys got on and came and stood all around me. I was sat down and 2 of them sat either side of me.

“Nice little tits.” One of them said.

That prompted the rest of them to look at me.

“Nice legs as well. I bet that they go all the way up to your cunt.” Another said.

“Show us your tits girly.” Another said.

I clamped my legs together and looked at the floor.

“Hey, don’t be so miserable, all we want is to see your tits.”

“And your pussy.” A voice in the background said.

I didn’t move a muscle.

“Hey slut, I said show us your tits; NOW.”

I was scared, very scared. There were lots of them and they could really hurt me. I decided to comply and started unbuttoning my blouse.

“Take it off.”

“No.”

“NOW.”

I did.

“Now stand up and take the skirt off.”

“Oh fuck,” I thought, “what would they say when they saw that I didn’t have any knickers on?”

The train pulled into a station and I breathed a sigh of relief. Someone was bound to get on. I looked to the doors to see that a couple of the youths were stood in the doorway stopping people coming in.

“Oh shit!” I thought and stood up and started unfastening my skirt.

The train moved off and I hoped that I could make it to the next station without getting raped.

I took my time but finally let it drop.

“Fucking hell; we’ve got a real slut here. I’m going to go first boys.” The first youth said.

He pushed me back onto the seat and spread my legs.”

“Fucking hell, what is THAT?”

He bent over and had a look at my diamond. He was still there when the train pulled into the next station.

I was sat there terrified and shaking when I hear one of them shout,

“COPS, RUN.”

And they did, they all ran and barged passed the 2 policeman that were at the door. They gave up trying to catch any of them and came to see me.

I was still in shock and hadn’t moved. As one of them told me that it was all over and that I’d be okay, the other picked up my skirt and laid it over my waist; then my blouse and laid it over my chest.

“How are you feeling miss? Do I need to call for an ambulance?”

I looked up at him, burst out crying and stood up and hugged him. In the process my clothed hit the floor again.

An arm went round me and I could feel his hand on my bare waist.

“It’s okay, you’re safe now.”

I kept hugging the policeman and crying on his shoulder while his colleague picked up my skirt and blouse.

The policeman I was hugging put his hands on both my shoulders and gently pushed be back.

“You need to get dressed miss.”

My crying started to stop and I looked at his face.

“Yes, yes, thank you so much I was so scared. I thought that they were going to …….”

“I know; do you need an ambulance?”

“No, no, I’m okay, well I will be in a few minutes.”

I took my blouse from the second policeman and put it on, then my skirt.

“I couldn’t find your knickers.” The second policeman said.

“I just need to sit down for a few minutes.” I said.

The train was still stopped in station and the policeman said,

“If you come with us we’ll get you a cup of tea and ask you a few question if that’s okay with you.”

“Yes, of course.”

We got off the train and the policemen took me to some office somewhere in the station.

The rest of that ‘incident’ isn’t worth describing here, and after about half an hour I was back on a train to my station. I never thought that I would be grateful for crowded trains. Better to be groped than raped.

Back in the hotel I plugged the charger into my tablet and skyped Ryan. I had already decided that I’d wait until I got home to tell him about that experience.

I did tell him everything else while he got me to turn the vibe on and slowly make myself cum while he watched.

After the call ended I had a shower and though about what I was going to do that evening.

Deciding that I needed some exercise I decided to go down to the leisure centre. I pressed the diamond once and set off. As I walked out of the door 2 women were walking along the corridor. They looked at the naked me, one of them looked daggers at me and the other just smiled.

At the leisure centre reception I signed in and picked up a towel just as the receptionist was returning to her station. She smiled and said,

“Carrie’s already here, I think that she’s in the pool.”

“Okay,” I said and went to the workout room where I saw 5 men and 2 women in there, all doing their own thing.

As soon as George saw me he came over.

“Hi Tanya; do you want to continue where you left off last night?”

My initial thought was that the last thing that I did in the leisure centre last night was Carrie’s bukkake. I smiled then thought that George probably meant the last thing that I did in the workout room.

“I’d like to try a couple of the ones that I did last night first if that’s okay with you.”

“Of course, just let me know when you need some help.”

I don’t know why but I went to the leg spreader machine. I must have realised that I’d have to spread my legs wide and that everyone in the room would be able to see my pussy and the diamond. What would they think?

I set the machine to easy and as my legs spread I looked round. Two of the men had stopped what they were doing and were staring straight at my pussy. I felt a little bit embarrassed but the vibe’s gentle purring had dulled my sensitivity.

I closed my legs then opened them again. The men were still staring.

I did it twice more before deciding to move on. I‘d never been on a rowing machine before and decided that I’d like to try it. There were 3 rowing machines facing a mirrored wall and men on the outside ones. I looked at the men to see what they were doing then went to the middle one. As I walked over both men were looking at me in the mirrors.

“This looks relatively easy.” I thought as I sat down and started pulling and pushing.

I looked up into the mirror and saw that the 2 men were still staring at me. Then I looked directly in front of me. As I pulled on the rope and my butt went forward, my legs opened wide. The men were looking at my pussy and the diamond.

“What the hell; they’ve seen it now.” I thought and continued rowing.

The 2 men’s rowing speed seemed to slow down, or maybe I was getting faster.

Five minutes later I got up and saw George behind me.

“I saw you fucking Amber last night.” I said.

“Of shit, was that you? Sorry, little girls shouldn’t see things like that. Will you forgive me?” George said.

“Of course, it isn’t as if I haven’t seen people doing it before. I saw my dad fucking his girlfriend last week.”

“Wow, err ……………… would you like to do some bench lifts?”

“Okay, if you spot me I’ll spot you when you do some.”

We went over to the bench and I lay down, with my feet either side of the bench, while George took some of the weights off the bar.

George moved in to get ready to grab the bar and I started lifting. As I lifted I looked up and saw that I could see up the leg of George’s shorts. OMG, he wasn’t wearing underwear. I could see the end of his cock hanging down. I felt a little wet rush in my pussy. I wondered if I was leaking juices round the diamond. I became more aware of the vibe purring away.

I liked what I could see and decided to do as many lifts as I could. After the third I saw George’s cock end move. During the next 3 lifts his cock went from soft to hard and the end disappeared as it swivelled round to point up. I was left looking at his balls.

I did one more lift then told George that it was his turn.

We swapped places and I smiled when I saw the tent in George’s shorts as he lay down.

When George was ready I moved in, knowing full well that his face was inches from my pussy. My legs were about shoulder width apart so he was having a great view. The vibe really was dulling my embarrassment and modesty.

Five lifts (which must have been easy because he didn’t add any weights) later George said that he’d done enough. I wondered if he was getting close to creaming his shorts. I could see a little wet spot on them.

George got up and I looked at the exercise cycles and regretted wearing that vibe. Sliding from side to side on the saddle with that diamond there would have been a real problem.

I looked round (avoiding looking at the running machines) to see if I fancied a go on any other machines. I didn’t fancy any of them so I turned to George, thanked him for his help and told him that I was going for a swim.

I didn’t see Carrie as I walked alongside the pool to the jacuzzi. As I settled I pressed the diamond. I wanted the vibe to get me off while I relaxed in the warm bubbles.

I was just getting ‘happy’ when this middle-aged man, wearing swimming shorts, came and climbed in. He smiled at me then settled opposite me.

Thirty seconds later 2 completely naked girls about my real age came over and climbed in, one either side of him. I closed my eyes and let the vibe take control.

Over the next 5 minutes the vibe slowly brought me to a wonderful climax. I was moaning and shaking but the bubbled covered the sound and the vision.

When I calmed down and opened my eyes one of the girls was sat on the man’s lap and it was obvious what they were doing. I didn’t care; I was still enjoying the after-glow of my own orgasm.

They were still at it when I decided to switch the vibe off, get out and go and see if I could find Carrie. As I walked to the swimming pool I dived in and swam to the other end, got out and continued my journey.

When I went into the sauna there was a naked man on his back on the bench and Carrie wasn’t there. The man’s cock was soft and I wondered how long it would stay like that as I sat on the bench near his feet and brought one leg up so that my pussy and the diamond was exposed.

I stared at the man’s cock while he stared at my pussy. The inevitable happened and he slowly got hard; his cock slowly going from pointing at me to pointing at the ceiling somewhere behind his head. While I watched I compared what I was watching to what I’d seen Ryan’s cock do hundreds of times. They were quite similar; hardly surprising really.

Just then Carrie came in. In true Carrie style she said,

“Tanya, did you do that to this poor man? Are you trying to take my job?”

That was it for the man; he got up and held his towel in front of him as he went out. As soon as the door shut both Carrie and I laughed.

“Good one Tanya.” Carrie said.

I told Carrie about my bench lifts; how I’d seen George’s cock and how his face had been inches from my pussy. Carrie said that she was real proud of me and then spoilt it a bit by telling me that she’d done the same to George a few times and that she still did it to any new faces that she fancied.

Carrie told me that there was another sales seminar happening in the hotel the following evening; that it was going to be better than the previous one and that I just had to be there; but she wouldn’t tell me why it was different or why I had to be there. I told her that I was booked on the 8:15 pm train and that I couldn’t miss it. I didn’t really have time to come back to the hotel.

We went and had a cold shower then went back in.

Carrie went on and on about how I’d regret it if I didn’t come back to the hotel. I was worried about missing my train and I so wanted to get back to Ryan. She kept on and on, and finally I gave in. Carrie told me that I could leave my case with reception and to meet her there, in the sauna as soon as I could.

During all the time that Carrie had been persuading me a couple of men had come into the sauna. Okay, we’d been idly slowly rubbing our clits, but apart from that we’d been ignoring the men. That didn’t stop them from getting hard-ons and we both giggled when they left with tents in their towels.

After another cold shower and a rest on the sun loungers we decided on one last session in the sauna with Carrie hoping that a man or two would come in.

A man did come in shortly after; George stuck his head round the door and my hand stopped moving and covered my pussy; Carrie kept on rubbing her pussy.

“Either of you seen Amber?” George asked.

“Are you wanting to jump her bones again George?” Carries asked.

“Are you volunteering to take her place Carrie?” George asked.

“Goodbye George.” Carrie said.

Two minutes later a couple of teenage girls came in and looked a little surprised to see Carrie and I sat there, pussies on display and gently rubbing our clits.

“Oh, it’s alright to take our bikinis off in here then?” One of them asked.

“You can go naked anywhere in the hotel if you like; we do.” Carrie replied.

“That sounds like fun.” One of them said.

The 2 teenage girls, looked at each other, giggled and left. A couple of minutes later they were back, as naked as we were, and bald in the same places that we are. But they didn’t sit the same way that we were; they kept their legs together.

Just as we decided that we’d had enough and got down to leave, the door opened and a man, wearing only a towel, walked in. When we got to the showers Carrie said,

“I wonder how those 2 will cope with that man? Do you think that they’ll tease him like we would?”

“You mean like you would.” I replied.

“Hey girl, you’re just as bad as me; we don’t get many exhibitionists like you in this place.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I said.

“Yeah, right.” Carrie said.

After the shower Carrie said that we should go for a wander round the hotel to see if there was anything going on that would let her tease a few men. We towelled dry and left the leisure centre.

We wandered around with Carrie not caring one little bit that she was naked. I on the other hand, did get embarrassed whenever we saw anyone. The vibe wasn’t switched on so there was nothing to distract me from being embarrassed.

Carrie decided that we’d go to the hotel’s reception to look at the board that tells everyone what functions were taking place. I told Carrie that I’d get too embarrassed.

“I know what will fix that.” She said; and turned to face me. She stood right in front of me and leant forwards and kissed me full on the lips. It wasn’t a quick kiss either. As she probed my mouth with her tongue her right hand went to my pussy and pressed the diamond twice.

I gasped, broke away from her, and said (with a grin on my face),

“You little bitch.”

Carrie grabbed my hand and pulled me along as we started walking.

“That’ll take care of that problem.” Carries said as we walked into the main reception.

None of the staff there took any notice of us but a few of the customers did. I could hear one old lady complaining to her husband as we looked at the board.

“Nothing interesting here;” Carrie said, “oh wait a minute; look at them.”

I turned to look the way that Carrie’s head was pointing and saw 4 young men walking in. They weren’t being very observant and hadn’t seen us as they walked towards the bar.

“Come on Tanya.” Carrie said as she locked her elbow round mine and dragged me after the young men.

“I can’t go in there; I haven’t got any clothes on.” I said.

“You’re wearing more than I am.” Carrie replied.

“But, but, I’ll get embarrassed.”

“You’ll love every minute Tanya, come on, don’t be a wus girl.”

“But, but.”

It was too late; we were right behind them at the bar where they were waited to get served. One of them must have seen us in the mirror behind the bar because he turned round and looked directly at us.

I looked round and was pleased to see that there was only one other couple in the bar, and they were pre-occupied with something other than us.

“Well hello girls; what have we got here?” One of the young men said.

That prompted the other 3 to turn round and look at us. I was stood there totally naked except for the 3 barbells and chains; and the vibe purring away on full throttle. I could feel the embarrassment creeping down from my bright red face. My nipples were rock hard and throbbing and so was my pussy. I could feel my juices leaking round the throbbing diamond.

I stood there fidgeting and squeezing my legs together; trying to put off what I knew was going to happen soon. Carrie was talking to the young men an I had no idea what she was saying, all I could see was 4 pairs of male eyes looking up and down me as the pending orgasm got closer and closer.

The inevitable happened and I started shaking and moaning out loud.

It’s funny how I can manage to pick out a few words when I’m in the middle of an orgasm; and I managed to hear Carrie saying,

“Please excuse my friend here, she’s just cumming. She’ll be okay in a minute.”

The 4 pairs of male eyes just stared at me until I started to calm down.

Carrie turned and stood in front of me, facing me, and asked me if I was okay. What she also did in the space between us, and out of sight of the 4 men, was to reach down and press the diamond.

Relief at last; but I was still naked in front of the men; and the barman.

“Sorry,” one of the men said, “did you just say that this kid was having an orgasm? And what the hell are you 2 doing without any clothes on; not that I’m complaining; in fact I quite like both of your outfits.”

“It’s like this guys,” Carrie said, “we both like being dressed like this and Tanya here’s father is quite happy for her to be here; He knows that she’ll be safe here so don’t go getting any perverted ideas okay?”

After a pause Carrie continued,

“So who’s going to buy us a drink? I’d offer, but as you can see we haven’t got our bags with us.”

“Err, sure,” one of the guys said, “what would you like?”

“We’ll both have a Leg Spreader please.”

“A what?”

“A Leg Spreader. It’s a cocktail; the barman knows what it is.” Carrie said.

The guy looked at me as if to say,

“For the kid?”

“Yeah, both of us;” answering his unasked question.

“Okay.” The guy said as he turned to face the barman.

One of the other guys started,

“Sorry, I wasn’t concentrating on what you said, what did you say you’re doing here like that?”

“Having a drink with you; but if you don’t want us to be here we’ll go.” Carrie said and turned as if to leave. I suddenly felt relief, but it was short lived as all 4 of the men said (in double stereo (or whatever it’s called)),

“NO!”

Carrie turned back and smiled as my heart dropped.

“No,” the guys who wasn’t listening earlier said, “what I meant was, why haven’t you got any clothes on?”

“Because we can; and besides, we like being naked in front of men don’t we Tanya?” Carrie said.

I opened my mouth to say, “No.” But before I could get it out Carrie continued,

“Tanya here’s the worst; she even likes to ‘dress up’ her nakedness with those chains; and you should see what she’s got up her pussy. For someone so young she really does like to show-off a lot.”

All 4 of the guys were looking at my pussy.

“Show them Tanya.” Carrie continued.

When I just stood there, wishing that I was at home with Ryan, and with throbbing nipples, that strong tingling in my pussy and my juices leaking out round the diamond; Carrie said,

“Come on Tanya, don’t pretend to be shy. Open those legs and thrust your pussy forward.”

And I did! I didn’t want to, but I did. All 4 of the guys were staring at my pussy and I felt another wet rush. I was sooo embarrassed.

“It’s a vibrator as well, but it’s not switched on at the moment.”

“Is that what made her cum a minute ago?”

“No, it was you guys looking at her. If you don’t stop staring at her she’ll cum again.”

“No Carrie, please don’t; once is once too many.” I pleaded, fearing what she was thinking of saying.

Thankfully Carrie didn’t say that word and I relaxed as the conversation got more ‘normal’.

We picked-up out drinks and went and sat round a table and, believe it or not, we had the usual sort of conversation that a group of guys have with a group of gals when they first meet. I say normal, and that includes the guys sneaking looks down the girl’s tops or trying to look up their skirts; but this was slightly different because the guys WERE staring at our uncovered tits. When I spoke to Carrie I saw that her nipples were just as hard as mine, and I guessed that they were throbbing as much as mine were. Carrie was sitting very upright and pushing her chest forward. She looked to be enjoying herself much more than I was.

The drinks that Carrie got the guys to buy us tasted nice, a bit like a fruit juice, but a few minutes after I’d had my first sip I started to feel happy and it wasn’t long before I realised that the taste was deceptive. I asked Carrie what was in it but all she would say was,

“It tastes nice doesn’t it? How about another round boys?”

Carrie’s request was granted as one of the guys got up and said that he’d get them. Carrie stood up too and went to the bar with him. As they walked the 3 remaining guys, and me, watched Carrie’s butt sexily walk to the bar.

“Shit, that’s one hell of an arse.” One of the guys said.

The other 2 agreed then looked back to me.

“So, how come your father lets you walk around hotels without any clothes on Tanya; and did he really pay for you have that piercing done? Another guy asked.

“Well;” I replied, “he doesn’t know that I’m naked in this hotel but he wouldn’t mind. He says that I have a great body and that I should be proud to let the world see it. As for the piercings, he took me to get them done and he often puts them in or takes them out for me. He likes to watch me get excited when he does it. He sometimes plays with my clit and makes me cum when he puts my clit chain in.”

That’s what I told them, not what I intended to tell them anything but the alcohol had made me feel a bit sexy and put me in a teasing mood. What’s more, Carrie and the other bloke were on the way back with another round. My looking at Carrie carrying the tray of drinks prompted the 3 guys with me to look up. One said,

“Thump me quick; I must be dreaming.”

Another said,

“What I wouldn’t do for an hour alone with her.”

I smiled and thought,

“What I wouldn’t do for an hour alone with Ryan right now.”

Carrie bent forward to put the tray of drinks on the table; her tits hanging down inches from 2 of the guys faces.

“There you are Tanya. Try that drink.” Carrie said.

I sipped it and it tasted just like one of those Mango and Apple drinks.

“Nice,” I said, “what is it?”

“It’s called a ‘Horny School Girl’; don’t worry, it won’t knock you out; much.” Carrie said.

We talked some more, nothing interesting, all the time the guys looking at our tits. After a few minutes Carrie said,

“Hey guys, I’m up here; not down here.”

Carrie put her hands on her tits and wobbled them a bit.

“Tell you what,” Carrie continued, “let’s go and play some pool. That way you won’t be looking at our tits all the time.”

I smiled a little and thought,

“Yeah, I bet that I know what you’ll be looking at.”

But I no longer cared; I was happy.

*The hotel bar has a pool table and darts board at one end. It’s sort of partitioned off from the rest of the bar. People can be playing pool and most of the people in the rest of the bar wouldn’t be able to see them.*

As we stood up and walked over to the pool table I looked round and saw a couple of middle-aged men staring at Carrie and me. I’d stopped caring and just smiled at them and kept walking.

Even though I told Carrie that I was no good at pool she insisted on her and me taking on 2 of the guys. Of course we lost but it was only towards the end of the game that I realised what I was showing every time that I bent over to take a shot. Up until then I just thought that the guys were standing behind me to give me some pointers on how to take the shot. Carrie was taking a shot when I realised. I saw the guys standing behind her. She was bent over with her legs spread. I quickly realised that she was doing it on purpose and that she’d set me up to do the same, I just smiled and got on with the game.

When Carrie admitted defeat she challenged the other 2 guys to a game. She said that we’d definitely win the second game. She said that she was so confident that if we lost she’d show them a game, using the pool balls and cues, that they’d never seen before but they would definitely enjoy. That got the guys interested and me scared. I tried to tell Carrie that I wasn’t happy and didn’t want to play but she dismissed me saying,

“Don’t worry Tanya, I promise that you’ll have lots of fun.”

The inevitable happened and we lost.

“Okay guys,” Carrie said, “you beat us fair and square so I guess that I’ve got to show you this game. Tanya, get on the table and sit at one end with your legs along the table.”

“What!” I said.

“Come on Tanya, don’t be a spoilsport, we lost so we have to pay-up. You’ll enjoy it, I promise.”

Reluctantly I climbed up and sat like Carrie had told me. All 4 guys were looking down at me. If it hadn’t been for the drink I would have been quite embarrassed.

“Right Tanya, open your legs wide.” Carrie ordered.

“No.” I replied.

“Tanya, we lost, you’ve drunk your Leg Spreader cocktail, so spread ‘em girl.”

I spread them wide.

“Wow, is that a real diamond?” One of the guys asked.

“Right guys,” Carrie said as she put a red pool ball equally between my feet; “I told you before that that thing sticking out of Tanya is a vibrator. To switch it on you just have to press the diamond; press once and it starts on ‘low’; press it again and it goes on to ‘high’; press it again and it goes off. The thing is, you can’t touch it with any part of your body, or anything touching your body. What you have to do is to shoot that red ball and hit the diamond so that the vibrator switches on. Hit the ball too hard and, not only will you hurt Tanya, but you might also smash the glass diamond; and that will ruin everything for all of us. So, who wants to go first?”

While Carrie was saying all this I was sat there giggling. I was high on the alcohol, the excitement of those 4 guys looking at the naked me, and thought of the vibe starting up. I never even considered the possibility of me getting hurt.

As the first picked-up a cue and lined up his shot, Carrie said,

“Remember, not too hard, we don’t want any damage to the vibrator or Tanya.”

The guy must have been nervous because when he hit the ball it was so soft that the ball never even reached my pussy.

The second guy moved in to have his go but before he bent down to take his shot he said,

“So what do I get if I turn it on?”

“Well,” Carrie said, “firstly you get to brag that you turned-on a vibrator that was in a girl’s pussy; and secondly, if two of you manage to hit the diamond at the right angle it will go to high and my little friend here will cum right in front of your eyes.”

I giggled again.

The second guy’s shot hit the diamond, but the angle wasn’t quite right and the vibe didn’t start. What did happen was that the little jolt made me gasp and I felt a little wet rush.

The third guy was luckier; the vibe burst into life. As it did so I moaned.

“It looks like we’ve got a strike.” Carrie said.

The guy straightened up with a satisfied grin on his face.

The fourth guy lined-up his shot.

“Here’s hoping.” He said as the cue went back then forward.

“Owww!” I said as the ball hit the top of my inner thigh.

“Sorry, can I kiss it better?”

“No.” Carrie said.

“Shall we have another round?” Carrie continued.

Guy 1 jumped up, obviously eager to try his luck again; or maybe he just wanted to get a closer look at my pussy. Anyway, he bodged it again and I breathed a sigh of relief. The vibe was gently purring away but I was a long way from cumming.

Guy 2 didn’t do any better. His shot was straight but not hard enough.

Guy 3 got me worried; he’d got it right on his first attempt so I was expecting him to switch the vibe onto full. I was lucky; he muffed it.

Guy 4 got it right and I gasped as the vibe went to full throttle. I knew that I couldn’t last long but Carrie had other ideas. She came over to me, bent down and whispered in my ear,

“Treadmill.”

I started cumming with the 5 of them just staring down at me. It was a strong one and I was shaking and moaning. My butt rose-up and I could feel my pussy muscles contracting and relaxing.

As I calmed down I heard one of the guys say,

“Fuck man, did you see her pussy? She’s going to be a right nympho when she gets older.”

When my heart rate dropped below 100 I turned to look at Carrie. Before I could say anything she said,

“Can I borrow your vibe; I want a go at that.”

“Err yeah, why not? Can we go to the ladies please?”

“What’s wrong with right here?” Carrie said as she reached over and got a grip on the side of the diamond.

“Not here Carrie.” I pleaded, but Carrie was already pulling the vibe out of me.

I didn’t dare look at the 4 young men.

There wasn’t a plop or anything like that when the vibe left my body, but there was the feeling of emptiness and a slight draught.

“Come on Tanya get off there and let me on.”

I slid off the side and when I turned round Carrie was already on the table with her legs spread and the vibe starting to disappear.

“Right guys, go for it.” Carrie said.

I stood there and watched the 4 guys try to hit the diamond. Guys 3 and 4 were successful and Carrie lay there letting the vibe do its job. It wasn’t long before Carrie got to the point of no return.

“Ohhh; Arrrghhh, Ohhh, Arrrghhh, I’m cummmmmming.” Carrie said as her body started shaking and jerking. My eyes went from her face to her wobbling tits; her nipples were rock hard. The guys were just stood there staring. I looked at their trousers; all 4 were bulging and 2 of them had little wet spots at the appropriate place.

A couple of minutes later Carrie pressed the diamond and climbed off the table.

“That was fun; how about something slightly different this time; back on the table Tanya.”

And I did; without even thinking about it I climbed on and sat there with my legs wide open and laying back a little and resting on my elbows so that my pussy was totally visible.

“Right guys,” Carrie said, “this time I want you to try and hit Tanya’s jewellery.”

“What!” I exclaimed.

“Relax kiddo, Carrie said, “nothing to worry about.”

Then to the guys,

“Okay guys, not too hard, we don’t want to injure that young, sweet, little pussy; but I want the ball to hit her jewellery and her clit. Right, who’s first?”

I sat there with a big grin on my face; my embarrassment completely gone.

One of the guys lined up his shot and as I looked at him looking at my pussy, I got a wet rush and giggled a little wondering if he had seen it escape from me.

The shot wasn’t hard enough and it only just touched my pussy. Carrie retrieved the ball, flicking my clit as she did so.

“Hmmm,” I said, “that’s nice.” I said.

Guy 2 lined up his shot and he got it perfect. The top of the ball hit my clit.

“Ohhhhhhhh!” I said and sat up straight.

What I hadn’t realised was that when I did so the ball was right under my hole. The pressure on my vagina caused it to open and swallow the ball.

“Get back down Tanya; the next guy wants a go.” Carrie said.

I did so then the next guy said,

“Hey, where’s the ball gone?”

Everyone looked at my pussy as I started giggling. In between giggles I managed to say,

“Magic!”

“You haven’t; have you?” Carries asked.

“Haven’t what?” One of the guys asked.

“Where’s the bloody ball?” Another asked.

“Okay Tanya, give it back.” Carrie ordered.

I squeezed and out popped the ball.

“Fucking hell!” 2 of the guys said in stereo.

After a slight pause, another guy said,

“Can we see that again?”

“Yeah, why not, let’s change the game a bit guys,” Carrie said; “each of you get a ball and let’s see how many we can get inside Tanya’s hole.”

By that time the alcohol had really kicked in and I just sat there with my pussy getting wetter with the anticipation of what was about to happen.

One by one the guys came to me and held their pool ball to my pussy. One by one those pool balls disappeared; only the fourth one got his returned. Each time it re-appeared one of the guys would push it back in. I just sat there, reclined, and thinking,

“This is nice.”

“Treadmill, treadmill.” Carrie said.

I was already well on the way to having an orgasm and Carrie saying that word suddenly made it happen straight away. Probably because of the fact that I was on a pool table in a public bar, naked and being watched by 4 young men that I’d only met a few minutes ago; the orgasm was a strong one. It hit me hard and fast and as I started shaking I felt my butt rise up.

As my high started to recede my butt went back onto the table and my breathing slowed. So did my heart.

“Okay,” Carrie said, “I think that’s enough. Poor Tanya looks knackered. I think that it’s my turn now. Tanya can you push those balls out then get down off the table? I want to take your place.”

I did, much to the amazement of the 4 guys. When the first ball popped out and made a noise as it dropped to the table, 2 of the guys actually jumped a little.

I climbed down and went and sat on a chair near Carrie’s feet as she climbed onto the table and lay flat on her back then spread her legs wide. The 4 guys were stood 2 either side of her, eagerly looking down on her, each with a pool ball in their hand.

“Errr, what about that?” One of the guys said, pointing towards Carries pussy.

“Ooops, silly me, would one of you nice gentlemen care to take that out for me?”

Four hands immediately shot forward but only one got there first. Carrie moaned as the guy took his time getting hold of the diamond then slowly pulled.

Carrie moaned again as the vibe came free. The guy with my vibe in his hand held it up for all 4 of them to look at it as it glistened with Carries juices all over it.

“Please!” I said and held my hand out. The guy gave it to me then turned back to Carrie as she said,

“Come on guys, don’t keep a girl waiting. I hope that those balls are warm.”

The guys were handling their balls (pool balls) as I hid the vibe in the only place that I knew no one could see it – my pussy. I left it switched off; I was knackered.

One by one the 4 guys gently pressed their pool ball into Carrie’s pussy to lots of ‘ooows’ and ‘arrrgh’ from Carrie. She had the same problem keeping the fourth ball in and the guys took it in turns to push it back it.

I got up and went and stood near Carries head. When she saw me she reached out and held my hand.

“Rub her clit.” I said to the guy who was pushing the ball back in.

He did and a minute or so later the 5 of us watched her body spasm as it rose up off the table.

“Keep rubbing,” I said, “and play with her nipples as well.”

I leaned forward, kissed Carrie’s cheek and whispered,

“Enjoy.”

All 8 male hands were caressing Carrie’s body as she came again and again.

It was probably about 10 minutes later that Carrie started to relax and get back to normal. The guys just stood there and watched as her body slowed down.

“That was fun.” Carrie finally said. “Thank you guys, you’re so good with your hands. Here’s something else that you can put in them.”

With that Carrie squeezed out the 3 pool balls that were still inside her then she sat up and climbed off the table. Grabbing my hand Carrie pulled me away from the guys Carrie saying,

“Have fun playing with your balls guys.”

As we walked into the hotel’s reception I told Carrie that I really needed to go to my room and skype Ryan. I had a lot to tell him and I wanted to enjoy a skype sex session with him.

“Okay Tanya, and don’t forget that we’re meeting in the sauna just as soon as you can tomorrow evening. It’s very important that you’re there.”

I still didn’t understand why it was so important, but it would be nice to see Carrie again. We kissed and parted. As I went up in the lift I was joined by a middle-aged man who stared at me all the way up. I smiled at him and was pleased that I’d had those drinks earlier.

As soon as I got into my room I opened the curtains and looked out. There was a man looking my way in a room across the street. I waved at him then got my tablet out and started skype.

I spent ages telling Ryan all about my evening whilst we slowly masturbated for the cameras. Ryan was a bit worried that I’d miss my train but I assured him that Carrie had promised that I’d be at the station in time.

I showered the collapsed on top of the bed in full view of any Mr. Pervs that might have been looking. I was asleep in seconds

**Friday**

**-------**

When I got on the underground that morning I went further down the platform and got on in the middle of a group of women. I wasn’t taking any chances.

It was very windy going up the escalator to leave the station and I’m sure that the sight of my butt must have given a few people something to think about for a few seconds. I hoped that no one was upset.

I’d been hoping that the course would finish early but it didn’t and I got back to the hotel about the same time as the previous days. Down in the leisure centre I stripped naked and went through to the sauna. Carrie wasn’t there so I went through to the pool. She was swimming lengths. When she saw me she invited me in, saying that we had the time.

Ten short lengths later we got out and went to the sauna. I’d just got sat down when Carrie said,

“Treadmill.”

As I started cumming my hand went to my pussy and pressed the diamond.

Just as I started to come down Carrie again said,

“Treadmill.”

I managed to get a “No” out before I was back up there, moaning and jerking.

This time Carrie let me calm down and get back to normal.

“Sorry Tanya, but I had to do that; you need to have a rosy glow when we go upstairs.”

“Why?” I asked.

“You just do.” Was all I could get out of Carrie.

“I can’t stay for another bukkake session if that’s what you’re planning.”

“No, no, this will be much better; I promise.”

A couple of minutes later the sauna door opened and the receptionist girl stuck her head in and said,

“It’s time Carrie.”

“Come on Tanya, just time for a quick shower then we have to get up there.”

Suitably showered and dried Carrie and I went and got the lift up to the fourth floor.

When we arrived outside the room I saw that it was being used by a big Japanese motor corporation. Also waiting outside was one of the staff girls holding a dress / suit travel bag. Carrie went and talked to her.

A few minutes later the door opened and a man told us that they were ready for us. I turned to look at Carrie and saw that she was slipping a little black dress and heels on.

“WTF Carrie, what’s going on?”

“Tonight is for you Tanya, I don’t want to take the spotlight off you; you’re the star here.” Carrie said.

“What are you on about Carrie?”

Carrie didn’t answer; instead she came over to me, pressed the diamond and grabbed my hand. She pulled me into the room as the vibe started to purr.

I looked round the room. There must have been a hundred people in there, all looking at me.

Carrie led me to the stage that had been setup at one end of the room. I looked up there and saw the old Japanese man and the 2 Japanese girls. The man was wearing a tux and the girls were in Kimonos, complete with their hair up.

“WTF is going on?” I thought.

Carrie led me up onto the stage and over to the old man. I looked out over the room. Absolutely everyone was looking at me. I felt numb and horrible. I was the only one naked, my hair was a mess and my 3 chains where hanging down. I remembered the purring in my pussy and wondered how many of the people looking up at me could see the diamond.

The old man started talking in broken English. I could just about work out what he was trying to say. He said that he was Mr. whatever (I couldn’t pronounce or spell it) and that he was the head of the whatever motor corporation. He looked at his daughters and started telling everyone about one of them nearly drowning on the Wednesday night.

“Oh fuck,” I thought, “he’s publically thanking me for saving his daughter. I don’t want this. He could at least have let me get dressed.”

Mr. whatever went on tell everyone what I’d done, and that his daughter owes her life to me.

I don’t think that any woman could be in a situation like that and not be blushing. It didn’t help that the vibe was raising my AF.

I looked over to the 2 girls and they both put their hands together as if praying, and bowed their heads.

Mr. whatever then said that he wanted to give me a gift.

I started shaking my head sideways.

“No, no, I don’t want anything.” I said.

Which was a lie; I wanted the hell out of there.

Mr. whatever asked me where I lived so I said the city name. He then asked for the representative from the dealership in that city to come forward.

A man just a few years older than me got up and came up onto the stage. His eyes were flitting from Mr. whatever to up and down me. I don’t think that I could blush any deeper red.

Mr. whatever gave both the man and me an envelope. I just held mine but the man opened his and then turned to me and said;

“It’s a car; Mr. whatever is giving you a car!”

My eyes opened wide and my head went back as if to say,

“What!”

Mr. whatever told me to take my letter to the dealership and the man would give me a car.

“What! But I can’t even drive.” I said.

I heard a few little laughs from the room.

Mr. whatever went on to say that the car was nothing compared to what I had given him and that he would always be in my debt.

I tried to tell him that it was no big deal; that I’d pulled people out of the water loads of times in training, but I could tell that he couldn’t understand so I faced him, waited a couple of seconds then bowed my head to him.

He returned the compliment then the whole room started clapping. As that died down another man came over and started taking photographs of all combinations of Mr. whatever, the girls, the dealership man and me. The last photograph was of me on my own, still naked, and still blushing. Added to the embarrassment was the fact that the vibe was pushing my AF to a dangerous level.

The dealership man came back to me and gave me his business card saying,

“Come and see me, preferably like that, whenever you like and I’ll sort out the car for you.”

Carrie had been hovering quite close and she came over and said,

“You deserve that. I could never have done what you did. Now let’s go and put that envelope in your bag then have some fun before you’ve got to go. I’ve arranged a taxi to get you to the train station in time for your train.”

As we walked out of that room Carrie un-zipped her dress, let it drop to the floor and walked out of it almost in one action. Kicking her heels off we headed to the leisure centre where George was talking to the receptionist. The receptionist said,

“Hi” then George said,

“Oh hi Tanya; I hear that you’re a proper little hero. Congratulations of your reward, but what are you going to do with a car?”

“I guess that I’ll have to learn to drive.”

“But what are you going to do with the car for the next 4 years?”

“Drive it; I’ll start taking lessons next week.” I said.

“But you’re only 13, you can’t drive until you’re 17.”

“I haven’t been 13 for 10 years George; and no George, I didn’t lie about my age; you guessed that I was 12 or 13 and I didn’t correct you.”

“Why not? It would have been more interesting if I’d known your real age.”

“You mean that you’d have tried to hit on me; do to me what you were doing to Amber last night. That’s precisely why I let men think that I’m a lot younger than I am. How many men would try to hit on a 12 or 13 year old?” I replied.

“Okay, you got me there; yes; I would have tried. How about you and me go for a little walk to somewhere quieter?”

“No George.”

“You can’t blame a guy for trying.” George said with a disappointed look on his face.

I grabbed Carrie’s hand saying,

“Come on Carrie, I’ve got to get to somewhere more private.”

Carrie looked at me, smiled and said,

“Hey folks, Tanya’s about to cum, who wants to come and watch?”

“CARRIE!” I said as I dragged her away, through the changing rooms and out the other end. There was no one on the relaxation area so I lay on a sun lounger and let it happen.

Carrie stood there smiling and rubbing her clit with her right hand.

When I came down from my high I looked up and saw Carrie, George, the receptionist girl and another young man that I hadn’t seen before. My face went bright red and my legs clamped shut.

“What a beautiful sight.” George said.

“I need to leave now.” I said.

“You’ve just got time for a shower,” Carrie said as she put out her hand to help me get up.

Suitably cleaned and dressed I said my goodbyes, collected my belongings and went out to the waiting taxi.

On the way to the train station I phoned Ryan and told him that I was on my way and that I had an amazing surprise for him. He told me that he’d meet me at the train station.

On the train I relaxed, reflecting on the week that I’d had. I’d even learnt something on the training course. But it would be good to get home and into bed with Ryan.

I looked round, saw that no one was looking at me, lifted my skirt and pressed the diamond; I wanted to feel good.

**Back at home**

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

Ryan was waiting for me at the train station and I ran and jumped on him giving him a big hug and kiss. His hands held me up under my skirt, probably giving anyone behind me a great view of my bare butt, but I didn’t care, I was so happy to be back with Ryan.

The bus was reasonably quiet and we sat on our own at the back. Ryan had his hand on my pussy and was gently rubbing my clit as I asked him if he remembered me telling him about the Japanese girl in the pool.

“The one who’s tit you were playing with.”

“It wasn’t like that, and you know it.” I said.

“Hey, I don’t mind if you want to fondle other girl’s tits.”

“Ryan!” I said as I squeezed his cock through his trousers.

I then told him about Carrie taking me to the room full of car salesmen and me being the only one naked in front of all those people. As I was telling him that I could feel him pressing harder on my clit.

“You like me being naked and all embarrassed in front of lots of people don’t you?” I asked Ryan.

“Hell yes,” Ryan replied, “and you love it too.”

“No I don’t.”

“I bet that you were as wet then as you are right now.”

I blushed a bit and said,

“Yes I was.”

“Told you; you do enjoy it. Think what it would be like to be completely naked in front of an audience of hundreds of men and to be spanked until you cum.”

I was shocked; where had that come from?

“See, you like the idea; you’ve just got a lot wetter.”

And I had, my pussy had been tingling in anticipation of what we were going to do as soon as we got home, but all of a sudden that tingle had turned into a huge ache. What was wrong with me? What was I turning in to? I needed to change the subject so I got the envelope out of my bag and gave it to Ryan. He had to remove his hand from my pussy to open it and I smiled as I saw some of my juices go onto it as he opened it and read the card.

“Fucking hell Tanya! That’s amazing; I don’t know what to say.

“Don’t say anything yet, just let’s get home and let me fuck your brains out; then we can start re-planning the future.”

I had to go for a pee as soon as I got home and went to the bathroom. While I was there I removed the vibrator. I didn’t want that there when I fucked Ryan. I went to the bedroom and saw that Ryan was there waiting for me with a big hard-on.

It was morning when I woke up after only an hour or so of sleep. I went to put the kettle on and saw this cock shaped dildo, complete with rubber balls, stuck to the seat of the stool that I usually sit on while eating my breakfast. I made myself a coffee then impaled myself and waited for Ryan.

“I see that you’ve found my little present.” Ryan said as he emerged sporting his usual morning woody.

“Not so little, I feel full up. Am I right in assuming that you want me to eat breakfast sat here every morning?”

“Of course, it feels good doesn’t it?”

“Oh yes. Thank you dear.”

With coffee and breakfast (Ryan got that because I didn’t want to move) inside us; we sat there re-planning our finances and lives. We’d been saving for a car, and the deposit for a house. We decided that now that we’d got a car we would splash out on a bike for me so that we could get some exercise together (we’d go and get Ryan’s bike from his parent’s house in our car) and check with our bank to see if we had enough left for a deposit on a house.

I told Ryan that I only wanted an old bike but he insisted on getting a new one from the internet and he spent the next couple of days looking on the internet for the ‘right’ one. I just left him to it.

Neither of us told anyone at work about the car, and the following Saturday we went to the dealership to see the man that I’d met in London. Fortunately he was there and gave us a big welcome. He ushered us into his office and as he was going through all the options that we could choose from, Ryan nudged me and pointed to a big framed photograph on the wall. I blushed when I saw that it was one of the ones taken at the hotel in London. There I was, all naked with the man sat in front of us, and the old Japanese guy. What’s more I could easily make out my chains, and the diamond between my legs.

I suddenly realised why some of the staff were staring at us when we walked in; they’d all seen the photo of me naked.

I was feeling a little warm and wet as we finished making our choice and I naively thought that we could just get into our new car and get the hell out of there. I wasn’t too happy when the man told us that they’d have to get the car from another branch, that there was a lot of paperwork to sort out, and that they wanted to make a big thing of handing it over to me. The killer came when he said that he’d like me to be dressed the same way as I was in that room in London.

Of course Ryan agreed without us even discussing it and we left for home with me in a bit of a panic. There was no way that I wanted to be naked in that damn car showroom with lots of people watching; although the thought of sprawling naked over the bonnet of the car did appeal to me – not that I’d tell Ryan.

All the next week I kept asking Ryan to phone them and get them to deliver the car to us. Every time that I thought about it my heart would start racing and for some strange reason I would get wet and all tingly.

The Saturday came and Ryan helped me put my jewellery in. I wanted to leave the vibe at home but Ryan insisted that I be exactly like I was in London; except that he told me to wear heels and comb my hair. At least he let me wear a dress to go there.

As we left home Ryan pressed the diamond saying that I needed something to calm my nerves. The vibe did help my nervous; by the time we arrived the purring had relaxed me; I was feeling quite good when the man came and shook my hand.

“Okay,” he said, “I’ve arranged for the press to be here at eleven o’clock and some of the regional managers are over by the car waiting. I hope that you don’t mind but all the staff would like to be photographed with you. Would you like to come to my office and have a coffee and get changed while you wait for everyone to arrive?”

As we walked to his office I looked over to the end of the showroom and saw about 5 or 6 men in suits standing around talking. In spite of my AF being around 2 or 3 I was getting nervous again. In a few minutes I’d have to walk over there, stark naked, and pose for loads of photographs.

We drank our coffee in silence then Ryan held my hand indicating that it was time to get naked. I slowly stood up and Ryan unzipped my dress. I just stood there as the dress fell to the floor and I robotically stepped out of it and looked at Ryan with a pleading look on my face.

“Relax TT,” Ryan said, “Imaging that you’re at home with just me there and that all these people are Mr. Perv across the road.”

We left the office and walked with the man over to the small crowd that was waiting by the car. I was in a bit of a numb trance as the man told me where to stand and then I heard him formally thank me for what I did.

Then someone else took his place and started talking. I sort of ‘woke up’ a bit and saw that the man was the city’s Lord Mayor; complete with chain of office.

As he was rabbiting on about how proud of me his city was I wondered what it would be like to wear only his big chain all day. That thought lifted my mood a little and the next thing that I knew was he was reaching out to shake my hand. I held my hand out and all of a sudden my whole body was shaking a bit as he vigorously shook my hand.

Now that did wake me up and I looked round ad all the faces looking at me. Shit, I did feel embarrassed. I kept looking and saw Ryan. He had a big grin on his face and I’m sure that I could see a bulge in his trousers. He was enjoying my exposure.

Then the flash guns started I stood there as different people came and stood next to me to get their photograph taken with me. Their faces started to get to be a blur as I realised that my AF was getting dangerously high. I wished that I’d switched the vibe off.

“Why the fuck was I getting turned on by all this?” I thought.

It got worse as an orgasm hit me. I fought like hell to keep quiet and still. I think that I managed to get over it without anyone realising; except for Ryan; his grin was from ear to ear. He knew.

I started seeing faces again. Even the mechanics were there wanting to get their photographs taken with me. Soon after the first couple of photos I’d realised that it was because I was a naked girls in their showroom, nothing to do with what I’d done in London; but I’d just accepted that it was going to happen, and just stood there smiling.

It seemed like an eternity but eventually it was over. We watched some people open the big glass doors and our car was driven out. We followed it out and the man held the door open for me to get in. Just as Ryan was getting in the driver’s side one of the girls from the office came running out holding my dress. How the hell could I have forgotten that?

As we drove off I held my dress across my chest and said,

“I’m so pleased that it’s over; it was horrible; I was starting to wish that I’d let the damn girl drown.”

“Come on TT; you know that you could never have done that. Besides, you loved it; you even came right in the middle of it. All those people looking at your tits and pussy; you loved every second.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Then why are you soaking wet and putting the first of many stains on that seat?”

“Oh fuck, why are you always right?”

“Only about your pussy;” Ryan said, “shall we find somewhere quiet and christen the back seat?”

“Yes please.”

We drove to a big park and parked in the corner of a big car park and did the deed.

That was my first fuck in the back of a car.

The embarrassment of the presentation was soon forgotten but only for a couple of days. When I went to work on the Tuesday morning everyone was waiting round the door and they clapped me in. I kept asking what was going on but no one would tell me. They were still clapping when I got to my desk and saw it. On the wall was a big photograph of me, in all my naked glory, getting presented with the car. I went bright red and asked how they’d found out and where they’d got the photograph from.

Someone produced a copy of the local newspaper, open on a page that had the heading: -

‘Local young woman rewarded for saving Japanese heiress.’

Under it were 2 photographs; the one that was on the wall and one of the ones of the old Japanese man presenting me with the envelope.

I sank down onto my chair and just stared at the newspaper. How was I going to live knowing that everyone that I worked with had seen, was looking at, that photograph? What was I going to do?

My little audience dispersed but soon afterwards my boss came and stood next to me.

“Tanya, can I have a word please, in my office.”

“Oh shit,” I thought, “I was just getting to enjoy my job and it was looking like I was going to be sacked for bringing the firm into disrepute or something.”

“Okay Tanya, I know that newspapers print a whole load of rubbish so would you like to tell me your version please?”

I stood there trembling and telling him what had actually happened; missing out the bits before and after I dived in and rescued the girl, and the fact that I had grabbed her breast.

“I’m impressed,” my boss said, “it looks like the paper got it right for once, but why were you naked? Where was your swimsuit?”

I told him that the hotel owner’s daughter had persuaded me to join her skinny dipping. He accepted that but then asked me why I was naked at the presentations.

I blamed the London presentation on Carrie, and the car showroom one on the manager there. Again, he seemed to accept my explanation.

“Well Tanya, you are quite a girl, quite an asset to the team; what do you think of us having a ‘naked at work day’? I’ve heard that they are great for productivity.”

“I…… I…… I’m not sure; I guess that if everyone else was taking part then I’d do it.” I said, hoping that it would never happen.

“Okay Tanya, that’s it; and well done, I’m proud of you.”

I turned and slowly walked out, thankful that he didn’t ask me about my jewellery.

Back at my desk I looked round. Everyone was working as normal and the photograph was still there on the wall. I so wanted to go and rip it down.

**My new Bicycle**

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

When it finally arrived I was a little surprised that it was a man’s bikes. When I asked Ryan why he’d got me a man’s bike he said that it was because of the pleasure that I’d had riding his father’s bike when we’d stayed at his parent’s house.

I smiled, got a little wet rush, kissed him then thanked him for being so thoughtful.

A couple of days later another big cardboard box arrived. Ryan told me that it was to modify my bike to give me another way of getting pleasure out of it. I was a bit puzzled but he told me to trust him (which I do) and to leave him to.

The next Saturday I went shopping with Karen and when I got back I had a surprise waiting for me. He’d finished modifying my bike and I got really wet when I saw it.

Firstly there was a stand for the back wheel so that I could use it as an exercise cycle; but the best part was the extra bits that he’d bolted on. He’d replaced the saddle with one with a hole in the middle and it had a big dildo sticking through the hole. Ryan turned the pedals and the dildo went up and down.

I squealed and jumped up and down as I thought of the pleasure that I’d get while I exercised.

“And you can take it out on the road as well.” Ryan said.

“I don’t know about that.” I said. “Everyone will be able to see what I’m doing to myself.”

“Not if we get you a longer skirt.” Ryan replied.

“Can I try it now?”

“Of course.”

I stripped and climbed on; slowly lowering myself onto the dildo. With a long sigh I settled onto the saddle and slowly started pedalling.

“I’ll get tea ready; you stay there and have some fun.” Ryan said as he headed towards the kitchen.

I did have some fun; 2 orgasms worth before tea was ready.

**Tom brings one of his mates to visit**

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

On evening Ryan got a phone call from Tom, his brother. He wanted to bring one of his mates over for the weekend because he too was considering going to university near us. Of course Ryan agreed and then told me. There was the problem of only one sofa but Tom agreed to bring a sleeping bag and sleep on the floor. As it turned out they both brought sleeping bags.

When I got home from work on the Friday they were waiting outside our door. Tom introduced Ben who vaguely looked familiar from when I stayed at Ryan’s parent’s house. I let us all in and went to get changed ready to cook a meal.

I was in a bit of a rush and didn’t think to shut our bedroom door (never do). I’d stripped and was looking for something to wear when I realised that someone was at the door. I turned and saw Tom looking at me and quickly moved my hands to cover my bits.

“Sorry Tanya, I was wondering if there was anything that we could do to help?”

“No it’s okay,” I said as I quickly pulled the first dress in the wardrobe out and slipped it on, “it won’t take me long.”

As I walked to the kitchen I realised that the dress that I’d put on was a very short, button up the front, summer dress, one that Ryan loves but I think is way too short.

I decided to ignore that and got on with getting the meal ready.

One thing about our home is that there is no door between the lounge and the kitchen and anyone sat on the sofa can easily see into the kitchen. As I was working away I noticed that both Tom and Ben were sat on the sofa looking at me. What’s more I’d been bending over to get things out of the cupboards and fridge. I blushed a bit but continued working.

Ryan arrived and the 3 boys got talking while I kept working. Ryan came to get 3 beers and while he was with me he said that he was pleased that I’d put that dress on. He asked me if I was putting on a show for Tom and Ben, saying that I liked to flash my bits.

“I do not.” I said.

Ryan smiled and as he walked away he said,

“Of course not my little exhibitionist.”

I thought about denying it but didn’t bother.

The guys decided to eat with their plates on their knees so I took them out to them and without thinking I bent over to give the plates to them. It was only when Ryan whispered, “nice view,” that I realised that when I’d bent over in front of Tom and Ben they would have been able to see down my top, and when I bent over in front of Ryan, Tom and Ben would have seen my butt and what’s between the cheeks.

I quickly stood up and left to get my plate. I sat at the table to eat mine; then waited for them to finish.

As I was waiting I saw my bike. I blushed and Ryan must have seen where my eyes were looking because he said,

“Oh, sorry guys, we should have covered the bike up before you got here. Tanya normally exercises on it on a Friday evening. I’ll get her to show you later if you like. Tom said that he was looking forward to it while Ben’s jaw just dropped; he was speechless.

“Dream on buster” I said as I collected the plates and cleaned up.

Afterwards I went and sat on Ryan’s knee while we all chatted before getting ready to go to the pub. Ryan wanted me to keep that dress on; he said that I looked good in it so when it was my turn in the bathroom I showered then put the dress back on. To make me feel a little better I put my barbells in.

We only went to the pub down the road and I think that I managed to be ladylike in the way I sat. I didn’t want any more accidental showings.

Unfortunately, that didn’t last. When we got back home the beer that I’d drunk had got the better of me and half way through getting beers for the guys I realised that my short dress was getting more like a top, and none of the guys had said anything. I pulled it down again.

When I got one for myself and went back to the others Ryan pulled me down onto his lap and put his hand high up on my thigh. Within seconds Ryan’s fingers were playing with my clit. Ryan was going to make me cum in front of his brother again; and his brother’s mate.

The alcohol had killed my inhibitions and I just let Ryan ease my legs open and get on with it. I tried to not think about who was watching and just let it happen.

A few minutes later I was cumming.

After that Ryan told Tom and Ben that we were going to bed.

I went to the bathroom first and was lying naked on top of the bed when Ryan came in. Nature took over and before long I was riding Ryan reverse cowboy.

Something made me look towards the door and I saw both Tom and Ben watching me (us). I was too far gone to care and just ignored them, cumming again soon afterwards.

When I woke the next morning I was alone on the bed. I say ON the bed because the quilt was nowhere to be seen, neither was Ryan. I was flat on my back with my legs open. That wasn’t the only thing that was open; the bedroom door was wide open. What had probably woken me was the sound of the bathroom door being opened. When I looked towards it there was Ben, stood there and looking at me. Well my pussy.

“Morning Tanya.” Ben said.

“Morning Ben; where’s Ryan?” I said closing my legs and turning on my side.

“Gone for some bacon.”

I closed my eyes and brought my legs up into the foetal position. I didn’t feel like going anywhere.

Sometime later I woke again and saw Ryan standing over me and smelt the bacon cooking. I felt much better and got up and went and showered then put a skirt and top on.

When I reached the lounge Tom and Ben were just leaving to go and look around. I said ‘bye’ and then had a bacon butty.

It was early evening when Tom and Ben returned; by then I’d got an evening meal ready. While they were eating I went and got ready to go out. Ryan had asked me to wear all my barbells and chains, and a dress that he’d pick-out for me. I was just putting that on when Ryan told me that they were all ready.

I’d forgotten just how see-through that dress is and I was embarrassed when I walked into the lounge. Both Tom and Ben were speechless; I don’t think that they’d seen a see-through dress on a woman without underwear.

Why did Ryan want me to wear a see-through dress? Didn’t he realise that both Tom and Ben would be staring at me all night? Why does Ryan always want people to see me naked when I keep telling him that I don’t like it; Okay, I’m slowly getting used to it but it’s still embarrassing and I don’t want to do it but Ryan keeps on persuading me to do it.

Anyway, we went to a pub near the nightclub that we intended to go to and had a couple of beers. The stares that I got from Tom, Ben and other strangers embarrassed me. There were times that I just stared at the ground.

I was happy when we got into the nightclub because it was a lot darker and hopefully no one would realise what I wasn’t wearing.

I enjoyed the nightclub, the dancing was fun and the attention that Ryan gave me was good; except for when he slid my dress up showing everyone my bare butt and pussy, although by that time the alcohol was dulling the embarrassment.

By the time that it came for us to leave I’d had too much to drink and I was quite sleepy. The next morning Ryan told me that they’d virtually carried me home with my dress up round my chest. Apparently I’d had a few comments about the chain dangling from my clit.

When we’d got home I’d taken my dress right off and walked (staggered) around completely naked before climbing on Ryan on the sofa and asked him to fuck me.

He hadn’t; instead he’d put me to bed.

I was still in bed when Tom and Ben left the next morning.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 16 – The torment goes on**

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

**My new Bicycle**

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

I’m really getting myself fit with all this cycling. I can do it while I’m watching television. I tried surfing the internet on my tablet but I just couldn’t concentrate. Ryan’s made a space for the bike in front of the window so that I can get some fresh air while I’m cycling. Well that’s what he told me but I thought that maybe it was for Mr. Perv to watch my nude cycling exercise. He must know about the dildo sticking up through the saddle and fucking me as I peddle because he’ll have seen it when I’m not riding it.

Ryan drove us to his parent’s the other week and we came back with Ryan’s bike, in bits, in the back of the car. Ryan put it back together the next morning and we went for our first outdoor ride with me on my new bike.

Ryan hadn’t liked the idea of me wearing a longer skirt to stop people seeing the dildo go up and down under the saddle so he came up with the idea of a cover that clips onto the frame. After a bit of experimentation I managed make one out of old clothes. That cover and a strategically placed jacket hid the bikes ‘extra feature’ as we took it down the stairs. I didn’t want the neighbours seeing the dildo and asking awkward questions. Ryan said that he’ll be a lot happier when we get our house and I’ll be able to ride it straight out of the garage.

Anyway, I was wearing an ‘A’ line miniskirt and when I lifted my leg over the crossbar Ryan told me that he got a look at my pussy and accused me of being ‘wet with the anticipation of fucking myself in public’. He was right I was wet, but it was with the thought of the pleasure that I always get when exercising on the bike, not the fact that I would be doing it in public.

I eased myself down on the dildo and off we went; Ryan following me so that he could shout directions to me. I was happy with that because it meant less chance of anyone (other than Ryan) seeing my skirt blow up at the back and exposing my bare butt (the skirt was too short to partially sit on).

We didn’t get much further than the local park and we certainly got some funny looks; well I did. I’m not sure whether people were looking at my funny looking bike, my screwed-up face, or my legs; my skirt was bunched up round my waist and people could probably see my bald pubes.

I had to stop twice and lean against trees; there were too many people around for me to lift myself off the dildo; that would have been way too embarrassing. Those orgasms were wonderful but the third one was the best. There was nowhere to stop so I had to keep peddling. Ryan later told me that I was moaning and shouting ‘yes, yes’ as we peddled passed a few people out walking. I do hope that they didn’t realise what I was doing.

We got home and I’d just lifted myself off the dildo and was enjoying the pressure from the cold crossbar when a young man came round the corner behind me. He must have seen the dildo, and as he got passed me he turned and stared at me as he walked. He had a big grin on his face. Mine went all red with embarrassment. Ryan said that he bet that I had enjoyed him looking at me. Of course I told him that I hadn’t.

The next time that I took my bike out was on my own. Ryan was visiting a mate and I felt like some exercise and the feel of fresh air on my ‘interesting’ bits. I managed to get the bike down the stairs without anyone seeing me and set off. It was evening and it was starting to get dark so there wasn’t much chance of anyone realising what I was doing to myself.

I peddled along a couple of streets and through the park not getting close to anyone. When I had an orgasm I could shout at the top of my voice without anyone hearing me. My sexual high must have made me braver and less inhibited because I peddled out of the other side of the park towards a shopping area. The front of my skirt was up round my belly and the back was fluttering in the wind; and I didn’t care. The dildo was keeping me on a high.

I remember a couple of rude comments from some youths and a couple of car horns going but I just kept pedalling and cumming. I was in heaven.

I suddenly realised that I was getting to a very busy area so I turned down a side street and headed back to the park. As I peddled through the park I passed the kids play area and though about the ropes. I was torn between peddling with the dildo fucking me and the idea of sliding down the rope.

I kept peddling.

When I got back to our building I stopped and leant against a lamp post. I needed to get my breath back before climbing off and carrying the bike up the stairs. As I sat there I saw a couple walking towards me. As they got closer I pulled my skirt down at the front. Shit, it was our neighbours, Sandra and John.

“Hi Tanya,” Sandra said; “are you okay, you look a little flushed.”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I’ve just been on a long workout. I’ll be okay in a minute.”

“That bike looks as though it has some heavy attachments; would you like me to carry it up the stairs?” John asked. He had a grin on his face.

“NO! no,” I quickly replied. “It looks heavier than it actually is. I can manage; but thank you for the offer.”

“If you’re sure.” John added.

“Yeah, it’s no problem.” I replied as Sandra and John set off up the path and into the building.

It was then that I realised that I’d subconsciously started pedalling backwards while I was talking to Sandra and John. I’d been fucking myself with the dildo whilst talking to them. My face went redder, even though there was no one to see it.

I waited a couple of minutes and then slowly climbed off the bike. As I carried it up the stairs I half wished that I had let John carry it up the stairs; I was knackered.

Our next cycling adventure was a few weeks later. Ryan dismantled the bikes and loaded them into the car. We drove out to this big reservoir that has a path right round it. We’d been there before and walked along some of the paths, then snuck off into a wooded area and emulated the rabbits that we saw.

As Ryan assembled the bikes in the car park I got embarrassed as the dildo was out in the open. I tried to stand between it and the people who were looking at us as much as I could but I’m sure that some of them saw it. I wondered what they thought.

When Ryan had finished getting the bikes ready he held mine so that I could get on and impale myself whilst still in one place. I didn’t fancy getting on and impaling myself as I was going down the car park; there were too many people around.

I lowered myself onto the dildo then pedalled backwards a couple of times to get comfortable. Then I put one foot on the ground to wait for Ryan to get on his bike. My short skirt was just about covering my butt and pubes, but if the wind started up then who knows what people would be able to see.

I did get a couple of funny looks riding through the car park but thankfully, most people were too busy doing their own thing.

Off we went onto the path round the reservoir. It only took a few minutes for me to get aroused and to stop caring if anyone could tell what was happening. Ryan kept urging me to go faster and the saddle got wetter and wetter. It wasn’t long before my juices were running down the insides of my legs but the breeze stopped them going too far.

I told Ryan that I was getting close to cumming and wanted to stop but he kept urging me to keep going. I rode straight through both my first and second orgasm and I’m sure that one elderly couple that we passed as I was having my second thought I was some sort of nutter as I shouted,

“Yes, yes.”

As my third orgasm approached Ryan told me to stop and put a foot down. He came alongside me and got me to lean back a little. He reached over and flicked my clit as he kissed me.

“I love you, you horny little slut.” He said as he unfastened my little wrap skirt and pulled it off me.

“Right, let’s go.” Ryan said as he bundled the material in his hand and started pedalling.

What could I do? I looked round, saw no one close, and started pedalling again.

As the dildo fucked me I looked all around hoping not to see anyone. Fortunately there was no one around. I tried to pedal faster but it was too much for me. I’d found the speed that was the most that my pussy could cope with.

We went through a wooded area and as we emerged there was a group of young people walking towards us.

“Ryan!” I shouted, “my skirt.”

But Ryan ignored me. My face was scarlet and I was about to cum again as the group parted to let me through.

“Fucking hell!”

“What the….”

“Slut!”

“Did….”

Those were just the comments that I could make out. I daren’t look back at them but Ryan later told me that every one of them had stopped and were staring at me as we disappeared into the distance. At least they couldn’t actually see my pussy or my face.

Anyway, I was too busy cumming and trying to stay on the bike.

Eventually we made it back to the car park, but I had to ride bottomless right to the car. As soon as I got there I slowly got off the bike and lay it down on the ground. I squat down and waited for Ryan to open the car door. Way too many people had already seen me bottomless.

Ryan didn’t give me my skirt back until he parked the car at home.

Another time that we were both out cycling through built-up areas with Ryan following me; I noticed quite a few people looking at me. More than usual and some of them were pointing at me and had looks of shock on their faces. Okay, my skirt was up round my waist at the front but we weren’t going fast enough for the back of my skirt to be floating up.

When we finally stopped I saw why people were looking at me differently. The cover below the saddle had disappeared and people were seeing the dildo go up and down. They all knew that I was fucking myself in public.

It is one thing for me to be getting the pleasure from the dildo fucking me as I ride along in the fresh air, but it’s so embarrassing knowing that people can see the dildo fucking me.

I was so mad when Ryan held up the cover and said that it dropped off just after we’d left home. I had a right go at Ryan for not telling me, and for not stopping me to put the cover back on. All he would say was,

“You were obviously enjoying yourself, and I thought that you must have known the cover fell off. I assumed that you’d finally admitted to yourself that you are an exhibitionist.”

“NO I’M NOT AN EXHIBITIONIST!” I shouted at him, not caring who could hear me and I got back on my bike and rode home as quickly as I could. I was so mad that I didn’t care what people saw.”

We did have a good fuck just as soon as we got through the door at home.

**Kegel Exercises**

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

What with the great, fun exercise on my bike, the dildo stuck to the stool in the kitchen and Ryan’s cock; my pussy seems to be permanently full these days. Ryan said something to the effect that it was getting like fucking the channel tunnel. That hurt, and we both agreed that something had to be done. Getting rid of the bike or the stool was out of the question so something else had to be found.

We both spent ages on the internet and Ryan came up with this thing called Kegel exercises. When I said that I didn’t have any urination problems Ryan told me that there were great side benefits, one of them was just what we were looking for.

He said that if I did these muscle exercises for 15 minutes 3 times every day I’d get better control of my pussy muscles; and he was right. In spite of all the time that I have the bike dildo going in and out of me, the time that I spend impaled on the stool in the kitchen, and all the time that Ryan’s fucking me; I’ve ended up with very tight pussy muscles.

Ryan tells me that if I keep up these exercises I’ll soon be able to stop him from cumming inside me. He says that me squeezing on his cock whilst it’s inside me will be like squeezing his cock in my hand when he’s trying to shoot his load.

He says that fucking me will be like what he imagines it would be like to fuck a very young pussy; like a girl the age that a lot of people mistake me for.

Ryan also says that he’s going to work on getting me to squirt better. I already squirt occasionally but Ryan wants me to be able to do it all the time. I’m not so sure that I want that because I get way too wet as it is. Besides, if he makes me cum in front of strangers again, squirting will be a double dose of embarrassment and humiliation. Another thing is that I don’t know how I would cope if I squirt when I cum at work.

Ryan says that I should be able to stop myself squirting at times if I really want to. I hope that he’s right.

Ryan’s been helping me by stimulating my G spot whist rubbing my clit. Those 2 together make my orgasms ‘out of this world’ and I have squirted a little so far; but all that has been in the privacy of our home so I’ve loved every second of it.

I’m trying to concentrate on the practise rather than what might happen if I do end up squirting every time that I cum. That combined with that running machine word could make my life very pleasurable, but terrible at the same time.

**My Clit Ring**

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

No I’m not talking about the piercing in my clit hood, I’m talking about this little micro doughnut style ring that Ryan bought for me. When I first saw it I had to ask Ryan what it was; it was way too small to go on any of my fingers so I was at a loss as to where I was supposed to wear it. When Ryan told me it was for my clit I thought that he was joking. How the hell was my clit supposed to go through a hole that small?

Ryan told me that he’d read a story called ‘Tease to Please’ by someone calling themselves ‘[inkyscandal](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1055727&page=submissions)’. In that some crazy Japanese scientist had put a tiny ring on this intern girl’s clit and every so often it would vibrate and give her an orgasm. Ryan had searched the internet for hours looking for it, or something similar and he discovered what he presented me with.

I suppose you could call it a wonder of modern nano technology. It’s a miniature vibrator that only has 1 mode – random bursts of about 15 seconds. Its battery gets charged by it coming into contact with this pad that has a PP3 battery attached to it; a bit like these new mobile phone chargers. Ryan even bought me a pair of knickers that I can hold the charging pad in place with; a bit like wearing a panty liner with a PP3 battery in it. It’s uncomfortable and I don’t really like wearing it (nor panty liners), but it’s the only way that I can charge the clit ring so I endure it. Fortunately it only takes about an hour to fully charge the ring and it lasts for about a day. If Ryan had his way I’d carry the knickers, pad and battery in my handbag and wear them every time the clit ring goes flat; except that he won’t let me wear knickers of any sort when I go out.

Even when the battery is flat I’ve got this constant reminder that I’m wearing the ring; it re-shapes my clit so that it sticks out a bit more and feels ‘different’.

And the anticipation of when I’m going to get zapped again often keeps my AF simmering.

When the ring is charged up it’s amazing. I used to think that the random zap vibe was amazing (and embarrassing) but this is something else. I now know what it’s like for a girl suffering from ’Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder’. The first time that it zapped my clit was incredible. It was like Ryan had been giving me cunnilingus for half an hour. The second time it happened I was so horny (probably with anticipation) and I got so close to cumming that I got frustrated when it stopped. After that I came just about each time that I got zapped.

It’s so good to be zapped when Ryan’s actually fucking me. We can’t do that with any of my vibrators inside me.

Sorry, I’m getting a bit ahead of myself. To get the ring on my clit Ryan told me that he’d have to freeze my clit. That statement got me worried; and scared. Now Ryan’s put ice cubes on my clit and in my pussy before, and they felt great, but to freeze my clit! That didn’t sound like fun.

Then he told me that he wasn’t actually going to freeze it; just get it so cold that it shrank enough and lost all sensations so that it could be pushed through the ring without me cumming. He said that if I was all excited my clit would swell and I wouldn’t be able to keep still long enough for him to get the ring over the end; which was very true.

I was nervous and excited when Ryan went for the ice. I was lying on my back on a towel on the bed with my legs spread wide and the anticipation was horrible. Of course I jumped when the first ice cubes touched my clit. My AF started to rise and I reached for Ryan’s cock. He pushed me away (a first) and told me to concentrate on the job to hand.

Shit, that ice was cold. The cold was spreading all over my lower half before Ryan said that my clit had shrunk enough for him to try to get the ring on. At that point I couldn’t feel him moving my clit from side to side.

I couldn’t see what Ryan was doing to me as his fingers worked away. After a couple of minutes Ryan stood up and stepped back.

“Shit TT; that looks good, I can’t wait for you to thaw out and get that thing charged.”

I sat up and dried myself then went and stood in front of the mirror. I could just see the shiny, silver coloured ring pushing my clit further out between my lips than normal. I thought about how embarrassing it was going to be if someone saw it and I’d have to explain what it was. I told Ryan that I wanted to start wearing knickers; or at least a thong.

“No way girl! One pair for charging and that’s it; and I don’t want you wearing them while we’re out.” was all that Ryan said.

I thawed out some more and saw that my clit was even more pronounced. The thought of it being seen like that was embarrassing me. Ryan saw my embarrassment and asked me what I was thinking. After I’d told him he was as sympathetic as usual,

“Oh you’ll soon get used to it; like you did with your other jewellery. Besides, your clit has always stuck out.”

“Not this far.” I replied.

He was right; I now thought no more of people seeing my clit hood and nipple jewellery than I thought of them seeing me totally naked. Not that I could ever get used to people seeing me totally naked. It’s VERY embarrassing.

I spent the next 30 minutes looking at my new pussy in the mirror and seeing how sensitive my new shaped clit was. I only managed doing it for 30 minutes before I got Ryan to fuck me. I didn’t get zapped that time Ryan fucked me but when we did it later that night the ring did zap me and I came right there and then – mid fuck. I decided that I want to be zapped every time that Ryan fucks me.

It was only when Ryan took me to the pub that night that I realised just how embarrassing my new clit ring was going to be. Just imaging me standing there in the middle of a group of strangers and having an orgasm without having any physical contact, sexual or not. I felt really sorry for the women that have PGAD.

The sex with Ryan that night was wonderful.

About a week after Ryan fitted the ring on my clit we’d arranged to go for a drink with some of Ryan’s workmates. I hadn’t seen some of them for quite a while so I was looking forward to catching-up. Also, I was hoping that Emma would be there with Karen because I was hoping to arrange a girly day shopping

I was a little concerned when Ryan had me charge up the ring before we left to meet everyone. I wasn’t looking forward to having to fight to conceal any orgasms that the ring might give me.

Ryan asked me to wear one of my nice little summer dresses and I felt good as we got the bus into town. Quite a few people were there when we got there and some of the guys took the opportunity to grab my butt through my thin skirt as the hugged me. That doesn’t bother me as I know them and they’re only being friendly.

When Karen hugged me, and squeezed my butt, she whispered,

“You’ve got to show me that ring thing that Ryan’s been going on about.”

I didn’t say anything but I blushed and thought,

“Thanks Ryan.”

The conversation was flowing and interesting the first couple of times that the ring zapped me and I managed avoid an embarrassing orgasm, but later when Karen brought me a drink she bent over and whispered,

“Is that thing giving you hell?”

I smiled and was saved from having to respond by one of the guys who said,

“No bra again Karen? I love it when you bend over like that.”

“In your dreams buster.” Karen replied.

“Yeah and they’re nice dreams too.”

Karen was stood up by then and her loose top had settled back to covering her breasts.

“Good wanking material are they?” Karen asked.

With that Karen lifted her top above her tits then shook them from side to side. After a few seconds she let her top drop and said,

“If you like to wank thinking about these then wait until you see Tanya’s newest piece of jewellery.”

I blushed and thought,

“Shut the fuck up Karen.”

Then I said,

“No chance mate, that’s for Ran’s eyes only.”

“So what is it?” Another of the guys asked.

“Nothing, it’s private.” I said.

“Ryan, what have you been getting your girl now?”

“Oh, it’s only a clit ring; do you want to see it?” Ryan asked.

I turned to Ryan and said,

“You’ve got to be joking; I’m not flashing my pussy in here.”

“I’m not asking you to give these guys a quick flash, I’m letting them see what I’ve bought you; a quick flash is nowhere near long enough. Come on Tanya, slide forward on your seat and spread ‘em.” Ryan replied.

The tone of Ryan’s voice was serious, but there was no way that I wanted to show everyone my pussy. The problem was that I know that Ryan always gets his way. My face went red and I felt a wet rush. I was going to have to do it.

“Please Ryan, not here, there’re way too many people around.” I pleaded.

“You’ll be fine Tanya, just do it.” Ryan said.

I looked around. There were about 7 of his male workmates there, all looking at me. So were Karen, Emma and a couple of girlfriends. My heart rate increased, I felt hot and my stomach felt horrible.

I gave one last pleading look to Ryan (which he ignored), then slowly slid forward and opened my legs. Emma slid sideways so that I could get my legs wide open.

Just doing that was enough to put my open pussy on display for everyone to see but I instinctively pulled the front of my skirt up passed my waist.

I heard one of the guys say,

“I can’t see anything.”

And another,

“Fuck, no knickers.”

And another,

“Bloody hell, she’s dripping.”

He was right; I’d been wet ever since getting out of the shower and that damn clit ring had kept me that way. When Ryan had first told me to show my ring my pussy had gushed; I didn’t want it to but I couldn’t stop it.

My clit was throbbing, my pussy was gushing, my AF was quickly rising and my face was hot and bright red.

Everyone in our group, except Ryan, was staring at my pussy and the guys were shuffling around trying to get a better look.

“Hey, don’t push guys,” Ryan said; “someone might get hurt or worse, some drinks might get spilt. I’m sure that Tanya will let you all have closer look; form a queue and take your time.”

I glared at Ryan to let him know that I wasn’t happy; but what could I do? I looked round the pub and was pleased to see that no one else was looking at me. I was well hidden by the rest of our group.

One at a time, the dozen or so people came and squat between my legs. The first couple just looked; their breathe tickling my clit.

Karen was next. She bent down, had a good look then put her index finger and thumb either side of my clit and moved it from side to side.

“And it doesn’t hurt?” She asked.

I shook my head sideways.

“It gives you a nice little nub to get hold of. I bet that it keeps you horny all the time. Poor Ryan, I bet that you’re fucking him all the time.”

If I could have blushed more I would have, but it was impossible.

Karen didn’t remove her fingers; instead she moved my clit round and round.

“STOP!” I shouted; “Please don’t do that Karen, you’ll make me cum.”

“Sorry Tanya, but what are you going to do when each of these guys does that to you.”

I turned to Ryan and mouthed,

“No, please no.”

But Ryan just smiled. Karen stood up and moved away. It was Pete next. He’d seen me naked before, but not like this.

“I hope that you don’t mind Tanya; I thought to bring my camera tonight, I suspected that Ryan would be practicing candaulism again.

As Pete held his camera in one hand his other was pushing my clit from side to side.

“Wow girl,” Pete said; “you’re really loving this aren’t you?”

“NO!”

“You’re pussy says otherwise.” Pete said.

“Enough, enough, get lost Pete.” I said.

Thankfully Pete moved away. The next to squat in front of me was one of the girlfriends.

“Relax Tanya,” she said; “I just want to look at it. Does it hurt?”

I shook my head sideways.

“Did it cost a lot?”

I shook my head up and down.

“Does it make you horny?”

“Just about all the time.” I quietly said.

“Wow, I’ll have to talk Ben into getting me one of those.”

With that she stood up and was replaced by another of Ryan’s male work-mates, phone camera flashing away. He too touched my clit. I didn’t know how much more I could take; my breathing was getting heavier. I just hoped that I could hold out until they’d all taken their turn.

The next man started doing the same then another girlfriend. While she was looking she was asking me questions,

“Does it hurt?”

“Was it painful putting it on?”

“Does it keep me on a high?”

“Does it make sex better?”

“Do you like this? I know that I do.”

All the time that she was looking and talking she was rubbing the end of her index finger round the end of my clit. All that I was capable of doing was nodding or shaking my head.

Just as the next guy bent down I started to cum.

All I could see was camera flashes; the rest was a blur as I started shaking and moaning. I could feel my pussy convulsing.

The guy stepped back and said,

“Fucking hell; she just squirted at me.”

As I started to calm down I could see him showing his phone to everyone. As it came into my sight I could see some white, creamy liquid on his phone. I thought that I should apologise; until I watched him lick his phone.

Two more guys and another girl took their turn to look at my clit ring, each pushing my clit from side to side. When the next guy was pushing my clit the ring decided to zap me.

The guy backed off and said,

“Bloody hell; it’s vibrating.”

Then he put his finger back on my clit and smiled.

Well, that was it; I started to cum again.

When I calmed down Karen was knelt in front of me. She too was holding my clit and giving it a close inspection.

“Why do I have to cum like that just because people are looking at my pussy?” I asked Karen.

“Because you’re a woman and you have a clitoris. If you weren’t meant to cum you wouldn’t have a clitoris. Besides, you’re enjoying this Tanya.”

“No I’m not.”

“Your body says otherwise my horny little friend.” Karen said.

With that she patted my pussy and stood up.

“I’m the last darling, you can sit up now.”

I did, pulling my skirt down to cover me. I heard a couple of disappointed moans from the guys but I didn’t care. I didn’t even want to look them in the face.

“Drink this.” Emma said, passing me a shot which I quickly downed.

I stood up, grabbed Emma’s hand and pulled her up,

“Come to the ladies with me Em.”

As I peed and cleaned myself up I talked with Emma.

“You’re so brave Tanya, I couldn’t have done that.” Emma said.

“I didn’t want to do it but Ryan’s face told me that I had to.”

“But you loved every second of it Tanya; your face had that satisfied look on it; and you came twice so you must have enjoyed it.”

“Well…….. Yes, it’s always good when I cum but all those men looking at me; it’s so embarrassing.”

“That’s part of the pleasure Tanya. You’re brave enough to do it. I wish that I was.”

“Or stupid enough.” I said. I really do hope that none of the photos get onto the internet.

“Brave and beautiful.” Emma said as she pulled me to her and gave me a big hug.

We organised a ‘retail therapy’ day before going back to the others.

Pete was carrying some drinks over and as we got near him he said,

“That was amazing Tanya. Ryan’s a lucky man; I wish that my girlfriend was more like you.”

That made me feel a little better but it was still a few minutes, and another shot, before I could look the guys in the face. Ryan had given me a hug before I sat down which also made me feel a little better.

About half an hour later 2 more of Ryan’s mates (Dave and James) arrived and it wasn’t long before they found out about my little forced show.

I saw James and Dave looking over to me and smiling and shortly afterwards James worked his way over to Ryan and I.

“I hear that my favourite nudist has been showing off again.” James said; “so am I going to get a look at this juicy little doughnut then?”

“Of course mate,” Ryan said, “it wouldn’t be fair if you didn’t. Emma, can you shuffle over again please, Tanya’s going to put on another show for James and Dave.”

“Nooooo.” I pleaded to Ryan, but he took my drink off me then steered me onto the edge of the seat.

“Oh shit,” I thought, “I hope that I don’t cum again.”

I opened my legs then shut them again.

“There, satisfied.” I said.

“Tanya, that wasn’t fair,” Ryan said, “let them have a proper look like the others did.”

I slowly opened my legs wide and pulled my skirt up to my waist and felt my stomach tingle and my pussy get wetter.

As James squat down I could see the camera flashes start again and thought about all those pictures being passed around, sooo embarrassing for me.

“Wow,” James said, “doesn’t that hurt Tanya? It looks like it’s making you all swollen. Ah, you’re turned on by all this, you’re excited. That’d explain why you’re all shiny.”

“You can touch it if you like.” Ryan said.

“Really,” James said; “won’t Tanya mind?”

“Hey, how about asking me?” I butted in; “It’s my body, you should ask me.”

“She won’t mind, go on mate.” Ryan said.

James’ finger reached out and touched my clit, sending a shiver right through me and expelling more of my juices.

“Wow,” James said, “she’s so hot.”

“She’ll get hotter in a minute.” Ryan said.

James stood up and was replaced by Dave. He wasted no time in taking my clit between his finger and thumb.

“That thing does look painful.” Dave said, “It must hurt her.”

“No,” Ryan said, “It doesn’t hurt her but it does turn her into a randy little slut.”

As Dave stood up I wondered what Ryan was going to do. I wanted to close my legs and pull my skirt down, but before Ryan could do anything Karen butted in,

“Hey guys, has Ryan told you that he’s taught Tanya a new trick? What’s that word Ryan?”

“NO Ryan, please don’t tell them.” I pleaded

“You mean treadmill.” Ryan said.

I just managed to whisper,

“Oh fuck!”

Before I felt my body start to shake. My legs were still wide apart and I could just about make out all the faces watching me and see the camera flashes.

Just as I started to come down from my high I heard Pete say,

“Hang on a minute, Karen are saying that every time Ryan says the word treadmill, Tanya has an orgasm?”

I had another one and could just about make out Karen saying,

“That’s right Pete, it’s not just if Ryan says treadmill, it’s if anyone says it and she hears it. Try it; oh, you just did, and I did too, look at her, she’s in a different world.” Karen continued. “James, you say it.”

James did. I’d just started to come down when he did and I immediately went back up there, shaking and moaning and jerking about. My feet rose off the ground and my legs went straight out. I was in real danger of sliding off that seat.

I could vaguely make out everyone looking at me but there was nothing that I could do, I was way too far out of control.

About 4 or 5 minutes later I got to a state where I could talk again and managed to say,

“Please guys; don’t say that word again; I don’t know if I can take any more.”

As I was saying that I realised that my legs were still wide open. I quickly closed them and pulled my skirt down.

Some of the group had been too busy watching me and missed what Karen had said. Word spread and so did people saying THAT word.

No sooner than I’d pulled my skirt down than I heard,

“Treadmill” again.

I started again, my legs involuntarily drifting apart. I was knackered. When I was able I managed to ask everyone not to say THAT word, and thankfully they took pity on me; but I was still knackered.

Thankfully, normal conversation started again and the group seemed to loose interest in my clit ring and orgasms.

Ryan came and sat next to me and gave me a big kiss and a hug.

“Some of the guys are thinking of going to a club later, do you fancy going?” Ryan asked.

“Do you mind if we skips it,” I asked, “I’m knackered, and anyway, if I’d known I’d have worn something more ‘clubby’; and besides, I need you inside me. All the attention that you got your mates to give my pussy has made me so randy.”

“Don’t try to deny it TT, you loved every second of it.” Ryan replied. “Do you want some more? All I’ve got to do is say that word, or invite the guys to have another look at your dinky doughnut.”

The ring zapped me and I shuddered as I fought to not have another orgasm. I have no idea how many I’d had since we arrived at the pub and I didn’t want another one; not until Ryan was inside me.

Ryan squeezed my bare thigh and said,

“Been zapped?”

I nodded.

“Don’t fight it TT; let it happen, No one will mind.”

“I do; I’m knackered; can we go home please?”

“No, not yet,” Ryan said, “I need to talk to James about something and I thought that you said that you wanted to arrange a girly day with Emma.”

“I’ve already done that; next Saturday you’ll be home alone.”

“I suppose it will be a chance for me to watch all the videos of you cumming that the guys have sent me.” Ryan said.

“And then you’ll get the guys to delete them please.”

“Of course dear.”

But I knew that he wouldn’t. I just hoped that none of them would make it to the internet.

About 20 minutes later everyone decided to move on, to a club. Ryan said that I was too tired, to which there were a couple of,

“I’m not surprised” type of comments and we parted from the rest of the group.

On the way to the bus stop Ryan pulled me into an alley and lifted me up so that I could put my legs round his waist. We fucked until I had what seemed like my hundredth orgasm of the night.

There was another night shortly after the above event where Ryan phoned me when I was on the bus going home. He was in a pub with James and Pete and he asked me to join them. They’d left work early and gone to a pub to play pool.

When I got there the pub was a bit of a dingy dump but Ryan told me that the beer was good. The pool tables were in alcoves that sort of separated them from the rest of the pub. I’d taken a while to find them because they were hidden away in one corner.

All 3 were a little ‘happy’ when I arrived.

James got me a drink and I joined in the game. After a while I realised that both James and Pete were always standing behind me when I took a shot. When I could I whispered to Ryan that they were trying to look up my skirt. Ryan’s response shocked and embarrassed me; he said,

“You can’t blame them, you have got a cute little butt, why don’t you take your skirt off and let them have a proper look? It isn’t as if they haven’t seen it before.”

“Ryan! I can’t do that. It’s not right and I’d get all embarrassed; and besides we’re in a pub, other people will see me.”

“Maybe, but Pete and James want to see your bare butt.”

With that Ryan put his beer down and started to kiss me. As he did I felt his hand on my waist and the skirt fastened being undone. Before I knew it my skirt was round my feet and I was bottomless.

It was pointless arguing with Ryan; he always gets his way so I looked round to make sure that no one else could see us then stepped out of my skirt. James’ and Pete’s faces were a picture; amazement and lust all in one.

“Come on,” Ryan said, “whose go is it?”

James stepped forward, looking at me as he missed his shot.

Hardly surprising, Ryan and I won that game.

As soon as it was over Ryan lifted me up and sat me on the edge of the pool table.

“How about a different game boys?” Ryan said, “It’s called hit the ring. Tanya’s going to sit on the table with her legs open and you have to hit the ball from the other end of the table and hit her little doughnut. The first one to get 3 hits wins. Come on Tanya, get to the end of the table and spread ‘em.”

“What!” I protested. “No I won’t, and give me my skirt back.”

Again, it was pointless arguing as Ryan half lifted me from the side of the table to the end and sat me with my legs open and pussy spread. I could feel the air tickling my wet open pussy. If James and Pete hadn’t been there it would have been quite nice.

“Are you sure about this?” James asked Ryan as he placed the white ball in the semi-circle.

“Yeah, sure,” Ryan said, “remember to look at what you’re aiming at.”

Bloody hell, my boyfriend was telling one of his mates to stare at my spread pussy. I felt my face get warm and my pussy even warmer.

I looked at James. His eyes were glued on my pussy but his cue hand was shaking.

“Okay,” Ryan said, “maybe this wasn’t a good idea. I can see that you both look a bit worried by this. Tell you what, how about we change the game a bit. Tanya, please shuffle down the table to the middle then do the splits.”

“I can’t” I said, “I need a flat surface to slide my feet out.”

“Hmmm;” Ryan said, “How about you spread your legs as far as you can then we’ll hold them and lower you down.”

“No, Ryan, I don’t want to.” I said, but I was already shuffling down and spreading my legs.”

“Pete, James, grab a leg each while I hold her hands.” Ryan said.

I felt 3 pairs of hands holding me and lowering me so that I ended up doing the splits across the pool table. As Pete and James released me the sides of the table hurt my legs a bit. My pussy was hovering a couple of inches above the centre of the table.

“I can’t hold this Ryan it hurts my legs too much.” I pleaded.

“Okay TT lower yourself down and we’ll think of something else.” Ryan said.

“How about we go home, please!” I replied.

“Not yet my love….. Have you ever put your feet right up and behind your head?”

“What! ……. err yes, years ago, why?”

“Have a go now, please.”

“I’m in a pub Ryan; anyone could come round the corner and see me, and James and Pete are here.”

“Don’t worry about them, and the chances of anyone coming over here are quite remote. Besides, if they did they wouldn’t complain.”

“But I would. I don’t want any Tom, Dick or Harry seeing me like that. It’s bad enough with these 2 seeing me.”

“They don’t mind, do you guys.”

“No.”

“No.”

“Right then, lift those gorgeous legs.”

By that time I was sat in the middle of the table with my legs together; and for some stupid reason I lay back and lifted my legs. I got them right back to the sides of my face.

“I can’t get them any further.” I said.

“Here, let me help you.” Ryan said as he went round to my head and pressed down on my ankles. I could feel my big toes touching the table.

I looked at Pete and James. All 4 eyes were glued to my pussy; my wet pussy; the one that was throbbing and threatening to have an orgasm. I was really glad that the battery in the clit ring was flat.

“How are you dong TT?” Ryan asked.

“Okay I guess, it hurts a bit, but I’m okay. Can we go home now please?” I asked.

“Soon my love; there’s just one more thing that I’d like you to try. If I hold your legs a bit wider apart, can you try and get your arms in between your legs and hold your legs under your armpits?”

By then I was wondering if I could actually do it and not thinking about what I was showing. I spread my legs and Ryan helped me. Then I lifted my arms and put them over the back of my legs.

“Bend and push down on your legs with your arms.” Pete said.

My back hurt a bit but I managed it. My legs were under my armpits. I felt pleased with myself. That was until I saw that I had a little audience. Pete and James had been joined by 2 men and all 4 were staring at my pussy. I suddenly felt quite embarrassed and horny. I could feel my pussy get wetter and wetter.

“OMG, no,” I thought, “please don’t cum now.”

The more I tried to resist, the closer I got to cumming. I tried to release my legs so that I could sit up and hide my pussy, but I was stuck. I needed Ryan to release me. I looked to where Ryan was, but he had moved. I looked round and saw the phones and the flashes.

“No, no, please no.”

But it was too late. I felt myself lose control. My body couldn’t jerk, but my pussy could; and it was; and I could actually see that spasms and contractions. I’d only ever seen my pussy do that using a mirror.

James and Pete were just as guilty as the other men there, their phones were flashing as well. I just hoped that they’d keep those photos to themselves.

As Ryan was releasing me I had a couple of after-shocks and my body jerked.

“Wow!” was all James could say, but Pete was a little less dumbfounded,

“Thank you Tanya, you really do know how to keep a man and his friends happy. I just wish that my girlfriend was half as open and relaxed about her body as you are. Ryan, you are one hell of a lucky guy.”

Ryan smiled and lifted me off the table. I wanted to tell Pete that I’d hated every second of it but I didn’t. I just knew that Ryan would over-ride me and say that I loved every minute of it. In a way I had, but oh the embarrassment. Nothing can make me want all that.

The strangers had disappeared and James and Pete decided that they’d have to go. I had to ask Ryan for my skirt back and he wouldn’t let me have it until just before we left.

There was another notable occasion where the clit ring has caused me embarrassment. I was in a meeting at work one afternoon and the ring had been giving me hell all day. I was running through a few figures with the client and the damn ring decided to zap me. That final zap was enough to take me over the top and off I went.

Ask any girl if she can talk about a business matter while she’s having an orgasm and I’ll bet that less that 1 percent will say that they can do it without people noticing.

Well, I felt my face flush and my pussy start to throb; then it hit me. How I managed to keep my mouth shut I will never know. However, I didn’t manage to keep a straight face. My eyes shut and I could feel my face muscles moving all over the place.

Fortunately the client had just picked up his cup of tea and wasn’t really looking at me. By the time he’d had a drink, put his cup down and looked at me, the worst (best) was over and I just looked flushed. He asked me if I was okay to continue. Fortunately I was by then.

Straight after that meeting I vowed that if the ring was charged and I was due to go into a meeting, I’d go to the ladies room and bring myself off just before the meeting.

On a positive note, the clit ring has made cycling more pleasurable as well. My more exposed clit really feels good pressing on the saddle and when it zaps me with that dildo going in and out of me I’m amazed that I don’t fall off the bike.

It’s probably a good job that the battery charge only lasts for about 24 hours because any longer and I would never get anything done at work.

**Smear test**

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Women in England don’t normally get offered a Smear Test until they’re 25, but the medical people in our area were doing some sort of trial and I got a letter inviting me to go and have one. When I read the letter my first reaction was ‘no way’; I didn’t want the embarrassment and humiliation of some doctor or nurse poking things inside me unless it was absolutely necessary. I told Ryan that I was going to ignore the letter but he was adamant that I was going to go and have the test. He told me that it was important that I knew that I was healthy and not at risk.

I wasn’t happy but after a while I started to accept what Ryan said and resigned myself to having to endure the embarrassment and humiliation.

The evening before my appointment we had been fooling around and Ryan had got me to charge up the clit ring and we’d gone out and Ryan had enjoyed watching me trying to conceal cumming in the pub.

The next morning Ryan reminded me about my appointment. The clit ring was still randomly zapping me and I’d woken up a couple of times when my body had succumbed to the vibrations and I’d orgasmed. Each time I’d looked at Ryan as he slept and thought,

“It’s okay for you mate, you don’t have to put up with this.”

One time I’d thought about searching the internet for some sort of cock ring that could randomly make Ryan cum, but I’d gone back to sleep instead.

When Ryan reminded me about my appointment I told him that I couldn’t go because I’d be on a sexual high all day and the last thing that I wanted was to cum while some doctor or nurse was sticking something inside me.

Ryan was insistent; I was going.

My appointment at the doctor’s was straight after work. As soon as I got there I went straight to the toilet and cleaned myself up. That damn clit ring had been zapping me all day. I’d had some embarrassing moments and had wet thighs all day.

When I was called in I saw that the test was going to be done by a male doctor who looked to be not much older than me. After the usual greetings the doctor asked me to confirm my date of birth.

“Here we go again.” I thought.

I told him then asked if he wanted to see my passport (because of how young I look I usually carry my passport in my bag).

“No, no, that won’t be necessary.” The doctor replied. “I see that you only registered with the practice about a year ago and that this is the first time that you’ve visited us. That being the case, have you got the time for a full check-up? We like to make sure that we know about any problems that all our patients have.”

“Err yes I guess.” I said, fearing that it was going to be soo embarrassing.

The doctor went on to ask me loads of questions and I nearly forgot about me having to hitch my skirt up and let him poke something inside me. About half way through the questions the clit ring zapped me. My face must have screwed up a bit because the doctor went silent for a few seconds then asked me if I was okay.

“Yes, I’m fine, just a bit of indigestion.” I lied.

When the questions finished I heard the words I was dreading,

“Okay Tanya, we’ll move on to the physical part now. Normally I’d ask one of our nurses to be present but they’re all out on home visits. Would it be okay to continue without one here?”

“Fantastic.” I thought; a reason to escape and avoid the embarrassment.

“Yeah, sure, let’s get on with it.” I stupidly said.

What’s wrong with me? Why do I let say these things?

“Okay Tanya, would you undress and climb on to the examination couch?”

My face went bright red and I started shaking a bit. I’d only expected to have to lift my skirt, not strip naked. My hands had trouble undoing the buttons on my top. As it came off I remembered that I was wearing all my nipple and clit hood jewellery. I got more embarrassed and I wished that Ryan hadn’t got me to put them in when I got out of the shower that morning. A sudden thought crossed my mind,

“Had Ryan known about this? Was that why he’d got me to charge the ring and wear all my clit and nip jewellery?”

I made a mental note to ask him later.

When I was naked I climbed on, covered my breasts with one arm and kept my legs squeezed together. I looked down at the stirrups knowing that I was about to get soo humiliated.

“Okay Tanya, none of this is going to hurt, just try to relax.”

“Easy for you to say.” I thought.

The doctor started with my head, feeling around presumably for any anomalies, and asking me to move it in various directions.

“Good, good.” He kept saying as he progressed to my shoulders them my arms.

Nothing was said as he asked me to lift my arm off my tiny breasts. He put this stethoscope on my chest. It was cold and I flinched a bit.

“Sorry, I should have warmed it up.” The doctor said then asked me to take deep breaths. He was looking straight down at my tiny breasts and rock hard nipples.

“Do you have any discomfort or other problems with these?” He asked as he lifted one of the chains and gently tugged my nipples in different directions.

“Only if someone pulls them too hard.”

The doctor smiled a little and said,

“Well I guess that that’s to be expected.”

He then prodded and squeezed my tiny tits, presumably feeling for anything that shouldn’t be there.

“I know that it is very embarrassing for a woman your age to have such small breasts; if you like I could refer you to a specialist with a view to getting some implants.” The doctor suddenly said.

I thought for a moment, probably the surprise of him making such a statement, then said,

“No, no, it’s not a problem for me. Besides, it’s amazing what you can get away with looking like a 12 year-old.”

Why did I say that? He must think that I’m some sort of hooligan kid or something worse.

Then it was my abdomen. The doctor poked and prodded as I blushed knowing that he was looking down at my naked lower abdomen.

“Can you sit up please Tanya? I need to checkout your back.”

I sat up, bent forward and turned away from him, relieved that I was no longer exposed, and hoping that he’d forget about examining my privates any closer.

“Very good Tanya, no sign of any problems so far. Can you lie down on your back again please?”

I did so, disappointed that I’d have more to endure; my hands moving back to cover my privates.

“Okay Tanya, I’m going to lift each leg in turn and bend your joints. Please try and relax.”

I released the tension in my leg muscles but still cupped my pussy as he lifted first one then the other leg and moved my joints.

“Very good Tanya, can you lift your legs and put them on the stirrups please; we now need to do the internal examination.”

I felt my face get even redder as I slowly lifted and spread my legs and felt my lips open. It was time to expose my pussy and jewellery.

The doctor went and stood between my legs.

“That’s interesting,” The doctor said, “I’ve never seen one of those before; what’s it for? Is it just jewellery or does it have another purpose. I’m guessing that it will stimulate you; does it?”

“Yes!” I quietly and shyly said.

I felt his latex gloved fingers take hold of my clit ring and move it in all directions.

“It doesn’t appear to be causing any restrictions on circulation so I can’t see any reason to advise you to remove it.”

Yes it happened. As he was moving the ring from side to side the vibrator kicked in and I started cumming.

“Woah there!” The doctor said as he almost jumped back and watched as I spasmed and moaned.

As I calmed down the doctor said,

“Is that some sort of miniature vibrator?”

My embarrassment was horrible as I nodded my head.

“So how does it get charged? I can’t see any sort of connector.”

I told him.

“Isn’t technology wonderful?”

“It has its bad points.” I said as I realised that I was not as totally embarrassed as I had been.

“You mean like having an orgasm on a doctor’s examination table?”

I nodded as the doctor added,

“No need for embarrassment, it happens all the time. It’s just your body reacting to the circumstances.”

I suppose that made me feel a little better, but I still wanted to jump down and run like hell.

“Okay Tanya, your jewellery doesn’t appear to be causing any problems so let’s move on to the internal examination.”

I felt the doctor’s fingers probing inside me as I lay there looking at the ceiling trying, and failing to relax. I was so pleased when the doctor said that it was all over.

“You can get dressed now Tanya.” The doctor said as he walked away, “everything appears to be in good order.”

I didn’t need to be told twice but as I was putting my skirt on the doctor said,

“Oh, I nearly forgot the smear test; can you get back on the table please?”

My heart dropped with my skirt and I climbed back onto the table and spread my legs.

“Sorry about this; it won’t take long.”

Thankfully it didn’t, and my skirt was soon sliding up my legs. I looked over to the doctor expecting to see him typing away, but he wasn’t, he was looking at me getting dressed. He smiled then said,

“I see that you’ve opted for the healthy option. If there were more women like you this place wouldn’t be anywhere as busy as it is.”

I didn’t say anything as I finished and sat down.

“Okay Tanya, everything appears to be in good working order and we’ve got the sample that we need. You can go home now and I hope that I won’t see you back in here for a long time.”

I got up, thanked him and left. On the bus home I got wet as I recalled cumming as the doctor watched; but I did have to say that he’d been very professional about it all.

Ryan fingered me then fucked me as I told him all about my experience.

**Art College Model**

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

Ryan came home from work one evening and while I was getting our evening meal ready he suddenly asked if I could still do the splits. I was a little surprised but said that I could. He immediately asked me to show him. So I did, right there in the kitchen. It wasn’t quite as easy as it was 5 years ago, but I got down okay and felt my naked pussy touching the floor.

“Good, good,” Ryan said, “I’ve booked you another evening at the Art College nude modelling.”

That statement prompted a bit of an argument because I thought that now that I’d got a full-time job I was done with all that. I argued that we were doing okay money-wise now and that I didn’t really have the time. I also added that I didn’t want to have to go through all the embarrassment and humiliation again.

Ryan was having nothing of it. He kept on saying that I’d enjoyed the previous sessions (which I denied) and that I really liked exposing myself to all those ‘artists’; which of course I adamantly denied, because I didn’t.

Anyway, as usual, Ryan got his way and I resigned myself to more embarrassment.

The evening finally came and I got the bus straight there from work. As I sat on the bus my clit ring reminded me that it was still charged. Shit, I didn’t want those ‘artists’ seeing me get aroused or having an orgasm; but it was too late; I was on my way there. I silently cursed Ryan for getting me to charge the ring the previous night.

I was met by Dan, the Art School teacher, who was full of thanks for me volunteering to help him out again. I really did have to stop myself from saying that I hadn’t volunteered and that I didn’t want to do it; but I knew that Ryan would be so pissed-off if I didn’t do it.

“Tanya, I don’t know if Ryan told you, but tonight’s theme is ‘Female Genitalia’; is that going to be a problem for you.”

“Of course it is; I don’t want all these strangers staring at my pussy.” I thought; then I opened my mouth.

“No, of course not Dan; anything to help.” I replied.

What was wrong with me? Why was I saying stupid things like that?

“As you can see, I’ve put a table at the side of the room. When you’re ready would you like to come over and we’ll get started.”

I looked round and saw lots of people, mainly men of all ages, but I saw 3 women, 1 was a girl about my age. There was a screen for me to change (strip) behind but what was the point? They were all going to see me naked in a couple of minutes.

I didn’t see anyone looking at me as I got undressed and walked over to the table where Dan was waiting for me.

“We’ve only got 3 poses for you this time; all involve your legs being as far apart as you can get them. Ryan tells me that you can easily do the splits so none of them should be painful. If you get up on the table I’ll talk you into the first pose.”

I looked around for a step or a chair to use to get up but there was nothing.

“Here, let me help you.” Dan said.

With that his hands went to my waist and lifted me up.

“Wow, you don’t weigh much.” Dan said.

I smiled a bit then got up onto my feet on the table. I looked round and saw that everyone was now looking at me. I felt my face flush and my pussy get a little wet. Two men and the young girl smiled at me when we made eye contact.

“Stop it!” I thought as I remembered that it was best to try to ignore everyone around me. I suddenly realised that Dan was talking to me.

“Err sorry Dan, I was miles away.” I said.

“Yes, I can see that it’s probably best to let your mind wander. For your first pose I’d like you to sit on the front edge of the table, lay back then spread and lift your legs so that you can hold your ankles as far apart as you can. Can you do that for us Tanya?”

“Oh shit, here goes nothing, or should I say everything.” I thought as I got into the pose. At least I’d be reasonably comfortable.

It was when I heard a couple of quiet gasps that I remembered my jewellery. I was wearing the 3 barbells and stirrups, but not the chains. Dan had seen my clit hood and nipple jewellery before but, apart from him, I hadn’t seen one face that I’d seen before so the jewellery was new to just about everyone there. No one there had seen my clit ring before. I suddenly got even more embarrassed and hot in the face. I put my head back onto the table and looked up at the ceiling. I didn’t want to see any faces.

As I lay there my mind drifted to previous times that I’d posed for Dan and his class. I remembered the outdoor session and smiled. I felt a wet rush and my mind came back to reality.

The silence was deafening until I heard the door open. I raised my head and saw 5 young men come in. All of them were no more than 6 feet from me and all were staring at my pussy. Dan went up to them and said something about the wrong room and I heard them leave. Bloody hell; I guessed that word would spread quickly and I half expected dozens of young men accidentally go into the ‘wrong room’ for a look at my pussy.

I heard the door open twice more before Dan finally came over to me and told me that I could take a 10 minute break.

In that session the clit ring had zapped me but I’d managed to hold back the orgasm that my body wanted so badly.

The second pose was more difficult. Dan wanted me to stand on one leg and hold the other leg with it pointing to the ceiling; effectively doing the splits whilst standing on one leg.

I told Dan that I didn’t think that I’d be able to hold it for long.

“Hmm; I think that I might just have a solution to that problem.” Dan said as he dashed out of the room. He was back within a couple of minutes and he was carrying some ropes.

I looked at him with surprise and shock. What the hell was he planning?

Dan looked up at the ceiling then moved the table a bit. I looked up then thought,

“Oh no, he’s going to suspend me from the hooks in the ceiling that I hadn’t noticed before.”

I hadn’t got it quite right. Dan got me to get back on the table and lift one foot as high as I could. Satisfied that he’d got the height of my ankle he told me to bring my leg down and wait for a minute. Dan then tied a rope to the hook on the ceiling above me and put a loop in the rope where my ankle would be.

I had to really stretch to get my ankle in that loop. I told Dan that I was uncomfortable and found it difficult to keep my body upright. Dan’s answer to that was to tie my upper wrist to the hook as well. Okay, that was better, but I was really stuck there. I started having visions of me being like that for hours; even after all the people there had gone home; and being found by the caretaker the next morning.

When I realised that I was being silly my mind wandered to my exposed pussy. I could feel my juices trickling down my leg.

The clit ring zapped me and my AF rose.

“No, not now.” I told myself; but the more I fought it the higher my AF went.

Shortly after that I started cumming. I could feel my pussy clenching and trying to suck in a penis that wasn’t there. I hoped that I wouldn’t squirt.

What must those ‘artists’ be seeing? I think that I managed to stifle the moans and screams but I’m not 100% sure, my mind wasn’t totally there.

Finally I heard the words,

“Thank you Tanya, I’ll release you now.”

I was so happy to get that leg down.

“Well Tanya, that was an entertaining pose, I wonder if you’ll entertain us as much with the next one?” Dan said.

My face went red(der), was he referring to me cumming and the spasms that my pussy had, my stifled moans, or did I squirt? I preferred not to think about it.

After the break where I wandered around to get the blood back into my leg, Dan said,

“Tanya, would you mind posing with a dildo sticking out of your vagina?” Dan asked.

My eyes opened wide. Had Dan really said what I thought that he’d said?

“Sorry, I was miles away; what did you say?”

“Would you mind posing with a dildo sticking out of your vagina?” Dan again asked.

I was shocked and, I have to admit, pleased. My pussy ached for something inside it, but a dildo, and in front of all these strangers. No way; there was no way that I could humiliate myself like that.

“Yes, of course Dan, but I haven’t got one with me.”

What the hell was I saying?

“That’s okay, I’m sure that we can find something somewhere. I’ll just go and look.” Dan replied.

Dan came back into the room carrying a baseball bat and my eyes glared at him. Was he really expecting me to put that monster into my pussy – in front of all those strangers?

The look on Dan’s face told me that he was serious. What the hell had I let myself in for? No, how could I get out of this?

“Okay Dan,” I said, “How would you like me?”

I’d done it again. Why can’t my mouth say what my brain’s thinking?

“Well, we need a pose that will give the best view for everyone, so how about you getting on your back then putting your legs and lower body up in the air. You can then support your body with your arms and spread your legs wide?”

“But how will I be able to put the bat in?”

“Oh, err…………. I could do that for you.” Dan said.

“WHAT!” I said in a rather surprised tone, “You mean you want me to let you fuck me with that monster? OMG!”

“Sorry Tanya, is that asking too much?”

“Of course it is; there’s only 1 man that fucks me and it sure as hell isn’t you,” my brain thought. Then my mouth opened,

“Okay Dan that would work.”

I climbed back onto the table and lay on my back. As I lifted my legs and lower torso I thought,

“WTF am I doing? Why am I doing this? I don’t need to do this. Stop being so stupid Tanya.”

I opened my legs as wide as I could and said,

“Okay Dan, go for it.”

I jerked a bit as the cold bat came into contact with my hot pussy. The cold started to go away and I felt my pussy open as Dan put a little pressure on the bat.

Oh, it felt good, but why oh why was I letting this man put that monster in my pussy? What was I thinking?

Deeper and deeper that bat went until I gasped in pain.

“Stop!” I said, “I can’t take any more.”

“That’s okay Tanya,” Dan replied, “it’s gone in a lot further than I thought it would. I’m going to let go now, please try and keep it pointing straight up.”

My weight was on the top half of my back, my legs were spread wide, my arms were supporting my hips, and I had this monster baseball bat sticking out of my pussy. It was heavy and I had to squeeze to grip it and hold it upright. I was glad that I was doing those kegel exercises.

As I started to get used to it (a little), my mind started to think about what those ‘artists’ could see. I hate to admit it, but I started to get turned-on. The more I tried not to, the more my AF rose. That damn bat was making me feel good.

After a few minutes the inevitable happened and I started to cum. I felt my pussy muscles contract then relax; the bat was waving backwards and forwards.

“OMG, stop it Tanya,” I thought, but I couldn’t. Through my stifled moans and convulsions I saw the bat wave back and forwards then fall out. My pussy had ejected it. Then, horror of horrors, I saw myself squirt; little blobs of my juices were shooting up in the air, only a few inches, then falling back down onto my thighs and stomach.

I had no control over my body as I kept cumming and cumming. It didn’t help that the clit ring chose that moment to zap me.

After what seemed like forever I started to get control back. My whole pussy area was covered with my juices and my whole body was wet with sweat.

Then I heard Dan say,

“Excellent show Tanya, just what I was hoping for. Ryan was right you do put on a wonderful show when you orgasm in the right situation. I’m sure that all these budding artists will have some wonderful interpretations of your display. As soon as you’re able we’ll go round the room and have a look.”

I suddenly remembered that I was still on my back with my pussy pointing to the ceiling and my legs spread wide. I quickly closed my legs and lay flat on the table. As soon as I was able I got off the table and onto my feet. At least standing up people couldn’t see how wet and swollen my pussy was.

“Is that it Dan?” I asked.

“Yes, thank you so much Tanya, you’ve provided excellent subject matter for the students.”

Before Dan could say anything else I was walking over to my clothes and into my skirt. When I turned round Dan was stood there with an envelope in his hand. He thanked me again and I stupidly said,

“You’re welcome, any time.”

I almost ran out of there and to the bus stop.

As soon as I opened our front door I was stripping and shouting for Ryan. I needed his cock.

**Learning to Drive**

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

On a less orgasmic front, I’m taking lessons and they’re going well. With a bit of luck I’ll soon be able to drive my own car. My instructor is an elderly man. When we first met he looked me up and down and then said something about adjusting the seat. My first impression of him was that he was a dirty old man but after our first lesson I decided that he’s really a proper gentleman and I’ve not once caught him looking at my bare legs even though my skirts usually ride up leaving me showing most of my bare thighs.

Fortunately, I haven’t gone for a lesson when my clit ring has been charged so I haven’t had to cope with an orgasm whilst driving. I don’t know how I’d cope with that.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 17 – More denial – and a lot of fun**

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

**The crotchless leggings**

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

The weather took a turn for the worse and Ryan got worried about me cycling around the neighbourhood in such a short skirt with nothing underneath. When we talked about it he told me that he’d get me something that would keep me warmer but not stop my fun.

I was a little surprised when he brought home a couple of pairs of little girls black leggings.

“They’re way too small for even me,” I said, “and they’ll stop me from riding my bike.”

“Not after you’ve modified them.”

“In what way?” I asked.

Ryan opened one of the packets and pulled a pair out. He opened them out and put his hand in the waist part.

“What you need to do is un-pick the seam along here then sew the ends so that they don’t come undone any more. You can do that can’t you?”

“Of course I can but am I supposed to wear these with a skirt?”

“No, of course not. Girls wear leggings without skirts don’t they?”

“Well yes, but these are so small and thin that they’ll be see-through.” I complained.

“It’s okay, no one will notice. From a distance you’ll just look like any other young girl wearing black leggings.” Ryan said.

I wasn’t sure, but I knew that Ryan would get his way. Over the next 2 nights I managed to turn those leggings into crotchless leggings. I waited until Ryan was home to try them on. I have to say that the first time I put them on I really did have to stretch them to get them pulled right up. When I looked in the mirror they were quite see-through and if I opened my legs even a little bit I could see my pussy with my clit poking out and my chain hanging down. The other thing was that I was wearing a top that only comes down to the bottom of my ribs; and because the leggings were for someone small than me, they only come up to my hips; there was a good 9 inches of flesh showing.

Blankety blank, did Ryan really want me to go out like this? I certainly hoped not; but I was wrong. As soon as Ryan saw me in them he grabbed my hand and led me outside and down to the pub. I had to sit (thankfully) there being careful to keep my legs together. I wasn’t lucky all the time, Ryan had me get the drinks and I could feel men’s eyes burning into my butt and crotch as I walked to the bar and back.

Okay, I was getting excited knowing that I was being looked at but it was quite embarrassing. When we walked home my pussy so hot that I forget that the leggings are crotchless

Ryan’s taken me to the supermarket with me wearing those leggings. It’s so easy to forget that they are crotchless and a few times I got strange looks from people and had to quickly close my legs. The most embarrassing time was at the checkout when I was just stood there in front of this young girl. She’s obviously realised how see-through the leggings were and that they were crotchless because whenever I looked at her she was looking at my crotch. It took us ages to pay for our shopping that day.

Town was just as bad. Of course Ryan wanted to go by bus rather than take the car, and of course Ryan wanted to go up the stairs before me, and of course he wanted me to sit facing the door in McDonalds, and of course he wanted things from the bottom shelves.

I have no idea how many people stared at my butt or pussy; I just hope that it wasn’t more than one or two.

Ryan bought me those leggings so that I could ride my bike in the colder weather and I have to admit that they do keep my legs warm as I pedal along. I wanted to wear them with a skirt but Ryan wouldn’t let me. I’m sure that anyone followed me and looked at my butt would be able to see that I had nothing on under the leggings.

The other bad news is that I have to wash the leggings each time that I wear them because they absorb my juices as they run down my inner thighs. If I wasn’t wearing them the breeze would have dried my thighs.

**Tom comes to live with us**

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

Ryan’s brother begged Ryan to let him stay with us while he’s at university. I wasn’t keen on the idea because I believed that it would spoil our fun. Ryan said that nothing would change and that we would carry on as if Tom wasn’t there. How could I wander around the place naked, sit on the stool in the kitchen with the dildo inside me or ride the exercise bike whilst it fucked me as I pedalled, with Tom there? And what about when we fuck in front of the television? Was Ryan really expecting me to do all that with his brother watching?

Yes he did. As soon as Tom moved in Ryan told me to stop being silly and to stop covering myself whenever I went into the same room as Tom. I wasn’t happy but I did as Ryan asked.

When Tom first saw the bike and the stool in the kitchen he had a little snigger then pretended that they weren’t ‘different’. I on the other hand avoided going anywhere near them for over a week.

I couldn’t even get up early and exercise on the bike because it’s in our living room very close to the sofa that Tom sleeps on.

At first I wore a little dress round the house but Ryan kept pulling it off me. When I objected Ryan said,

“Don’t worry about Tom; he’s seen you without your clothes on loads of times; and I’m sure that he’s not embarrassed by you being naked, are you Tom?”

“Not at all Ryan.” Tom said, “It doesn’t bother me. I don’t want you to change anything because of me, just pretend that I’m not here.”

“But I get embarrassed,” I said, “and I can’t go sitting on that thing (pointing to the stool), or exercising on my bike with Tom here; it’s too embarrassing for me.”

“Honest Tanya,” Tom said, “It doesn’t bother me and there’s no reason why it should bother you. I know that it’s a girl thing; a girl need. It’s just part of life; don’t feel bad or embarrassed; just do it and ignore me.”

“I can’t.” I said.

“Yes you can TT.” Ryan said; “just pretend that Tom isn’t here; like you do with Mr. Perv over the road.

“Who’s this Mr. Perv over the road?” Tom asked.

“Oh it’s just an old man, a voyeur, in one of those apartments over the road who watches us with binoculars; we just ignore him.”

“Do you want me to get some mates and go over there and beat him up?” Tom asked.

“No Tom,” Ryan said, “You’re not going to beat anyone up. Just ignore him; like Tanya’s going to ignore you and go back to being naked all the time and pleasuring herself on those (pointing to the stool) things; aren’t you Tanya?”

Ryan held onto my dress and wouldn’t give it back to me. I spent the rest of that day slowly getting used to Tom seeing me naked all the time.

A couple of days later Ryan started giving me some grief about getting fat (hardly fat at 92 pounds) and I eventually admitted to myself that I’d have to get on the bike and that Tom would see me fucking myself with the dildo.

It’s one thing Ryan stripping me and fucking me in front of his brother but me to fuck myself is something else. With Ryan’s instigating it I can at least blame him; but if I’m doing it to myself that’s completely different.

Anyway, I knew that I’d have to get on my bike sometime so I deliberately picked a time when Tom wasn’t home and I really hoped that I’d get my time in before Tom got home.

Unfortunately I wasn’t that lucky. I was well into my routine and approaching my first orgasm just as the front door opened and in walked Tom. What was really bad was that he had one of his mates with him.

When the saw me, and what the bike was doing to me, they just stopped and stared. I on the other hand was too far gone to stop. Seeing them seeing me just pushed me closer to cumming and that’s just what I did about 20 seconds later.

Yet again Ryan had been the cause of me getting very humiliated in front of someone other than him.

As the speed of my peddling slowed and I started to get back to normal, the embarrassment took over.

Tom and his mate continued to stare at me as my pedalling slowed and stopped. I stood up on the pedals and lifted myself off the dildo and got off the bike then said,

“Hi Tom, who’s your friend?” Then turning to him I continued, “Sorry that you had to see that, I wasn’t expecting Tom to get home so soon. I hope that I didn’t embarrass you.”

I had to play it cool but inside I just wanted to crawl into a corner and die of shame. I walked out of the room leaving them just staring at me.

I didn’t shut the door to our bedroom and I stood near the door hoping to hear what they said to each other.

Tom’s mate was the first to speak,

“Fucking hell Tom, you weren’t kidding. She’s a right little hottie. Does she often walk around without clothes on?”

“Ssh, we don’t want her to hear us; and yes, she is naked most of the time.”

“I bet that you must have a hard-on most of the time.”

“I did at first but I’m starting to get used to it; except that walking in the door and seeing your sister-in-law fucking herself on a bike certainly doesn’t help. But hey man, its’ free board and lodgings so I ain’t complaining.”

“Yeah but she’s a right little cute chic.”

“Where did you get that word from? You been talking to your granddad again.”

“But she is.”

“Yeah I know. She fucks good too; a right little go-er.”

“You fucked your brother’s girlfriend?”

“Ain’t saying.”

“Yeah okay then. I don’t suppose I should expect you to admit to that.”

My mind went back to the time when Tom visited us for a couple of days and Ryan had be tied to the bed and blindfolded. I got fucked and I was never sure who had fucked me. Ryan knew but he wouldn’t tell me.

Was Tom just admitting to his mate that he HAD fucked me?

I got a little wet rush and realise that my hand was rubbing my pussy.

Later that day, when we were eating and Tom’s mate had left, I asked Tom to let me know if he was bringing one of his mates over. I told him it had been embarrassing.

“Ryan laughed and told Tom that I’d loved getting caught like that.”

“No I don’t. You’re not a girl so you couldn’t possibly understand.”

“What I do know TT, is that you get so horny when other people see your body.”

I blushed and quietly said,

“No I don’t.”

So, within a week or 10 days it was back to normal with me being naked all the time, impaling myself on the stool and riding my bike in front of the window. Ryan even fucked me in front of his brother whenever he was in the mood.

Tom pretended not to stare at me but I caught him looking a couple of times. I shouldn’t complain, after all, he’s a man and I was a naked woman.

Tom brought some of his mates over occasionally; each time I was naked and I got quite embarrassed. I didn’t use the stool or the bike when they were there.

**Another cheap holiday**

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

One day Ryan said that he needed a holiday in the sun; I agreed with him and after talking about it for a while we decided that we’d like to go house-sitting again. We’d both really enjoyed our time in Magaluf but neither of us expected to have another free holiday with as much fun. I hoped that I wouldn’t have as much embarrassment as well.

I left Ryan to look at the same web site and see what he could find. A couple of days later he came home with a list of dates and places and asked me to pick one and see if I could get the time off work. After a bit of discussion at Ryan’s work, and my work we all agreed on a couple of weeks off that would be spent in a villa in Ibiza. The Villa was round the coast from San Antonio and in what looked like a relatively quiet area.

Ryan organised everything, even a hire car to get us around. He also got me put on the insurance so that I could practice driving while I was there.

Ryan’s also bought me some new clothes. We went together and got a skirt that was very short and very light, but we couldn’t find anything else. Ryan went online and bought me a couple of bikini bottoms and a new swimming skirt. He wouldn’t show me the bikinis (I guessed that they’re quite brief) but he wanted me to try-on the swimming skirt because he wasn’t sure if it was too big for me.

When I opened the bag I was surprised to see that it was very light, and VERY short; it must have been no more than 5 inches long. When I slipped it on we discovered that it was quite loose, I couldn’t feel any tension at all. Ryan pulled it down VERY easily. It’s got this 2 inch elasticated band round the top and about 3 inches of thin, stiff material that sticks out a bit like a tutu skirt. I couldn’t see my pussy but I was worried that others would be able to see both my pussy and butt.

“So TT, what do you think?” Ryan asked.

“I like it, but it’s too short, look, you can see my crack, and bet that you can see half my butt as well; and it’s too loose; look.”

I put my hand down the front and easily pulled the skirt away from my stomach.

“Hmm, I thought that you might have that problem, but the ones with smaller waists were even shorter, and the longer ones had bigger waists. This was what I thought was the best compromise.”

I walked around the room and it didn’t fall off. It did slide down a bit but I wasn’t worried about that because it meant that my cracks weren’t quite as visible.

“Shall I take it back?” Ryan asked.

I thought for a second thinking that for most of the time that I’d be wearing it I’d be in the water, so I said not. Ryan’s face beamed and I knew that my decision had made him happy.

We set off for the airport with me wearing only shoes and my favourite summer dress. It’s made of light-weight cotton and has a faded flower pattern. It’s not a tight fit but it’s also not too loose. The top is elasticated so it doesn’t need straps but it’s short enough for me to have to think before I bend over.

Ryan got me to charge the clit ring before we set off and he wanted me to wear all my clit and nipple jewellery as well. When we were queuing to go through security I remembered what I was wearing and hoped that I wouldn’t have a problem.

I did, the alarm went off and I had to go and be frisked. This fat woman with a face more ugly than the ugliest man ran that wand thing over me and it too beeped when it got near my tits and clit. The emotionless woman then ran her gloved hands over my tits and felt the jewellery. The bitch then put her hand on my pussy. Okay, it was over my dress but she was touching me up through my dress.

My eyes went wide open and I was about to say something when she backed off and waved me through.

I told Ryan what she’d done but he just laughed and asked me if I’d enjoyed it. When I told him that I hadn’t he laughed again and said that she could have strip-searched me if she’d wanted to.

That thought took any thought of making a complaint out of my head and we headed to the bar. As we were walking I had the thought that I was grateful that the clit ring hadn’t decided to zap me while she was groping me.

The flight was crowded, but not too long. There was a constant stream of people going to the toilet so no chance of a renewing any memberships.

Ryan did have his hand on my bare thigh, and just touching my pussy, for most the flight; much to the delight of the man sitting on my other side; I kept seeing him look down at my bare legs.

Each time that the clit ring zapped me Ryan would squeeze my thigh then press his hand harder against my pussy.

How I managed to hold back the impending orgasm I will never know.

We picked up the hire care and I had to show my driving licence for the first time. The woman didn’t even notice that it was only a provisional one.

Ryan offered to let me drive to the villa but I declined saying that I wanted to start somewhere quiet. I had to settle for sitting in the passenger seat with my feet on the dashboard, spread enough for Ryan to finger fuck me as he drove.

It was then that I discovered that my top had come down a bit and that my nipples were just out of the top. Ryan told me that it had happened when I got up out of my seat on the plane. I thumped Ryan’s arm and told him that he should have told me. He laughed and said that he’d enjoyed watching the cabin crew, the passport control man and the car rental people when they realised that they could see my nipples.

When we eventually found the villa we were met by the agent who showed us around and reminded us of what we had and hadn’t to do, then she left us to enjoy our holiday.

Almost immediately after the agent had gone there was a knock on the door. I was nearest to I went and opened it.

“Hi there, is your mummy or daddy there.”

Before I could answer Ryan appeared and said,

“Sorry about my little sister, she can be a real pain at times.”

“That’s okay; my name’s Roger. My family is next door and I just wanted to welcome you here and to let you know that if you have any problems or want to know anything all you have to do is ask.”

“That’s very kind of you. My name’s Ryan and the kid is my little sister Tanya. I got lumbered with taking her on holiday. She can be a bit of a pain at times and she has an aversion to wearing clothes when it’s warm; but apart from that she’s okay. Will her wandering around without clothes on be any sort of problem to you?” Ryan asked.

“Err no, I guess not. My sons are here but I’ll tell them not to hassle her.” Roger said. “Anyway, the wall at the back’s quite high so there shouldn’t be a problem.”

“That’s okay, a bit of company her age might be a good thing for her.” Ryan said.

The conversation went on for a bit longer and when Roger left I was a bit mad with Ryan. He’d just about invited 2 boys to hang out with me while I was naked. I just hoped that they were young enough not to know anything about sex. I didn’t want any sexual harassment from them.

“So, you’re expecting me to get naked in front of 2 young boys are you?” I asked.

“Don’t be such a drama queen TT. You knew that you wouldn’t be wearing anything most of the time that we’re here and it’s nothing new to you to have a few young kids looking at you. Besides, you’re an exhibitionist, you like being looked at.”

“No I’m not; you know that I get all embarrassed.”

“Yeah, but that’s what turns you on. You get all randy with them looking at you then you come to me and we have great sex.”

What could I say? Of course I get turned on when men look at my body; every girl does. That doesn’t make me an exhibitionist but I just can’t get Ryan to understand.

Just then the clit ring zapped me and I gave a little shudder.

“Come on TT, let’s have a better look round the place then get some food and start that tan.”

I was quite pleased when I saw that the back of the villa is totally enclosed and not over-looked. That meant that we could stay naked all the time without fear of anyone seeing us. Ryan could see what I was thinking and he came and gave me a long kiss and pulled my dress down. I stepped out of it then unfastened his shorts and grabbed his cock as the shorts stopped being an obstacle.

We had a quick fuck on the grass before going inside to see if there was any food in the fridge.

Later we took a beer outside and started our tans.

While we were relaxing Ryan asked me if I knew anything about Ibiza’s history. I said no he explained that the island was ‘invaded’ by hippies in the 60’s and 70’s. Their ‘live and let live’ attitude and their attitude to nudity had left a legacy of the Spanish people not caring about people who wander around naked.

I was interested, and should have expected what Ryan said next,

“Tanya, I dare you to stay naked for the whole of the holiday.”

“No way, I’m looking forward to wearing some clothes on this holiday. Okay, I’ll happily get naked in the villa but I want to be like other people and wear clothes when I’m out.”

“Well, I tell you what,” Ryan said, “how about you only wear clothes for a maximum of 3 hours a day. This is a dare, and you know that you like dares.”

“Well yes, but staying naked for 21 hours a day; that’ll be difficult, especially if we go to a club or big town; and with these in.”

I lifted my nipple chains and gave them a little tug. Then I lifted my clit chain and tugged it.

“These will stop people from thinking that I’m a kid.” I continued.

“Okay, take them out; but you’re not taking your clit ring off.” Ryan said.

“I don’t think that I could get that off even if I tried.” I said.

“Can we exclude clubs and big towns please, I don’t want to get into trouble or get arrested?” I asked.

“Okay, but I get to choose what you wear to clubs and places like San Antonio and Ibiza town.”

I thought for a minute then smiled.

“You’ll do it then, you’ll take the dare.” Ryan said.

I knew that I’d have to, Ryan always gets his way; and besides my all-over tan would be better if I didn’t wear clothes for most of the time. And it was a dare; and I love dares.

“Okay, on one condition. If those kids next door start being a pain then the dare is off, okay?”

“Okay.” Ryan said, and proceeded to remove my jewellery for me. That got me aroused and I got him to fuck me again.

That evening we went for a walk to get the lay of the land. It was quite warm so Ryan said that I had to go as I was; naked.

‘Our’ villa was down a quiet street and we didn’t see anyone until we got to the main road. It was quite busy but we could see a pedestrian bridge over.

It took about 5 minutes for us to reach the village centre where all the shops and bars where. We stopped and had an ice cream. Ryan was disappointed that no one took any notice of my lack of clothes.

I got a bit more attention when we went into a bar. There were a few drunken youths and they made a few rude comments about the kid that was naked. Ryan wasn’t upset; he was too busy watching them watching me.

The walk back was incident free and we went skinny-dipping before going to bed.

The next morning Ryan asked me to go and get some armpit bread. I was a bit nervous going down to the shops naked. It was different the night before; it was dark and Ryan was with me; but off I went. I didn’t see anyone until I was going over the bridge. It was an old woman wearing a sarong. She ignored me.

So did the people doing their shopping.

The girl in the supermarket stared at me for a second then continued and served me.

On the way back there were 2 men on the bridge and I was sure that one of them turned and watched my butt as we got further apart.

As I walked down our street I saw some activity at the villa next to ours. As I got closer Roger turned and looked at me.

“Oh hi Tanya, I see what Ryan means, I didn’t think that he meant out here though. Never mind, no problem. This is Ben and Sam and my daughter Kate. Say hello kids.”

Three slightly confused looking kids finally said hello then Kate said,

“Can I walk around without clothes on daddy?”

“Yuk! Don’t you dare sis.” Ben said.

I ignored them and went through our gate.

When I’d shut that gate I heard the older looking Sam say,

“Wow, I’ve got to see that again.”

I told Ryan what had happened and that I didn’t want 2 boys who looked about 15 or 16 perving at me nor a 14 year old girl with bigger tits than me asking awkward questions.

Ryan put his arms round me, kissed me and asked me if I was jealous of her tits.

“Hell no, it’s just that kids that age tend to ask awkward and stupid questions and I want this holiday to be about you and me.”

“I know, and it will be about us; but we can’t completely ignore them.”

“Yes, I know.”

“Let’s just try to keep out of the way and if we bump into them we’ll just have to humour them. Talking about humouring people can you put the charging knickers on? I want it fully charged and you all horny.”

I kissed Ryan, squeezed his package and went off to find those damn knickers. I wished that there was an easier way to charge my ring.

After breakfast we decided to go and explore the beach. Taking the knickers off and getting the first zap we set off.

We found a load of sand dunes, a beach side car park, lots of paths through the dunes and a long sandy beach. We decided to explore the dunes. I was surprised by the number of single men just wandering about, some of them naked, and even more surprised by the naked gays making out in the hollows. Ryan wasn’t impressed and said that we’d keep away from that area.

Closer to the beach we found more heterosexual couples and I felt more comfortable. So comfortable that I pulled Ryan down; pulled his shorts down and started to play with his cock.

I wanted him, he wanted me; we fucked.

We fucked until we’d both cum then looked up and saw 2 men watching us; one was one of the men that we’d seen walking in the dunes on his own. Ryan shrugged his shoulders and we walked onto the beach, dropped Ryan’s shorts onto the sand and went for a nude swim.

I just love the feeling of swimming naked; especially in the sea.

After a while we walked along the beach until we got near a little village. Ryan put his shorts on and we kept going into the village and stopped at a little café. We had an ice cream sat at a table out on the street. No one seemed to care that I was naked. Ryan even talked me into sitting with my legs open so that my pussy was on display. My little clit ring was making sure that my AF level wasn’t too low but the warm, sunny day was drying my juices as quickly as they came out of me.

We walked out of the village, up onto the main road and back towards our villa.

It really felt good walking in that warm, sunny climate without the hassle of clothes. I understood what those hippies must have been feeling. I wondered if the women had some way of making them feel horny all the time like my clit ring was.

When I told Ryan that he laughed and said that he was glad that technology had moved on and there were things like clit rings and remote vibrators. That reminded him that he’d packed one of my remote vibes and when we got back to the villa he got it out and left it on the kitchen table to that I could anticipate what it would be doing to me quite soon.

We swam a little then walked round the places that we hadn’t been to before. We found another café and had some food with me still as naked as the day I was born. No one seemed to care about my state of undress but a couple of men did have a long look at me.

The next day we thought it would be nice to have a drive up the coast so I put a couple of towels, some water and suntan lotion in the car and we set off with me in the passenger seat and my bare feet up on the dashboard. Ryan kept putting his hand between my legs and playing with my clit. That combined with the clit ring zapping me every so often made sure that my AF was quite high most of the time.

We found a lovely little beach area down from some little cliffs and parked under some trees. There was a little landing stage where boats from San Antonio (probably) brought people to sunbathe. We were stood at the top of the little cliff at the top of the steps from the little landing stage and I noticed that a lot of the people coming up were looking up at us. After they’d all come up Ryan asked me if I realised that I was standing with my feet well apart. I hadn’t; I’d just been enjoying the gentle breeze on my whole body, not even thinking about sex (well not much at that time). I giggled a bit and said,

“Ooops. I hope that I didn’t upset anyone.”

“Impossible; no one could be upset by such beauty.” Ryan said.

I put my arm round him and kissed him.

We found a space on the beach and spread our towels then settled for some serious sunbathing. Ryan covered me with suntan lotion and me with him. It was only after we’d been there for about an hour that I realised that I was the only naked woman there; we’d accidentally gone to the prudes end of the beach. When I told Ryan he looked around and then said that it was okay; there were a couple of naked young kids.

I saw them and said that they were only about 9 or 10.

“And you look like you’re 12.” Ryan said, “Forget it; tell you what, let’s go for swim to cool off and I’ll fuck you while you float on your back.”

How could I turn-down an offer like that?

Ryan did fuck me while I floated on my back with us surrounded by people swimming and messing about. One or two people stared at us but they could only guess what we were doing; the actual fucking was just below the surface.

I wondered if the man with the face mask that I’d seen earlier was anywhere around.

After that we decided to go for a walk along the coastal path so we dumped our stuff in the car and headed off up the path. It was very rocky and hilly so we didn’t get very far before turning round and going back.

We were hot so we headed to the only café there. To get there we had to go passed a sort of bus stop. There were loads of people there and from the café we watched a bus arrive and fill up.

In the café we sat and had a drink and an ice cream. Why does Ryan always get me to sit facing the door when I’m naked or have a very short skirt on; and why does he always want me to sit with my legs open? I’d noticed that before but never got round to asking him. This time was no different but it was too warm to risk getting into an argument so I let it slide – again.

My clit ring kept on reminding me that it was charged, and I jumped a bit just as a couple were coming into the café. The woman was startled but the man just smiled at me.

Ryan said that he wanted to head back to the villa because there was something that he wanted to do. He didn’t tell me what but he didn’t seem to be in that much of a rush. So much so that the drive back took twice as long as we went the scenic route.

I went and lay on one of the sun loungers while Ryan went and did whatever he’d remembered. It took him about 10 minutes and after about 5, I went for a swim.

When Ryan came to the pool he had one of my remote vibrators and a pack of batteries in his hand.

“I’ve had an idea that you’ll love TT. Tomorrow you’re going to have some real fun.”

The little clit ring was causing me enough problems; I’d even hoped that Ryan would forget to pack the charging knickers but I’d already discovered that he hadn’t forgotten them.

“Can you tell me about it tomorrow please Ryan; I’d like to get plenty of rest before you start torturing me with that?”

“Okay my love, but it’s not torture; it’s pleasure. You know that you love the orgasms.”

“Yeah I do, but it’s where you give me them and how many that you give me. You’re always making me cum where people can see me and it’s so embarrassing.”

“Hey TT; when you cum in front of others it’s always a good, strong cum; not one of these quick shivers.”

“I can’t deny that, but it’s so embarrassing. Please don’t make me do it.” I pleaded.

“You never try to stop me so I’ve got to assume that you’re loving it; and you will love it when I make you cum tomorrow. Yes, I’ll let you relax and build up your energy for tomorrow. Come here and give me a kiss.”

I got up and went and hugged and kissed Ryan. I just knew that I was in for a rough, embarrassing time. I didn’t really want to think about it.

Ryan’s ‘idea’ set a pattern for the rest of the holiday. Whenever we went to a beach he’d usually take me to the clothed part and we’d lay there sunbathing for an hour or so. I’d have the vibe inside me but not switched on so the only sexual stimulation I’d be getting was the random little zaps from the tiny clit ring and because I’d keep my legs shut no one would have been able to see that.

Sometimes we’d walk to a café or a beach stall and get an ice cream but no one really took much notice of the naked little girl.

When Ryan thought that the time was right he’d sneakily switch the vibe on to low. Usually he did it without me seeing him and I’d jump or gasp a little.

After a while my AF would start to rise and I’d feel my nipples get hard and my pussy start getting wetter. As my AF rose higher and higher I’d realise that my legs were drifting apart. By the time I was about to cum my feet would be at least two feet apart and I’d be desperate for Ryan or my hands to be playing with my clit, but that wasn’t going to happen. Hell, we were on the clothed part of a public beach; if a hand started playing with my pussy someone would call the police and we’d get locked-up.

When I was really close my head would start going from side to side, my hands would be clenching then relaxing, and legs would be going all stiff then relaxing; until I couldn’t hold back any more.

As the orgasms hit me I’d start doing what I normally do when I have a strong orgasm, shouting ‘yes, yes’ and my body spasms would be quite apparent. My pussy would be gushing and contracting and relaxing trying to suck in a cock that wasn’t there.

Just about every day I’d attract some sort of attention and people would stare at me. Sometimes people nearby would ask Ryan if I was okay. Three or four times Ryan got asked,

“Is your daughter okay? She doesn’t look at all well.”

Ryan would always reply with,

“Yes she’s okay, she gets these fits but the medication keeps them under control. She’ll be fine in a minute.”

Other times it wasn’t a question, just comments like: -

“If she were a lot older I’d swear that she was cumming.”

or

“What’s that between her legs? It looks like she’s had her little clit pierced. I can’t believe that a parent would let a kid that age have that done.”

or

“Bloody hell, the kids creaming.”

or

“Daddy, is that girl poorly?”

Once a woman was so concerned that Ryan had to get me away from her. He put his hand on my forehead and told her that I was burning-up. He then picked me up and carried me into the sea; all whilst I was cumming and jerking about. The thing was that the vibe was still on full and I kept cumming and cumming. Ryan had to bring me to the water’s edge and go and get the control.

Most people would just stare and as I calmed down the embarrassment and humiliation would take over. I felt like everyone that was looking at me knew the truth.

Ryan would usually take me for a swim to wash the sweat off and let me get away from the people who had watched me.

Twice Ryan did that to me twice in the same day. I was glad that we’d moved along the beach between those times.

We went to quite a few nude beaches as well, and Ryan got naked each time. The problem with that was that he kept getting a hard-on and he had to spend most of the time laid on his stomach or in the sea.

The beach that I liked the most was Ses Salinas down in the south west corner of the island. The beaches and beach bars are great and we could walk for miles either through the wooded area, or long the coastal path. I really liked the remnants of the hippie era with women selling clothes from under big umbrellas. They had some really colourful, very skimpy bikinis and cover-ups that I enjoyed trying on. Ryan bought me one and of course it had to be see-through.

During the days that we didn’t go to a beach we found other things to do.

One day we went to Ibiza town. Ryan got me to travel there naked and he drove round the town looking for somewhere to park. I’m sure that some people saw that I was naked when we stopped at traffic lights.

Ryan had packed a skirt for me to put on when we got there. I’d suspected that it would be my new swimming skirt so I convinced him to pack a bikini bottom for me to wear under it. He got one on my new ones (that I hadn’t yet seen) and put it in the bag. I should have known that he was up to something by the speed that he agreed to let me wear a bikini bottoms.

When we finally parked the car I asked him for my clothes and he didn’t try to persuade me to walk around naked. When I opened the bag I realised why. The bikini bottoms are just edging elastic, no material. They aren’t even joined under my crotch; and it was the swimming skirt; no top. I put them on but still felt very exposed.

As we walked around I kept adjusting the skirt to try to cover more skin. After about 30 minutes Ryan told me that my continual playing with the skirt was attracting attention. I gave up and just accepted that anyone who looked from the right angle would be able to see my pussy and butt.

Ibiza town has some amazing clothes shops and I just had to go into a couple to try on some. The strange thing was that in the 2 we went in there were no changing rooms. When I asked the girl where I could try a dress on she just said,

“Right there.”

I looked at Ryan, then back to the girl but she’d turned her head back to the magazine that she was reading.

“I guess that you’re going to have to strip right there.” Ryan said.

The thing was, it was a small shop with big windows. It didn’t matter where I was people passing by would be able to see me.

Ryan followed with,

“At least you don’t have to get completely naked; you’ll be able to keep your bikini bottoms on.”

I just laughed then pulled my tiny swimming skirt up over my head.

At one point the girl looked over to me and stared for a few seconds. After we’d left Ryan said that he bet that the girl would have seen hundreds of naked women in the shop.

The other shop was more of a kid’s clothes shop but it had a dress in the window that I liked that looked like it might fit me. Ryan persuaded me to go in and try it on.

When I asked the girl if I could try that particular dress she looked me up and down, and I swear that her eyes lingered on my little naked tits, then she walked off and came back a couple of minutes later holding out the same dress. I assumed that she’d guessed at my size.

Again I looked for a changing room but found none.

Ryan shrugged his shoulders letting me know that I’d have to strip right there and then.

As I took my skirt off I saw that the girl was watching me. When she saw my bikini bottoms she smiled at me.

As I tried to get the dress on it soon became obvious that the girl had misjudged my size; the dress was too small. As I struggled to get it on the girl came over and without asking she started helping me.

Now I’ve had strangers helping me get dressed when I worked in that clothes shop back in England but this somehow seemed different. The girl wasn’t like a parent looking for clothes for their kid; it was like being dressed by a girl who fancied me. I say that because of the way that she was looking at me and running her hands all over me. As she tried to get the dress on, then fastened, her hands were everywhere. She rubbed my nipples, pussy and squeezed my butt.

She said something in Spanish then pulled my bikini bottoms down and lifted my legs to get them completely off before trying with the dress again.

It was an impossible task and when she realised that she muttered something then started taking the dress off me, again groping me as she did so. As she rubbed my pussy she pressed a finger in between my lips and stopped dead when her finger found my clit ring.

She looked up at my face, smiled and licked her lips before continued taking the dress off. When she finally got it off she stood back and looked me up and down. Her eyes lingered on my crotch and for some stupid reason I slid my feet apart. I felt the air on my spread pussy and watched the girl smile then turn and go to the store room.

“She fancies you.” Ryan said.

“I know,” I said as I picked up my skirt and bikini bottoms. “Let’s get out of here.” I continued as I quickly walked to the door.

We were both outside waking down the street with me holding my skirt and bikini. I stopped round the corner and put my clothes on stood between 2 parked cars.

“Didn’t you fancy her then?” Ryan asked.

“No I did not.”

Ryan laughed, hugged me and said,

“I didn’t either.”

Ibiza town was a very interesting day. My feet hurt because of all the walking and I’m sure that dozens of people must have seen my butt and pussy. With my ultra-short skirt, all those hills in the old town with people following me up, and the warm breeze, I wouldn’t be surprised if that dozens was hundreds. It was a good job that I kept telling myself that it was what Ryan wanted; but it was a good day. It wouldn’t have been if Ryan had got his other request for the day – that I wear the remote vibe.

We tried to find the bar that Vanessa Evans described, ‘Groper’s Palace’ but couldn’t. I think that Ryan wanted to watch me getting groped by strangers. He got his wish a little bit; we stayed in Ibiza town until late and went to some of the bars down by the harbour. They were quite crowded and drinkers were over-flowing onto the streets. As we were squeezing through a crowd of young men I felt a couple of hands on my butt and between my legs for a few seconds. When I told Ryan he asked me if I wanted to go back for another go. Of course I said not; but after we’d finished our drinks Ryan led me out the same way.

The crowd closed in on us and I was stood there for ages getting groped. One cheeky bastard even managed to finger fuck me for a couple of seconds. I was shouting to Ryan for help but the music was too loud for him to hear me.

When I finally managed to get free my skirt was up round my waist showing everyone around that my bikini bottoms had no material in them.

Ryan hugged me and told me that I was fantastic. Then he let me pull my skirt back down.

Ibiza town at night is a different world. As we were walking around the bars we saw all sorts of ‘unusual’ people. The number of men dressed as women was amazing and the costumes that people were wearing was unbelievable. Some of them almost made me feel over-dressed in just my VERY skimpy skirt, bikini bottoms that covered nothing; and shoes.

In a way I wanted to stay there all night but we were both tired and about 1 o’clock we headed back to the villa.

Our evenings were usually spent at the villa or at the nearest café / bar. But a few times we went to San Antonio. That was VERY interesting; all those drunken noisy people out having fun.

One time that we were there we were walking down this street that was crowded with young people from all over Europe; all out having a noisy, good time, when Ryan suddenly stopped and said hello to 3 young men. It turned out that he went to school with them and they were on holiday in San Antonio. Of course Ryan had to go and have a drink with them and we ended up in a reasonably quiet bar with the 4 of them catching-up while I stood around like a spare part.

Ryan had talked me into wearing his string vest with a belt; and all my jewellery. Of course it’s see-through but that wasn’t a problem; it was quite dark and we didn’t intend to stay in one place for very long. That wouldn’t have been a problem before we met his old school mates.

Standing around while Ryan and his mates talked about old times meant that I got hit on a few times and some of the more sober guys realised that I wasn’t wearing anything under the vest. Of course that doubled their attention and I had to use all my persuasive powers to get rid of them.

Ryan’s old school buddies also realised what they could see and for a short while their conversation was all about my jewellery. It was so embarrassing.

We met those 3 guys the following day as well. I hadn’t heard them arranging it but they turned up on the beach that we were on the next afternoon.

Ryan had taken me to that beach with the steps down to a little landing stage that is used by boats from San Antonio and we’d set up on the clothed area again. I had the remote vibe inside me and it was gently and slowly pushing my AF up. The next thing that I knew Ryan’s school buddies were blocking the sun from me and staring down at my naked body. By that time my legs had opened a bit and they must have had a great view.

After a few minutes one of the guys decided that they needed to go to the café and have a drink. Ryan told me that they’d only be gone a couple of minutes and they all walked away.

That couple of minutes got longer and longer and the vibe was slowly getting my body close to losing control. When I realised that I was getting close I looked for the control. I didn’t want to cum if Ryan wasn’t there or his mates were there.

I couldn’t find it anywhere.

I tried to fight it but the inevitable happened and I started to cum, spasms hitting me and me failing to keep quiet.

One orgasm became two, then three, then four. By then I could vaguely see 3 or 4 people looking down at me. One woman was bent down touching my face.

“She’s so hot.” The woman said.

“Maybe it’s sun-stroke.” A man said.

“I don’t know what it is, but she’s burning up. We need to cool her down.” The woman said.

“I know,” a man said, “let’s get her into the water.”

“She’s too big for me to lift her.” The woman said.

“Here, let me.” The man said.

He picked me up and carried me down to the water with me still cumming in his arms.

I got lowered into the water with the woman holding my head out of the water and me still cumming.

I don’t know how long I was in the water or how many orgasms I had because I blacked-out.

When I came round I was still in the water but Ryan was holding me and the vibe had stopped. I was so relieved; but so knackered.

“I’m so sorry Tanya, I shouldn’t have left you.” Ryan said. “Are you okay?”

“I think so,” I said as I tried to stand up; but I was too knackered.

“You’re going to have to carry me.”

“Let me;” one of his mates said, “it’s our fault for dragging him to the bar.”

This mate of Ryan’s is a big bloke and he easily scooped me up into his arms and we started walking back up the beach.

“So what caused that little ‘episode’” the big mate asked as we walked.

Ryan must have heard because he said,

“Tanya goes through phases of suffering from something called ’Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder’.”

“Ryan! Do you have to?” I pleaded.

Ryan ignored me and continued,

“It’s a rare problem that causes the sufferer to have orgasms for no apparent reason. The weird thing is that it just hits her at the strangest times; even at work or when we’re out shopping. The poor thing gets so embarrassed; having said that I sometimes think that she actually enjoys it. ”

We’d got back to our towels by then and Ryan’s mate lowered me down and Ryan straightened me out. The thing was, he opened my feet about 2 feet. I only realised that when I started to get some energy back and lifted myself up onto my elbows. I quickly closed my legs.

All that time Ryan was telling his mates about the times that I’d cum in public. It was so embarrassing listening to him talk about some of those humiliating experiences.

Ryan and his mates had sat around me, 2 on each side. If I’d had the energy I’d probably have got up and gone for a walk leaving them to get on with their talking.

After a while one of Ryan’s mates said,

“So Ryan; does that thing on her clit help with this Persistent Genital Cumming Disorder.”

“Oh that;” Ryan said, “One of the doctors said that amputating her clit might help. Of course we both refused to let that happen so he said that putting a little ring on it to restrict the circulation a little bit might help. Do you want to have a closer look at it?”

I glared at Ryan but I was too knackered to object as Ryan lifted my left foot and spread my legs even wider.

“Lay back Tanya so that they can get a better look.” Ryan instructed me and they all bent over, one by one, to have a better look.

I was too knackered to object and just dropped back and let them use my body for a female anatomy lesson.

“And does it?” The mate said

“Does it what?” Ryan said.

“Does it stop her cumming so often?”

“No, but she likes the look of it don’t you Tanya? So we got the doctor to leave it on her.”

As if by command the damn clit ring chose that moment to zap me and my lower half spasmed and pussy clenched for a second.

“Wow! Did that ring thing do that to her?” Another mate asked.

“Yeah, it’s supposed to stop the orgasms but I think that it just causes more.” Ryan replied.

“Wow, that must be fun for you Tanya.”

I didn’t reply.

Another of Ryan’s mates said,

“That isn’t what I saw you wearing last night, it’s a lot smaller.”

“No it isn’t,” Ryan relied; “that was her clit ring.”

“But you said that that (pointing to my pussy) was her clit ring.”

“Ah yes, it is. Right, you guys are probably making the same mistake that a lot of people make. What is commonly called a clit ring isn’t actually a clit ring it’s a clit hood ring. Here, I’ll show you.”

Ryan picked-up our backpack and got my bag out. He rummaged around in it and pulled out one of my barbells, stirrups and a chain. Holding it up he said,

This is what she was wearing last night.

“So where does that go?”

“Not in her clit, that’s for sure. If she had her actual clit pierced she risked the chance of destroying the nerves that give her so much pleasure; and we don’t want that do we love.” Ryan said as he squeezed my thigh. “This is where this goes.”

With that Ryan used one hand to spread my lips and thread one end of the barbell with a stirrup on it through the piercing, stretched my flesh, slipped the ring of the chain on then the other end of the stirrup then screwed the other end of the barbell on.

Ryan’s 3 mates just stared at me in amazement.

When it was correctly in place Ryan dropped the chain and let them have a good look. Then he picked up the chain and pulled it in all directions.

“It only hurts if the chain gets pulled too hard; and I’d never do that.”

“Ryan,” his big mate said; “you always were a lucky bastard and you’ve done it again. That’s one hell of an amazing woman you’ve got there.”

I nearly blushed.

“She certainly is.” Ryan said; “and I’ve taught her a nice little trick as well. If you guys could be bothered to go to a gym, what piece of equipment would you go running on?”

“A treadmill; why.”

“Treadmill.”

“Treadmill.”

“Nooooooo!” I said as the inevitable happened.

The 4 of them stared at me as I started to cum, my body shaking and my pussy muscles having spasms.

After I’d started to come down from my high one of Ryan’s mates said,

“Fucking hell, every time someone says ‘treadmill’ she cums.”

Back up I went.

“She certainly does. Please don’t say that word again, the poor dear’s knackered.”

Thankfully, the anatomy lesson ended and I was left to relax and enjoy the sun. The strange thing was that I never closed my legs. I left them wide open all the time. I didn’t even worry about anyone passing by and seeing my jewellery.

Eventually the 3 mates decided that they should leave us alone and the left, promising to keep in touch. As they left one of them said,

“I hope that your err ‘problem’ doesn’t spoil your holiday Tanya.”

I almost laughed.

When we decided to leave we got all the way back to the car before I remembered that I had my clit jewellery in. When I told Ryan he said that he’d seen a couple of people looking at me in a funny way.

Ryan let me drive back to our villa; it was funny driving on the wrong side of the road and Ryan had to tell me to get back the correct side of the road a couple of times. It was also funny driving when I was totally naked.

One day when we’d been to a beach for the day, we got back to the car and looked through all the flyers that people had left on the windscreen. One was for the **Hippy Market at Es Ca****na and I fancied going there. When we got back to the villa Ryan looked at a map and decided that it wasn’t too far to drive, so a couple of days later we got up early and set off. Ryan wanted me to be naked all day but eventually we agreed on me just wearing my swimming skirt and all my jewellery. Okay, I knew that the skirt doesn’t really cover me but at least it was something. I didn’t worry about my jewellery being on display because it was a hippy market. I suspected that there’d be quite a few people there wearing non-conventional clothes.**

I was right; some of the women there wore as little as I did so I didn’t feel out of place or under-dressed as we wandered round. There were some really nice clothes there, holiday clothes that I could never wear in England but I still bought a sort of bikini. It consists of 3 rectangles of material that just cover my interesting bits when I stand still. Of course Ryan wanted me to try it on; right there outside the stall. It felt a bit strange being naked with all those people walking right passed me.

Well, I guess that it had to happen. On the middle Friday we heard a knock on the door and when Ryan answered it there was our neighbour Roger. I was hiding behind the door (I was naked), but Ryan invited Roger in. When he saw me he said hello but ignored the way I was (not) dressed.

“I wonder if I could ask you for a favour?” Roger asked.

“Sure,” Ryan said, “what’s up?”

“Well, the boys and I are flying over to Barcelona tomorrow to watch the grand prix on Sunday, but Kate doesn’t want to come with us. Now I have no problem with Kate being home alone, she’s a sensible girl, but could I ask you to look in on her a couple of times just to check that she’s okay?”

“Of course we will, maybe she’d like to hang-out with Tanya for a while.”

Roger looked over to me, then up and down me, then said,

“Yes, that would be nice; although I can’t see her wanting to run around dressed like you are Tanya.”

I smiled and thought,

“You dirty old man, you just had a vision of your daughter naked didn’t you?”

“Don’t you worry about Kate; Ryan said, “we’ll make sure that she’s okay. Would you mind if we took her to the beach or somewhere?”

“No of course not; I’ll be leaving her some money so she shouldn’t cost you anything.”

“No problem; I wouldn’t have minded going to see the grand prix myself. Have a great trip.”

After Roger left I said,

“Thanks mate! That’s all I need.”

“Hey, I’m sure that it won’t be that bad. All we have to do is look in on her a few times. She’ll probably have what she wants to do with her couple of days of freedom all planned-out; and I bet that those plans don’t include us.”

“I hope not.” I said.

The next morning we got up late and as I was walking back from the shop I saw Roger and his boys drive off. After breakfast Ryan decided that we should go next door and let Kate know that we’d be calling in on her. I said that I was sure that Roger would have told her but Ryan wanted to go anyway.

Ryan put some shorts on, but he said that as Kate had already seen me naked it was pointless me putting something on. I couldn’t argue with that, and Kate is a girl, so off we went.

When we got there Kate didn’t answer our knocking so we went round the side of the villa and got quite a surprise. There was Kate laying on a sun lounger, mp3 player plugged into her ears, feet firmly on the ground either side of the sun lounger, totally naked, bald pussy, her left hand playing with her left tit, and her right hand pushing a cucumber in and out of her pussy.

We just stood there watching for about a minute before she must have caught sight of us in her peripheral vision. The cucumber came flying out, her feet went up onto the sun lounger as her legs clamped together then her hands went to her tits and pussy as she shouted,

“Oh fuck, OMG, oh no. Please don’t tell my daddy.”

“Relax Kate,” Ryan said in a calm voice, “you’re not doing anything that I haven’t seen Tanya doing dozens of times and I’m NOT going to tell your father. It’s perfectly natural for a girl to want to experiment with her body and it’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

“But…”

“But nothing Kate; you were experimenting and having some fun whilst doing so. There’s plenty of other ways that you can get some pleasure as well, and I bet that you’ve already thought of a few haven’t you?”

“Well yes, but it’s difficult living with your father and 2 brothers.” Kate said, “Hang on a minute, did you just say that you’ve seen Tanya, your little sister, use a cucumber on herself?”

“Yes, and lots of other things as well. Think about it Kate, girls have been having the same thoughts and desires as you’re having for thousands of years. You’re not the first girl to experiment. There are probably thousands of girls around the world pushing things like cucumbers into their vaginas at this very moment; but that’s not important right now;” Ryan continued, “what is important is that you relax and don’t feel guilty about wanting to have some fun. Why don’t we go to our place and have a drink and talk about it?”

“Okay then; I’ll just go and put something on.”

“No need Kate;” I said, “I haven’t got anything on have I?”

“Well no, but…. Well okay then.”

“Don’t worry Kate,” Ryan said, “I’ve seen lots of girls naked and I’ve got this one who likes nothing better than wandering around dressed in her birthday suit.”

As we walked round to our villa; with Kate still covering her ‘bits’, Ryan got her to tell us a bit about herself. That seemed to relax her a bit and when I took some drinks out to the pool she had dropped her arm and her A cup tits were pointing at Ryan.

We talked for a while, Ryan dodging any questions about Kate believing that I was his little sister. After a while Ryan asked Kate,

“So what other things have you dreamed about doing?”

“Well… Ever since I saw you Tanya, walking back from the shop stark naked I’ve wanted to try it myself. I’ve thought of doing something similar before but having the family that I have there has never been any opportunities.”

“Tell you what Kate,” I said, “how about we go for a walk right now; then tomorrow morning you can come to the shop with me.”

“Well…”

“Come on Kate,” Ryan said, “If you don’t do it now you’ll probably regret it for the rest of your life; and besides, who is there around here that you know?”

“Good point… Maybe a little later.”

“You’re stalling aren’t you Kate?” I asked

“Well, yes. I guess that I am. I want to but…”

I stood up, held out my hand for Kate and when she held it I gently pulled her up.

“Yes, I’m going to do it.” Kate said.

Holding hands, Kate and I walked out of the villa’s grounds and onto the street.

As we headed towards the beach Kate said,

“Wow, this is amazing, I feel so alive, so excited, so fucking …….”

“Horny!” I said,

“Err yes, does it have that effect on you too?”

“Yes,” I said, “especially when there’s men around.”

“I don’t know that I could do that.” Kate said.

“Ryan’s been looking at you.”

“Hmm, I hadn’t thought about that.”

Just as we got to the entrance to the beach Kate said,

“You know Tanya, for a kid who looks about 12 you sure do have and adult way of thinking and talking.”

I looked at Ryan, then back at Kate and said,

“Kate, I’m going to tell you a secret that I want you to promise not to tell anyone; okay?”

“I can keep secrets.” Kate said.

“By the sound of it you think that I’m 12 or 13; and the rest of your family probably do too. So do most people that I come across; but the truth is that I’m a lot older than that. Ryan isn’t my brother; he’s my boyfriend and has been since we were at university together.”

Kate stopped, turned and looked me up and down then said,

“Wow, you sure did fool me. So why do you act like you’re 12?”

“Ryan likes me to, and I enjoy it as well.”

“Ha!” Ryan said, “finally you’re admitting that you’re an exhibitionist are you?”

“No I am not. I just like the freedom, the feeling of the fresh air on my, my pussy.”

“I like that too.” Kate said.

“Hang on a minute;” Kate said,” you’re a grown woman and you’ve been walking around the streets naked; wow….. Well I can see how you’ve been getting away with it but blankety, blank; you’re so brave; I could never do that.”

“Why not?” Ryan asked.

“Because I don’t look like a 12 year old.” Kate said.

“Only because you’ve got an adult haircut and you walk like a grown up;” Ryan said, “put your hair in pigtails and use some of those mannerisms that you’ve grown out of and you’d get away with it.”

“But what about these?” Kate said cupping her A cups.

“12 year-old girls have tits that big these days.” Ryan said.

And he was right, I’ve seen some; but I wasn’t sure that Kate could get away with it.

“Why don’t you try it Kate?” Ryan said.

“I’d love to,” Kate replied, “but I’m nervous and I don’t know that I’d get away with it.”

“Only one way to find out.” Ryan said.

By that time we were well into the sand dunes and a naked man was coming the other way.

“Just ignore him Kate.” I said.

“I can’t, I can see his cock bouncing around. Ooooh.”

We passed the man and Kate turned and looked at the man’s butt.

“And he could see your bald pussy and tits; and so can I.” Ryan said.

Kate looked down at the sand as we quietly walked onto the beach proper.

“You 2 go off for a little walk,” Ryan said, “I’ll sit here and enjoy the sun.”

Kate and I walked up and down the beach talking about all sorts and comparing men’s cocks. When we got back to Ryan he’d taken his shorts off and was lying there stark naked. We sat either side of him and I couldn’t help notice that Kate was staring at Ryan’s cock.

“Stop staring Kate,” I said, “You’ll make it go hard.”

Ryan smiled as Kate bent over and had a closer look.

“You mean like this.” Kate said.

The inevitable happened and Ryan’s cock started to rise.

“That’s your fault Kate.” Ryan said.

“Sorry Ryan.”

“I’m going to have to go for a swim.” Ryan said. “Anyone else coming?”

As Ryan got up and ran to the sea we both followed. It didn’t take Kate long to tell us that swimming naked felt wonderful. I wanted Ryan to fuck me in the water but he kept pushing me away saying that we shouldn’t.

After about 30 minutes of splashing around we got out, collected Ryan’s shorts and headed back to the villa. On the way we saw a man sat looking at us and wanking. Kate stopped and wanted to watch but I pulled her by her arm saying that she’d get lots of opportunities to see things like that.

“Can I watch you and Ryan fuck?”

I gave Ryan an evil look but he just smiled and said,

“I guess so.”

Bloody hell, I’ve had to endure female anatomy lessons, humiliation by public orgasms and now giving a sex show. What else can Ryan make me do this holiday?

Anyway, we went to our villa and I got some drinks while Ryan and Kate went for a swim in the pool. Ryan had taken his shorts off and all 3 of us were now naked. When they got out of the pool and got their drinks Kate asked,

“Are you okay Tanya? It’s just that I keep seeing your face contort as if you’re in pain.”

“Yes thank you Kate, I’m fine.”

“It’s her little clit ring that keeps zapping her.” Ryan said; “it can even make her cum if she’s in the right frame of mind.”

“Thank you Ryan,” I thought; guessing that he was about to embarrass me – again.

I was right,

“Tanya, lie on that sun lounger and spread your legs so that Kate can see.”

I didn’t want to, but I knew that I would. Ryan was about to give another female anatomy lesson at my expense.

Kate certainly learnt something that day as Ryan showed her the difference between a clit ring and a clit hood ring. As half expected when he started, he got me to go and get my clit hood barbell, stirrup and chain. He also got me to get my ones for my nipples and put them on for me as well.

By the time he’d done that lot he was fully hard and Kate just sat there as the effect of Ryan fondling my tits and pussy got the better of me, and Ryan, and Ryan started to fuck me.

I hadn’t wanted to get fucked in front of Kate but my urgent desire got the better of me, and Ryan.

After we’d both cum and I’d started to come down, I looked at Kate. She was lying like we’d found her by her pool but instead of a cucumber, her fingers were giving her pussy hell. She was too far gone to stop and we both watched her cum too.

When Kate got back to normal she was embarrassed about cumming in front of us.

“Relax Kate;” Ryan said, “we’ve all cum in front of each other so we shouldn’t be embarrassed.

“Yeah, you’re right; but so much had happened in the last few hours; I need some time to take it all in. I need to go back to our villa and think about things.”

“Fair enough;” Ryan said, “you know where we are if you want to talk or anything.”

“Thanks.”

With that Kate slowly walked away. When she was out of sight I said,

“Well, I certainly wasn’t expecting our little visit to turn out like that.” I said to Ryan.

“Me neither.” Ryan said. “Maybe it would be nice to hang out with her for a while until her family get back.”

“I’d rather be with just you.”

“It isn’t as if she hasn’t seen us fucking so we wouldn’t have to limit what we do.”

“Well yes, err no, I wouldn’t want her watching me while you’re making me cum on the beach.”

“Why not? She’s seen you cumming.”

“Yeah, but not while other people were watching us.”

“I don’t see the difference.” Ryan said.

“You wouldn’t, you’re a man; you don’t understand these things.”

“Hmmm.” Ryan said, “let’s take it as it cums; I mean comes.”

Ryan put his arms round me and gave me a big hug.

“Let’s go and get a McDonalds and then go and find a quiet beach.”

“Yeah, but can I at least wear my swimming skirt please?”

“Into McDonalds, but that’s all.”

“Okay; thank you Ryan.”

I was happy; okay I was still going to have to be naked most of the time but I’d had a little victory; even if the skirt doesn’t cover my butt or pussy.

I was a bit pissed, but I should have expected it. In McDonalds one of the staff came and pointed out where the kids play area was. When she’d gone Ryan burst out laughing but I was annoyed.

We headed south looking for a beach but before we knew it we were back at Ses Salines beach. It was hot in the car so I was grateful to get out. We’d stopped at the little shop where the bus stops and quite a few people watch the naked little girl walk into the shop with a young man walking next to her with his arm round her shoulder. I wondered what they were thinking.

We bought a cold drink and went and parked the car in the car park.

Ryan got naked as well and we grabbed the backpack and set off walking to find somewhere quiet.

About 10 minutes later we found a vacant sandy area in amongst the rocks and settled for some serious ray catching.

Life was bliss for an hour or so until Ryan got restless. Within a few minutes Ryan had got the remote vibe out of our backpack and was holding it up in the air. I looked round and saw 3 separate men looking at us.

“Ryan, put it away;” I said, “there are people looking at us.”

“Okay,” he said.

He leaned over and gave me a long kiss. As he was doing that he put the vibe between my legs, eased them open then eased the vibe inside me. At least it wasn’t visible to the people looking at me.

The kiss went on and Ryan’s hand moved away from my pussy. I started to think that maybe Ryan was going to settle down and let me relax in the sun; especially when he lay back and closed his eyes.

How silly of me. Five minutes later I got a jolt as the vibe was switched on.

“Ryan, no, please leave me alone for a while.”

“But you like getting worked-up and cumming.”

“Yes, but…… Oh fuck. You’re a devious bastard, you know that don’t you?”

“Yes beautiful; you just lay there and enjoy yourself.”

I knew that I couldn’t do anything else so I had a quick look round to see just how many people were watching us. At least only 4 people would see what Ryan was doing to me.

I started feeling good and let my legs drift apart. I wanted to reach down and play with my clit but somehow I managed to resist the urge. It wasn’t long before I reached my peak, jerking and moaning.

Something attracted my attention and I saw a young man and woman walking out of the sea right in front of me. Both were naked and carrying masks and snorkels. I wanted to clamp my legs together and even roll over; but I just couldn’t control my body.

“Is she alright?” I vaguely heard.

“Yes, err yes; thank you; just another episode. She forgot to take her meds this morning; she’ll be just fine; thanks again for your concern.”

I lay there with my legs open and the vibe still purring away inside me. The inevitable happened and my AF went from a horny 8 to the edge of a 10 - again. This time though, I couldn’t keep quiet.

I was beyond caring then, but as I came down I started to get embarrassed, I felt humiliated. I rolled over to Ryan, grabbed the control, switched it off and turned onto my stomach; covering my face with my arm.

Ryan left me alone for a couple of minutes then started kissing my neck. That always works and I was soon turning over onto my back and kissing him properly.

“Shall we go for a walk?” Ryan asked.

“Okay then.”

Ryan put our towels in the backpack and we set off walking along the cliff path. We walked for ages, passed a beach that was obviously used by gay men then a long narrow beach full of naked people. Before we knew it we were in a little village and Ryan started feeling self-conscious about being naked; I wasn’t happy either. Ryan was lucky because he had his shorts in the backpack but I had nothing. As Ryan put his shorts on I had to stand there in my birthday suit.

“Don’t worry TT; I’m sure that no one here will object to a little girl with no clothes on.”

“They might not, but what about me? I’m the one that’s naked in public – again.”

“Come on TT, think of that all-over tan you’re getting. Hey, let’s find an ice cream shop then find another way back to the car.”

In the shop the locals just ignored the fact that I was naked, but some of the other tourists stared at me. It didn’t help when Ryan took me outside and we sat on the footpath curb to eat our ice creams. Apart from the fact that the concrete curb was hot on my butt I couldn’t cross my legs because they would have been in the way of people passing by. I had to sit with my knees bent giving anyone who cared to look a great view of my pussy.

At least my pussy was dry, the lovely warm breeze had seen to that as we walked along the beach.

Well it was dry; when Ryan finished his ice cream I thought that he was just putting the wrapper in our backpack. He was, but he also switched the damn vibe on. I nearly dropped what was left of my ice cream as the jolt hit me.

“No please Ryan, not here; not with all these people around” I pleaded; but Ryan just grinned.

At least the vibe was set to low speed.

I managed to finish my ice cream then stood up hoping that we’d get gone before I got humiliated – again. No such luck,

“Oh good,” Ryan said, putting his hand in his pocket. “Can you get us a big bottle of cola for the walk back please?”

I looked down at Ryan. Putting my hand out for the money I said,

“You bastard; you’re loving this aren’t you?”

“So are you my love.”

In the shop I got the bottle out of the chiller and went to the counter and had to wait while another customer got served. As that customer left and I moved to the counter I suddenly gasped and shivered as Ryan switched the vibe onto full power.

The shop man looked me up and down. I’m sure he thought that I must be some sort of nutter as he held out his hand for the money.

I could feel my nipples aching and my pussy throbbing as I willed the man to hurry-up. I had to get out of there fast.

As soon as the man turned and gave me my change I was out of there like a shot.

Ryan was just outside the door and he hugged me as I went over the top; the cold bottle of cola pressing against my stomach.

Ryan slowly released me as I stopped shaking then turned the vibe back down to low.

“You really can be a bastard at times.” I said.

“Yeah, but you love every second of it.”

“No I don’t.”

“Do you want me to finger you here to prove you wrong?” Ryan said.

“Bastard.”

I pulled away from Ryan and said,

“Okay know-it-all, which way back?”

We walked back to the car park through the pine forest listening to the crickets. It was so peaceful and so romantic. I just wanted to stop and fuck Ryan right in the middle of the forest but there were too many other people walking around. Most took no notice of the naked young girl; if only they’d known how old I really am.

Back in the car park Ryan gave me the car keys and told me that I was driving back. He said that I had to drive with the vibe turned on so that I’d get used to feeling horny while I’m driving. When I said that the vibe was stronger than the clit ring he just said that if I get used to the vibe then the clit ring shouldn’t cause me any problems back in England. I could see some logic in that but I got him to promise that he wouldn’t turn it up to full.

I did quite well really. I got all the way back to the villa with us and the car in one piece; although there was a stain on the driver’s seat when I got out.

Needless to say that my AF was quite high and as soon as we got back I squat down and fished the vibe out. I needed something more life-like in my pussy.

One of the sun loungers got tested to see how it coped with both our weights as Ryan gave me the relief that I needed.

We didn’t see Kate until we were returning from one of the cafés where we’d eaten and had a couple of drinks. As usual I’d not put anything on and no one had taken any notice. While we were sat there drinking Ryan had said that he was a little disappointed that no one was looking at me and he suggested that I wear some of my jewellery the next night. I said that I wasn’t keen on the idea because people would get suspicious. After all, how may 12 year-old girls wear clit and nipple jewellery?

Fortunately Ryan agreed but he did get me to promise to wear it all on our last night.

As we were walking back to the villa we turned a corner and nearly collided with Kate. After getting over the initial shock I realised that it was Kate and that she was as naked as I was.

“I just wanted to know what it was like to walk around the streets at night totally naked.” Kate said.

“It’s an amazing feeling isn’t it Tanya?” Ryan said. “It makes you feel so free and horny doesn’t it? Well that’s what Tanya keeps telling me.”

I smiled and wondered if Ryan was ever going to try it.

“So how far have you walked?” I asked.

“All over; I even saw you two in the café.”

“You should have joined us.” Ryan said.

“Oh, I couldn’t have done that; I’m way too shy to do that; and besides, with these things (she cupped her tits) I look quite a bit older than Tanya does.”

“I think that we could do something about that.” Ryan said. “What do you think Tanya?”

“Well there’s always pigtails; and make sure that you’ve not got a 5 o’clock shadow. If you walk like I do and keep putting your finger in your mouth I’m sure that you’d be okay.” I said.

“Tell you what, come over first thing in the morning and we’ll do a little experiment.” Ryan said. “Oh, and make sure you’ve had a shave. If you forget I’ll have to shave you myself.”

“Ryan!” I said and thumped his arm.

By the time we got back to our villa and Kate had gone to hers I said to Ryan,

“I sort of like the idea of watching you shave someone else instead of me. I wouldn’t mind if you fucked her as well.”

Ryan said the right thing,

“There’s only one girl that I want to fuck, and she’s about to bend over that table so that I can do just that.”

I did, and he did.

The next morning I woke up to the sound of someone splashing in our pool. When Ryan and I emerged we saw Kate messing about in our pool.

“Is that what they call a morning woody?” Kate asked.

“Yeah, but it’s mine.” I said as I grabbed Ryan’s cock.

“You can take care of it if you want; I don’t mind just as long as I can watch.” Kate said.

“I’ve got us some fresh bread for breakfast.” Kate continued, pointing to the table.

“Did you go like that?” Ryan asked Kate as she climbed out of the pool.

Kate was naked and she’d done her hair into pigtails.

“Wow! You are feeling brave this morning.” I said.

“Yeah, it was what you two said last night. I decided to give it a go. I nearly chickened-out a couple of times and I could hardly talk when I told the man what I wanted; but I did it and I feel so proud of myself.”

“And quite justified too.” Ryan said.

Kate and I went and got breakfast ready then brought it out to the pool. By that time Ryan’s hard-on had gone down and Kate looked a little disappointed.

In between mouthfuls Ryan asked Kate what her next challenge was.

“To walk about in a very public place totally naked.” was Kate’s reply.

“I think that we might be able to arrange that.” Ryan said.

As we finished breakfast Ryan said,

“How about the hippy market or a water park?”

“Like this?” Kate said. Looking a bit surprised.

“Yeah, if Tanya can do it why not you?”

“What about these?” Kate asked while cupping her tits.

“I see that you shaved this morning so there’s no problem there; your hair looks pretty childish so that just leaves the things that you do. Let me get a piece of paper and a pen and we’ll brainstorm childish mannerisms.”

When Ryan got back we managed to get the following: -

Skipping along instead of walking.

Walking at a uneven pace and not in a straight line.

Always looking at the floor.

Picking your nose.

Sitting with your legs open.

Lip pouting.

Asking stupid questions.

We had a bit of a laugh as both Kate and I practiced some of the things, then we continued talking about where we could go for the day. Kate mentioned the water park again. She’d been to one with her family and seen lots of topless girls and a few young kids with nothing on. We played rock-paper-scissors and Kate won. A water park it was.

Kate went and got her stuff and when she came back Ryan asked her what clothes she’d got in her bag (she was still naked).

“None” she said, “I didn’t want to be in a position where I could chicken out.”

“Good for you.” Ryan said.

It wasn’t far in the car and before long we were queuing to get in. Kate admitted that she was nervous standing there totally naked with people watching her. I was a little pleased that I wasn’t the centre of attention for a change, although my nipples were rock hard and ached a bit.

Kate’s nipples were rock hard too and she told us that she was ‘excited.’ I knew just how she felt.

“Remember to act like a kid.” Ryan whispered.

I laughed when Kate loudly said,

“Daddy, why do we have to stand here? I want to go in and play on the slides.”

When we got to the front of the queue the woman looked at us and said,

“Two kids” to Ryan.

He agreed and paid for us all.

We were in and we went to put our bags into a locker then off we went to have some fun. Hardly anyone was looking at us; I guess that they were all concentrating on their own activities.

“Remember, you’re kids so let’s go to the kid’s area first.” Ryan said.

We followed the signs then Ryan stood and watched as we joined the other kids doing the stupid things that please their little minds.

After about 15 minutes Ryan called us over and we sat on the grass and talked.

“Enjoy yourselves kids?” Ryan said.

“Very funny.” I said.

“Actually, I did” said Kate; “I was running around without a thing on and no one gave a damn; I felt so free. I never thought of sex once.”

A man near us heard the word ‘sex’ and turned and looked at us.

“Daddy, why is that man looking at me?” I said.

The man turned and walked away. Both Kate and I giggled. I looked at Kate and saw that her nipples had just got hard. Mine had too. Ryan noticed and said,

“I see that you’re both thinking about sex now. Come on, let’s go and join the queues for the slides.”

There were some young men near us in the queue and it didn’t take long for them to notice Kate’s tits and their rock hard nipples. Kate saw that they’d seen her and started to blush.

“Feeling horny?” I whispered to her.

Kate nodded and started chewing her index finger as Ryan moved to one side so that the youths would get a better view of both of us. Some of the youths kept staring at us until they got to the top and went down the slides. The youth controlling when people went had a good look at Kate and glanced at me. I was pleased that I wasn’t the centre of attraction for a change.

At the bottom Kate came running over to me and said,

“That was amazing; the water pounding my pussy nearly made me cum.”

“Want another go then?” Ryan asked.

“It is nice isn’t it?” I said; “next time keep your legs as far apart as you can.”

We went on the slides 2 more times before Kate said,

“Sorry, but I can’t go again. If I do I’ll cum and I don’t want to do that.”

“Why not?” Ryan asked, “Tanya cums in public all the time don’t you sexy?”

I blushed and didn’t say anything.

“I know what,” Ryan continued, “let’s go back to the lockers; I want to get something.”

I had an idea what Ryan was on about but I still followed him back to the locker rooms. When we got there Ryan opened our locker and my fears were confirmed. He got out the remote vibe and held it up.

“No Ryan,” I said, “not here; please.”

Kate just stared at us for a few seconds then said,

“What’s that?”

“It’s a vibrator.” Ryan answered.

“I can’t see a switch on it.” Kate said.

“It’s remotely controlled.” Ryan said as he got to control out and switched it on.

The vibe started vibrating and Kate went,

“Ooow; that could be fun.”

“Sometimes.” I said.

“Come on Tanya, you know where it goes.” Ryan said.

“I can’t do that here.”

“Yes you can, it’ll only take a couple of seconds. Just do it.”

“If you don’t want to do it can I try it please?” Kate asked.

I looked at Ryan with relief on my mind. Ryan was quiet for a few seconds then said,

“Okay then, but you’ll have to put it in right here, and now.”

Kate grabbed the vibe from Ryan and squat down. I looked round and saw an old man staring at us. The vibe disappeared and Kate stood up.

“Ooow, that feels nice.” Kate said.

“Wait until it’s been there for a while; you’ll not be thinking that then.” I said.

Just then Ryan switched the vibe on and Kate screamed.

“Fucking hell, I wasn’t expecting that.” Kate said’ then after a few seconds,

“Wow; that feels nice.”

I smiled as I knew just what Kate was about to experience. I looked at Ryan and said,

“Low.”

Ryan nodded.

“Come on,” Ryan said, “lot’s more rides to go on.”

We walked out of the locker room, passed the old man who just kept staring at us. Kate had a ‘satisfied’ smile on her face.

“Remember that you’re kids girls.” Ryan said as we joined a queue for one of the rides.

Some teenagers joined the queue behind us and I heard one of the guys whisper,

“Seen them bro.”

“Leave them alone idiot; they’re only kids.” One of the girls said.

I smiled and looked at Kate. Her face was glowing and her nipples were rock hard.

“Daddy,” I said, “can I ride with you this time?”

“Sure princess. I’m sure that your sister can manage on her own this time.” Ryan said.

We went on a few more rides then Ryan asked us if we were hungry. We were although Kate sounded a little distracted so we went and got out backpack and headed towards the café.

“Kate,” Ryan said, “would you like to go and get us some burgers while we find somewhere to sit?”

“I’d rather not if you don’t mind, something’s been building up inside me and I don’t know if I could get through that without exploding.”

“I’ll go,” I said, “burgers and cola all round?”

I got some money from Ryan and went and joined the queue. When I’d been served I went looking for Ryan and Kate. I found them sat on a grassy area surrounded by families. Kat was flat on her back on a towel and she looked like she had a raging fever.

“You all right Kate?” I asked.

“I don’t think that I can hold it any longer.”

I put the tray down, got the corner of the towel and stuffed it in her mouth.

“Go for it girl!” I said.

I saw Ryan turn the vibe to full and within seconds Kate was cumming’ her legs spreading and bending at the knees and her flat stomach going up and down quickly.

I looked round and saw that no one was looking at us. I felt happy and sad; happy that no one had seen Kate cumming and sad that no one had seen Kate cumming. She hadn’t experienced the embarrassment and humiliation that Ryan so often puts me through.

“Come on kids,” Ryan said, “eat up before it gets cold.”

Ryan and I started eating and as Kate opened her box she said,

“That was so awesome; but can you turn it off for a while please Ryan. I’d like to fill my stomach before you make me cum again.”

I laughed and said,

“See if you feel the same when he makes you cum with people watching you.”

“That sounds awesome; I can’t wait.” Kate replied.

“Are you serious?” I asked, “won’t you get all embarrassed?”

“I don’t think so.” Kate replied.

“Even if it’s someone that you know, maybe your father or brothers? Ryan asked.

“Hadn’t thought of that;” Kate said; “If you hear screaming and shouting from around our pool you’ll know that I’ve done it and someone wasn’t happy.”

“You wouldn’t.”

“Why not?” Kate asked.

“Wow;” Ryan said, “I’d love to see that.”

As we were finishing our food Ryan asked what we could do to make the day more exciting. I got a little worried knowing where silly ideas could go, but Kate jumped in with,

“How about a game of truth or dare?”

“What!” I said.

“That sounds fun,” Ryan said, “but there’d have to be a couple of rules. Firstly, nothing that could get us arrested; secondly, nothing that could get us thrown out. Everything would have to look like a kid’s game or an accident; okay?”

“Okay.”

“Okay.”

“So who’s going first?” Kate asked.

Ryan got a Euro coin out of his pocket and tossed it in the air.

“Kate; heads or tails?”

“You lose; Tanya you go first.”

“Right Kate, truth or dare?” I asked.

“Truth.”

“Have you ever flashed your family?” I asked.

“Easy; no, well not knowingly; but I’m going to put that right soon. My turn; truth or dare Tanya.”

“Truth.”

“Err…… How many times have you cum with strangers watching?”

“Hundreds.”

“Really!”

“She sure has.” Ryan said; “and she loved every one of them.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Don’t you believe her Kate; look at her, she’s naked in a water park with hundreds of people all around her and I bet that she’s aroused; aren’t you Tanya? Look at you Tanya; you’re sat there with your legs open and your nipples are rock hard. Tell me that you’re not enjoying yourself?”

“I am enjoying myself; but not because I’ve got no clothes on, because I’m here with you two. Whose go is it?”

Ryan smiled and Kate said,

“Yours I think.”

“Okay,” I said, “truth or dare Kate?”

“Dare.”

I had to think for a minute then said,

“Okay, I dare you to flash your pussy to at least 2 men when we go to the next ride.”

Kate thought for a couple of seconds then said,

“Easy; how do you want me to do it?”

“Well,” I said, “that’s up to you but they have to get a good look at your spread pussy for at least 5 seconds; and it has to look accidental.”

“Come on then guys, let’s do it.” Kate said.

“Hang on,” Ryan said, “let me put the backpack away then we can go and see if Kate dare do that. Oh, and remember that you’re kids.”

“Yes DAD.” I said.

We went over to the slide that you come down on a rubber ring and Kate went and stood next to one that was on the floor. She looked round and waited until a group of 4 youths walked her way. When they were about 10 feet away she spread her legs then bent at the waist with her back to the youths. She stayed like that as the youths walked towards her.

It didn’t take long for 1 of them to realise what he could see and he stopped and told his mates. The rest of them stopped and stared at her as she tried to lift the rubber ring. She was struggling but still trying as one of the youths finally walked to her and asked if he could help her.

Still bent over with her spread butt to the other youths she said,

“I can’t seem to lift it but it doesn’t look that heavy. It must be stuck on something.”

The youth squat next to her, getting a close look at her butt and he too tried to lift the ring.

“I see what you mean.” He said as he leant back to get another look at her butt.

Kate was still bent over and I could see her looking between her legs at the other youths who had got very close to her. I could also see that the reason why she couldn’t lift the ring was that she was stood on one of the rope loops.

The youth obviously didn’t want to push his luck and he said,

“I’ll tug it very hard and see what happens; okay.”

“Okay mister.”

The youth tugged and Kate went flying back. I don’t know how much of that she’d planned but she went flying back into the 3 youths behind her. Two of them grabbed her, stopping her from falling onto the concrete. In doing so each of them managed to grab a tit. They slowly lifted Kate to her feet and the first youth passed her the rubber ring.

“Good job you guys were stood there, I might have hurt myself. Thank you; and I’ll forgive you for grabbing my tits and, to the first guy, thank you for helping me.”

With that Kate skipped off with the ring to join the queue for the slide.

I looked at Ryan at the same time as he looked at me.

“Bloody natural tease that girl.” Ryan said. “You’d better go and join her; I’ll wait at the bottom.”

I ran after Kate and we joined the queue and had a fun slide down. Ryan later told me that the youths had just stood there talking for ages before going and joining the queue. Apparently they accused each other of being perverts and paedophiles. One of them had said that he didn’t know about that but her tit sure did feel good. Another of them said,

“Fucking hell; I could get arrested for cradle-snatching if I did what I’ve just thought about doing.”

“Shit man; the little girls never looked that good when I was her age.”

“I bet that you never saw a pussy when you were her age.”

“Yes I did.”

“The internet doesn’t count mate.”

As Kate and I got to the bottom of the ride a man helped us out of the ring.

“Thank you mister.” Kate said and we walked over to Ryan.

“Okay girls,” Ryan said, “we seem to be running short of opportunities here for you to flash your goodies so I think that we should find somewhere else.”

“Oh goodie,” I replied, “does that mean that we can go back to the villa?”

“No Tanya, I’ve thought of a place with lots of horny young men and women and more than likely, no kids, so let’s go.”

We went to the locker room and got our stuff and went back to the car. During the walk I wondered where Ryan meant, and the more I thought about it the more I got worried. I convinced myself that Ryan was going embarrass me mega-style.

As we approached the car Ryan said,

“Before we go anywhere I think that you should give Tanya the vibrator back Kate.”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes, I think that you’re horny enough already; and besides, you’re not backwards in coming forward to tease men are you?”

“It’s fun.”

Ryan opened the car and told Kate to sit on the passenger seat with her legs out and to spread them.

“Right, stick your fingers in and fish that vibe out Kate.”

Kate’s fingers disappeared and groped around insider her pussy as both Ryan and I watched.

“I can’t get a grip on it.” Kate said, “Can you get it for me please Ryan?”

“Tanya’s more experienced at this than me but what the hell.”

Kate’s fingers came out and Ryan’s went in. After about 30 seconds Ryan said,

“I see what you mean Kate.”

I looked at Kate’s face and saw that she was about to cum.

“Keep going Ryan;” I said, “She’s gonna cum soon.”

Ryan looked up at Kate’s face just as she started to cum. It was good job that no one was around as I would have got embarrassed; and I was just stood there watching.

“Got it!” Ryan said and his fingers came out gripping the vibe.

When Kate had got back to normal Ryan said,

“Right girls, swap places.”

We did and I opened my legs and Ryan gently pushed the vibe in then switched it on to low.

As we left the car park Kate asked if we could stop somewhere to get an ice cream.

“Good idea;” I said, “and while we’re there I need a drink, a strong one, I think that I’m going to need it.”

“Where did you get that vibrator from?” Kate asked.

“Write your email address down and I’ll send you the details.” Ryan replied.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 18 – The continuation of our holiday in Ibiza; and a lot of fun**

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

We headed into Playa d'en Bossa and as soon as we found somewhere to park I looked for a café.

Two naked little girls and their ‘daddy’ sat at a table and waited to be served. When the waiter arrived I watched him looking at Kate. It was then that I realised that she was sat with her legs quite wide apart and her chair back from the table. What’s more she was perched on the front edge of the chair.

From the menu Kate and I selected the ice creams that we wanted and Ryan ordered them, a beer and 2 large vodkas (my request). When the waiter brought them he put all the drinks next to Ryan. I laughed a bit, thinking that the waiter must have thought that Kate and I were too young to be drinking alcohol.

As soon as the waiter had gone I downed one of the vodkas in one go.

“Bloody hell Tanya,” Kate said.

“I think that I’m going to need that; and the other one too.”

Ryan smiled.

We ate our ice creams while Ryan watched us. Ryan had selected a table by the side of the footpath and I’d seen a couple of men staring at us as they passed by.

As Ryan finished his beer I downed the other vodka and said,

“You are going to take us onto the beach aren’t you; to where that loud music is coming from?” I asked.

“Yep; there’s supposed to be a great beach bar / club and we should be able to find lots of young people for you two to flash your bits to.”

“Ooow goodie.” Kate said.

“Oh shit.” I said.

Ryan was going to do it again.

We went onto the beach and headed for the noise. The closer we got the more young people we saw. Not a kid or an oldie in sight. Kate turned to me and said,

“You look to be the youngest person here.”

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“Okay,” Ryan said; “Here will do.”

I looked round and saw lots of 18-25 people; mainly men. The girls were all wearing bikinis or just bikini bottoms; some wore just thongs.

It wasn’t too noisy there and I could hear what the people close by were saying. Two youths were close by and I heard the one that was sat up watching us say to his mate who was laid on his stomach,

“Hey Ben, cop a look at this; these kids will be right up your street.”

Ben turned over and they both watched us.

After we’d spread our towels Ryan said,

“Hang on a minute girls; you need some suntan lotion on. Come here Tanya.”

I went and stood in front of Ryan and he started to rub lotion all over me. Even on my little tits. I didn’t think that he’d rub some on between my legs; but he did, and he took his time doing it; slipping a finger inside me for a second.

“Remember, you’re a little girl.” Ryan whispered into my ear before slapping my butt and saying,

“Off you go; and remember to play fair.”

“Yes daddy.”

“Come here Kate; your turn.”

I watched Kate get the same treatment that I’d had. I also looked around and saw that a few people were watching what Ryan was doing to Kate. Ryan really took his time putting lotion on her tits and I heard her say,

“That’s nice daddy” as he rolled her nipples between his fingers.

“That’s really, really nice daddy.” Kate said as he rubbed lotion on her pussy. Kate even spread her feet so that it was easier for him. Judging by her eyes suddenly opening wide I guess that he fingered her as well. I looked at our audience and saw two of them open their mouths as if they were about to say,

“Did he really finger his daughter?”

When he was finished, Ryan said to both of us,

“Play nicely girls; no arguments. Hey, how about finishing that game of truth or dare?”

I looked at Kate; she smiled and said,

“My turn isn’t it?”

Before I had time to answer Kate continued,

“I dare you to kiss daddy.”

I went over to Ryan, bent over (he’d sat down to watch us by then) and kissed him on the cheek.

“No not like that silly; like you did in bed this mornibg, on his mouth.” Kate said.

I moved round to in front of him and bent over. As I kissed him he pushed his tongue into my mouth. I moaned and wished that we were back at our villa.

“That’s better,” Kate said, “but you took longer this morning. By the way, I could see your cunny when you bent over.”

“Kate, stop it, you’re embarrassing me.”

“Tehe.”

“My turn,” I said. “Right Kate, I dare you to rub your tits in daddy’s face.”

Ryan heard that and said,

“Stop that Tanya. I’ve told you that we can’t do that sort of thing out here.”

“Why not? She did it to you when we were by the pool yesterday.”

“You’re only jealous because you’ve got no tits.” Kate said.

“No I’m not.”

“Yes you are.”

“Stop that you two; we’ve had the conversation about Tanya’s breasts before and we’re not going to have it again out here. Right, no more dares. Kate, show us what you learnt in your gymnastics class last week.”

The sulk on Kate’s face turned to a smile as she thought about what she was going to do. I wondered too because Kate had never said anything about gymnastics.

After a short pause Kate moved into the open area, put her hands up in the air then did a handstand. She walked around for about 10 seconds then came down onto her feet.

“That’s easy,” I said, “watch this.”

I did a handstand too; but I opened my legs wide and walked round like that for ages until Kate came up behind me and pushed one of her fingers into my pussy. I collapsed onto the sand and said,

“Daddy, Kate just put a finger in my cunny.”

“Stop it you two; play nicely or we’ll go back to the villa.”

“Betcha can’t do this.” Kate said.

Kate put her hands up in the air then bent over backwards into a perfect bridge. Her feet her shoulder width apart and her pussy was on perfect display for our little audience to see.

“Easy.” I said.

I did the same then started walking in a circle whilst still in the bridge. When I got up Ryan called me over and whispered to me that he thought that I needed a little handicap. I got a puzzled look on my face for a couple of seconds then I gasped and stood up straight.

“That’s not fair daddy.” I said as I started to get used to the vibe purring away inside my pussy.

“Go and play nicely Tanya.”

The ‘betcha can’t do’ competition that had developed continued. The 2 vodkas that I’d had, and the vibe helped me lose my inhibitions and the things that we did were VERY revealing. The thing was that Kate hadn’t had any alcohol yet she wasn’t at all embarrassed about spreading her legs for everyone to see. Some of the things that we did were: -

**Cartwheel** – As it says; but on Kate’s first attempt she was too close to a couple of guys sitting watching us and she landed on top of one of them. I saw them both grope her as she slowly got up. I was expecting her to complain about being groped but instead she stood in front of them with her feet apart and said,

“Sorry mister.”

After a couple of seconds she turned and did a perfect cartwheel in the other direction.

**Back flip** – Where did Kate learn to do that? I was useless and kept ending up in a pile on the sand.

**Lie on your side and lift your upper leg and bring your knee to your face and hold your foot** – We both managed this but when I was doing it I heard a man’s voice say,

“What’s that on her clit? It looks like some sort of ring.”

Then another say,

“Fuck, I bet that hurt when she got that piercing done.”

And another,

“I’ve never seen a pussy that wet.”

Part of me wanted to cover my pussy quick and another part wanted to tell them what the clit ring was. Yet another part wanted to wipe my pussy dry. Instead I just lay there, pussy wide open letting everyone stare at me. The little clit ring zapped me and reminded me (not that I really needed it) that the vibe was purring away inside me.

After what seemed like hours, but was probably less than a minute, Kate said,

“My turn, watch this.”

That brought me back to earth and I quickly brought my leg down and got up onto my feet.

Everyone watched Kate do the same as I had done but she went one better. After she had one leg up she rolled onto her back and brought the other leg up. It wasn’t the best view for anyone who was sat on the sand but those who were stood up got a great view of her pussy; her very wet pussy.

I let her enjoy the exposure for a couple of minutes then slapper her butt.

“Hey, what did you do that for?” as she let go of her feet and her legs straightened out.

**Splits** – The thing about this was that Kate said that we should have someone’s hand on the sand so that they could confirm that we’d got right down. Kate asked ‘daddy’ but he refused so she looked round and picked the geekiest youth that she could see and asked him. At first he refused but after his mates said that they’d do it he got up and moved over to the area of sand that had become our stage. She told him to lie on the sand and put his hand out, flat and palm up. He was to shout out when she touched his hand.

I’m not sure if he realised that it would be her pussy that touched his hand because his eyes went wide and his face went red as her pussy got closer and closer to his hand. She bounced up and down a couple of times before collapsing backwards keeping her legs wide open for ages before getting up.

When I had to prove that I could do it I turned to the geek and said,

“Now you keep your fingers to yourself. I don’t want you doing anything that will get you into trouble with my dad.”

Kate had gone down with her back to the geek but I chose to do it facing him. My pussy went down inches from his face and he’d found some confidence because I felt a finger slide into me as my inner thigh found the sand.

“Ooow, naughty man.” I said I lifted and dropped a couple of times; effectively causing him to finger fuck me. I wondered if he felt the vibe.

As I got up I looked at Ryan and saw a big grin.

The geek got up holding his finger in the air. Of course everyone knew what he had done and there were a few cheers.

**Splits standing on one foot** – I’d had to do this for that embarrassing art class so I found it easy; although I couldn’t balance for long. When Kate tried it she nearly made it but collapsed. As she went down she fell on top of a youth in the audience. Of course he groped her and as she got up she said,

“Naughty man; I’ll tell my daddy.”

**Make yourself cum** – As soon as Kate said that Ryan said,

“Kate, stop it; you know that you’re not supposed to do things like that when there are people that you don’t know around.”

“Sorry daddy.” Kate said as she looked down to the sand.

Ryan stopped things then, telling us to go and cool down in the sea. Just as I was about to run down to the sea Ryan called me over and whispered for me to give the vibe to Kate again. That pleased me as it would mean that my AF would go down.

Kate was pleased too and in the middle of splashing about I squeezed it out and gave it to her. As we walked out of the sea Kate had a smile on her face.

When we got back to Ryan he held up a towel for us to dry ourselves then he told us to lie on them and that he’d put some more suntan lotion on us.

Kate was first and she was already lying on her stomach. I watched Ryan do a good job of covering every square inch and when she turned onto her back he did an equally good job. When she’d turned over she’d spread her legs to give him good access to her pussy; and give the audience a good view.

Ryan lingered around and on (and in) her pussy. When his finger went in she said,

“Please keep doing that daddy, it’s wonderful.”

I looked at a couple of faces in the audience and saw a look of unbelief on one and a big grin on the other.

I wanted the same treatment, even if it meant exposing my pussy to strangers.

“Is it my turn yet daddy?”

“With you in second princess.” Ryan said.

I lay on my back with my legs open but Ryan said,

“Back first princess; turn over.”

Reluctantly I did and Ryan raised my AF as he lingered at the top of my legs.

“Over you go.”

I quickly turned over and opened my legs. I was looking forward to it.

As Ryan massaged the lotion into my little tits I sighed and moaned a bit. Then he tortured me by slowly going up each leg, just brushing a finger over my lips.

“Please daddy!” I said quite loudly.

I felt a blob of lotion land on my pubes then his hand rubbed all round my pussy. A load moan escaped my mouth as a finger slipped inside me. Oh, that felt good.

Ryan wasn’t going to give me the relief that I needed, instead he pulled his hand back, slapped my pussy and said,

“Right you two, soak up some rays for a while.”

Both Kate and I still had our legs open and neither of us closed them for about half an hour. In that time most of our audience had moved on but when I got up on my elbows I saw that 3 youths had moved into our ‘stage’ and were all laid on their stomachs looking up to us.

I lay back and whispered to Ryan to tell Kate that we had a new audience. Shortly after that I heard Kate loudly gasp. I smiled, suspecting that Ryan had turned the vibe up to full; and pleased that it was her and not me. I relaxed and felt good.

Listening to Kate moan I knew that she was getting close. I didn’t even move when Kate exploded. I was at peace with the world; even though I had my legs open and at least 3 youths were looking at my pussy.

I must have dozed because the next thing that I knew Kate was shaking my arm saying,

“Come on lazybones; time to dance.”

I looked round and saw the youths still there but the music was louder and some people around us were dancing. The party at the club had obviously spread along the beach.

“Go on, get up and shake those tits.” Ryan said.

I laughed as I got up and started to dance with Kate. After a while Ryan called Kate over, said something to her then she came back and continued dancing.

Kate started twerking, first me then some guys that were close by. The guys really looked like they were enjoying a naked girl twerking them. A bit later Kate came back to me, leant over and whispered,

“Treadmill!”

“Bastar..” I shouted as the orgasm took control of me. My legs gave way and I dropped to the sand shaking and jerking.

“Daddy, is Tanya having an orgasm?” Kate asked.

The word orgasm attracted a few people’s attention and all eyes around us were looking at me as I went through a powerful orgasm.

“Don’t be silly Kate;” Ryan said, “she probably just forgot to take her medicine this morning.”

Meanwhile I was thrashing about on the sand moaning and shouting,

“Yes, yes.”

At last I was getting the relief that I had longed for all day; but definitely not in the place that I wanted to get it. As I started to come down from my high embarrassment took over. I felt so ashamed; there was no way that all those people would believe what Ryan had said. Kate was the first to speak,

“Did you really have an orgasm Tanya?”

I didn’t answer. Smiles started to appear on some of the guy’s faces. The girl’s faces had a mixture of disbelief and jealousy. I didn’t want to hang around there and I started walking away. When I’d got about 50 yards away Ryan and Kate caught-up with me. Ryan put his arm round me and said,

“Come on Tanya, you can’t say that you didn’t enjoy that.”

“No I didn’t; I mean yes I did; oh I don’t know.”

“Tanya,” Ryan said, “that was a really good orgasm wasn’t it? Would it have been so good if there had been no one around?”

“No, probably not.”

“Then it was worth it wasn’t it?”

“I guess so; well yes.”

“So you want to have another one?” Kate said, butting in. Then to Ryan,

“Can you turn this thing up (pointing to her pussy) so that I can have one too? Or are you going to play with my pussy right in the middle of this lot?”

Both Ryan and I laughed at that idea; there was no way that that would happen.

“Right then my gorgeous little daughters; where shall we go to get you off?”

Kate and I both laughed then agreed that we preferred to cum in front of men rather than women so we looked for a big group of youths. We wandered around until we found one such group that didn’t look too drunk. Ryan didn’t want to have to cope with a load of horny drunks.

Ryan stood back while Kate and I went close to the group and started dancing. It didn’t take long for the guys to spot the two naked little girls and most of them watched us dance. I wondered how many of them really thought that we were 12 year-olds but still wanted to fuck us.

We danced for a good 10 minutes before I saw Kate’s eyes open wide and I guessed that Ryan had turned the vibe up. After another couple of minutes her hands started caressing her body then moved to her tits. She massaged them and teased her nipples. I looked at the youths around us and saw that most of them were staring at Kate.

Just as I thought that she was going to explode she leaned over and shouted,

“TREADMILL!”

I hadn’t really been expecting it at that moment and it hit me. My heart started to race and my pussy pulsed. Before I knew it I was flat on my back on the sand, legs wide apart, my left hand squeezing my little tits and my right hand finger fucking myself.

Through the haze of the orgasm I saw lots of young men looking down on both Kate and I as we both rode out our orgasms. I could vaguely hear some of the comments that the young men were making,

“Fucking sluts.”

“They start young these days.”

“What I could do with either of them.”

“I like ‘em young.”

“Come here and cop a hold of this.”

“Wrap it round this slut.”

“I could easily become a paedophile.”

“Stop teasing us bitches; you might just regret it.”

I heard a couple of female voices as well,

“Fucking tarts.”

“Get back to school sluts.”

As the waves receded I looked up and saw Ryan standing between us.

“GET UP YOU TWO. WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING? YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES.”

Realising that he was still play-acting I got to my feet and said,

“Sorry daddy, I just couldn’t help myself.”

Kate was getting up and she apologizing too.

We both stood there looking down at the sand. Ryan slapped our butts (hard) and said,

“Get yourselves home and expect a lot more of that when we get there.”

Both Kate and I started walking away from the young men, heads down and holding our hands in front of our pussies.

When we’d got about 50 yards away Ryan came between us, put an arm round each of our shoulders and said,

“You two were brilliant. I’ve never seen such lust on people’s faces; but Kate, don’t you go trying that on your own. Always remember that there’s safety in numbers.”

“Yes daddy.”

We all laughed then Ryan said,

“Right, who’s for another teasing session?”

“I’m up for it.” Kate said.

“I think that we should relax for a bit first. How about a swim, I’m all sweaty?” I said.

All agreeing Ryan dropped our backpack and we all waded out into the sea. I wanted Ryan to fuck me while we were out there but it was a bit difficult with Ryan wearing shorts. We settled for splashing around for a while before heading to the backpack.

“The sun’s still quite hot,” Kate said; “how about a bit more sunbathing?”

“You just want Ryan to rub some more suntan lotion on you don’t you?” I said.

“Don’t you?”

Kate and I both smiled and looked for a space to spread out. Ryan put lotion on his ‘daughters’ again, making us both moan as he played with our pussies for quite a bit longer than it takes to put suntan lotion on normally.

After about 5 minutes of sunbathing I noticed that both Kate and I were lying on our backs, knees bent and spread apart. Ryan was in between us on his stomach and doing something in the backpack.

Kate suddenly gasped and then moaned.

“That’s nice Ryan, please leave it like that.” I heard her say.

I sat up and put my weight on my elbows and looked around. Kate’s knees had drifted so far apart that one was touching Ryan. Anyone who looked could see absolutely everything. For some stupid reason I felt a little jealous and spread my knees as much as I could.

I looked around to see if anyone was looking at us. I couldn’t see anyone but who can tell which way eyes are looking when they’re covered in sunglasses.

A group of youths were walking along the water’s edge towards us. As they got closer I watched them as one by one they all started looking at us. They stopped right between us and the sea and stood there pretending not to look at our pussies and Kate’s tits.

I don’t know why I did it but I put all my weight on my left elbow and moved my right hand to my pussy. I rubbed it for a few seconds, then rubbed my clit, then pushed 2 fingers inside my hole. I finger fucked myself for a couple of seconds then transferred my weight back to 2 elbows.

I regretted doing that very quickly as the youths moved a little closer and sat between us and the sea. I felt embarrassed but I didn’t close my legs. I started feeling horny and was torn between what a good girl should do and what my body wanted. I started to get wetter.

I turned to Ryan and saw that he was watching what was going on. He’d obviously turned the vibe up as Kate’s head was slowly going from side to side and her leg was pressing against Ryan. She wanted her legs as far apart as they could be.

I let my feet slide down and apart and as I looked down my body to the youths I could see my pubic bone sticking well up from my stomach. I suddenly thought of something that Ryan had said; that I could make a great bikini bridge – if I’d been wearing a bikini.

I looked at Ryan, his legs squashed between Kate’s knee and my leg. He was looking at the youths and his eyes were going from side to side. Bloody hell, he was inviting them to look at Kate and me; not that they would have needed an invite; after all, they’re men.

I looked at the youths again; they all had either lust or grins on their faces.

The vibe must have started to get the better of Kate as she started to get a little vocal and her stomach was rising and falling quickly. I couldn’t make up my mind if I wanted to cum too. On the one hand there was the embarrassment but on the other hand I could feel that it would be a good orgasm.

Ryan made the decision for me.

“Treadmill.”

My elbows slid from under me and I started jerkin as the spasms took over. I could feel my hips rising to meet a cock that wasn’t there, and my pussy muscles trying to pull in something that wasn’t there. My hand that was nearest to Ryan grabbed out and gripped his arm and squeezed hard. I could feel my juices leaking out and running down to my butt.

The next thing that I knew was Ryan whispering,

“Can I have my arm back please? It’s starting to go numb.”

I let go and looked at Kate first; she too was starting to come down. Then the youths; they’re eyes were still glued to our pussies and a couple of hands were on the front of their shorts. I wondered what their cocks looked like.

I lay there for ages as my breathing slowly got back to normal.

As soon as I was able I got up, helped Kate get to her feet and dragged her into the sea. I certainly needed the sweat washing off me and I guessed that Kate did too. I also needed to cool down.

Thankfully, the youths had gone when we emerged from the water. Ryan was grinning at us as we towelled ourselves dry.

Time was moving on, the sun was going down, and we were getting hungry; so Ryan had the idea of going to one of the beach side cafés for something to eat. I would have preferred somewhere less public but as usual, Ryan got his way.

Kate must have been feeling a little tired because when she sat at the table she sat like good little girls are always being told to do; except that she was naked.

After the meal we headed back to the car and Ryan drove back to the villa, all of us a little quiet.

The food and the rest must have done us some good because when we got back to our villa I got us all a drink and we sat out by the pool and talked. After a while Kate said,

“Would you really have tanned my butt Ryan?”

“Why, would you have liked me to?”

“I don’t know.”

“Only one way to find out.” I added.

Kate looked at me then bent over and spread her legs a bit.

“Go on then Ryan; hit it.”

I smiled, looked at Ryan, nodded then stood back as Ryan’s hand flew down onto Kate’s ass.

“Oooow!” That hurt.

“It’s supposed to.” I said, “Do you want some more?”

“Yes please.”

I went round to Kate’s head while Ryan rained slap after slap on Kate’s butt. I reached under Kate to her tits and found two very hard nipples which I rubbed and squeezed as she screamed out and started crying. After about 20 slaps the screaming and crying stopped and she went silent. After another 10 or so she started moaning. Another 10 or 12 slaps and Kate started cumming.

Ryan stopped and we both watched her; still bent over with a red butt.

Kate stood up a couple of minutes later and before she could say anything Ryan said,

“You need to cool that down.”

Without saying anything, Kate walked over to the pool and walked straight into it. She surfaced a few seconds later and swam to the side nearest us.

“I don’t know what to say,” Kate said, “I never would have thought that was possible; or that I would have wanted to try it; but I’m glad that I did. This whole day has been full of amazing self-discoveries and I’m really glad that you helped me. I’ll remember this day; and you two, for the rest of my life. Thank you so much.”

I didn’t know what to say, neither did Ryan. After a few seconds I picked up a towel and walked towards Kate.

“It still hurts.” Kate said as she sat down.

“So Kate,” Ryan said, “what’s going to happen tomorrow when your father and brothers get back?”

“I’ve been thinking about that, the way I see it is that I have 2 options. Option 1 is for me to go back to being the ‘old’ me boring and repressed as I was. Option 2 is for me to start doing what ‘I’ want to do. I really want to do option 2 but I don’t know if I’ve got the guts.”

“Only one way to find out.” Ryan said.

“I can’t just walk out of my room stark naked.”

“But you can get ‘caught’ sunbathing naked; pretending that you weren’t expecting them to get back so soon.” I said.

“But what could I say?”

“Well don’t apologise.” Ryan said, “Ask them if they’re going to join you. If your brothers throw a wobbler just tell them to grow-up and get over it. If they’re anything like normal kids they soon will, and they’ll start ogling you. As for your father, the way he looked at Tanya yesterday I’m sure that he won’t object too much; if at all. He too will start staring at you. If you play your cards right you’ll soon have them doing anything that you want them to do.”

“You think so?” Kate asked.

“I’m 100 percent sure.” Ryan said, “Attractive young women like you really can manipulate men quite easily if you are prepared to use your main asset, your body to do it. Just look how Tanya manipulates me.”

“I do not.” I said.

“Oh come on Tanya; you walk around naked all the time and when we go out you always wear very short skirts with no underwear.”

“And….” I said.

“Just joking; I love you exactly as you are. I wouldn’t want you to change one little bit, and you don’t manipulate me. I was just joking.”

I’d started to get annoyed but as soon as Ryan said that he was joking I just thumped his arm.

Kate decided that she was tired and wanted to turn-in but before she left she asked Ryan to retrieve the vibe that was still in her pussy. Both Ryan and I had forgotten about that. Kate shuffled forwards in her chair and spread her legs. As Ryan was groping around inside her Kate said that she was going to miss that; and us.

Thanking us (again) for the most amazing day of her life she left us to go to her bed.

Ryan and I sat by the pool for a while reflecting on just how unexpected the day had turn out. After a while we went to bed and Ryan spooned me and we fell asleep with him inside me.

We were late up the next morning and as we were having breakfast by the pool we heard a car arrive and assumed that it was Kate’s family returning. We both wondered how Kate was dressed (or not) at that moment.

That afternoon we went to another beach and Ryan once again made me cum right in the middle of the crowded beach.

We bumped into Roger and his family a couple of days later as we wandered round the village. Kate rushed up to us and hugged us. It was obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra under her tank top and as we hugged she whispered that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. Her micro skirt was only a few inches lower than her pussy and I wondered if she’d been exposing herself to her father and the boys. They all certainly looked happy.

Ryan later told me that Roger had said that Kate had taken a leaf out of my book and they’d all had to get used to Kate wandering around without any clothes on. I smiled and thought,

“Good for you girl.”

I also wondered if she was going to do what Ryan had told her about using her body to get power over the males in her family.

I kept up my Kegel exercises while I was on holiday; most days I did them out by the pool. My pussy muscles are getting so firm that I can grip Ryan’s cock so hard that I can stop him from shooting his load into me; then when I relax my muscles it all comes squirting into me; the first time that I did that it felt like a hosepipe had been turned on.

Talking of hosepipes; there was one near the pool and I remembered what I’d done with a hosepipe before. I had this urge to do it again so I went for the hosepipe and disconnected the end bit. Guess where I put the end of the hose. Ryan was smiling as he watched and went and turned the water on for me. It was quite warm for a while then it cooled down. It didn’t make me cum but it sure did feel good.

Another thing that made me feel good was the pool inlet. Floating on my back with the water pounding my pussy is sooo relaxing.

Another evening we went into San Antonio again. The plan was to go clubbing and I was wearing all my jewellery, my swimming skirt (Ryan said that it would be good for clubbing and that no one would notice that it was so short that my pussy and butt were showing), and one of my see-through tops.

As we both intended to have a few drinks we decided to get the bus rather than drive. The bus only took about 30 minutes and Ryan kept playing with my nipples all the way there. I was glad that I wasn’t wearing the remote vibe as I was sure that Ryan would have made me cum on that bus.

We walked to near a popular looking club then found a bar for a few drinks first. That bar was full of young people doing what we were; i.e. getting happy on cheap booze before going into the club and having to pay stupid prices for drinks.

The bar was a bit untidy because there were beer barrels and empty bottle crates in one corner. Ryan thought that it would be a laugh for me to stand on one of the upturned bottle crates so that I was his height for a change.

It did feel different, but I soon realised that Ryan had an ulterior reason for me to stand on that crate. Soon after I was up there one of his hands went to my butt cheeks under my too short skirt. He was fondling my butt and pussy right there in the bar. I was glad that there wasn’t much light. After a while of starting to feel good I realised that I had automatically spread my feet a little so that Ryan had better access.

We were just getting to the end of our second drink when in walked his 3 old school mates. After the usual greetings they went for some drinks and Ryan apologised for bumping into them and he promised that we’d get away from them as quick as possible.

When they got back to us all 3 of Ryan’s mates said that I looked good. All 3 were looking lower than my face as they said that, and their attention made my nipples stand to attention. All the time Ryan’s hand was still rubbing along my slit and sometimes sliding a finger inside my wet pussy.

It’s a strange (but exciting) feeling being fingered whilst you’re taking to someone else; but not quite as strange as being fucked whilst you’re talking to someone else.

Ryan’s gentle finger fucking was raising my AF, but (thankfully) not enough to make me cum.

I was hoping that Ryan would dump his old school mates before we went into the club but we all joined the queue together and eventually we were all inside. Ryan was right about my skirt; most of the girls there were wearing as little as I was and I’m sure that I saw at least 3 other uncovered pussies. Ryan, who seems to be able to spot a bare pussy at half a mile, said that he saw at least 10. I was happy that I wasn’t the centre of attention.

The club was heaving but we were having a great time. Thankfully, Ryan’s old school mates were out to get laid so they went chasing pussy leaving Ryan and me alone.

The club has one floor that they fill with foam and Ryan pulled me into it and we started dancing, hardly able to see each other. We’d been holding hands to stay with each other but I lost touch with him for a few seconds. Then felt 2 hands slide from my back around my bare stomach. Assuming that it was Ryan I relaxed a bit and continued slow dancing.

The hands slid down over my skirt onto my bare mound. Thinking that Ryan was just showing his love for me I spread my legs a bit, hoping that he would finger me in the foam.

I wasn’t disappointed as the hands slid between my legs, spread my wet lips and penetrated me. There was a moment’s pause as I felt my chain and both rings being touched. It felt good as the fingers teased my clit and finger fucked me. It certainly helped that I could feel a hard cock (through shorts), pressing on my butt.

I was getting so close to cumming when Ryan’s face was right in front of mine and he started kissing me. It suddenly dawned on me that if Ryan was kissing me there was no way that his hands could be wrapped round me from behind and fingering me.

I clamped my legs together and the hands moved away. As soon as we broke our kiss I turned round but all I could see was foam. As I turned back to Ryan he asked,

“Are you okay?”

“Err yes, I think so.”

I thought about telling him what had happened but I started to wonder if I’d dreamt it. Was it just wishful thinking on my dis-oriented part? I decided not to think about it.

When we left the foam we had another drink and did a bit more dancing. I didn’t feel at all out of place in my very skimpy clothes; in fact we saw a few topless girls dancing.

A while later Ryan’s mates appeared again, but by that time they’d got lucky and had 3 girls with them. All 3 were wearing skimpy clothes as well. We tried chatting but the music was too loud and in the end we all decided to leave and find a quieter bar.

We found one and the guys got some drinks. As time went on we’d all got very ‘happy’ and the crowds thinned out. Someone thought that it would be a good idea to have some tequila shots.

After a couple of rounds the guys decided that they wanted to do body shots on us 4 girls. A table was cleared and the guys started to try to persuade one of us to lie on the table. Bearing in mind that I only had on a see-through top and a way too short skirt; and all my jewellery; there was no way that I was going to volunteer.

Fortunately one of the ‘pick-ups’ volunteered and lay on her back on the table. I smiled when it became obvious that she too wasn’t wearing any knickers, or a bra.

The guys all (including Ryan) had a shot from her belly button then one of the guys wanted to have one off her tits. She happily pulled her top up letting her tits spring free and shouting,

“Come and get them!”

Someone was sober enough to realise that the tequila wouldn’t stay put on her quivering tits so one of the guys pressed a finger on her right nipple while another poured the tequila into the indentation; then someone else slurped the shot.

This went on until all of us had sucked up a shot from her tit. Feeling a bit naughty I teased her nipple a bit with my teeth before I stood up.

Another of the girls wanted to have a go, so she took the first girl’s place and 7 more shots were sucked-up from first her belly button, then one of her tits. This girl was wearing a thong that had a wet spot where her hole was; a point that all the guys made a comment about.

Girl 3 had her turn, revealing that she was without any underwear.

The 2 girls that had no knickers were also shaved bald and the girl in the thong probably was as well because the thong was plastered flat to her pubis.

After all 3 girls had had their turn everyone looked at me. There was no way that I wanted to be displayed like that but the whole group, and the alcohol that I’d already drunk, were persuading me. So were the audience (half the bar) that we had attracted.

Up on the table I got and I heard a few comments about my pussy piercing, chains and one about my clit ring.

Embarrassed, but giggling I waited for the tequila to be poured onto my belly button. Seven shots were sucked up with Ryan telling me to stop giggling because my belly was shaking too much.

After the seventh I sat up ready to get off the table but Ryan stopped me saying,

“You’re not done yet TT; there’s the tit shots next.”

With that he reached over and pulled my top right up and off me. Apart from shoes and the way too short skirt I was now naked in a bar with what seemed like hundreds of people staring at me.

“Might as well have this off as well.” Ryan said as he pulled my skirt up (it had been round my waist) and over my head.

Fortunately the alcohol and the fact that I’d been naked for most of about 10 days had numbed my embarrassment a little but I still put one arm over my little tits.

One of the guys stepped forward and with one hand lifted my arms off my tits; and with the other he pressed down on my right nipple.

“That’s no good,” he said, “they’re too small to hold any tequila.”

That got a few laughs and the odd comment about my age but I didn’t care. The guys and gals were quiet for a while then Ryan said,

“I know what we’ll do, we’ll use her pussy.”

“WHAT!” I said.

“”Won’t it all disappear inside her?” One of the guys said.

“Maybe,” Ryan said, “but there’s only one way to find out.”

Ryan grabbed my ankles and lifted them right up in the air, leaving only my shoulders and head on the table.

“Put your hands on your hips to support yourself.” Ryan said.

I did, and as soon as they were there Ryan pulled my ankles wide apart, opening my lips and pointing my exposed hole to the ceiling.

There were a few cheers from the guys and the crowd, and a few more comments about my rings and chains. One of the girls asked about the 2 rings and one of the guys explained what Ryan had told him that day on the beach. The girls were surprised by his knowledge.

While that was going on I was laid there, embarrassed but giggling. For some weird reason I spread my legs as wide as I could, almost making them parallel to the floor.

Ryan sensed that I was co-operating and let go of my ankles. He got the bottle of tequila and poured a bit onto my pussy. I was expecting it to be cold or to sting my sensitive skin but it was warm and didn’t sting. He peered down at my pussy for a while then said,

“Good, it’s staying there.”

He then stuck a slice of lemon in MY mouth and said,

“Right, who’s first?”

All 3 guys moved forward but 1 was slightly ahead. He looked at Ryan who nodded and his old school mate lowered his mouth to my pussy.

It should have been a quick suck to get the tequila but it went on for ages as he sucked my clit and tried to poke his tongue into my hole. I suddenly thought about my Kegel exercises and squeezed my pussy to keep the tongue out but as my AF started to rise I relaxed and let it in.

I don’t know how long Ryan let his mate eat me but I certainly felt relaxed and happy when he stopped. I looked at Ryan who winked at me letting me know that he was happy about what was happening. I relaxed and waited for the next guy.

All 3 guys had a go at getting their shots and I was just about to let myself down when 1 of the girls said,

“My turn!”

I felt happy that I was about to get eaten by a girl. I hoped that she’d make a better job than the guys. I wasn’t wrong and Ryan let her keep going until she made me cum; much to the delight of the audience.

When I calmed down I was still p on my shoulders, legs spread wide and pussy pointing to the ceiling.

I started to bring my legs together when another on the girls said,

“Not yet Tanya, you’ve got 2 more to go.”

Both girls took their turn to drink their shots; and to make me cum.

By the time they’d finished, the tequila was finished too. Ryan was holding the empty bottle and looking at me. I smiled and saw Ryan get an evil look in his face. He stepped forward and lowered the opening of the bottle to my pussy. He held it there and said,

“Shall I?”

It seemed like everyone in the building started egging him on; the noise was deafening.

Ryan paused for a few more seconds before lowering the bottle to my pussy. I squeezed hard but Ryan pressed until I relaxed and took the bottle in as far as it would go.

Boy that felt good. I moaned and bucked my hips, trying to get more inside me; but there was no way that the main part of the bottle would go in. Instead, Ryan fucked me with it as the whole room watched.

The inevitable happened and I had another orgasm.

After that the bar staff produced a couple of cans of cream and some cherries. Guess what happened next. Yes, all 4 of us girls got cream squirted on our interesting bits and quite a lot of men in the bar, not just Ryan and his 3 mates, ended up licking it off. A few of them made jokes about taking our cherries. We were a sticky mess; but a happy sticky mess. I think that all of us had at least one orgasm from the licking.

Ryan looked as pleased as punch; he really does like people seeing me naked, being groped by strange men and cumming in front of them. I sometimes get these images of me being gang-banged by a load of strangers and looking up and seeing Ryan staring down at me with a ginormous grin on his face. Then I come back to reality thinking that I hope it never comes to that.

Anyway, things started to quieten down and when I looked outside dawn was starting to break. Most of our group were still quite lively and one of the girls suggested that we go skinny-dipping so us girls put our clothes on and off we went.

We walked down to the beach and away from the centre of town. Behind some beach bars we all stripped and ran into the sea. After some splashing and messing about we split into 4 couples and started making out in the sea.

I’m pretty sure that we 4 girls all got fucked; I know that I did, Ryan fucked me hard as I floated on my back.

When we emerged from the sea there were a few ‘early-birds’ on the beach and we got a couple of funny looks but none of us cared.

Ryan’s old school mates and their girls all decided that they were going back to their hotels. They didn’t say so but we assumed that they meant to the same hotel and room for some more fucking. Ryan and I were both hungry so we became the first customers of the day at one of the beach cafés. Thankfully none of the staff were interested in my micro clothes.

After that we walked to the bus station and waited for the bus back to our villa. I fell asleep on the bus and when I woke-up Ryan was running a finger round my clit. Unfortunately we had to get off a few minutes later and walk back to the villa.

On the last full day that we were there Ryan promised to give me the most pleasurable day that he ever has. I had images of a romantic day with lots of fucking and cuddling. Unfortunately what Ryan meant was a day full of embarrassing public nudity and orgasms.

I started to get a little worried when he changed the batteries in the remote vibe and asked me to put my hair in pigtails and my barbells in my nipples and clit hood. When I asked him where we were going he said that he thought that we’d go back to Playa d'en Bossa.

Okay, I’d had lots of fun there with Kate but it had been very embarrassing and tiring.

“So are you going to give me lots of orgasms then?” I asked.

“Oh yes,” Ryan replied, “I want to see if you can get up to triple figures.”

“Bloody hell Ryan; are you trying to kill me; ‘death by orgasm’?”

“What a way to go.” Ryan replied.

“Well yes, but not today;” I said, “I’ll be happy if I just have a couple; and preferably with just you near me lover.”

“Oh, I think that we can do better than that my sexy little exhibitionist.”

“No I’m not.”

Ryan just smiled.

We left the villa with not a stitch of clothing for me; just suntan lotion and a towel to lie on; oh, and 4 pieces of metal attached to my privates that I suspected would be anything but private that day; and one remote controlled vibrator inside me that would be invisible to everyone.

I was a little nervous as we drove into Playa d'en Bossa because it’s one thing to pretend to be a 12 year-old naked girl when everything about you looks young and natural, but it’s something else when your nipple and clit piercing jewellery is visible. I don’t suppose there are many 12 year-olds in the world that have that sort of jewellery on display.

Anyway, we parked the car and walked towards the beach. As we got close I asked Ryan if we could stop at a café to get something to eat, and a drink; or two. I figured that I’d need a bit of alcohol to loosen me up for what I suspected Ryan was going to get me to do.

The waiter had a bit of a grin on his face as he approached our table but Ryan said that he must have been told a joke.

As we sat there Ryan switched the vibe on, on low, telling me that he wanted to get me ‘warmed up’. I shuddered a bit as I wondered just what Ryan had in store for me.

The alcohol and the vibe started to work and I relaxed in my chair and I didn’t object when Ryan used his feet to spread my legs a bit. I was laid back in the chair with my legs still spread when the waiter came to get our money. I watched his face and his eyes opened wide when he realised what he could see. He stared at my pussy as he tried to convince Ryan to order something else.

Ryan was obviously enjoying seeing the man stare at my pussy because he ordered us both another drink and when it came the waiter took ages to move things around on the table to get them just how he wanted.

As we walked away from the café Ryan said that the day had got off to a good start and he asked me if I was happy.

“Of course; you’re with me and I’m starting to feel good.”

“And a bit wet?” Ryan asked.

“Oh yes, I can see that I’ll have a lot of sand stuck to the insides of my legs quite soon.”

Ryan put his arm round me and said,

“That’s my girl.”

I noticed the odd double-take as we walked onto the beach, but no one said anything and Ryan steered me towards the club areas of the beach. Fortunately, the louder the music the fewer kids there were and we soon got to a place where there were only teens and twenties men and women.

Ryan picked a spot right in the middle of a bunch of mainly young men and we spread our towels. Ryan got me to rub suntan lotion onto him then he told me to lie down so that he could do me.

He took his time getting every square inch of my back and when he moved down to my legs I automatically spread them to give him access to my inner thighs. As expected, he lingered around my pussy and he whispered,

“Bloody hell TT; your gushing.”

“That’s your fault.” I answered.

He continued rubbing the suntan lotion, and my juices, into the top of my legs.

As I turned onto my back I saw that a handful of youths around us were watching us.

“Time for kid mode.” Ryan whispered.

“Daddy, will you do my front now?” I loudly asked.

“Of course princess.” Ryan said.

As Ryan started rubbing the lotion on my arms I saw 2 geeky looking youths walk up and sit only about 6 feet from my feet. Both sat so that they could look at us but both pretended to be looking elsewhere.

I smiled a little and thought,

“Poor sods, they look too shy to get anywhere with the girls; I bet that they’ll still be virgins when they fly home.”

Ryan started on my chest and little tits. As he massaged the lotion around and on my nipples he said, quite loudly,

“I don’t know why I agreed to let you have these piercings done; you’re still too young for this sort of thing.”

“But daddy, I like them, especially this one;” I said as I opened my legs and gently pulled on my clit hood barbell revealing my clit ring to the geeks and anyone else who was looking.

“Besides, all the girls at school have had them done.”

I looked towards the young geeks and saw that they were now on their stomachs looking at me; well my pussy.

Ryan moved to my legs, lifting them one at a time as he continued with the lotion. I let out a moan as he touched my pussy.

“Princess,” Ryan loudly said, “You’re so wet, what’s wrong with you?”

“It’s you daddy; and those boys looking at me, I can’t help it.”

“Just ignore the other people princess; pretend that they’re not there.”

“Okay daddy.”

Ryan finished my legs and moved up to my lower abdomen. As he rubbed the lotion round and on my pussy I let out a few moans, loud enough for the geeks to hear.

When Ryan had finished we both just lay there enjoying the sun. After a couple of minutes Ryan noticed that I was laying there with my legs closed and he whispered for me to open them. I did.

A few more minutes later Ryan said,

“I bet that you’re getting bored Tanya; how about practicing your gymnastics?”

I looked at him as if to say,

“Really, you want me to do that with these geeks and others watching?”

Ryan answered my unspoken question by turning the vibe up to full.

“Okay, okay.” I said as I got to my feet and started doing all the things that I’d done with Kate a few days previously.

It was probably a mistake but as I exposed my pussy to the geeks and the others that were watching me I kept looking at them. Their expressions and stares compounded the effect of the vibe purring away inside me and it wasn’t long before I started cumming.

I collapsed onto the sand and lay there jerking and moaning.

As the waves subsided I looked over to Ryan.

“Come on Tanya,” Ryan said, “you shouldn’t be having a rest in the middle of your routine.”

I glared at him, slightly annoyed, but grateful that he’d turned the vibe down to the low setting. Getting back up onto my feet I continued doing more of what I could remember of the day with Kate and in the art classes.

I was just walking on my hands with my legs parallel to the sand when Ryan turned the vibe back up to full. The sudden shock to my already very horny body took my AF off the scale and I collapsed as I started to cum again.

Unfortunately I collapsed right on top of the 2 geeks.

Lying across them while cumming and having no control over my body I just stared into the glasses of the geek who had his arm on my tits. No doubt he would argue that he was just catching me.

When I was able I rolled off them and got up. Apologising, I walked back to Ryan and sat next to him.

“Can we go for a swim please daddy?” I asked.

“Of course princess.”

I watched Ryan put his hand into our backpack and switch the vibe off before getting to his feet and holding my hand as we walked into the sea.

Up to my neck in the water I just stood there for ages, just relaxing with Ryan holding my hands. When I’d got myself together I looked at Ryan and said,

“Fuck me now, please.”

As I said that I let go of Ryan’s hand and put my right hand to my pussy to catch the vibe as I squeezed it out. I then put it in Ryan’s shorts pocket before pulling Ryan closer to shore so that I could float at cock height and let him fuck me.

It didn’t take long for both of us to cum and me to just float there impaled on his cock as it slowly went soft.

Before we went ashore Ryan got me to put the vibe back in its proper home and as we were drying ourselves Ryan whispered something about moving on and having ‘round 2’.

I wasn’t sure what he meant but I helped him pack out backpack and we walked off, passed the 2 geeks who just couldn’t stop staring at us – well me.

As we walked further down the beach I asked Ryan if he was happy with the embarrassment that he’d caused.

“You were fantastic TT; you really are a natural at flashing. If you ever decide to become a porn star you’ll make millions.”

“That’ll never happen mister; it’s way too embarrassing. But I’m pleased that you enjoy it.”

We then had the same short argument about me getting embarrassed and humiliated, and Ryan saying that I loved every second of it.

As usual Ryan won and we stopped walking and Ryan chose a place for us to spread our towels again. I found out what he meant by ‘round 2’ as he switched the vibe onto low and told me that we were going to do the same as we’d done a few minutes ago.

We (I) did; in fact we repeated the ‘show’ 3 times, with me taking my orgasm count well into double figures, before Ryan decided that I needed a rest (he certainly got that right), and some food.

We walked to a beach-side café where we ate and had a few more drinks. I sat lady-like as we ate with no one taking much notice of the naked kid and her father.

Just as I was starting to feel ‘normal’ again, Ryan stood up and said,

“Come on princess, time for round 5.”

The alcohol and my AF count had loosened my inhibitions and after a very small objection, we headed further along the beach with Ryan looking for a suitable crowd for me to embarrass myself in front of.

Three more ‘rounds’ later as we were fucking in the sea, I pleaded with Ryan to stop the shows; I was just too knackered. I’d totally lost count of the orgasms I’d had but guessed that it must be well into the twenties.

Ryan took pity on me and we collected our things and walked to the edge of the beach. We found some steps and sat half way up, relaxing and looking down at the crowds of young people on the beach.

We were close to the Bora Bora beach bar and I could see quite a few girls, wearing just thongs, dancing and drinking. I didn’t feel at all under dressed even though my pussy wasn’t covered.

Ryan decided to go and get us an ice cream and I leant back on my elbows relaxing and trying to think about nothing. I didn’t realise until Ryan got back, but I’d let my knees drift apart. Ryan brought my attention to it by telling me that the man at the bottom of the steps was having a great view. I looked down, saw him and clamped my knees together.

“Look, you’re such an exhibitionist that you’re flashing guys without realising that you’re doing it.” Ryan said.

“I am not.”

Ryan smiled and passed me my ice cream.

When we’d finished Ryan said,

“Right, time for ‘round 9’.”

“NO! No, I can’t take any more of that; please no more, I’m knackered.”

“Hmm, you do look a bit done-in. How about we just lie out and soak up the sun for a while?”

“Yes, please, that would be great.”

We walked down onto the beach and found space to put our towels down. We lay there on our backs with my legs firmly together and holding hands.

The next thing that I knew was the vibe started purring away inside me and when I got fully awake I realised that my legs were spread wide, my right hand was on my pussy and I was feeling very horny. I looked at Ryan and saw a big grin on his face.

“Having a nice dream?”

“Err yeah,” I said, “it was nice, we were on a beach on our own and you were making love to me. It was so romantic.”

By that time I’d moved my hand and was feeling a bit embarrassed.

“How long has that thing, pointing to my stomach, been on?” I asked.

“Only about 10 minutes.”

I looked around and saw a couple of people looking at me but they were talking and didn’t (thankfully) look that interested.

“Ryan,” I said, “I need to cum – soon.”

“Wow, my horny little slut, will here and now do?”

“No not really, but I’m guessing that you’re not going to give me any choice in the matter.”

I was right, the vibe went onto full speed and I moaned and grabbed handfuls of the towel to stop my hands from going to my pussy.

My hips lifted off the towel as I started to cum. I could feel my pussy spasms and hoped that no one was looking. I was wrong; as I calmed down I looked and saw a young couple staring at me. The girl had a smile on her face and the boy was adjusting the front of his shorts.

Ryan had seen them as well and he whispered,

“Guess what they’re going to be doing as soon as they get back to their hotel.”

“You and me as well buster.” I thought.

Ryan turned the vibe down and I tried to relax.

About 10 minutes later I started to feel a bit restless. When I told Ryan he got up and pulled me up too.

“Come on, I’ve got an idea,” he said.

We walked along the beach until we came to a place that was renting jet-skis.

“Fancy a go?” Ryan asked.

“Does it involve having an orgasm?” I asked.

“Do you want it to?”

I didn’t get the chance to answer that as one of the young men looking after the jet-skis asked Ryan if he wanted a go. Ryan looked at me and said,

“Yeah, both of us.”

The man looked me up and down and said,

“Okay, I’m sure we’ve got a floatation-aid her size.”

He went off and came back with 2 flotation-aids and handed them to Ryan who gave the smaller one back to him and said,

“Can you put that one on her, I’m a little busy.”

The man looked me up and down again and his eyes seemed to linger on my piercings then he opened the jacket thing for me to put my arms through. When I was done he zipped it up then said,

“I need to fasten the strap between her legs.”

Ryan looked over and replied,

“That’s okay, go ahead. Tanya, open your legs for the man.”

I did, and the man put his hand between my legs and grabbed the dangling strap. As he pulled the strap through my legs the side of his hand brushed my bare pussy. I gasped and shuddered a bit.

“Sorry.” The man said as he clipped the fastener on the strap to a socket on the front. As he tightened the strap it pressed onto my pussy and I gasped again.

Ryan was already done by then and was getting the money out of our backpack to pay the man. As he did he turned the vibe onto low. I hadn’t been expecting that and I jumped a little.

“Are you okay,” the man asked; “there’s no need to be nervous, I’m sure that your daddy won’t go too fast.”

I nearly laughed but Ryan was suddenly back with us and asking the man how the jet-ski worked.

Ryan got on and I climbed on behind him. When the motor started the vibrations went straight through me making me think that I wasn’t going to last long.

As Ryan opened the throttle I hung on for dear life. I heard Ryan ask if I was okay and I squeezed his waist to let him know that I was.

As we sped along I could feel my AF rising. When the inevitable happened I gripped Ryan’s waist so much that he backed-off the throttle and turned to look at me. When he realised that I was cumming he opened the throttle wide. This made the orgasm more intense and the grip on Ryan’s waist tighter.

As the intensity decreased, the pressure of my grip reduced and Ryan went even faster. When the intensity increased my grip got harder and Ryan slowed down. This went on for ages until Ryan turned the jet-ski and headed back to the beach.

The man came over to us and I just sat there, trying to relax and get my strength back. After a few seconds the man said,

“Here, let me help you.”

He stood beside me and lifted me right up and off the jet-ski. As he lowered me down I managed to straighten my legs and take my weight. Ryan got off and started taking his floatation-aid off. The man turned to me and asked me if I needed some help.

I nodded and the man un-clipped the strap. I was glad that I’d been splashed with sea water as I’m sure that the strap would have been quite wet. As the man unzipped me and lifted the jacket thing off me, my nipples got exposed to the air and sun and I realised that they were aching and rock hard.

The man saw them and stared at them for a few seconds before saying,

“You okay sweetie?”

I nodded.

Ryan thanked the man, grabbed my hand and led me to get our backpack.

As we walked away Ryan asked me if I was okay. I mumbled a quiet ’yes’ then Ryan asked me if I’d enjoyed my ride.

“Yeah, that was fun. It reminded me of the time that cop gave me a ride on his quad bike back to your uncle’s mobile home. I still wonder what he’d have done if he knew I was having an orgasm on the back of his bike.”

“I wish that I could have seen that.” Ryan said.

“You’ve seen me cum millions of time.”

“Yeah, but naked and on the back of a policeman’s quad bike! That’ll never happen again; maybe we should look for something similar. How could we get you to get a ride on a police horse?”

“That’ll never happen.” I said, trying to dismiss Ryan’s idea, but at the same time wondering what it would be like.

The vibe was starting to get the better of me and I needed to relax a bit.

“Can you turn this thing off please?” I asked.

“But you love cumming.”

“Yeah, but I need some rest. How would you like to cum 40 or 50 times in one day?” I asked Ryan.

“That’ll never happen, men aren’t built like that.” Ryan replied.

We found a space and spread our towels. As we lay down, up on our elbows watching a big boat go passed, I said.

“How would you like to have a hard-on that lasted for days?”

“Bloody hell TT; do you want me to fuck you non-stop for days?”

“That sounds nice, but it wasn’t quite what I was thinking. It was more like what would it be like for you to stay hard and shoot your load every 30 minutes for a whole day?”

“Bloody hell TT, men are different to women; men just can’t do that, they can’t produce enough cum.”

“But with Viagra you could stay hard for hours, maybe days.”

“Probably; would you like me to fuck you non-stop for hours TT?”

“Hell yes.”

“Well maybe we should get some Viagra and try.”

“So just how many times have you cum today TT – so far?”

“I don’t know, I lost count hours ago; but I’m sure that it’s more than I’ve ever cum in a week before. Hey, and what’s this ‘so far’ bit; what are you planning lover?”

“Well, I don’t know yet, but let’s increase that count right now.”

With that Ryan reached into the backpack and turned the vibe on and onto full. My body jerked at the sudden shock then I looked round then lay back. Fortunately there was no one that close, and no one looking at me.

Because of all the cumming that day my AF was already quite high and it didn’t take long for me to start cumming; my hips rising and my hands gripping the towel. I so wanted Ryan to fuck me right there and then.

As I calmed down I looked round hoping that Ryan had been the only one watching me but I was unlucky; a young couple walking along the water’s edge had stopped and were staring at me. I blushed a bit, but only a bit, the alcohol and everything that had happened that day had really lowered my inhibitions. I was almost at the point of not caring.

“Ready for another one?” Ryan asked, but he didn’t give me the chance to answer him. The vibe went back up to full and I resigned myself cumming in public yet again.

While I was up on my ‘high’ I was vaguely aware of first a young couple, then a whole bunch of people standing around me. After they had gone and I’d got back to normal Ryan told me what had happened. It started with the young woman coming over to us and saying,

“Is the girl okay?”

“Yes and no.” Ryan replied as both he and the woman looked at me.

The woman then knelt beside me, put her hand on my forehead then held my wrist checking my pulse. By that time the man that had been holding her hand as they walked along the beach, had come over and knelt next to me as well.

“What have we got Jude?” The man asked.

“Not sure yet Justin; it looks like she’s having an orgasm but…..”

“A bit young for that isn’t she.”

Ryan interrupted them by saying,

“Yeah, probably; our mother took her to the doctors a couple of months ago and he decided that she’s got this ‘Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder’ thing. Apparently she can have an orgasm at any time.”

“I’ve heard of that,” Justin said; “but I thought it only affected older girls and women.”

“Apparently not.” Jude said.

Justin explained that Jude and he were both medical students and he went on to explain, in medical terms, what PGAD was to Jade as Ryan sat there listening as I continued to cum; again and again.

Ryan must have had the vibe controller in his shorts pocket and his hand in there because the vibe suddenly went dead.

After a few seconds Justin said,

“It must be passing.”

“Maybe;” Jude replied, then, “does she get these episodes quite often?”

“Not too often at home but since we’ve been here she’s been getting quite a lot.” Ryan replied.

“Is she on any medication?” Justin asked.

“No, the doctor said that there isn’t a cure. He said that the only known way of helping reduce the symptoms is for her to have her clitoris cut off.” Ryan added.

Apparently Jade’s eyes opened wide at that before she said,

“I’m glad that they didn’t go for that option, it would have ruined her life. I’m surprised that he offered that as an option because female genital mutilation is illegal in England. What’s this round her clitoris?”

Jude was spreading my very wet labia so that my clit ring was clearly visible.

Ryan turned the vibe back on at that point and I started again; probably helped by Jade’s fingers. I don’t know why I did it but I opened my legs wider. It was if I wanted them to have a closer look at my pussy and clit ring. It wasn’t just Jade and Justin; the rest of the group of young people that they had been walking with had turned and come back to see what was going on. Maybe they too were medical students; I don’t know.

“Oh that;” Ryan said, “the doctor said that because our parents had rejected the amputation option he could try restricting the blood flow to her clitoris by putting that thing on. It doesn’t look like it works, does it?”

“No,” Justin said, “The weather here probably isn’t helping; I’ve read that heat can trigger an episode. Is that why she hasn’t got any clothes on?”

“Maybe that’s the reason;” Ryan replied, “she says that she hates clothes but maybe that’s her body’s way of telling her to keep cool. Perhaps we should take her into the water.”

As soon as Ryan had said that 2 of the guys had moved forward to lift me up.

I got lifted up by unknown men as I continued to have more orgasms. As Justin and Jade’s friends carried me to the water one of the guys said,

“A bit young for all these piercings isn’t she?”

“Apparently most of the girls in her class have got them, and more, so she tells us.” Ryan replied.

I got lowered into the shallow water and Ryan obviously switched the vibe off because I soon started to get back to normal. As soon as I was free of the men and thinking (not so) straight I opened my legs and let the water cool my hot and aching pussy.

When I looked up the 2 men were still there, still looking down at me; so was Jude, Justin and Ryan.

“How are you feeling now sweetie?” Jude asked.

“Fine; I’m just fine; thank you.” I responded after a short pause.

I sat up in the water and looked out to sea, too embarrassed to face the people there.

“Right, I think that we’ve done all that we can hear,” Jude said, “May I suggest that you keep your sister out of the sun as much as possible.”

With that, all but Ryan turned and walked away.

“Why do you keep doing that?” I asked Ryan.

“Because you love it when I do.”

“No I don’t.”

“Do you want me to finger test you right here.”

“I’m sat in the sea, of course I’m wet.”

“But the viscosity of your pussy juices will be a lot different and I bet that I can get my fingers out of the water quick enough to prove it.”

And he probably could, so I let it drop and got to my feet.

Ryan pulled the remote control out of his pocket and said,

“Ready for number 65?”

“Is that all, it feels like hundreds; I’m knackered. Can we just sit quietly for a while; besides, the sun is starting to go down and I’m sure that I’ll be feeling hungry soon.”

We walked along the beach for a couple of minutes then sat on our towels. It wasn’t long before I was fast asleep leaning back on Ryan with his arm around me.

When I woke up I was pleased to feel that the vibe wasn’t switched on. It was so romantic sat on the beach with my boyfriend’s arm round me and watching the sun go down.

But that couldn’t last; after about 15 minutes Ryan asked me if I was still feeling horny. After been naked on a public beach, letting dozens of people see my pussy and having goodness knows how many orgasms; how could I not feel horny. It would take a good fucking from Ryan and a good night’s sleep before those feelings would go away.

“Just a little lover; what have you got in mind?”

“Well…… Do you remember what was near the car when we parked it?”

“Other cars.”

“And….”

“There was a little kid’s play area.”

“Exactly.”

“Not with little kids around.”

“No, of course not. Tell you what, if there’s kids there we’ll just go back to the villa, but if it’s empty I’ll give you a few more to add to your count.”

“What count? I lost that hours ago.”

“Well we’ll just have to add to it anyway.”

“Before we go there can we stop and get something to eat please, I’m starving?” I asked.

“Of course we can, I’m hungry too; how about a burger?”

We went to this little burger bar. It has a big glass window with a long, thin worktop inside the window and high stools with little backs on them. There are only 2 proper tables inside and 5 or 6 outside, in front of the window, between that and the street. Ryan told me to go into ‘kid’ mode just before we went in so that there was more chance that the only man working there would think that I was a little kid; although I wasn’t sure what he’d make of a naked little girl who had nipple and clit rings.

The worker stared at me as we went in so I said,

“Daddy, can I have a happy meal please?”

“Sorry princess, this isn’t McDonalds, they don’t have happy meals here. Do you see anything up there that you’d like to have?”

“Have they got chicken nuggets?”

“No honey; tell you what, I’ll order for you; okay?”

“Thank you daddy.”

Ryan got our food and I was hoping that he’d take me to one of the tables outside but he led me to the worktop at the window.

“Can you manage to get onto that stool okay princess?”

“Of course I can daddy; I’m a big girl now.”

As I got onto the stool I realised why Ryan had picked that part of the worktop; there were 4 young men sat at the table at the other side of the window. I hoped that they wouldn’t try to look at my pussy. I settled on the stool with my legs closed and said,

“It seems a bit weird being in a burger bar without any clothes on.”

“You never have much on when we go to Burger King or McDonalds back in England.”

“Yeah I know, but being totally naked is different; more naked; more sexy; more exposed.”

“Yes, and you’re loving every minute of it.”

“Well…”

“Slide forwards and lay back a bit then spread your legs.” Ryan whispered.

I looked through the window and saw that the young men’s heads were level with my pussy; Ryan wanted me to let them look at my wet, swollen pussy. “What the hell!” I thought; I was still sexed-up from everything that had happened and I would have done absolutely anything that Ryan asked.

I shuffled my butt to the front edge of the stool and lay back until my back met the short stool back. Then I opened my legs as wide as I could.

Ryan let me eat most of my food like that. About half way through I looked out of the window and saw that the young men had spotted what they could see and were doing what was expected. Seeing them looking at my pussy caused me to get a wet rush and a strong ache for something living inside me.

As I was getting towards the end of my food Ryan switched the vibe on. My pussy muscles contracted at the shock and I heard a bit of a cheer from the youths.

I felt my juices run down my crack to my butt and probably drip onto the stool.

Ryan wasn’t eating as fast as I was and he still had some chips left. He picked a big one up and eased it into my hole; then ate it.

I heard another cheer.

“Hmm pussy dip.” Ryan said; “Is that a new sales opportunity. It tastes much better than tomato or brown sauce.”

I imagined a waitress in a restaurant saying,

“Would you like any sauce with your meal sir, tomato, chilly, brown or pussy?”

I smiled to myself but didn’t say anything.

Ryan dipped another chip and I heard another cheer. This time Ryan held the chip for me to eat. I opened my mouth and Ryan teased me by putting it in then quickly pulling it out. He did that a couple of times then left it in my mouth.

Ryan put his hand in his pocket and I felt the vibe go faster.

My pussy gushed and spasmed as I started to cum. My head went back as I just managed to keep quiet. Ryan kept the vibe on full and my orgasm turned into a double. Thankfully Ryan then turned the vibe down.

When I’d got back to something like normal Ryan said,

“Can you squeeze the vibe partially out then suck it back in?”

“Probably.” I said.

I relaxed for a few seconds then started squeezing. As the end of the vibe appeared I heard a bigger cheer from outside. I looked up and saw that the 4 young men had been joined by 3 more. That thought raised my AF a couple of notches. If I wasn’t careful I’d cum again.

I turned my head to look for the man worker. I could see the man that had served us but he was busy serving someone else.

Ryan must have been watching my head and eyes because the vibe suddenly went back up to full.

I started to cum again and my pussy sucked the vibe back in.

More cheers as my pussy sucked and sucked; searching for a cock to fuck it. As I calmed down Ryan turned the vibe off. My bodily needs told me that I needed to cum again and because the vibe was off, my right hand went to my pussy and I started rubbing.

As I frigged away I looked outside, not one of the guy’s eyes were looking at mine. The thought that all those male eyes were glued to my pussy made my juices flow faster and the ache in my pussy intensify.

When one of the guys leaned up to the window and started licking it just in front of my pussy I felt the start of yet another orgasm coming on. I bit down on my lip and was pleased that the burger bar had some loud music playing.

When I looked up again I saw the burger bar worker was stood behind the youths watching me with a big grin on his face.

I clamped my legs together but it was too late; the orgasm hit me like a train. When I opened my eyes the man had gone but I could hear Ryan talking. I looked round and saw the worker talking to Ryan.

I was sure that we were going to get thrown out. I heard Ryan say,

“Come on TT; climb down.”

My heart was pounding for a different reason and I really was expecting some harsh words from the worker, but instead he turned and cleared one of the tables in the middle of the shop.

I had about 2 seconds of puzzlement before Ryan led me to the end of the table and turned my back to it.

“Up you get TT.”

“You want me on my back on here?”

“Come on TT; I can guarantee that you’ll enjoy yourself.”

I wasn’t sure what was going to happen but I was all sexed up so I turned my back to the end of that table and jumped up.

“Slide back a bit then lay back.”

I did as told and for some strange reason I spread my legs wide. My body was over-ruling my brain – again.

My head was over the other end of the table so I propped myself on my elbows and looked round and saw Ryan talking to the worker again. What was a little worrying was that most of the guys from outside had followed the worker in and were all crowding round me.

I was pleased that my butt was well back from the edge of the table. Although I really wanted to be properly fucked I wanted Ryan to be the one to do that; and Ryan to be the only one sticking his cock in my pussy.

Ryan turned to me and whispered,

“Squeeze the vibe out TT then just relax and enjoy it.”

Ryan said that in a very calm and confident way so I did as I was told; the vibe clunking as it landed on the table between my legs.

The burger bar worker came and stood between my legs, I was expecting him to start playing with my pussy and perhaps finger fuck me but he bent over and started licking my pussy. I looked at Ryan and saw that he was smiling so I knew that he was going to let it happen.

The man was good and it wasn’t long before that familiar ache returned to my pussy; and a lot of my juices. The man’s left hand came up to my left nipple and started squeezing, rubbing and pulling it.

I knew that I wouldn’t last long as I looked down at the worker’s slightly bald head. Then I looked round and saw 6 or 7 young men all staring down at me. Some had cameras or phones in their hands and I just knew that my little body would be their wanking material for weeks to come.

As his tongue went from my clit to inside my hole I felt myself start to cum. The waves of my orgasm rose then subsided as my arms gave out and I fell flat on my back. My head went over the edge of the table and hung down.

I heard Ryan shout,

“Right, who’s next? Remember guys, she’s as young as she looks so unless you want to end up in jail, keep those cocks out of her pussy.”

“Fucking hell,” I thought, “Ryan’s just about invited them to gangbang me.”

Although I wanted a cock inside me, I wanted that cock to be Ryan’s. I just hoped that they’d heed Ryan’s words.

I didn’t get chance to think anymore; I felt something on my face and opened my eyes. A cock, and not Ryan’s, was coming straight for my mouth. Instinctively I opened my mouth wide and the cock went straight in and to the back of my throat. I closed my mouth gently and started sucking.

As I was doing that I felt hands all over me, then a mouth on my pussy. I was being groped and used and my pussy was loving it. My already high AF was getting even higher.

The cock started going in and out, occasionally pausing for me to get some air. Then I felt the swelling and the cock stopped deep in my throat. Pulse after pulse of cum shot down my throat and I started to think that I needed some air - quick.

Fortunately, the man realised and pulled out. I gasped for air then looked over to Ryan. The grin on his face told me that he was happy. He leant forward and whispered,

“That was to stop him calling the police; the rest is for your pleasure my love. Lay back and enjoy it.”

And I did. The hands and mouths took care of me below my neck and different cocks kept invading my mouth. Most added their sauce to the burger in my stomach but 2 or 3 shot their load all over my face.

For ages, as the orgasms hit me one after another, I had to keep my eyes shut as my eyelids were covered in cum.

Eventually things stopped and just lay their wondering if it was over. After a while I heard Ryan say,

“Here, wipe your face with this.”

I felt something soft on my hand so I grabbed it and cleaned my face as best I could. I sat up and looked round. The youths were gone, the worker was back flipping burgers, a young couple were just walking in (looking at me) and Ryan was next to me; still with that grin on his face.

I was about to close my legs but Ryan reached in between them and I felt the vibe being pushed inside me. When it was in I did close my legs then swung round on the table as Ryan said,

“You’re not done yet TT.”

“Did I do good daddy?” I said quite loudly.

“Yes princess, you did good; you made your daddy proud.”

I looked over to the newcomers and saw the girls jaw drop as she realised the implications of what she had just heard.

Ryan helped me down and we walked to the door.

“Gracias señora atractiva joven.” I heard as I stepped outside.

We walked back to the car park with Ryan holding me against him. I was both disappointed and happy to find that there weren’t any kids in the play area. However, there was a teenage couple but they were more engrossed in each other to notice us. There were a couple of street lights but one wasn’t working and the other was very dirty so I was pleased that the visibility wasn’t that good.

“Right TT; how about a bit of fun here?” Ryan said.

“But there’s that couple over there, they’d probably start looking at us.”

“Maybe, maybe not; they look like they’re more interested in each other. Besides, since when did you care if someone was watching you; you must have had over a hundred people watching you cum so far today.”

“Well….”

I didn’t get the chance to finish my answer as Ryan switched the vibe on to full blast. I jumped a bit with the surprise the Ryan guided me over to the climbing frame and told me to climb up. It was only small and I got to the top in seconds. Ryan climbed under it and put his hand up. He could reach my pussy so I spread my legs to make access easier for him.

His fingers combined with the vibe soon brought me to yet another orgasm.

It was nice not having to worry about anyone seeing or hearing me so I let myself go a bit and got a bit vocal.

It was only as I calmed down that I saw that the couple had moved a bit closer and were looking at us. Luckily Ryan turned the vibe down and I got my composure back; and Ryan moved his hand away. I told Ryan but he just said,

“So what, just ignore them.”

I wasn’t happy but I was feeling horny and after all, Ryan was right about how many people had already seen me cum that day. Ryan told me to climb down and we went over to the swings. I thought that he was going to just push me on one of the swings but he told me to go to the rope rings. They were 2 plastic rings about 6 inches in diameter on the ends of 2 ropes. It was like one of the swings seat had been replaced by the 2 plastic rings.

Anyway, Ryan lifted me up so that I was standing on the inside of the 2 rings. I was expecting him to push me back and forwards but he pulled one of the rings sideways. My legs spread wide to a point where I couldn’t pull myself back upright.

Ryan turned the vibe back on and let me slowly cum. I leaned back and looked up to the dark sky.

“You’re dripping TT.” I heard Ryan say but I was passed the point of no return and I gripped the ropes so hard that my hands hurt.

Just as I started to get my composure back Ryan reached under me and teased my clit. The inevitable happened and I came again quite quickly.

When I got my composure back Ryan switched the vibe off then supported my butt and I was able to pull my feet together. As I got upright I saw that the couple had moved even closer to us and were stood next to each other, openly staring at us. The guy had his arm round the girl and was fondling one of her tits.

Ryan pushed me back and I swung backwards and forwards. As I came forwards my legs opened just enough to go either side of him. Ryan held out his right middle finger to a position where it went inside me as I came forward.

The third time that he penetrated me his finger hit the end of the vibe and I gasped in pain and surprise.

“Oow, that hurt.” I said.

Ryan grabbed my ankles and stopped me, then told me to squeeze the vibe out. He caught it and put it in his pocket before pushing me back.

It was so nice being penetrated each time that I swung forward. After a few times Ryan backed away as unzipped his shorts; holding his hard cock he moved forward and lined it up where he thought my hole would be when I next swung forward.

Unfortunately he got it wrong first time and we both thought that the other had been hurt as his cock hit the front of my pussy.

The next time that I came forward Ryan was right on target and I was in heaven as his cock thrust into me. Ryan pushed me back and we did it again, again and again until I had yet another orgasm. We kept going until Ryan came as well; then I just hung there with Ryan still inside me until he went soft. He played with my nipples until he had gone soft then we just stayed like that for a few seconds until Ryan said that we should go.

I pulled myself up then put my weigh on my hands to allow me to lift my feet out and drop down.

With Ryan’s cum slowly seeping out of me we walked to the car.

I looked back and saw that the girl was sat on a swing with the youth between her legs. It was too dark for me to see if they were fucking.

I have no idea how many orgasms I had that day but I am sure that it must have been well over 60, perhaps even 70 or 80. What I do know for a fact is that I was so knackered that I was asleep within a couple of minutes of getting in the car to go back to the villa. Ryan had to carry me from the car to our bed and the next thing that I knew was Ryan waking me by fucking me shortly before we had to start getting ready to leave.

Well, I think that there’s only one more ‘interesting’ part of our holiday and that was the flight home. For some strange reason the flight was only half full and we got 3 seats on one side of the plane. I sat by the window and Ryan in the middle one of the 3 seats. Shortly after take-off Ryan got me to sit on his lap facing the window. With a bit of slow shuffling we managed to get Ryan’s cock out and into my pussy. I sat with my head on Ryan’s shoulder, pretending to be asleep, and his cock in my pussy for about half an hour. Because no one could see my front Ryan was able to play with my clit and he brought me to 2 wonderful orgasms and I managed to play with his balls and make him cum deep inside me.

We renewed our membership of that select club.

I have to say that the holiday didn’t turn out the way that I’d hoped, or expected; but I did have a great time, and I did cum hundreds of times.

**We Move House**

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

After Tom had been with us for about 5 months we finally got into the position of being able to buy our first house. We’d already been looking round and found a couple that we really liked. When we got a provisional mortgage offer we put in an offer for one of the houses and then everything moved fast.

Three months later we moved in.

The house has a back garden that, unfortunately, is over-looked from all directions; and a garage. Not that we’d ever put the car in there, it would have to survive on the driveway. Ryan had already decided that the garage was going to be our ‘fun’ room; not that I knew what that meant at the time.

The house also has 3 bedrooms so I was happy that Tom would be out from under our feet a lot of the time and that I wouldn’t get stared at as much.

Another brilliant benefit was that we’d be leaving Mr. Perv behind. Ryan jokingly said that we might have 3 or 4 Mr. Pervs in the surrounding houses. I shivered when Ryan said that and I said that I hoped not.

Another thing about the house was that it was built in an era when big windows were all the rage. Thankfully all the ones in our house have been replaced with double-glazed units so we wouldn’t have astronomical heating bills. I liked the idea of large windows and the amount of light that they’d let in, but I hadn’t thought it through until Ryan said that we might have 3 or 4 Mr. Pervs nearby. I suddenly thought that we needed to put up some curtains and mentioned it to Ryan.

He reminded me that moving house is expensive and it was going to be a long time before we’d get the place how we wanted it; in the meantime we were going to have to ‘rough it’, living without things like some of the furniture and curtains and blinds. I wanted to get some temporary curtains but Ryan said that it was a waste of money and that we’d do better waiting and just take the risk of someone looking in.

“Don’t worry about it TT; just ignore them like you ignored Mr. Perv.”

“Easy for you to say Ryan, but it’s not your body that’s on display; it’s mine and you know that I get embarrassed.”

“Embarrassed and horny; and you love it TT.”

“No I don’t.”

“Yes you do. Come here, I’ll prove it.”

Ryan took my hand and led me out into the back garden. Then he unfastened my dress and let it fall to the ground leaving me stark naked in our new back garden.

“Please don’t do this Ryan.”

“Just proving a point my love.” Ryan said as he lifted my feet out of my dress.

I stood there with one arm over my little tits and the other hand over my pussy.

Ryan stood there watching me for about a minute as I looked round to see if any of our new neighbours were watching us (I couldn’t see anyone), then Ryan pushed my hand away from my pussy. He ran a finger along my slit then lifting it up to my face and said,

“There, I told you that you’d enjoy it.”

“No I’m not.”

“You must be, look how wet you’ve suddenly become.”

He was right; my pussy had got very wet and tingly.

“Can we go back inside now pleeeeeeeease.” I pleaded.

Picking up my dress Ryan led me back inside then lifted me up onto the worktop and opened my legs wide. Moving in between them Ryan christened our new kitchen. I was pleased that Tom was upstairs sorting out his room. I wondered if he’d seem my exposure in the garden.

That night when I went to bed in our new bedroom I looked out of the window and saw that I could see into the bedrooms of 3 houses at the bottom of our garden. Okay, there was no one in them but if I could see into them then they could see into ours. When I told Ryan he switched the light on and pulled me onto the bed. As I bounced up and down riding his cock I looked out of the window and thought,

“We’ve got to get some curtains.”

The next morning as I got out of bed I looked out of the window to see what sort of a day it was, and caught a glimpse of a naked man, He was in the dining room (with glass sliding patio doors) of one of the houses at the bottom of our garden. He was using some sort of running machine while looking out over his garden.

I watched him for a few seconds; his body looked fit (in more ways than one) and his cock was bouncing from side to side. I wondered if it was painful for him.

All of a sudden he looked up and our eyes met. I immediately backed away and told Ryan what had happened. Ryan did what he usually does, laugh, and said,

“Don’t worry about it; he probably thought that you were a young girl or, with that short hair, a young boy. Did you like his cock?”

“Not as much as yours big boy.” I said; trying not to think about the proper name for the running machine.

I went and showered then put a skirt and top on because we still had a lot to do sorting out our new house; and we were expecting Ryan’s Mother and father to visit us the following weekend.

We’d already decided that it would be quicker and cheaper to go to work on the bus. It was me that had pushed that idea and Ryan had agreed. As we were looking up the bus timetables Ryan said,

“I know why you want to go on the bus; it’s so that you can let men look up your short skirts when you go up the stairs. You just want men to have a good look at that pussy of yours don’t you?”

“No I do not.”

“Yes you do you little exhibitionist.”

“No I’m not.”

“Yeah; right.”

The weekend after we moved in Ryan’s parents came and visited us for the weekend; and to check-out our new home. They helped us with the cleaning and a bit of the un-packing. Tom’s dad was doing something and he needed a screwdriver. Ryan told him that his tools were in a box in the garage and to help himself.

A few minutes later he came back in, screwdriver in hand and a big grin on his face. When I saw this I remembered that my bike was in the garage and the cover had been taken off it. I went bright red when I realised that he would have seen the dildo sticking through the saddle.

“Don’t worry Tanya,” Ryan’s dad whispered as he walked passed me, “were all entitled to have a bit of fun when our partner’s not around. I do hope that my son’s keeping you happy when he is around.”

I was so embarrassed but somehow I managed say that Ryan does keep me happy.

It took me ages before I could look Ryan’s father in the face again. I don’t think that he said anything to Ryan or his mother because neither of them said anything to me.

It was a busy weekend and in bed on the Sunday night Ryan joked that I’d never been at home with my clothes on for so long.

As I mentioned earlier, Ryan had decided that the garage was going to be our fun room. I think that the previous owner had used the garage as a sort of office because they’d had the floor and walls painted and put lots of these new LED lights in. That combined with the large window at the back meant that it was quite bright in there.

I saw the naked man on the running machine again, early one morning as I was getting up; but apart from that it was an uneventful week. We managed to get quite a bit sorted out on the evenings and the Saturday.

Late on the Saturday afternoon we stopped for a rest and Ryan suggested that I unwind by having a session on my bike. It was over 2 weeks since I’d ridden my bike and I liked the suggestion. I asked if we were going for a ride round our new neighbourhood but Ryan told me that he was thinking more of a session with my bike on its stand.

I smiled and said,

“Go on then; I suppose that you’re going to watch; at least Tom’s up in his room so he won’t be watching me. Are you going help me bring it into the house?”

“I was thinking that we could bring it out into the back garden; after all, the sun is shining and it’s not cold.”

“But what about the neighbours? I don’t want them seeing me.”

“That man on the running machine has already seen you, and you’ve seen him so there won’t be a problem with him.”

“But what about the other neighbours?”

“Tell you what, I’ll go out there and have a look around. If I can’t see anyone we’ll take the bike out and get you started.”

I wasn’t happy. Just because Ryan couldn’t see anyone doesn’t mean that someone wasn’t hiding behind a curtain; and I’d probably be out there peddling away and fucking myself for over 30 minutes; anyone could turn-up and look out; and I was sure that if there was anyone at home they’d want to see what their new neighbours were like. What sort of impression would a naked girl fucking herself on a bike create?

I put all my thoughts to the back of my mind and helped Ryan get the bike out. He wanted to set it up in the middle of the garden but I managed to persuade him to set it up right next to the back of the garage.

I looked round to make sure that we were on our own then climbed on and lowered myself onto the dildo. As usual, no lube was required as my pussy always seems to be wet enough.

I bottomed-out with a sigh and then slowly started pedalling. Ryan just stood there. He was obviously liking what he saw because I could see his cock changing shape in his trousers.

It took ages for me to get more aroused, I guess that I was too nervous about being seen by our neighbours. Eventually I felt my AF start to rise and knew that I wouldn’t last much longer.

As my orgasm subsided Ryan told me to keep going. I looked all around again and not seeing anyone I started peddling faster making the dildo go in and out faster. Oh, that felt good. I just knew that I wouldn’t last long; and I didn’t. I got a bit vocal, not caring about any neighbours.

As my peddling slowed and I got control of myself back I again looked round. My face went bright red as I saw the naked man (wearing clothes) and a young woman stood next to him in the bedroom of the house at the bottom of the garden. They saw that I’d seen them and waved to me.

OMG! The embarrassment; the humiliation; I’d been caught naked in our back garden fucking myself with a dildo through the saddle of my bike. How could I face our neighbours now?

Ryan must have seen the horror on my face because he came over and kissed and hugged me.

“Wave back TT, show them that you’re not embarrassed.”

“But I am.”

“Don’t let them know that. Wave to them then get off the bike and suck the dildo. That’ll show them.”

I knew that Ryan was right and that I had to do it. I back-peddled a couple of times, waving to the couple as I did so; then stood up on the pedals, rising up off the dildo.

The couple waved back and my face reddened up.

“Get off on the house side of the bike TT. Let them see the dildo and that you’re proud of what you were doing.”

It was really hard, but I did it. Ryan didn’t have to remind me to suck the dildo. Because of the height of the bike and my height I couldn’t get it down my throat but I took as much as I could.

When I stood up I looked over to the couple again. The man had moved behind the girl and was caressing her tits through her top. All of a sudden I didn’t feel so bad.

Remember the dildo that was screwed to the kitchen stool, well Ryan removed it when we moved but the week after his parents had been he screwed it back on and again got me to sit on it every time that we ate in the kitchen. That’s every day because we haven’t got any furniture for the dining room yet. Ryan’s brother Tom always seems to have his breakfast at the same time as us and he stares at me when I get on the stool. I’ve got used to Tom seeing me naked and using the bike and the stool but I still get all embarrassed when he brings his mates home.

Ryan’s said that he’s going to get another dildo for me; and a bench for the back garden. He says that I can impale myself on the dildo and relax looking out over our little kingdom.

Three weeks after we moved in Ryan organised a house warming party. He arranged it for the Saturday afternoon / evening and asked people to wear old clothes and to bring a paintbrush. He was hoping that we’d be able to get a lot of the decorating that was needed done.

Three of Ryan’s workmates, Tom and Ryan and I were painting in 3 rooms and doing quite well; when Karen and Emma arrived and started causing some chaos. I’d been wearing an old skirt and top and even though the guys got me to work up the steps, everyone was concentrating on getting job done before Ryan got the beer out.

I was painting at the top of a wall and I heard Karen say something about a blue pussy. The next thing that I knew was my skirt was being lifted at the back and I felt something wet go up the inside of my legs and land on my pussy. I turned round to see Karen pulling a blue paintbrush from between my legs.

I got off the steps and chased her with my paintbrush. When I caught her I daubed blue paint on her legs. Ryan intervened and told us to take it outside. We did, and we chased each other around the back garden trying to get our paintbrushes up the other’s skirt.

Skirts were pulled up and eventually both our skirts became unfastened and fell off. Two half naked, half painted butts were chasing each other round the garden.

Of course the others had stopped work and were cheering us on as we giggled and, eventually, rolled on the grass. Emma joined in with a brush full of blue paint, and while Karen held me down Emma daubed it all over my pussy.

Karen and I stopped struggling and just lay there, still laughing.

Eventually we stopped and got up. I looked down at my pussy and legs and was grateful that it was water based paint. Ryan gave Emma the hosepipe and told her to clean us up. Both Karen and I took our tops off and kicked our shoes out of the way and Emma got to work.

As the water was pounding my pussy and legs something made me look up and around. I suddenly got embarrassed as I saw both the couple from the house at the bottom of the garden, and a man from the house next to us, looking down on us. I told Karen that we had an audience (apart from Ryan’s mates) and told her where they were.

“So what; they must have seen a naked female before. Just ignore them.”

“That’s alright for you to say but I have to live here.”

“Just act like it’s perfectly normal for you to be out here without your clothes.”

“Those 2 at the bottom the garden watched me riding my bike out here the other day; I was naked then too.” I said.

“You were fucking yourself on that bike out here, stark naked?”

“Yes.”

“Well good for you girl. I always said that you were an exhibitionist.”

“No I’m not.”

“Yeah right; you go on believing that my naked little friend.”

Shortly after that Ryan appeared with a couple of towels and threw them at us. We thanked him, dried ourselves and went inside. My clothes were ruined, but only Karen’s skirt got paint on it. I put it in the washing machine with some more of our clothes and set it running on a quick cycle.

For the next hour, one naked and one bottomless girl got on with some painting. Unfortunately, Ryan’s mates didn’t get much more done and in the end Ryan got out the beers and the paint brushes were dropped in a bucket of water.

Karen and I stayed like that for the rest of the evening; Karen using the logic that the guys had already seen us naked so what was the point of putting some clothes on. She also said that they’d all seen us both naked a few times before; which was true.

**New House, New Doctor**

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Ryan was late home one evening and he told me that he’d registered us with a new doctor.

“That doesn’t take this long, does it?” I asked.

“No, the doctor wanted to give me the quick once over and I had to wait until he could fit me in.”

“I assume that you passed with flying colours.”

“Yeah no problem, but he wants to give you the once over as well. I’ve made an appointment for 8 o’clock next Tuesday evening.”

“That’s a bit late for a doctor’s surgery isn’t it?”

“Yeah, but he said that he had to be there for something else so to get it done quickly he said that he may as well do it then.”

“Okay, I’ll catch-up on some things at work and meet you there.”

“Sorry, can you manage on your own; I’ve already made plans for Tuesday.”

“Well, I’d hoped that you could be there but okay, not a problem.”

The next Tuesday evening I arrived at the surgery and was surprised to find the place locked. I knocked on the door and a young man came and let me in. He invited me through to one of the examination rooms apologising for the late appointment as we went. When we got there he took his jacket off and put on a white coat.

I suppose that I should have been a bit nervous, after all, I was alone in the building with a man that I’d never seen before and there was a good chance that he was going to ask me to take my clothes off; but for some reason I wasn’t. The man sounded very professional and had such a calm, friendly voice.

Then he started asking me similar questions to what my previous doctor had when I first visited him. It was when he asked me to undress that I remembered that I had my barbells and stirrups in. I had planned to take them out before I left work but I forgot. I cursed myself for getting so used to them that I forget that they’re there.

He had the same surprised look on his face when he saw my clit ring, but that look changed when he inserted his speculum into me. As he was looking inside me the index finger on his left hand was slowly rubbing my clit. He kept saying,

“Yes, yes, perfectly normal;” but he kept rubbing my clit.

The inevitable happened and I started to cum. Instead of stopping he kept going, and looking inside me. When I started to calm down after my second orgasm he said,

“Good, good; I’m pleased to say that you produce a normal amount of lubrication when you’re building up to an orgasm.”

I was confused, that’s the first time that a doctor had done that to me and I had mixed feelings. On the one hand I always enjoy having an orgasm; but given one (no two) by a man that I’d never even seen before 30 minutes ago; even if he was my doctor, seemed a bit strange; quite embarrassing as well.

Anyway, the doctor removed the speculum and told me to get dressed.

I was still a bit confused when I got home. At first Ryan was a bit mad, but he soon started to get over it and before long we were at it on our bed. Afterwards Ryan told me that he was sure that the doctor had a good reason for doing what he did and he asked me if the doctor had said anything about going back to see him soon, or for regular check-up.

For a second I thought that Ryan wanted the doctor to make me cum; but I soon dismissed that idea; Ryan would never want that.

The strange thing was that when I went to the doctors a couple of weeks later to renew my prescription for birth control pills the receptionist asked me to make an appointment for a new patient check-up. When I told her that I’d already had one she told me that it wasn’t on my records so I’d still have to have one.

I made an appointment (it was boring by comparison) and when I told Ryan he started joking about a cleaner pretending to be a doctor. I was puzzled and didn’t know what to believe. What I did know was that as Ryan was joking I was getting hornier and hornier. Again, Ryan pulled me into the bedroom and we fucked like rabbits.

**On the buses**

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As I mentioned earlier, we’d both decided that it would be quicker and more convenient to go to work by bus. I was a bit pissed that Ryan had joked about me wanting to flash my butt and pussy to people going up the stairs (which wasn’t true), but our decision was right, it was quicker. The bus stop is quite close to our house and the buses go right by our places of work. Unfortunately I have to take a different bus to Ryan and mine goes about 5 minutes after Ryan’s. We walk to the bus stop together but I’m left waiting for an extra few minutes.

I found it quite embarrassing the first few mornings because the nude man on the running machine also gets the same bus as me and usually arrives just after Ryan has got on his. When I first saw the man I went bright red and wished that Ryan was still there; but there again, Ryan would have just laughed – typical man!

Anyway, the man started smiling at me and after a couple of days he started saying ‘good morning’. I slowly got over the embarrassment and I started to think that he’s not such a bad guy. Ryan says that we have more in common than I realise. We’ve both seen each other naked, more than once, and we both exercise naked; although I haven’t seen him make himself cum like I have. What’s more, he’s quite a gentleman; he always lets me get on the bus and go up the stairs before him, even if the bus is nearly full and there’s a chance that he might not get on.

One morning after a couple of weeks the bus was quite full and when we got upstairs there were only 2 seats free, a double. I went and sat next to the window and he came and sat next to me. We exchanged a few pleasantries then all of a sudden I came out with,

“So, do you always exercise without any clothes on?”

As soon as I’d said it I cursed myself. What the hell was I thinking? I didn’t want to get into a conversation about being naked.

“Yes, if I can; I find it much better. Those Greeks knew what they were doing all those years ago.”

“Doesn’t your girlfriend mind?”

“She doesn’t live with me, she only visits most weekends.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have asked.”

“That’s okay; we’re both happy with the arrangement. Talking about partners, does your boyfriend take your clothes off you in the back garden often?”

I blushed then said,

“Thankfully no; he’s got this crazy idea that I’m an exhibitionist; which I am not; and he’s always trying to prove that I am by doing nasty things to me like what you saw.”

“He didn’t appear to be forcing you to get on that bike.”

“Well err….. err……” I couldn’t think of anything to say.

“That’s okay Tanya; it is Tanya isn’t it? By the way I’m Doug and my girlfriend’s Naomi.”

“Yes it is. My boyfriend’s Ryan and it’s his brother Tom that lives with us. Tom’s at university here and it’s cheaper for him to stay with us.”

As I was saying that I realised that I was trying to change the subject of the conversation and get away from me and my bike.

“So you don’t mind your boyfriend’s brother watching you exercise and fucking yourself while you’re naked?”

“Well no, err ….. It’s a long story.

Thankfully we got to Doug’s stop and he got off before the conversation could go any further.

A couple of days later Doug followed me up the stairs on the bus and sat next to me again.

After the pleasantries Doug said,

“You never did tell me why you don’t mind your boyfriend’s brother watching you fuck yourself on that bike.”

“No I didn’t.” I said, hoping that Doug would drop it.

After a minute or so Doug said,

“Well Tanya, are you going to tell me?”

“Right, okay, it started when we went to stay at Ryan’s parents house for a few weeks and Ryan got me to go swimming in a very brief see-through bikini and I ended up naked in the swimming pool. Then a couple of days later I asked Tom to rub suntan lotion on me while I was sunbathing naked thinking that it was Ryan stood next to me. I still thought that it was Ryan when I asked Tom to finger fuck me.”

“Wow!” Doug said, “Didn’t Ryan get pissed off?”

“No he didn’t, he just asked if I’d enjoyed it.”

“And had you?”

“I’m not answering that. Anyway, a couple of days later Tom burst into Ryan’s bedroom and caught me riding Ryan reverse cowboy style.”

“Wow, I’d love to have seen that.” Doug said.

“Stop it, where was I; oh yes, Tom came to visit us and Ryan undressed me and made me cum while we were all watching television. After that Ryan said that I may as well keep my clothes off whenever Tom was there, and act like he wasn’t there; after all, what else could he see? I could see the logic in that so from then on I did just what Ryan had suggested.”

“Wow Tanya, you’re one amazing girl. A gorgeous exhibitionist; not many of them around.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist Doug.”

Doug looked at my face then down at my short skirt that ended way up my thighs, then back at my face; then said;

“Whatever you say Tanya. Hey, how about you and Ryan coming round one weekend and you can meet Naomi. Perhaps some of your ‘none’ exhibitionist ways will rub off on her.”

“That would be nice; I mean meeting Naomi, not the other thing. I’ll talk to Ryan about it.”

**The dinner party**

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I did talk to Ryan and we went round to Doug’s place the next Saturday evening.

Naomi and Doug greeted us and our bottles of wine. Naomi is taller than me with bigger breasts, probably a B or maybe a C. She’s really nice and friendly and took us on a quick guided tour of their house. She told me that her job keeps her away during the week until she can get a transfer to the local branch.

When we were in the back bedroom I looked out to our house. I was surprised how clearly I could see into our rooms. I could see our bed and had this horrible thought that Ryan and I would be putting on quite a show for Doug, Naomi and their neighbours to see if they cared to look. I made a mental note to discuss the issue of curtains with Ryan again, quite soon.

Back downstairs Naomi took me in to the back room. Right in front of me was the running machine that I had seen the naked Doug exercising on. I really hoped that no one would refer to it by its proper name.

Ryan and Doug followed us into that room with drinks in their hands.

“This is the treadmill that you must have seen my naked boyfriend on.” Naomi said. “I do hope that he didn’t offend you, although having seen you on your bike I doubt it.”

As Naomi was saying that last sentence I was cumming and trying my best to hide that fact.

“Are you okay Tanya?” Naomi asked; “can I get you anything?”

“No, thank you,” Ryan said, “you called the running machine by its proper name and Tanya has been trained to have an orgasm every time that she hears that word.”

“Are you saying that somehow you’ve programmed Tanya’s brain to trigger an orgasm each time that she hears the word ‘treadmill’?” Naomi asked.

I started shaking again as the second orgasm hit me.

“Oh, I’m so sorry Tanya; I promise that I’ll never use that word again.” Naomi said.

As I started to come down from my high, I looked at Ryan and Doug. Ryan was grinning but Doug looked bemused.

“Hang on a minute;” Doug said, “You’ve programmed Tanya’s brain so that she cums each time someone says ‘treadmill’? How the hell did you do that?”

Up I went again, having my third within as many minutes.

“Stop it Doug!” Naomi said, “Can’t you see what poor Tanya is going through?”

“She looks like she’s enjoying it to me.” Doug said.

“Of course she is; aren’t you TT.” Ryan said.

When I was able, I said,

“Well yes, but there’s a time and a place and this isn’t one of those.”

“Oh I don’t know;” Doug said, “There’s nothing nicer than watching a beautiful woman having an orgasm; don’t you agree Ryan?”

“I certainly do, and Tanya likes having lots of them, and she’s not choosy where she has them.” Ryan said.

“Yes I am.” I said, “Orgasm’s are something that women should have in private; not in the street or on a public beach.”

I made a mistake mentioning a beach because we went and sat down and Ryan started telling Doug and Naomi all about our last holiday and in particular the beach at Playa d'en Bossa with all those people about. As we all listened I got redder and redder; especially when Doug and Naomi kept looking at me.

Thankfully, Ryan limited his talk to what I suppose were the highlights to him. He certainly brought nice memories back to me even if they were embarrassing. Both Naomi and Doug were amazed that I had been walking all around the place stark naked; Naomi asking if I was afraid of getting arrested.

The first 2 glasses of that wine went down quickly before I started to relax again.

During a nice meal Ryan kept going on about how he liked me to be naked all the time and when he mentioned my piercings and jewellery both Naomi and Doug said that they’d love to see them. Ryan then went on to tell them that I had a great party-piece and said that he was sure that I’d love to show them. He didn’t tell them what it was but I guessed that he was on about the golf balls.

I blushed as Naomi said that it should be my decision.

Unfortunately, I’d had quite a bit of wine by then. That combined with the 3 orgasms earlier and the fact that Ryan had been talking about my record number of orgasms in one day, had got me feeling quite horny. Obviously I didn’t want these people seeing me put golf balls inside my hole but when I opened my mouth to say that I didn’t want to, it came out as,

“Yeah, of course, I’d love to show you.”

As soon as I heard what I was saying I cursed myself and was about to say that I was only joking, but Ryan quickly said,

“I just knew that you would, you’re such an exhibitionist.”

I gave Ryan a dirty look but didn’t bother to tell him that he was wrong; what was the point? He’d probably reach over and dip his finger in me and hold it up for everyone to see my juices.

I still wasn’t that worried as I said,

“No I’m not; besides, we can’t anyway; I didn’t bring any of the golf balls with me.”

“I think that I might be able to help there.” Naomi said as she got up and disappeared for a couple of minutes.

Naomi came back with a tube of 6 table tennis balls.

“Will these do?”

“No,” I said, “they’re too light. I might have trouble with those.”

“No you won’t.” Ryan said, “You’ve been doing your Kegel exercises; and besides, I’m sure that Doug, or Naomi would be only too happy to delve around in there to get them out.”

OMG! Ryan had just dropped me in it again. At least there were only 2 of them.

The conversation drifted to things like work and where we used to live and I started to relax more. After clearing things away Ryan asked if Doug and Naomi were ready to see my jewellery. My heart dropped because I’d hoped that everyone had forgotten about that. I shouldn’t have hoped that because there was no way that Ryan would miss the opportunity for get me naked in front of other people.

Anyway, we were all sat in the lounge with glasses of wine when Ryan asked Doug and Naomi and they both turned and looked at me. My face went bright red and I felt warm all over.

“Come on TT, get those clothes off.” Ryan said.

I shouldn’t have been all that embarrassed, after all, Naomi was a girl and Doug had already seen me naked a couple of times; but I was; I was glad that I’d had a few glasses of wine. I looked at Naomi then Doug; both were staring at me, obviously waiting for me to strip. I put my glass down then stood up and looked down at my chest. My little nipples were sticking out and I could see the outline of the barbells and stirrups. I put my hands on the hem of my top and slowly peeled it up and over my head.

Three pairs of eyes were glued to my nipples and jewellery and I felt my nipples get even harder; and my pussy had a little wet rush. I didn’t want to get turned-on but I couldn’t help myself. My body was betraying me - again.

My hands slowly went to the fastener on my skirt and undid it. I knew that as soon as I let go of the fastener my skirt would drop to the floor leaving me naked, but I hung on to it, reluctant to be naked.

“Come on TT,” Ryan said, “Naomi is the only one here who hasn’t seen you naked and she looks 100% girl to me.”

“Oh, thank you Ryan.” Naomi said as she rubbed her hands over her breasts and down her body.

I let go of my skirt and I was suddenly quite naked. I wanted to cover my bits but somehow I managed to resist the urge.

“Wow,” Naomi said, “knickerless as well; and I can see why people would think that you aren’t even a teenager; you really do look quite young; even with those piercings and chains. Oh, sorry, I don’t mean that in a bad way; you look really cute.”

“I’m not upset, I’ve heard just about every comment possible on the subject and none of them upset me. I like my body just as it is,” I replied, “and Ryan keeps telling me that he does as well. Besides, I’ve found a few advantages of looking the way I do.”

“See,” Ryan said, “she does look cute with those chains hanging there doesn’t she? I like the way that they attract people’s eyes getting her turned-on even more. And wait until you see her clit.”

“I like those cute little tits and those bullet nipples.” Doug said.

“All of a sudden my B’s seem ginormous.” Naomi said.

“Hey Naomi,” Doug said, “I love your little girls, and don’t go thinking about getting implants.”

“No chance of that.” Naomi said, then continued,

“Have you ever considered implants Tanya?”

“Hell no!” Ryan said, “I’d never let her have them and besides, she wouldn’t want them.”

I blushed as bit more as they continued talking about me like I was some sort of sex object.

“Hey, stop the talking and let’s have a look at that clit.” Doug said.

Ryan told me to sit on the front edge of the sofa, lay back and open my legs. As I did so I realised that they were going to see just how wet I was.

“Wow Tanya,” Doug said, “It doesn’t take much to get you all excited does it?”

“No,” Ryan said, “she’s one hell of a sexy little minx.”

“Ignore them Tanya, they’re men, they just don’t understand us women.” Naomi said. “Hey, how the hell did you get that little ring on your clit?”

At last I managed to get a word in and I explained how Ryan had got the ring there. When I explained that it vibrated both Doug and Naomi were amazed.

“No wonder that you’re so wet with that thing stimulating you all the time.” Doug said. “That probably explains why you run around naked so often as well.”

“She was doing that long before I put that ring on her.” Ryan said. “She’s a right little exhibitionist.”

“No I’m not!” I almost shouted.

Ryan just smiled and Doug and Naomi looked at each other. Then Doug said,

“Naomi likes flashing as well. She’s not wearing underwear as well.”

It was Naomi’s turn to blush.

By that time my pussy was aching. I really wanted to take Ryan home and fuck him senseless.

“Where’s those table tennis balls?” Ryan said.

Doug almost flew into the dining room and was back with the balls in seconds. He passed them to me but Ryan stopped him saying,

“No guys, you two take it in turns to push one in.”

I should have been annoyed at Ryan but I was too turned-on. Both Naomi and Doug moved forward with a table tennis ball in their hand.

“After you darling.” Doug said and I felt the first ball touch my pussy. Naomi wasn’t pushing hard but my pussy opened up and almost grabbed the ball from her.

“Fucking hell!” Doug said, “Did you see that?”

“Now you Doug.” Ryan said.

Doug leaned forward and did the same as Naomi had.

“Wow, how many can she take?” Doug asked.

“Try it.” Ryan said.

Naomi held the third ball to my entrance and as she gentle pushed, my pussy opened up and swallowed the ball.

“She can’t take a fourth one can she?” Doug asked.

“Try it.” Ryan said.

It was Doug’s turn and as he gentle pushed my pussy opened and took the ball. Doug was just about to say something when my hole opened and out came the table tennis ball.

“I guess not.” Doug said.

“Try it again Doug,” Ryan said, “but this time rub her clit as soon as the ball disappears. You never know.”

Bloody hell, my boyfriend was inviting Doug to make me cum; because I sure as hell was sooo close to cumming. Doug looked at Naomi (who nodded) and Doug pushed the ball in. As soon as I felt my pussy close I felt Doug’s finger rubbing my clit. Literally 2 seconds later I started cumming and not one, but two of the balls came shooting out.

“Fucking hell!” Doug said; “Did I cause that?”

“Relax mate; she’s loving every second.” Ryan said.

And I was; I always enjoy cumming; even it is in front of other people and I’m naked. I just wished that I was at home and it was Ryan’s cock in my pussy.

As the waves receded I looked at the three of them. Both Ryan and Naomi had big grins on their faces and Doug looked totally confused. Ryan broke the silence by saying,

“Tanya does Kegel exercises as well.” Ryan said.

“What are those?” Doug asked after a slight pause.

Naomi explained to Doug.

“I bet that she could crush the two balls inside with her pussy.” Ryan said. “Tanya my love, can you squeeze your pussy and then squeeze one of the balls out?”

I did, not expecting either of the balls to change shape; and I was right. When the seconds table tennis ball came out it was perfectly round.

“I know what the problem is; Doug, push all four balls back in and hold your finger in her hole, then Tanya, you squeeze like hell.”

Doug did, and I did; not expecting any ball to change shape. What did happen was that Doug suddenly said,

“My finger’s stuck, I can’t get it out.”

“Relax TT and let the man have his finger back.” Ryan said.

I did, and shortly after Doug got his finger back the fourth back came shooting out. I also squeezed the other three out and Doug said,

“They’re all normal shape. After feeling how tight she gripped my finger I expected them to be flat.”

“Silly man Doug, how do you think women are built? Never mind, I’ll explain later.” Naomi said.

Naomi then picked up one of the balls and held it to my pussy.

“Squeeze when I tell you Tanya.”

I felt my pussy open and then heard Naomi tell me to squeeze. I did then a few seconds later Naomi told me to relax then squeeze it out. This time the table tennis ball didn’t start to roll when it hit the floor.

“Wow!” Doug said.

I sat up and looked down at the now useless table tennis ball.

“I’ll buy you another one.” Ryan said.

“No need mate, I’m sure that I can get it back to its proper shape. All it need is some hot water.”

Ryan looked puzzled for a second then smiled as he realised that what Doug was saying.

“Yes, of course. Hey, have you guys got anything big that we can try and get inside TT’s pussy?”

As Doug and Naomi looked at each other Ryan continued,

“How about that bed of yours?”

“What!” Doug said.

“No, not the whole bed, that would be slightly too ambitious; I mean the acorns on headboard.”

“They’re way too big.” Doug said.

“Only one way to find out; that’s if you don’t mind.”

Doug looked at Naomi the said,

“Go for it. Are you sure that you want to do this Tanya?”

I was going to say that I didn’t and that I wanted to get dressed and go home but when my mouth opened out came,

“Sure, I’ve never had an acorn inside me; it sounds like fun.”

Naomi held my hand and led me up the stairs. As we went she whispered asking me if I was sure that I wanted to do it. I didn’t get the chance to answer her because Ryan slapped my bare butt and said,

“Hurry up; I’m looking forward to this.”

When we got into the bedroom I looked at the bed and wanted to chicken out. Those two acorns looked mighty big.

Doug moved the pillows and cleared one of the bedside tables before Ryan said,

“Right TT; one foot on the bed and the other on the table and, with your back against the wall, slide down and relax.”

I did as I was told and felt the cold acorn start to open my hole. I got part way onto it then said,

“Sorry, I can’t take anymore.”

“Of course you can TT; just relax and let it happen. Doug, rub her clit; she’ll relax more.”

I have to admit it; Ryan knows more about my body than I do. As Doug brought me to another orgasm I felt myself going further down and the next thing that I knew all three of them were congratulating me.

“I’ve got to try that.”

Naomi said as she hiked her skirt up as she cleared the little table at the other side of the bed. I smiled a little as I saw confirmation of what Doug had said earlier; Naomi was knickerless as well.

As she climbed up and got her bald pussy just above the other acorn.

“I might need some help darling.” She said to Doug.

Naomi was obviously suffering as she eased herself down; her face was showing the pain.

Doug moved forward and as his hand went to Naomi’s pussy he whispered something to her. Then he turned to Ryan and said,

“You do this Ryan; it’s only fair because I’ve played with Tanya’s clit.”

Ryan looked at me, then at Naomi. Both of us nodded so he moved in and took Doug’s place.

As Naomi was moaning and complaining about the pain, Doug disappeared then came back with a camera and started taking photos of, first Naomi, then me. By that time I’d started playing with my own clit; I wanted to cum again.

It didn’t take long and I could see Doug clicking away and Ryan rubbing fast as I went over the top. When I started to come down Naomi was off the acorn and stood on the floor; still with her skirt round her waist.

“Sorry,” Naomi said, “I just couldn’t get all the way down, it hurt too much. But I will do it; I’ll keep practising so that the next time you two come over I’ll be able to do it as easily as Tanya.”

“That’s okay Naomi,” Ryan said, “Tanya’s had lots of practice.”

“No I haven’t. That’s the first acorn that I’ve in my pussy.”

“Yeah, but how many other things just as big, or bigger, have you enjoyed?”

I didn’t answer that one. Instead I used my leg muscles to raise me up and off the acorn. As I got down onto the floor my legs nearly gave way and I had to sit back on the bed.

“Are you okay Tanya?” Naomi asked.

“Yes, I just need to get cleaned up.”

Naomi grabbed my hand and led me to the bathroom; telling Doug to clean-up in the bedroom.

We met the guys back down in the living room. I was still naked and I couldn’t see my clothes anywhere. Before I could ask where they were Doug put another glass of wine in my hand and asked me if I was okay. When I said that I was he told me not to worry about the photos and he promised that they’d never leave their house.

Ryan started telling them about how I’d got my car and what I’d had to endure getting presented with it, firstly in front of all those car dealers managers in the hotel and then in the car showroom when I got the keys. He told them that the papers had been there and my picture had been in local paper.

“Naked?” Doug asked.

“Yes, but unfortunately they blacked-out her goodies. I believe that the car showroom still has a couple of un-doctored photos up on their showroom walls.” Ryan said.

“Can we talk about something other than me being naked please?” I asked.

“Of course we can Tanya.” Naomi said and she started asking me about shopping and clothes.

Doug and Ryan weren’t interested and they started talking about motor sport. This went on for about an hour then Ryan said that we should be leaving. I looked round for my clothes again then asked if anyone had seen them.

Ryan looked at me, and with a big grin on his face he told me that they were in our back garden.

“What!” I said. “How did they get there?”

“I threw them there when you were in the bathroom getting cleaned-up.”

“Why the hell did you do that?” I asked.

I knew the answer and wasn’t at all surprised when he confirmed my fears. He wanted me to walk home naked. Naomi offered to lend me something but Ryan refused, and I stupidly agreed with him. I knew that it would only take a few minutes to get home, and it was late at night. Ryan was right when he said that the chances of anyone seeing me were very remote.

All the time Doug was smiling and as we left he took a few photos of the naked girl walking away from their house.

I was lucky; we made it back home without seeing anyone and as soon as I’d collected my clothes we fucked in the kitchen before going to bed.

On the bus going to work on the following Monday, Doug followed me up the stairs and sat beside me. After I’d thanked him for a really nice evening Doug told me that Naomi had practiced impaling herself on one of the acorns and had succeeded in getting it all inside her. He told me that she was very competitive and didn’t want her new friend to be able to do something that she couldn’t.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 19 – Ryan exposes me some more**

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

**I become a boy**

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

Ryan came home one evening and told me that he’d signed us up at a big leisure centre not far away. The thing was that he’d signed me up as a 13 year-old boy. We had a bit of an argument but as usual Ryan won. When I asked how I was going to get away with it he told me that we were going shopping for some boy’s clothes and some swimming shorts.

“But I haven’t got a cock or balls.” I argued, hoping that I’d found an escape.

“I’ve already thought of that; we’ll put a couple of golf balls in one of my socks and you can you can sew them into the shorts.”

“What about a cock?”

“Another sock rolled up; unless you want something like a carrot, in which case you’ll look like you’ve got a hard-on all the time.”

“You’ve got an answer for everything; haven’t you?”

“Yep!”

That weekend we went and bought the clothes and Ryan got me to put them on and practice acting like a teenage boy. Ryan put me right a few times and laughed when I asked how men walked about with lumps like that between their legs.

“No wonder,” I thought, “that men often sit with their legs spread.”

One of the things that Ryan bought me was a string vest; a smaller version of his. When I pointed out that my nipples would stick through the holes, all he said was,

“I hope so.”

Ryan told me that I’d have to leave my nipple jewellery at home but my clit jewellery could stay as I’d have boy shorts on most of the time. When I asked him what he meant by ‘most of the time’, he just laughed and told me not to worry; that I’d enjoy myself.

The next Tuesday evening we went to the leisure centre.

Wearing jeans felt weird; I hadn’t worn trousers of any sort for a few years. As we walked from the car I ruffled my short hair and decided that I didn’t like the golf balls between my legs. I was glad that I am a woman.

I was nervous as we checked-in but nothing was said and Ryan led me to the men’s changing room.

As we went in I could hear men talking and I got quite nervous. I walked behind Ryan but I couldn’t help but take a quick look at the men. They were all in various state of undress and three were naked and drying themselves. I was looking at three soft cocks. Ryan led me to a quiet part of the big room and whispered for me to put the shorts and the string vest on.

Thankfully the men didn’t look at me but I still quickly looked away as I felt my pussy get wet.

I remembered what Ryan had said and kept my back to the men and didn’t bend over. I didn’t want them looking at my pussy. I also remembered not to fold my clothes as I took them off; instead I just threw them into my bag.

I could feel my pussy tingling and getting even wetter as I got naked and delved into my bag for the shorts and string vest.

The shorts were tighter than the jeans and the balls pressed harder on my pussy.

Ryan was ready before me and joked saying,

“Come on bro, you don’t usually take this long. Tell you what; I’ll go and get the squash rackets and I’ll meet you at the courts.”

My brain was screaming,

“No, no, please don’t leave me.”

But he did. He left me to finish getting dressed and put our bags in a locker. As I turned to sit on the bench to put my trainers on I couldn’t help looking at a man walking out of the shower. He was totally naked and carrying his towel.

I quickly looked down and fastened my trainers.

As I stood up I could feel my hard nipples pushing their way through holes in the string vest.

Putting the bags in a locker I glanced at the men again and saw that two of them had man boobs bigger than my tiny tits.

As I walked to the door it burst open and three more men came in. All three totally ignored me.

There were quite a few people milling around on the way to the squash courts and I got a little more confident when none of them stared at me.

Ryan was waiting for me outside one of the squash courts; one that had a glass back so that people walking by or sitting on the seats could watch the play.

I sarcastically thanked Ryan for getting us a court with a glass back as we entered.

Ryan worked me hard and had me running around quite a lot. Those damn golf balls didn’t help me either. After about fifteen minutes Ryan stopped and took his shirt off.

“Come on bro, you too.”

I glared at Ryan but his face told me that he was serious; so I put the racket down and pulled the string vest off. I was topless on a squash court with the occasional person walking by.

I threw the vest towards Ryan’s shirt as he started play again.

Again, Ryan pushed me and it wasn’t long before I forgot that I was topless; but I couldn’t forget those damn balls. How do you men cope?

Finally, our time was up and two men were stood outside, watching and waiting for us to finish. Ryan picked up both tops and walked to the door. I was about to ask for the vest but stopped myself just in case my voice gave me away. I’d already decided that if possible, I wasn’t going to let anyone hear me talk; even if that meant people seeing me topless. At least that way I could probably get away with being the pretence.

Ryan led me to back to the reception area and then gave me his racket and the ball and told me to go and hand them in. I was still topless (so was Ryan) and I was nervous as hell as I walked up to the man. He looked up at me and asked which court. In my deepest voice I gave him the number and the rackets and ball. He just turned and walked to the racks.

Ryan had already told me that we’d go swimming next but he kept us in the reception area while he got a couple of cans out of the vending machine.

We stood there drinking as people walked in and out. Only one man stared at me for a few seconds before walking on. I wondered if he knew.

Drinks finished, Ryan took me back to the men’s changing room. I was happy to see that we were the only ones there.

“Right,” Ryan said, “let’s take the opportunity to have a quick, naked shower.”

“What if someone comes in?” I asked.

“Just face the wall and let the water roll over you.”

I stripped, grabbed my towel and rushed to the showers. I hung my towel on the hook nearest the first shower head and turned the water on.

It felt a bit naughty being there, but exciting at the same time. I was hoping that no one would come in and also hoping that someone would come in.

Then it happened; two men who I’d seen on one of the squash courts walked in. With my pubic bone almost glued to the wall, I kept taking quick glances over to the two of them. They were engrossed in some sort of business talk as they stripped and walked over to the shower. One had a short thick cock and the other had a long one that bounced as he walked.

They walked to the other end of the showers and continued talking as they showered.

Ryan looked at me and nodded, telling me that it was time to get out. I slid sideways to my towel and held it in front of my pussy as I walked back to our locker.

I was just pulling up my boy’s swimming shorts as two young men walked in. One looked at me and I saw that he had a puzzled look in his face. I wondered if I hadn’t been quick enough and he’d caught a glimpse of my pussy.

Ryan threw an insult at me and we left to go to the pool. I wanted to put my arms over my tiny tits but Ryan and I had had that conversation and I managed to resist the urge. As three youth walked towards us I felt my pussy tingle and my nipps ache. I so wanted to go somewhere quiet with Ryan and fuck his brains out.

In the pool I got my revenge on Ryan. I’m a better swimmer and I soon left him behind as we did some laps.

Swimming with those damn balls made me wonder if I’d chaffed the top of my legs.

After the laps we messed about a bit with Ryan picking me up and throwing me away. Each time my tiny tits came out of the water I looked around to see if anyone was looking.

A while later we got out and walked back to the changing rooms. On the way Ryan told me that he wanted to go to the workout room but I managed to persuade him that we should leave that for another time. I didn’t want to go anywhere near a running machine.

The showers were full when we got there. I whispered that we could shower at home but Ryan insisted that we shower there and told me to strip. I kept my back to everyone as I did so then held my towel in front of me as we waited for a couple of showers to become free.

As we waited I kept glancing into the showers to see some more cocks. I’d never seen so many naked men all at the same time. It made me horny and wet. I wanted Ryan’s cock inside me.

The men must have been in some sort of team and arrived back at the changing room at about the same time because they all finished showering at about the same time. When most of them came out Ryan started walking towards the showers. I followed, holding my hands in front of my pussy.

Keeping my back to the men that were still there I had a horrible thought, could those men see the little chain dangling between my legs? I squeezed my thighs together and hoped for the best.

We stayed in the shower until I thought that all the men had gone. I didn’t even shampoo my hair because I would have had to bend over to pick up the shampoo.

Ryan leaned over and told me that it was clear so I turned towards him and suddenly saw a man standing under the shower next to Ryan. What’s more he was facing me; and he had a semi.

I froze as I realised that he was seeing proof that I was a girl. Ryan was watching and while I was frozen he just walked out of the shower leaving the man and me facing each other.

The man’s semi started to turn into a full erection and I just stared at it as it grew. When it pointed to the ceiling I came back to earth and hurriedly went for my towel. The man kept watching me as I walked to Ryan and that big grin of his.

“Relax,” Ryan said, “there’s no one else here and he’s seen you now so you may as well get a good look at his hard cock.”

I couldn’t help myself; I just stared at his cock as I slowly got dry then dressed.

Thankfully, no one else came in before I’d got the jeans and T-shirt on. I giggled to myself as I wondered how he’d hide his hard-on from the newcomers.

On the way home Ryan easily got me to admit that I’d enjoyed the evening. I’d got away with showing my pussy to only one man and I’d seen at least a dozen cocks; one of them hard.

We went to bed early that night but it was late before we got to sleep.

When we went to the leisure centre the next week it was later in the evening and there weren’t as many people about. We had a good workout on the squash court with Ryan getting me topless quite quickly. Before going swimming Ryan persuaded me to go to the workout room with him.

As we went in I saw the running machines but managed to stay away from them. I was pleased that Ryan didn’t try to get me to use one. I did a hundred sit-ups then went to one of the cycles. It was really painful sitting on the saddle with those two golf balls pressing on my pussy. One of them was right under my hole and I could feel my pussy opening and trying to swallow the ball but the sock was stopping it.

I only managed ten minutes on the bike; it was too painful; then I went to the rowing machines. Ryan was watching me as I started to ‘row’ back and forth. I’d been doing that for a few minutes when I looked at my crotch in the big mirror; those damn golf balls made me look stupid.

A while later Ryan called me over to the running machines. He was already on one and the one next to him was free. As I got close to him he said,

“Don’t worry TT; I won’t call it by its proper name.”

I gave him a filthy look then got on the machine and started it on slow.

About 10 minutes later a man came up to us and introduced himself as one of the Trainers. Thankfully Ryan did all the talking as the man asked if we needed any help or advice. When Ryan told him that we were just there to improve our general fitness the man said,

“Okay, the treadmill is a good place to start. If you need any help I won’t be far away.”

As the man walked away Ryan turned to look at me. My face was contorted and I was struggling to keep quiet as the orgasm had me shaking whilst I was still running.

Ryan took some sympathy with me and turned the machine off. When it had slowed and stopped I just stood there, bent over with my hands on my knees; trying to control myself.

Ryan was still feeling sympathetic and we left the workout room and went to get changed to have a swim.

In the men’s changing room Ryan quickly stripped and put his swimming shorts on. I was feeling tired and took much longer. I had sat on the bench when we’d got in there and was still sat there when Ryan said that he was off to the pool and for me to catch him up.

As Ryan went out of the door I took my trainers off then stood up to change my shorts. There was no one else in the changing room as I un-fastened the shorts and let them drop to the floor leaving me naked, facing the wall. I was rummaging in my bag for my boy’s swimming shorts when I heard the door open. Not thinking I just turned and looked to see who it was.

“Whoa there girly; I think that you’ve got the wrong changing room,” said one of the 3 men that were walking in.

I was so shocked that I just froze for a couple of seconds as the men stared at my pussy, complete with jewellery.

After the shock I managed to think quick and said,

“I’m with my daddy; he’ll be back in a minute.”

“Riiiight!” said one of the men as they walked to the other end of the room.

I pulled on the swimming shorts and quickly left to catch up with Ryan.

I dived into the pool and quickly caught Ryan. When I told Ryan he did what he usually does and laughed and asked me if I’d enjoyed flashing the men.

As we walked back to the changing room to get dressed Ryan told me that I may as well forget the pretence and just be the girl that I am. There were about half a dozen men in the changing room and another couple in the showers. I still kept my back to them all as I changed and showered. It was only when Ryan put some shampoo on my hair and said,

“Here princess, let me help you,” that I knew that Ryan was going to show my body to the men there.

As he rubbed the shampoo into my hair, he turned me round so that I was facing the men. I shut my eyes and pretended that no one else was there.

When I opened my eyes after Ryan had rinsed my hair I saw 2 men openly staring at me. Both had semi hard-ons.

“Come on princess, let’s get you dried.”

Ryan led me back to our bags and he slowly dried me all over. I just stood there, looking at the men who were looking at me. I saw 2 full hard-ons but managed to keep a straight face while I stared.

Ryan told me to spread my legs and he then rubbed my pussy with the towel. I nearly smiled as I said to myself,

“You’ll have to do something else to me there if you want me to get dry.”

“There you are, get dressed now.” Ryan said.

I did, and wondered what the men must be thinking as I put on the boys clothes.

As we walked to the car Ryan asked me if I’d enjoyed my flashing fun. Of course I said that I hadn’t and that I didn’t want to go again; but I just knew that he wouldn’t take any notice of me.

Ryan came home from work a few days later and told me that we wouldn’t be going back to the leisure centre because he’d found another gym. Apparently, one of the blokes at his work had told him about another gym; one that he guaranteed that both of us would enjoy going to. When I asked Ryan what his mate meant by that all he would say was that I could go as a girl and that it would be much like other gyms that I’d been to.

I’d been happy at first, but I soon got a little worried by Ryan’s last comment as I remembered the hotel gyms that I’d been to. I didn’t want to end up being the only one naked with all the guys staring at me again. When I told Ryan about my fears he just laughed and said,

“Don’t worry TT, the guys there will be checking-out all the girls there, not just you.”

“So there’ll be quite a few girls there then?”

“I’m told that there are usually about 10 or 12 girls there.” Ryan said.

“So we’re going there for you to check-out the other girls then?”

“Of course, but we both need the exercise and you’re the only girl for me. Now come here and climb on this.”

**The ‘other’ Gym**

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When we got there I was a little surprised at how old and run-down it looked. As we approached the reception desk the man behind the desk said,

“Sorry, this is an over 18s gym, the girl can’t come in.”

We then went through the same old routine of me getting my passport out and proving just how old I am. The man was full of apologies as both Ryan and I told him not to worry about it; that it was a common problem.

Anyway, as we talked to the man I saw a couple of girls that looked about 19 or 20 walk in. The thing was, they didn’t have a sports bag with them. They both picked-up towels and went into the ladies changing room.

Ryan got talking to the man (Darren), who told us that 6 months ago he’d been close to bankruptcy but with the help of his accountants (Pete and Lucy), he’d turned things around and was now working on a plan to refurbish and expand the place. As accountancy is my business I was curious as to what Darren’s accountant had done to get such a great turn-round.

“Well,” Darren said, “it was my idea really, but the credit has to go to my young female accountant; it was Lucy that made the idea work; and recruited some other girls to join her.”

“Join her in what?” I asked.

“Working-out in the nude.” Darren quickly replied with a smile on his face.

My eyes opened wide as I registered what Darren had said.

“I told you that you’d like it here.” Ryan said.

“You want me to workout naked as well? Are you serious?” I exclaimed.

“Yes of course I am.” Ryan replied, “You get free membership if you do. Isn’t that right Darren?”

“It certainly is. We’ve got about 25 young ladies with free memberships at the moment. That was 2 of them you just saw walking in.”

“Can we have a quick look round before we make up our minds please?” Ryan asked.

Just as Ryan said that the 2 girls that we’d seen a few minutes ago walked out of the changing room; both were completely naked.

“Liz;” Darren loudly said, “would you be a dear and show these 2 potential new members around please; I’m on my own at the moment and I don’t want to leave the reception un-manned.”

“Sure thing Darren, no problem.” Liz said; “would you come this way please?”

As we followed Liz I looked at Ryan; he was looking at Liz’s bare butt.

Liz gave us a tour of the place and its facilities. We saw 4 other naked girls there; one of them was ‘spotting’ a guy who was lying on a bench lifting weights; her bald, slightly spread pussy was inches from his face.

“You’re going to like it here.” Ryan said as we walked back to the reception.

“But I don’t want to workout without any clothes on.”

“Of course you do; you ride your bike naked at home and you complained about having to wear those shorts at the other gym.”

“That’s different.”

“No it’s not. By the time you’ve done 10 minutes in the workout room you’ll wonder why you had any reservations.”

“I don’t know.”

“Come on TT it’ll be no different to those hotel gyms; and I’ll be there with you.”

“I hope it is different; I don’t want to be in any more ‘promotional’ videos.”

“So it’s settled then; let’s get signed-up and get you naked.”

As usual, Ryan had got his way. Okay, the idea of working-out without any clothes on did appeal to me; but not with other people there.

I was a little nervous as we filled-in the forms and Ryan paid Darren. When we’d signed, Darren congratulated and thanked us. Then he told us that he was sure that we’d made the right decision. I hoped so.

Ryan passed me a towel and told me that we’d meet outside the workout room in a few minutes. As I took my clothes off I was still nervous and I wondered just what I was getting into.

I nervously walked out of the changing room, wanting to put my hands in front of my pussy and little tits but I knew that if I did I would attract attention to me, and that was the last thing that I wanted to do.

I got to the workout room to find that Ryan wasn’t there. Then I realised that I should have taken my time; it’s quicker for me to strip naked when I’m only wearing a skirt and top than it is for Ryan to get changed.

As I waited I looked into the room. There were 5 men and 2 girls in there; one of them was Liz, the girl who’d given us the guided tour. Both girls were naked and they looked quite happy. I guessed that they were born exhibitionists. I hoped that I never get like them.

The girl who wasn’t Liz looked over to me and smiled; as she did so she waved for me to go in. I looked round to see if Ryan was on his way. He wasn’t so I nervously opened the door and walked in.

The girl came over to me and introduced herself as Mia. She told me that she loved it there,

“Great fun and a workout as well; and what’s more, I can just come here whenever I like; I never have to remember to bring any clothes to wear. They even supply decent shampoo in the showers. Oh, by the way, I like the chains.”

“Oh shit, I forgot about those;” I said, “I’ll just go and take them off.”

“No, no, they look great and the guys will love them as well.” Mia said; “they’ll love that you look so young as well.”

Just then Ryan appeared so I introduced Mia to him.

“I hope that you’re not the jealous type Ryan,” Mia said, “because the lovely Tanya here is going to be a big hit with the guys; but don’t worry, there’s a ‘look but don’t touch’ policy here. The guys understand that if they cross the line they’ll be out – for good.”

I was pleased to hear that but I didn’t get a chance to say so as Ryan said,

“Good, I’m pleased about that because my Tanya loves to tease the men and I love to watch her.”

My eyes and mouth went wide open and I was about to say something but Mia got there first,

“Yeah, all the girls here love the effect that we have on the men and the showers afterwards usually take a long time – if you know what I mean.”

“I can guess,” Ryan said, “but Tanya will be wanting to get me alone after her workouts.”

My eyes went wide open again; my boyfriend had just told a girl that we’d only met seconds earlier that I’d want to fuck him after each workout. He was right of course, but to tell a stranger that ……..

Ryan continued,

“Right girls, I’ll start my workout while you 2 get all girly and start flaunting your lovely naked bodies.”

“Hey buster, that’s not fair;” Mia said, “we girls get to have a workout as well.”

“Yeah, sorry about that, but you must admit that you enjoy the male attention as much as Tanya does or you wouldn’t be here.”

I really could have thumped Ryan but as he was talking I looked over to see Liz on the leg spreader machine. I could swear that I could see right up her hole; and so could the little male audience that she had.

“Of course we do,” Mia replied, “It’s good to have some power over men and watch them drool, isn’t that right Tanya?”

I smiled and thought that she was right, but why was it always me that’s getting naked? Am I doing something wrong I wondered?

“Okay, you win;” Ryan said, “have fun TT and get yourself a good workout. Oh Mia, be careful what you call the running machines; Tanya has a sort of ‘thing’ about their proper name.”

With that Ryan turned and walked over to the running machines.

“So Tanya;” Mia asked; “have you spent much time at a gym before? Do you need any help with any of the machines; and what’s this about the running machines?”

Before I could answer Mia one of the nearby guys said,

“Hi, I’m Lewis; it would be my pleasure to show you how to work any of these machines.”

I looked Lewis up and down. He has a quite toned body with muscles in all the right places.

“Err yes please,” I replied.

“So,” Lewis said, “is there any part of that gorgeous body that you’d like to concentrate on?”

I could feel Lewis’ eyes scanning up and down my body; and it was having an effect on me; my pussy started tingling.

“I’m Tanya by the way, and no, there isn’t any part that I want to concentrate on, just general fitness.”

Lewis put his hand out and we shook hands.

“Okay then Tanya, sounds like a little of everything is in order. Shall we start at that end and have a few minutes on each type of machine; just a quick try to see which machines you like.”

“Okay.”

Lewis took me to one end of the room and to the end machine. He got me settled on it and adjusted it so that I could manage to operate it. As I did I could feel his eyes staring at me; or should I say my little tits and pussy. I must admit that it was a bit of a turn-on.

As we moved from machine to machine I managed to keep my legs closed and I don’t think that anyone got to see my pussy. When we got to the leg spreader machine I told Lewis that I wanted to skip that one.

“Oh please Tanya;” Lewis said, “you’ve got to have a go on this one; all the other girls do and I want to see if you are the same as Liz.”

As I said ‘no’ I looked over to Ryan. As he peddled he was looking at me and he nodded, telling me to have a go. I mouthed ‘no’ to him and he got that lost little, pleading boy look that I’m a sucker for.

I turned to Lewis and said,

“Okay then, but you’ve got to promise not to look. It’s embarrassing enough being here without any clothes and I don’t want you looking at my pussy.”

Lewis put his right hand on his chest above his heart and said,

“I promise.”

I didn’t really believe him but I stepped in front of the machine and sat down.

“Lift your legs up.” Lewis asked.

I did so, keeping them closed, as Lewis slid the sponge pads under my thighs.

“You’re going to have to open your legs Tanya and put them in between each set of pads.”

I knew what to do; I was just delaying the inevitable.

“Right Tanya, I’m going round the back and put some weights on. As the pressure increases use your muscles to keep the pads together.”

I could hear the clunking as Lewis put the weights on and the pressure increased. My thigh muscles started to strain and the inevitable happened. My legs opened wide letting Ryan, and the other guys that were watching, see my spread pussy.

Lewis came round the front, looked down and said,

“Fuck girl; why’d you want to hide that; it’s beautiful. It brings a whole new meaning to a clit ring.”

I felt my face start to burn.

“How the hell did you get that on there?” Lewis continued.

I didn’t answer; instead I pressed as hard as I could and managed to close my legs; but I knew that I couldn’t hold it for long.

“Hey guys; come and look at this.” Lewis said loudly.

Everyone except Ryan came and gathered round my feet.

“Please Lewis; please take some of the weights off.”

My thigh muscles were shaking and starting to give way. Within 10 seconds my legs were spread wide again and 6 or 7 men and 3 girls were staring at my pussy. It had been a little wet ever since I’d taken my clothes off but all those people staring at it made it get wetter; a lot wetter.

“Hey Ben,” one of the guys said, “get off that damn treadmill and come and look at this.”

That was it; I started cumming. I could feel the spasms as my pussy muscles tried to suck something in. What’s more, my clit ring chose that second to start vibrating.

“Bloody hell!” I heard one of the guys say, “even her clit’s wobbling.”

I was sooo embarrassed but I could do nothing about it.

As I started to come down from my high I realised that just about everyone was clapping their hands. My face got even redder as I started to squeeze my legs together.

Lewis must have taken pity on me because he took some of the weights off and it was suddenly a lot easier for me to close my legs.

“There you go Tanya,” Lewis said, “open and close your legs 4 more times and you’re done.”

I was surprised how much easier Lewis had made it and I quickly did the 4 reps. I lifted first one leg off then the other and stood up. My legs were a bit wobbly for a few seconds as I heard Lewis say that the gym was getting another machine that was for exercising the thigh muscles and that it was due to be delivered in a couple of days.

“Okay Tanya;” Lewis continued; “you can lie down on the job for the last 2 exercises for today. They’ll both tone your abs.”

Lewis took me over to the sponge floor mats and told me to lie on my back. He got this funny looking double ‘U’ tubular frame thing and slid a headrest on it under my head.

“Hold the frame that’s above your waist and sit up; then lay back and sit up again. Do that 30 times today. Oh, you’ll find it easier if you open your legs a bit.”

I did, and I did. Lewis was right; it was easier with my legs open a bit.

As I slowly did the reps I realised that I was no longer embarrassed by Lewis looking at my pussy. I was thinking about that and looking at Liz ‘spotting’ a guy; her legs slightly spread and her pussy inches from his face, when I realised that Lewis was saying something.

“Sorry, what did you say?”

“I said that you’re the fifth girl to have an orgasm on that machine – that I know of. I guess that exposing yourself like that is a real turn-on.”

Weirdly, I wasn’t embarrassed by Lewis saying that. I wondered if I was turning into some sort of exhibitionist. That thought scared me and I closed my knees.

“No, it wasn’t that; well yes it was, but; oh never mind.” I managed to say as I got close to the 30.

I lay there and relaxed, letting my feet slide so that my legs were flat on the mat. I should have been embarrassed but I wasn’t; for some weird reason I was actually enjoying being looked at.

“Okay Tanya, just one more exercise for today; we don’t want you to do too much today. Roll over and get up on your knees.”

As I did so I remembered Ryan taking me doggy style the night before and had a horrible vision of Lewis doing the same, right there and then. I giggled a bit and looked up. Lewis had squat down in front of me and was holding a small wheel with a bar through it.

“Use this crunch roller to roll back and forwards 30 times. It’s good for your stomach muscles.”

I did as told. About half way through I realised that my butt was sticking up and giving the guys behind me a great view of my pussy. For a split second I was embarrassed then I felt a wet rush and a tingling. What the fuck was happening to me?

When I’d finished the 30 I got to my feet and thanked Lewis. I told him that I’d had enough for the day and that I needed to relax.

“Try the sauna.” Lewis said.

I looked round for Ryan and found him on a rowing machine.

“Can we go to the sauna now please?” I asked.

“Sure thing babe; I’ll just go and change.”

I waited in the corridor outside the men’s changing room until Ryan re-appeared. When he did he was wearing only a towel. We went to the sauna and sat there on our own for a few minutes as we both relaxed. As I started to feel more ‘human’, I turned to Ryan, lifted one foot onto the bench and said,

“Ryan, I need you, please fuck me.”

“I can’t; remember the rules. The last thing that I want, you want, if for us to get thrown out. We’ll just have to wait until we get home, or into the car.”

“I don’t know if I want to come back here again. It’s so embarrassing.”

“Hey; I’ve just paid a fortune for a year’s membership. We’re going to come back at least once a week from now on. Anyway; you know that you enjoy getting naked in front of strangers.”

“No I don’t.”

Ryan reached over and slipped a finger easily into my pussy. He pulled it out and held it in front of my face.

“Yes you do TT. Anyway, did you see that Liz’s pussy?”

“Hell yes, I wonder if it’s like that all the time?” I asked.

“Maybe it’s only like that when she’s turned-on; and she must have been turned-on because she was all wet as well.”

“Trust you to notice that.”

We stayed there for a few more minutes before going and getting showered and dressed. I found out what Mia meant about the showers taking a long time. One of the other girls was in the shower and she was frigging away when I got there. She didn’t stop when she saw me. On the way home I confessed to Ryan that I’d made myself cum in the shower as well. Ryan grinned and said,

“I wondered what took you so long.”

“You don’t mind do you?”

“Hell no; I just wish that I could have been there to watch.”

“I’ll give you a repeat performance when we get home lover.”

When we got to the leg spreader machine I asked Ryan if I could use the new thigh muscle toner machine instead. Ryan looked at it for a few seconds then told me that he’d figured it out. It has a bench for the user to lie on and 2 uprights either side about where your hips go, about a meter from the side of the bench. What you do is raise your feet up high then attach ankle cuffs that have 2 ropes attached. The ropes attached to each ankle go one through each upright and then to some weights. Ryan worked out that by adding more weights he could make it more difficult for me to both open and close my legs. I didn’t understand the mechanics of that but it worked.

Once Ryan had set it up I asked him to stand in front of me so that he was blocking the view of my pussy. Somehow, when my legs were closed, or open, the pressure of the weight was off so I could rest my muscles.

Ryan didn’t put many weights on at first and I found it quite easy. I even had a little vision of Ryan getting down on his knees and fucking me while I had my legs wide open.

Then Ryan put more weights on and it got harder. It got to the stage where I was sweating as I forced my legs open and closed. As I tried to start to close my legs I found that I couldn’t move them. I thought that I was stuck so I told Ryan. He just told me to try harder.

Eventually I managed to convince him that I was stuck. At first he joked saying that he’d have to leave me there like that with my wet pussy wide open for all the world to see. Then he said that he’d have to go and get some help and he disappeared. By that time, some of the people there had heard us and had gathered round me to see what was going on.

One guy asked me what was wrong, and when I told him he had a look at the machine but he quickly admitted that he didn’t know what was wrong.

One of the girls smiled at me and asked me if I was pretending to be stuck just to get the guys to look at me.

I should have been annoyed but I smiled back and asked her if that was what she would have done.

From somewhere in the little audience I heard someone say ‘treadmill’.

“Shit” I thought as I started to cum. As I started to come down I heard clapping and 2 men talking to each other,

“How many is that that you’ve seen now Ben?”

“Eight and counting; I love these leg spreaders.”

Then I heard THAT word again.

Up I went; my pussy was gushing and the convulsions nearly threw me off the bench. It was a good job that my ankles were firmly held.

Then I heard ‘treadmill’ again.

“Nooooo!” I shouted; but the orgasm wasn’t going to stop.

Four times I orgasmed before all I could hear was clapping. Then Darren was stood between my legs unfastening the ankle cuffs. As he was doing so he said,

“There’s often a queue for these spreader machines as all you girls seem to like to have a go; and there’s usually a few of the guys standing around waiting to see if she needs any help. What is it with you young girls?”

When Darren had freed both my ankles he lowered them saying,

“There, that’s all you have to do to release the victim. Why is it that we humans always look for a technical solution before we look at the simple ones? I’ll get the man out to it again tomorrow. Another girl got stuck like that the other day. The guy that had attached the ankle cuffs had told her that she’d have to get someone else to release her when she’d had enough because he had to leave. She told me that she had to lie there with her legs spread wide for about 30 minutes before someone figured out how to release her. Funny thing was that she hadn’t asked for any help for another 30 minutes before that.”

Ryan laughed and said,

“I’m sure that most girls just love being like that.”

Darren walked away and I sat up thinking about thumping Ryan for being such a sexist pig. He must have seen the look on my face because he said,

“Well you do, you’re forever spreading them and cumming in public aren’t you? Remember Ibiza? You must have cum 60 or 70 times in Playa d'en Bossa that day and you were naked all day. Hundreds of people must have seen you cum and you loved every second of it. Besides, you could have covered your pussy with your hands if you didn’t enjoy it.”

“That was different.” I said, wondering why I didn’t think of putting my hands over my pussy as I used that machine. Was Ryan right? Did I subconsciously want to expose my pussy to the whole world? I snapped myself out of that stupid thought as Ryan continued.

“No it wasn’t different.”

Then he changed his voice and said,

“Treadmill.”

I instantly recognised the voice from earlier and started to call him a bastard as the orgasm hit me. I was glad that I was still sat on the bench.

As I came back to earth I looked up and saw a naked girl that I hadn’t seen before. What’s more, Ryan and most of the other guys were looking at her. I was surprised as she walked over to me. I stood up as she said,

“Hi, I’m Lucy; I like to introduce myself to all the new girl members; I like to ask why they’re here.”

“Hi, I’m Tanya and this is my boyfriend Ryan. We came here to get fit, I didn’t know that I could get free membership until we got here and Ryan talked me into taking my clothes off.”

“Well I’m sure that you won’t regret it, we girls have lots of fun teasing the men; and we keep fit as well.”

“Are you the Lucy that Darren mentioned; the accountant?” Ryan asked.

“Yes, why?”

“I’d just like to congratulate you for having the guts to get Darren’s idea off the ground; leading by example so to speak.” Ryan added.

I followed Ryan’s eyes and wasn’t surprised to see that he was looking at her breasts. I must admit, they do look gorgeous; all conical and solid, they hadn’t bounced one little bit as she walked over to us. If I wasn’t happy with my little tits I could get jealous of them.

“I like the jewellery Tanya.” Lucy said and she lifted the chain on my left nipple and gently pulled it.

“She’s got a third one as well.” Ryan said.

Lucy looked puzzled for a few seconds then she squat down in front of me. I automatically spread my legs a bit so that she could get a better look.

“Oh wow!” Lucy said as she lifted the chain attached to my clit hood and pulled it up and to one side. “What’s that?”

Before I could speak Ryan said,

“That’s a proper clit ring; it’s a permanent reminder that her clit is there and wanting attention. Her blood engorges the nub and makes it a lot more sensitive especially when she’s horny – which is most of the time. It vibrates as well; only randomly, but enough to keep her horny.”

Lucy touched my clit and I gave out a long soft moan; closely followed by another orgasm; Ryan had whispered THAT word in my ear.

The 3 of us just stood there (or squat in Lucy’s case) as I went up there, and came down again. Then Lucy said,

“Wow; did I do that; you are a lucky girl Tanya; I’ve got to get Pete to get me one of those things.”

Looking up at Ryan, Lucy continued,

“I hope that you’re not the jealous type Ryan, little Tanya here is going to have a lot of attention while she’s here.

Lucy let go of the chain and stood up.

“Listen, there’s a yoga class in the big room in about 30 minutes; why don’t you come and join us? You too Ryan; I’m sure that no one will mind if a man joins us.”

“Err no thank you’” Ryan said, “I think that I’ll pass on that, but I’m sure that Tanya would like to join you, she’s done a bit of yoga whilst modelling for an art class haven’t you darling.”

I glared at Ryan then thought why not? Lucy had just all but told me that it was an female only class so at least there wouldn’t be men watching me.

“Yes Lucy, thank you for the information; I’ll be there.”

“See you up there then.” Lucy said as she turned and walked over to one of the exercise cycles. She was just about to get on when one of the guys went up to her and asked her if she’d ‘spot’ him while he lifted some weights. Both Ryan and I watched as they went over to the bench to do some bench presses. Lucy went and stood at his head, her bald pussy was inches from his face. What’s more, Lucy spread her legs. The man must have been able to feel the warmth from her pussy on his face.

Both Ryan and I went to the exercise cycles and rode the bikes while watching Lucy and the man. I was sure that the man wasn’t lifting anywhere near the weight that he could because it looked so easy for him; but that didn’t stop him asking Lucy to help him rack the bar a couple of times. When he did Lucy leaned forward as she took some of the weight. As she did so her legs went either side of his face.

I saw the big bulge in his shorts and smiled a bit.

When they’d done the man left the room and I wondered if he was going to the changing room to relieve the pressure in his shorts. Meanwhile Lucy went onto one of the rowing machines.

Ryan decided that he wanted to do some bench presses and asked me if I would ‘spot’ him. Of course I agreed and as Ryan changed some of the weights I stood there looking around. Half the guys were looking at Lucy, a couple were looking at me and the others were looking at another naked girl in there. None of the men were getting much exercise.

When Ryan was ready I stepped forward so that my legs were just about touching the sides of his head. It was then that I realised that my middle chain was touching Ryan’s forehead.

“You need to grow a bit.” Ryan said.

“Or you need to find a lower bench.” I replied.

We both laughed a little and Ryan got on with lifting the weights.

When he was done Ryan got up and told me that he needed to go and pee. As soon as he’d gone another guy came over to me and asked me if I’d ‘spot’ him. I didn’t want to and I quickly tried to think of reasons why I couldn’t, but I opened my mouth and said,

“Yeah, sure.”

What the hell was I saying? Why didn’t I put my brain in gear before I opened my mouth?

Too late though, the man quickly got on the bench and said,

“Ready when you are.”

The thing was that the man was laying further up the bench; it was like he was going to lift above his stomach not his chest. I shuffled forward to a few inches from his head.

“You’ll have to get closer.” The man said.

I shuffled a bit closer.

“Closer.”

I shuffled again.

“Closer, and you’ll have to open your legs so that you have a better position if I need your help.”

“Oh shit.” I thought as I spread my legs and shuffled so that my inner thighs were touching the sides of his head.

“Bloody hell!” I heard him say and I guessed that he must have got a close-up of my clit ring. I looked down and saw that the end of my clit hood chain was resting on his nose.

The man started slowly lifting the weights as my hands went up and down with the bar. I started to feel his breath on my pussy; he must have been blowing upwards.

Up and down went that bar. After about 5 minutes I saw Ryan walk back in. He looked at me and smiled. He walked over and said,

“I’m just going on the treadmill for a while; okay.”

“Bastard.” I thought as I started to cum. I was shaking like hell, and moaning a bit.

“Are you okay love?” The man asked.

Through gritted teeth I managed to say that I was as the man lifted again. As I started to calm down I had a VERY embarrassing thought;

“Had my pussy dripped some of my juices onto the man’s face?”

I hoped not but there was no way that I was going to look down and see.

About 5 minutes and about 10 lifts later I saw Lucy get up and leave the room. I laughed a little as lots of male eyes were glued to her butt as she left. Then Ryan came over to remind me about the yoga.

I smiled as I realised that I had an excuse to get away from the man with his head between my legs.

“Sorry,” I said, “but I’ve got to go; I’m doing the yoga class.”

I shuffled back and started to get the hell out of there. As I got near the door I turned to wave to Ryan. As I did I saw the man who’d been between my legs; he was stood up beside the bench. As I looked he lifted the bar and weights up off the stands and put them on the floor – with one hand. No wonder he lifted it so many times when he was on his back.

When I opened the door to the big room there were about 8 naked girls spreading out ready to start the class. I found a space and psyched myself up ready to start.

Soft, calming music started playing and the woman instructor started. No sooner that we’d got into the first position, the door opened and about a dozen guys (including Ryan) walked in. They all came and stood quite close to us. For a second I thought that they were actually going to come right in amongst us and start doing the yoga but they just stood there, about 2 metres from us.

None of the girls seemed perturbed by this; in fact I saw a couple of the girls smiling. I figured that they must be exhibitionists.

The instructor ignored the guys as well and for the next 30 minutes or so she got us into some of the most exposing and embarrassing positions that I could think of; even as bad as the art classes; except that they didn’t have any baseball bats at the gym. All the time that we had our pussies spread and thrust up in the air, the guys kept changing places with each other. It was like they wanted to get a good look at all of our pussies.

Some silly thoughts crossed my mind as I held some of the positions; would they go back to the workout room and compare mental notes that they’d made about our pussies? Would they ‘rank’ each one of us? Or had they already taken bets on which of us had the wettest pussy. I thought that I must stand a good chance in that competition; but there again, I hadn’t looked at the other girl’s pussies.

When the class was over I went over to thank the instructor. She was talking to Lucy and I managed to say my thanks as Lucy finished. Lucy hung back and walked out with me. She asked if I’d enjoyed myself and if I’d be coming back again.

“Well yes and no,” I said, “the workout and the yoga was good but I got so embarrassed when the guys stared at me.”

“Don’t worry about that; the embarrassment soon disappears. I can guarantee that with a couple more sessions you’ll stop getting embarrassed and start enjoying the attention.” Lucy replied, “So you’ll be back then?”

“I guess so, Ryan will want to come again so I’ll have to come too.”

“Don’t worry; you’ll soon start enjoying it.”

With that Lucy turned and headed to the changing room and I went to look for Ryan

“Fancy a game of squash?” Ryan asked when I found him.

We went and found the squash courts and discovered that they were occupied. We watched 2 naked girls and a couple of guys playing a couple of games before deciding to call it a night and go home.

I was the only one in the ladies changing room so I brought myself to another orgasm as the warm water pounded down on me.

We’ve now started going to that gym at least once a week and Ryan insists that I wear my nipple and clit chains each time. He says that it should make me feel less naked. In reality I feel like it attracts people’s eyes to them and makes me feel more naked than my birthday suit.

We told Doug and Naomi about the gym and they say that they’re going to join just as soon as Naomi can get transferred. Doug said that he’d have to come with us a couple of times just to ‘check the place out’. Ryan said that he thought that he’d be able to get a guest pass for him.

The next time that we went to the gym I asked Ryan if he’d help me with the machines. He agreed but said that it was just for the one time. He said that he enjoyed it more when he was watching another man help me.

The fourth time that we went Ryan got me to strip naked in the car before we went in. His argument was that it would be quicker for me. When I told him that I’d still have to wait for him he told me that I could go straight to the workout room and that he’d join me as soon as he could.

Like the sucker that I am I agreed with him and you should have seen Darren’s face as I walked in totally naked. I was pleased that the gym had a car park right in front and Ryan had parked close to the door.

As I started on the first machine, waiting for Ryan, I wondered if he would talk me into not putting any clothes on before we left the house; and have me travel there completely naked.

The next week I discovered that I was right. Ryan used the argument that it was a waste of time getting dressed just to get undressed a few minutes later. In a way I could see that he was right and I just hoped that we wouldn’t get stopped by the police as we drove there and back.

It was a bit nerve racking going out to the car in our drive totally naked. I’d only been naked in the back garden before, but out front loads of people could be going by and see me.

We got there without any embarrassing incidents and we repeated that every week until the weather got too cold.

We go to that gym every week and Ryan seems to want me to concentrate on toning up my thighs; and ‘spotting’ other men. Ryan usually managed to use the ‘T’ word at least once while we’re there.

I have to admit that what Lucy said is right; I don’t get embarrassed anywhere as often now; even when I’m ‘spotting’ a man who deliberately lays too far up the bench. But I’m still not happy that Ryan wants me to get into those situations even though the sex with Ryan afterwards is amazing.

**Ryan buys me a Sybian**

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

Of course I knew what a Sybian was, I’d watched a few videos on the internet with Ryan; but I was surprised when the big box arrived and I opened it. Ryan hadn’t told me that he’d ordered anything. At first I didn’t realise what it was and wondered what on earth Ryan had bought.

When I realised what it was I looked at Ryan and asked him how much he’d paid for it. We’d both looked at prices a few months previous, and decided that they cost way too much.

When he told me how much he’s paid I was torn between telling him that we couldn’t afford it and that he’d have to send it back; and OMG; this is going to be fun. In the end the fun part won and Ryan helped me lift it out of the box.

We quickly installed one of the dildos and lubed it before I took my place with my pussy hovering just above the vibrating dildo. I looked at Ryan; his face looked like he was a young boy who’d just got his first train set (or similar), and I lowered myself onto it.

OMG! It felt amazing as something inside the dildo went round and round and up and down. Then Ryan turned the clit stimulator on.

FIH; I was in heaven. When Ryan’s brother walked in I completely forgot the embarrassment that I still have when he sees me naked. I just wanted the whole world to see me, and the pleasure that I was having.

“OMG! FIH! OMG! FIH!” was all that I could say. I was in heaven.

My first orgasm came within 3 or 4 minutes; then the second then the third.

Fuck, I love that machine.

Thirty minutes later I slowly lifted myself off and virtually collapsed on the floor. I lay there for ages with Ryan just looking at me and smiling.

After a shower I went and collapsed on the sofa and Ryan cuddled me as we watched some stupid TV program.

When it finished I asked Ryan if he would move the Sybian into the garage. I told him that I didn’t want his brother Tom seeing me use it; of worse, any friends that he might bring back.

Ryan was a bit reluctant but he did agree.

I spent the next 3 evenings in the garage with Ryan watching me.

When I went to the garage on the next Saturday afternoon I was surprised to see that Ryan had made a couple of changes. He’d mounted the Sybian on a sort of portable workbench.

I asked Ryan how I was supposed to get on and off it and how I was supposed to control how far the dildo was inside me.

“Easy,” Ryan said, “you can use those little wheelie stools and you can use a rope on that hook in the ceiling to pull yourself up and down. It shouldn’t take much effort as your weight will be on the stools.”

I was a bit sceptical but I got the stools while Ryan attached a rope to the hook in the ceiling.

Ryan’s idea worked and I had a pleasurable session looking out the big window over the back garden. I giggled a bit as I wondered if Naomi or Doug could see me.

After a very pleasurable half an hour or so I pulled myself up, climbed off and switched the Sybian off. When I went back into the house Ryan kissed me and asked me if I’d had fun.

Silly question because he knew that I had; and, as usual, I led him up to the shower where we had then next part of my ‘fun’.

When I went into the garage on the Sunday Ryan followed me in. I quickly saw that he’d made another modification. The rope hanging from the ceiling had some wrist cuffs attached to the end.

“I thought that with those you’d be able to relax your hands and not worry about letting go.” Ryan said.

I couldn’t argue with that until I’d climbed on and Ryan fastened the wrist cuffs. As he was doing that I realised that I couldn’t release them when my weight was on them. When I asked Ryan what I was supposed to do about getting off.

“Easy, put your weight on the stools, push up and unhook your wrists.”

“Okay.” I said, “Let me get that beautiful machine inside me then can you switch it on please?”

I impaled myself and Ryan switched the Sybian on.

I was in heaven.

Ryan saw that I was happy and enjoying myself so he told me that he’d go and get the camera to record my pleasure.

Off he went and I decided to lean forward so that my clit got teased.

Inside the heaven of heavens my first orgasm came quickly. With my whole weight on my pussy my body jerked, my feet lifting off the stools. Unfortunately, as my body jerked my heels hit the front of the stools. With no weight on the stools the wheels were free to turn and as my heels hit them the stools rolled behind me; and out of reach.

I wasn’t worried; in fact I didn’t even notice at first; I had something more important on my mind. Even if I had noticed it wouldn’t have mattered as Ryan would be back soon to put on memory card my throws of pleasure.

The thing was; Ryan didn’t come back straight away. After my ninth or tenth orgasm I was starting to get worried – and tired. I tried shouting for Ryan but he didn’t come.

When Ryan finally appeared I was slumped, moaning and twitching. I’m sure that I would have passed-out if Ryan hadn’t appeared when he did. The next thing that I knew was that the Sybian stopped vibrating; well the noise stopped but my pussy still felt like the dildo was going up and down and round and round.

I vaguely remember being lifted up, carried upstairs, placed in the shower and Ryan saying, over and over, ‘sorry, sorry, sorry’.

When I started to feel a little ‘human’ again Ryan was still apologising but I stopped him saying that I’d had the most amazing time of my life; I sort of compared it to being fucked to death.

Ryan’s clothes were wet through as he lifted me out of the shower, dried me and carried me to our bed.

Three hours later I woke-up and went looking for Ryan. My pussy had got wet again and was still throbbing.

“I’m so sorry TT. As I was looking for the camera my phone went. It was dad; mum has to go into hospital for a few days and he spent ages trying to convince me that there was no need for Tom or I to go over there.”

“That’s okay Ryan; there’s no need to apologise; in fact, if we can work out how long I was on that, that amazing machine I’d like to do it again; except not today, I need to rest.”

Ryan hugged me and gave me a long kiss,

Over our evening meal we worked out that I must have been riding that Sybian for about 30 minutes. That gave Ryan an idea,

“How about we have a competition to see who can last the longest on the Sybian; we can do it to raise money for charity.”

“Well,” I said, “for starters, where are you going to have this ‘competition’? How are you going to make money out of it? You can’t go round asking people to sponsor a girl getting fucked by a machine. And how are you going to get girls to take part? Are you going to hand out flyers saying ‘You’ve tried a mechanical bull; now see how long you can stay on a Sybian’.”

We both had a laugh at that then Ryan said that he’d talk it over with the guys at work and see what they come up with.

“Don’t think that you can get me to strip naked in front of an audience and ride that, that machine until I collapse.” I said.

“We’ll see.” Ryan said; but I knew just that if it ever happens I’d end up naked and cumming in front of lots of people.

I quickly changed the subject to food and went and started the dinner.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

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

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

**The Charity Shop**

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

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

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

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

These cubicles were right next to the sales tills.

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

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

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

Looking round and seeing no one except Ryan I thought,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As we walked out Ryan said,

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

“Thanks Ryan.” I said.

“Who cares?” Ryan said.

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

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

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

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

“Show time!”

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

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

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

I just ignored him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One of the youths said,

“Nice.” And another said,

“Fucking hell.”

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

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

“Please don’t do that again.”

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

**Human Sexuality Class**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fred turned to the class and said,

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

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

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

“Tanya, are you ready to begin?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*“How come you have no tits?”*

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

*“How often do you have sex?”*

“Daily.”

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

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

*“How often do you masturbate?”*

“Daily.”

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

“Yes.”

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

“Yes.”

*“Do you let him cum in your mouth?”*

“Yes.”

“Do you swallow?”

“Yes.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*“Are your nipples pierced?”*

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

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

*“Did it hurt?”*

“A little; but not for long.”

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

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

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

“I never do.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Asked a young man from the back of the room.

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

*“How did you get it on there?”*

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

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

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

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

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

“I doubt it, the battery’s flat.”

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

“No.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My eyes closed as I thought,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No, definitely not.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But when my mouth opened, out came,

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

What the hell is wrong with me?

**The Gym**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Me too.” Isla said.

I smiled and said.

“Go get ’em girls.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He looked me up and down, grinned and said,

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

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

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

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

“You were right, it is more fun.”

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

“Right,” I said, “lift the bar.”

He did with ease.

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

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

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

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

“That chain tastes nice.” The man said.

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

“I’m not; just your chain.”

“Okay, you got me there.”

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

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

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

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

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

Looking up I saw Ella looking at me and grinning.

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

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

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

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

We both laughed as the running machines burst into life.

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

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

We both giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ryan looked puzzled for a second then grinned.

“I’ll go and check.”

Ryan disappeared for a few seconds then came back.

“Yes, but you’ll have to be quick.”

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

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

I did, then immediately opened them again.

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

“Treadmill.”

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

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

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

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

“I needed that.”

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

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

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

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

Darren looked round at his audience and said,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That looks good.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes please.”

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

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

Darren looked a little puzzled at first then said,

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

“How about a sauna?” Ryan asked.

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

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

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

My AF was still high and I felt good.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Can I touch it?”

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

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

“It’s so hard.”

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

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

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

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

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

We all laughed then continued talking.

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

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

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

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

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

I laughed and told her to do them every day.

Shortly after that a man came out of the changing rooms and dove in. After a couple of lengths he stopped at the foot of our sun loungers and looked over to us. As I smiled at him I started squeezing then relaxing my pussy muscles. His eyes opened wide for a second as they moved from my pussy to my face and back.

Then his eyes went to Liz’s pussy. He must have seen Liz’s pussy before because his eyes didn’t change.

I almost made myself cum before he turned and swam off. When he’d gone both Liz and I giggled, knowing that we’d given that man a real image to wank over.

By the time that Ryan returned I’d given 2 more men shows of how I can squeeze my pussy muscles and made myself cum as well. Liz had excused herself about half way through and I’d been peacefully relaxing and feeling pleased with myself now that I’d accepted that it didn’t matter what I got up to, just so long as I was sexually aroused when I started doing those things. It wasn’t my fault and it didn’t make me an exhibitionist.

I was lying there, eyes closed, feet still either side of the sun lounger, and pussy very wet and throbbing, when I heard Ryan say,

“Wow TT, you’re getting into this exhibitionism aren’t you? Are you finally going to admit that you’re an exhibitionist?”

“No, I’m not an exhibitionist; once you’ve got me all aroused I lose control and start having some fun. Because I’m all aroused and not in control of myself you can’t count what I do as exhibitionism; just a sexed-up girl doing what comes naturally.”

Ryan laughed then said,

“Oh I see; you’re not in control of yourself. You sure look like you’re in control to me; but whatever, you call it what you like. I just love your new found enthusiasm for exposing your interesting bits.”

We sat together for a while before Ryan said that we should be heading for home. We went and showered then as we were heading out through reception we saw Darren and that other man carrying something else into the workout room. It was a big board about 2 metres by one metre with a box near one end. Being intrigued as to what it was we followed them into the workout room and watched them lay it down and unwrap it. Then they attached bicycle like pedals to bars coming out of each side of the big box.

“It looks like some sort of cycle that you lay on your back to pedal.” I said.

Ryan was way ahead of me.

“Hang on a minute; I think that I just might know what it is.” Ryan said.

“What is it?” Abby, who had also come to look, asked.

“I think that it’s another exercise cycle, but you lay on your back to operate it.” Ryan answered.

We continued watching as Darren un-wrapped the rest of it. Sticking out of the box and pointing towards the other end of the board is a metal bar about half a metre long. As soon as Darren screwed a rubber dildo on the end I knew what it was.

I was still feeling very horny and had wanted to get home so that Ryan could fuck me silly but this new workout machine was just begging for me to christen it.

“Can I?” I said to Darren.

“Hang on a minute girl; there’s one more thing that I have to attach.” Darren said as he got a little black box out of a cardboard box and attached it to the top of the big box and pointed the little hole in the little box towards the other end of the board. As we watched I found my hands drifting to my nipples and rolling and tweaking them.

“There you are young Tanya; all yours.” Darren said as he got up, cleared all the wrappings, and left.

I quickly lay down on the board with my legs open and feet on the pedals. The rubber dildo on the end of the metal bar was resting on my pubic bone. Turning the pedals slowly, I watched the dildo slide back and drop to the floor in front of my pussy.

Adjusting my position a bit, I sat up and lifted the dildo up and rested the end at the entrance to my hole.

Then I pedalled.

The audience that had gathered around me watched as I slowly pedalled and the dildo went in and out of me. Because of my highly aroused state it only took a couple of minutes for me to start cumming again; and cum hard I did. I’m sure that everyone in the workout room had stopped what they were doing and come over to watch me.

As the waves receded and my pedalling slowed I became aware of everyone watching me. Instead of feeling embarrassed, I felt proud of myself.

As soon as I got to my feet Abby got down straight away; it was her turn.

I had to go and have another shower before we left.

A week or so later the whole of the team that I’m in at work were given the afternoon off because we’d completed a big job ahead of schedule. I’d been feeling quite horny all morning because Ryan had persuaded me to wear my random zap vibe that day; and he’d got me to charge up my clit ring overnight. That morning I’d had 4 or 5 little orgasms because of those.

Anyway, when I got told that I could go home just before lunch I had this naughty thought,

“Why don’t I go to the gym on my own?”

It’s not like I needed to go home to collect any gym kit; so I phoned Ryan and told him what I was going to do and instead of getting the bus home I got the bus to the gym.

As I walked in Darren said,

“Oh it’s you Tanya; I didn’t recognise you with your clothes on; and very smart you look too.”

“Old joke Darren, I’ve come here straight from work; I’ve got the afternoon off. Darren,” I continued, “all these cameras that you’ve got around the place, do they record to a disk somewhere?”

“Yes, but I don’t know how it all works; do you know anything about computers?”

“Yes, a bit. What I was wondering was could I have a copy of this afternoons recordings please?”

“Sure, if you can work out how to do it.”

“Thanks Darren, I’ll come and see you when I’m ready to leave, okay?”

With that I went into the ladies changing room and stripped naked. I was so horny that I wanted to frig myself there and then but I resisted. Instead I settled for rolling and flicking my nipples. I wanted to see if I could get them any harder or longer than they already were.

I went to the shower area, looked up at the camera, opened my legs and pushed my hips forward. Holding my hand below my pussy I squeezed the vibe out then rinsed it and put it in my bag. I wondered if anyone had seen me do that.

As I walked to the workout room I was pleased that my AF was already way up. I reasoned that because I was so horny I wasn’t responsible for the fun I was about to have.

Walking into the workout room I saw 2 men. Their eyes lit up when they saw the naked me walk in. I smiled at them and went to the leg spreaders. As I walked passed them I heard one of them say,

“About time, I was starting to think that we’d been conned.”

Sitting on one of the spreaders that faced into the room I spread my legs wide and held them like that for ages before closing them.

One of the men looked up to my face so I smiled at him again.

Well, I certainly had their attention. I continued to open and close my legs, occasionally lifting my clit chain.

About the fourth time that my legs were spread wide my little clit ring zapped me. I shuddered a little and had to force myself to keep my legs open wide. I looked at one of the men and wondered if he thought that I was cumming. By that time both men had given up all pretence of working out and were openly staring at me.

After a few more spreads I went to the exercise cycle with the dildo in the middle of the saddle. As I walked up to it I saw that the dildo was retracted. Going to the other side of it so that the bike was between the men and me I slowly turned the pedal with my hand to make sure that it was working properly.

“Fucking hell!” I heard one of the men say, “I didn’t see that when we came in.”

I looked at the 2 men, smiled and climbed on the bike but standing on the pedals. I watched the men as I did a couple of rotations of the pedals before lowering my pussy to the tip of the dildo.

The expression on the men’s faces was priceless as I impaled myself and just sat there for a few seconds before slowly starting to pedal.

As I started to speed up a little, one of the men’s eyes moved up to mine. I smiled and said,

“Have you looked at the screens lately?”

His eyes turned to the nearest screen in time to see the view of my pussy from the camera on the front of the bike.

“Good resolution isn’t it?” I said.

After a long pause the man said,

“Err yeah.”

“You want to keep checking those screens; you might just be amazed by what you see.” I said.

“More amazed than that?” the other man said.

I smiled and pedalled a little faster, and faster. I soon started making moaning sounds and within 3 or 4 minutes I was cumming like never before.

My pedalling slowed as I started to get control of myself again. I opened my eyes and saw the 2 men still staring at my pussy. Seeing something in my peripheral vision I turned my head and saw another man walk in. I smiled as I thought what he would do if he knew what he had just missed.

The new man looked around, saw me and got onto one of the ‘normal’ exercise cycles; but watching me in the mirrors.

When I stopped pedalling I climbed off and cleaned the dildo before going over to one of the big rubber mats. I’d decided that I wanted to do some floor exercises.

I had a sudden thought and left the room to go to the changing room. It only took seconds for me to insert the vibrator and switch it on. I set it low then quickly went back to the workout room and the mats.

The 3 men were still there and their eyes lit up when they saw me return.

I just lay on my back for a minute or so while I readied myself for a lot of stretching, exposure and orgasms then I started doing a variety of exercises, all of which involved spreading my legs.

When I did the splits I raised and lowered myself a few times, pressing my clit onto the floor; it felt good. My first orgasm on the mats came as I was spread wide with my clit pressed to the floor. When I got up I saw a little puddle of my pussy juices on the floor. I wanted to say,

“Hey guys, look what I just left on the floor.”

But I settled for a little smile.

After another couple of exercises I decided to do some sit-ups. I lay flat on my back, spread my feet about 3 feet apart and locked my fingers behind my head then pulled my upper torso up. As expected my feet rose up too. After a couple of attempts at keeping my feet on the mat I turned to the guys and said,

“Err guys, any chance of one of you holding my ankles down?”

Before I could blink 2 of the men were knelt, one at each of my feet.

“Oh, err, yes, can you just hold my ankles so that my feet don’t rise up?”

I didn’t get an answer and when I looked at their eyes, all 4 of them were glued to my pussy.

Smiling to myself I started the sit-ups again. As my stomach muscles tensed I squeezed my pussy muscles as well. After about the third time I felt a wet rush in my pussy.

This went on for about 25 more sit-ups until my little clit ring decided to zap me when my body was raised up. That was too much for me and I collapsed back onto the floor as I started to cum.

As I started to return to normal I opened my eyes and looked at the 2 men. Both of their jaws had dropped as they continued to stare at my still convulsing pussy.

A minute or so later I decided that I’d done enough sit-ups for one day and thanked the guys who seemed reluctant to let go of my ankles.

I did a few more exercises and had another couple of orgasms. One was while I was in the crab position. How I managed to stay on my hands and feet I shall never know, but I did, even though the convulsions threatened a collapse onto the mat.

I was just getting up onto my feet when Ella walked in, as naked as I was.

“Hi; no lectures this afternoon?” I asked.

“No,” Ella said, “I was feeling a little frisky so I came here hoping to do a bit of teasing – and get some exercise.”

“Well; your lucks in, it’s their first day today so we should have 100% of their attention.” I said nodding my head over to 2 of the guys.

“Not with you around I won’t but the 3 walking along the corridor with that woman behind them should be enough for some fun.”

I looked up and saw the group walking towards us. The woman looked to be a little bit older than me, and she didn’t look too comfortable with being naked.

“Either she’ll get into it soon and have lots of fun or we’ll never see her again.” I thought.

“So Tanya,” Ella asked, “which machine haven’t you had a go on yet?”

“Loads, but that ‘flat on your back cycle’ is begging me to have a go. But before I do I’m going to have another go on a leg spreader.”

“Okay, I’m going to use a leg spreader as well for a bit then I’ll fuck myself on the exercise bike.” Ella said.

Sitting, side by side, Ella and I displayed our pussies as we spread our legs. I watched the nearest big screen and saw both our pussies from time to time. Ella’s still looked quite dry compared to mine that was all shinny and swollen.

I saw another guy come into the room just before I had another orgasm.

“Did you just….” Ella asked.

“Yeap!” I replied.

After another couple of spreads I stopped and got up.

“Just going to the loo.” I said and quickly walked to the changing room where I switched vibe off, squeezed it out, rinsed it and put it in my bag.

Back in the workout room Ella was just getting up before going to the exercise cycle. We smiled at each other as our paths crossed as I went to the ‘flat on your back cycle’.

I lay on the board and lined myself up and slowly started fucking myself. As I pedalled I looked round and saw 6 or 7 men watching us 3 women. The newbie was jogging on a running machine; her ‘C’s (probably) bouncing all over the place; much to the delight of the man watching her.

I relaxed, dreamt about being on the beach in Playa d'en Bossa and slowly fucked myself; for a few minutes not caring if anyone was watching me or not.

When I got close to cumming I opened my eyes and was pleased to see 2 men openly staring at me (well my pussy), While I was dreaming I must have started playing with my nipples because my right hand was still rolling my right nipple.

I didn’t care as I had a noisy orgasm then slowed down my pedalling to a slow fuck.

Looking around, I saw Ella close to cumming on the exercise bike and the other woman using one of the leg spreaders. She looked to be relaxing a bit and enjoying having a little audience.

I kept on with the slow pedalling until Ella had cum, then got up and went over to her.

When Ella asked what I was going to do next I remembered the time when Ryan had got me to lift my legs then put them under my armpits and I wondered if I’d be able to do that there in the gym.

“Can you help me with something please Ella?”

When I explained what, Ella asked what I wanted her to do. I got on the mat and lifted me legs high and spread them a bit. As I tried to get my feet to touch the floor either side of my head I asked Ella to help. By that time one of the men had come over and was looking down at my wet pussy.

“What exactly are you trying to do?” the man asked.

I explained and he followed with,

“Try moving your feet further apart; then lift your arms up. It doesn’t matter that your toes don’t touch the floor.”

He was right, I managed to get both arms up and one at a time I managed to force my legs under my armpits. I sort of relaxed; as much as anyone in that position could, and looked at my pussy, wet and spread; then looked up at Ella and the man; or should I say men because the one man had been joined by 2 more.

“Your turn Ella,” I said, “I’m sure that one of these guys will help you.”

Ella did, and 2 men did help her. I watched and laughed a little as Ella kept complaining that parts of her were hurting. Eventually, both Ella and I were stuck like that. It was okay for a few minutes, but after all the men and the woman came and had a good look at our pussies; I wanted to be free.

“Would one of you kind gentlemen help me get free please?” I asked.

One man (one of the latest to arrive), with a mischievous grin on his face, came over to me and said,

“Of course luv, but it will cost you.”

“Cost me what?” I asked.

“Well I’ve heard that you’re great at spotting people at the weight lifting bench. I’ll free you if you spot me; deal?”

He needn’t have tried to blackmail me into doing it; all he had to do was go to the bench and started lifting and I would have rushed to offer my services. I didn’t tell him that, instead I said,

“Errr, okay then, but remember the gym’s no touching rule.”

“That’s no me touching you, but it doesn’t mention you touching me; and it only refers to touching with hands.”

I looked at him with face that wanted to say,

“Don’t you dare touch me, but when you do touch me you’d better be good.”

The man held my legs as I gently manoeuvred my arms over my legs. When my arms were free I lay back and relaxed. After about a minute I said,

“You can let go of my ankles now.”

I lowered my legs to the mat and relaxed while the man went over to the bench, adjusted the weights and lay there waiting. When I got up I went over to him and moved the weight stands down a few inches then went round to his head, spread my legs and shuffled so that my inner thighs were each side of his head and my open pussy was only a couple of inches above his face.

The inevitable happened when I leaned forward to hold the bar and I felt his tongue touch my clit. I was frozen to the spot but my eyes watched his shorts changing shape.

Oh, it felt sooo good; and I knew that I wouldn’t last long so I stood up straight. I wanted to savour this for as long as I could and if I kept my pussy on his face then I would explode in seconds.

The man lifted the bar again and I leaned forward to put my hands under the bar. As soon as I was forward I felt his tongue on my clit again.

I heard myself moan and I’m sure that I’d just drenched his face. Another moan, the bar came down and I stood up straight.

“Manage another one?” the man asked.

“Oh yes!” I quickly said.

The bar went up, I leaned forward, my clit got the same treatment and I moaned again, this time a little louder.

This time though, the bar stayed up and my clit got tortured to the point of no return. I started shaking as the muscle spasms took control of me. I grabbed the weights bar and pulled it down onto the stands. I needed something to lean on.

As my high receded I opened my eyes and saw a wet patch at the top of the tent in the man’s shorts. When I could I said,

“Sorry about that; that shouldn’t have happened.” I lied.

“Hey, don’t worry about it; I’m not complaining.” The man said.

I backed-off from the man and turned to look at Ella. I was half expecting her to still be trapped with her legs behind her shoulders but she’d obviously got someone to release her because she was fucking herself on the ‘flat on your back cycle’.

I looked round the room and saw that the other woman that had come in was fucking herself on the exercise cycle. Thinking that it didn’t take her long to relax I went to the changing room, had a shower and a drink then went back to the workout room. By that time Ella was up on her feet with that ‘just fucked’ glow on her face.

“How about a sauna? I asked.

Ella nodded and walked out of the room leaving just one naked woman for the guys to look at.

As we walked we got to a door that was boarded up the last time that I’d been there.

“Hey, have you seen in the new room?” Ella asked.

“No, what’s in there?” I replied.

“You’ll never believe it; it’s like a mini school gym with a boxing ring in the middle.”

“You’re kidding. Is Darren planning on starting a boxing club as well? I wonder if girls will be able to join for free if they box naked?” I joked.

We opened the door and I was surprised. Ella was right about the mini school gym bit; there was half of the kit that had been in our school gym. Mats, benches, wall bars down one side, pommel horse, trampoline, ropes hanging from way up somewhere; and 2 things that our school never had; 2 pole dancing poles.

“I can show you a nice trick with those ropes Ella; that’s if you’re interested; can you climb ropes Ella?”

“Yeah, of course I can. I used to enjoy my PE lessons.”

“Right,” I said, “you climb as far up that big rope as you can; I’m just going to the changing room to take off my clit hood jewellery; I don’t want to have a nasty accident.”

While I was in the changing room removing my clit hood jewellery I changed the chains attached to my nipples. Instead of the 2 short chains I attached 1 long chain that attaches each end to a nipple. When I say long I don’t mean that the chain sags down to my belly button; it’s only 10 inches long so there isn’t much sag at all.

When I got back to Ella she was at the top of the rope swinging herself about.

“Hey Tanya, this rope feels good pressing on my pussy.” Ella said.

“Yeah, I know, take a deep breath and push your pussy against the rope then slowly slide down.”

After Ella slid down a couple of feet her eyes and mouth opened wide and she said,

“Aaaaarrrrggghhh, oooooooooh; fucking hell.”

“I bet that they didn’t teach you that in school.” I said.

Ella didn’t say another word as she slowly slid down the rope. About half way down she stopped and started shaking. I could see her muscles tense as she gripped the rope and rode through her little storm.

Storm abated, Ella lowered herself to the ground having a couple of little aftershocks on the way.

“Fucking hell Tanya; that was amazing; I never would have thought of trying that. Where did you find out about that little trick?”

“Kids playground in a park; long story, and no, there weren’t any kids around at the time.” I said.

“Whatever;” Ella replied, “I’m doing that again, and again. Oh, I see that you’ve changed your nipple chains. Is that one so that Ryan can lead you around the house by your tits?”

“Funny; no, he just thought that it would be a change for me. The only thing is that it’s easier to catch on things than the 2 little ones. I have to be careful; I don’t want my nipples ripping off.”

“Ouch!”

We both smiled at each other then off up the ropes we went. We both made the rope make us cum a couple of times before moving on round the room. One time that I climbed the rope I wished that there had been some blokes there to watch us. Then I thought about asking Darren to organise a sort of girl’s obstacle course race round the gym. It could be a sort of ‘make yourself cum on each obstacle before moving on to the next one’ race. I was sure that they’d get a big audience, especially if Darren put a notice up.

We got to the 2 dancing poles and I said,

“Well, I guess that it is a form of exercise; I must learn some time.”

Ella put her arm round one of the poles, swung round and said,

“Me too; imagine hanging there with your legs wide open and dozens of men looking at you.”

“Stop it,” I replied, “you’ll make me cum – again.”

At the boxing ring we climbed up and in and Ella said,

“Imaging being able to unwind after a crap day by thumping the hell out of someone in here.”

“I was thinking more of wrestling with some hunk and forcing him to eat me out.” I said.

“Nice.” Ella interjected.

“But I could never do that;” I continued, “I’m way too small. I’d get crushed within seconds.”

“Not if it was 2 women against one man.” Ella said.

“Two naked women against one man…… There’s an idea.”

We both laughed then climbed down and continued to the sauna. Just as we got there I said,

“Sorry, forgot something, I’ll be back in less than a minute.”

I turned and quickly walked to the changing room, rubbing my nipples between finger and thumb as I walked. I did what I had to do and quickly walked back to the sauna. Ella was waiting outside and we went in to find no one else there.

Sitting at opposite ends of a short bench with both of us putting one foot up on the bench and the other on the floor so that our spread pussies were lit up by one of the many spotlights; Ella suddenly said,

“Tanya, I see that you’ve got your chain dangling from your clit again but what the hell have you done to your pussy? I don’t remember it being so open like that.”

“I wanted to experience what that Liz girl has.” I replied.

“Yeah but that Liz’s pussy is only open a bit. Yours is open wide enough to drive a bus in.”

I told Ella that I talked to Ryan about wanting my pussy to look like Liz’s and he got an idea. He went off to the local DIY store and came back with a length of 1.5 inch diameter black plastic pipe He then cut a 2 inch length off it and sanded the edges.

It was quite easy to get it into my pussy and, providing that I don’t squeeze it out, I can keep it there for as long as I like. It feels a bit draughty and definitely more exposing. Ryan spent ages looking inside me and taking photographs.

Ella was amazed and asked if I could get Ryan to cut a length for her.

We talked girly talk for a few minutes then the door opened and a man came in and sat at the other end of the room. Neither Ella nor I moved our legs; in fact, without realising it we’d both moved a hand to our pussies; not to cover them, but to idly play with our clits.

Ella and I continued talking and it wasn’t long before the man admitted defeat and left with a tent in the front of his shorts.

After a shower Ella decided to go back to the workout room and I decided to go for a swim then relax on a sun lounger.

My pussy felt funny as soon as I got in the water. I’ve had a hose pipe running into it but this was different. I don’t really know how to describe it. I wanted to squeeze but I couldn’t do that because I wanted to keep the ring in.

Anyway, I sort of got used to it and swam a few lengths. After that I got out and lay on one of the sun loungers with my feet either side; my gaping pussy there for anyone and everyone to see inside me.

It was so relaxing just lying there in the warmth and I guess that I must have fallen asleep because I was suddenly aware of 2 heads at the foot of the sun lounger; both staring into my hole. What’s more, my right index finger was gently rubbing my clit. My immediate urge was to lift my feet and clamp my legs together but I was still horny as hell and I wanted the guys to see inside me.

The 2 guys hadn’t realised that I was awake and looking at them and when I said,

“Hi guys!” they quickly pulled back and looked up to my face.

“Oh, err I’m sorry;” one of them said, “I didn’t mean to stare, it’s just that, err, that I’ve never seen one like that before.”

“That’s okay; I don’t mind you looking just as long as you observe the gym’s rules.”

“Err, right, thank you; is it normally like that?”

“What do you mean?” I teased.

“Err, open like that.”

“Are you saying that all pussies don’t open that wide?”

“Err, well no, I mean yes, what I’m trying to say is that I’ve never seen one that is that open all the time. Yes I’ve seen one open that wide when my hand was in it but not all the time.”

“Well mine isn’t like that all the time, you should see it when my boyfriend has his hands inside me or when he puts an inflatable ball in it and blows it up.”

“Bloody hell, does your boyfriend really do that to you?”

“Of course he does; and a lot more too; but it’s only like that now because I’ve got this plastic tube inside me.”

“What?!”

“Yeah, look.” I said and I squeezed the bit of plastic pipe out.

“Fucking hell; that’s unbelievable.”

I picked up the piece of pipe and gently pushed it back in me, all the time gently pulling on my clit hood chain.

“So how often do you put that thing in?”

“Today is the first time that I’ve been out in public with it in. I quite like it, I wonder if it will catch on? Maybe my boyfriend could sell them.”

“I’ll be his first customer;” one of the guys said, “my girlfriend will love it.”

I pulled on the chain a little more and felt my clit move a bit and go a bit harder. With my other hand’s index finger I circled the end of my clit.

“Hey girl,” one of the guys said, “I saw that little ring on your clit earlier, but how the hell did you get it on? It looks very tight; does it hurt?”

“If you call keeping me turned-on all the time hurting, then yes, it does hurt.”

I continued to explain how Ryan had put the ring on. As if on cue, as I was explaining that it was a little vibrator as well, it gave me a little zap. I gasped then said,

“I’m going to have to cum soon, I can’t hold out much longer.”

In stereo the guys said,

“Go for it girl.”

So I did; slowly masturbating right in front of 2 guys that I had never seen before that afternoon. The only thing was that it was a bit unusual because my hole was wide open. I was going to have to experiment with Ryan later that day.

By the time I’d cum the 2 guys had been joined by 2 more; all of them staring straight at my gaping wide pussy as I brought myself off.

When I was able, I opened my eyes and said,

“Thank you guys.”

Then I closed my eyes and dozed off again leaving the guys to continue staring at my gaping pussy with my juices dribbling out.

I don’t know how long I was asleep, probably only a couple of minutes, but I had this amazing dream. I was walking through a busy shopping centre, totally naked and no one was taking a blind bit of notice of me. I wasn’t at all embarrassed; in fact I’d decided to never get dressed again and had been totally naked for 3 weeks and had gone to work without any clothes on and no one had thought that anything was different or unusual. After work each day I’d gone home on the bus and used a seat that was reserved for me. It had my Sybian on it and I’d ridden it as everyone watched it make me cum twice before I got to my stop.

Once at home Tom, Ryan’s brother who lives with us, had brought a constant supply of his university mate round to watch me ride my Sybian and exercise cycle in our back garden. Ryan had also invited all our neighbours to watch me and then to gang bang me on our back lawn on which I was tied, spread eagle, to 4 stakes in the lawn.

My dream then changed to me being the Fairy on the top of a Christmas tree. The thing was I was naked but covered in glitter and holding a wand. The top of the tree had a dildo on it and I was standing on 2 branches and pushing myself up and down on the dildo. If that wasn’t crazy enough, the tree was in the middle of a shopping centre with thousands of people watching me.

I woke up with a sudden jerk and realised that I was playing with my clit again. Ryan tells me that I frequently play with my clit when I’m asleep. He’s told me that he often wakes up and pulls the quilt off me and just watches me gently masturbating in my sleep. I wonder if all girls do that; or is it just me?

Anyway, when I looked round I saw Abby lying on the next sun lounger. She too had her feet either side of the sun lounger and was enjoying the attention that we were getting.

“Oh hi Abby; on your own?” I asked.

“Yes, Piper’s not feeling well and she insisted that I come here on my own. I’ve never seen you here at this time of the day.”

I explained about work then she asked me about my gaping hole. I told her the same that I’d told Ella and she too asked me if Ryan could make one for her and one for Piper. She thought that it would be great for her to finish her act at the club with her pussy spread and forced open by the tube.

We talked about everything and nothing for a while then I told her that I had a dilemma. I wanted to go to the workout room again but I didn’t know if I should have the pipe in me, or the vibrator or nothing.

“Hmmm,” Abby said, “if you have something inside you then you won’t be able to fuck yourself on one of the bikes; but that pipe makes you look awesome; and you say that you have a little vibrator with you. Wow. You do have a problem. I guess that it boils down to what your main objective is; flash and tease or fuck yourself.

Or maybe you can have all 3. How about you go in there like that and spend 15 minutes teasing; then you go and take the spreader out, put your vibe in and really flaunt your pussy for another 15 minutes, Then finally, with nothing inside you, you get yourself on one of those bikes and really go for it. How about setting a target of another 10 orgasms before you go home?”

“Wow Abby; you’ve really thought about this haven’t you?”

“Well, I don’t have a difficult decision to make. Besides, I have an ulterior motive. If you got for my plan, can I borrow your plastic tube? I really fancy teasing the men with my insides.”

I had to laugh, but I agreed to Abby’s plan and off we set to the workout room.

When we got there we found going on for a dozen people, all but 3 were men, and they were dividing their attention between the 3 naked women. On was on the exercise cycle, another on a leg spreader and the third was doing some floor exercises.

I went straight to a vacant leg spreader that was facing into the room and opened my legs wide. I felt a little rush of air inside me and a little rush of my juices meeting it.

It didn’t take long for the guys in there to realize what was different with my pussy and they were positively straining to have a look. I felt sorry for the other 3 girls in there, and Abby, that I’d upstaged. I also felt super horny knowing that all those guys were almost pushing and shoving to get a look at MY pussy.

I kept opening and closing my legs and getting wetter and wetter. I didn’t look but I suspected that my juices were leaking out through the tube.

I don’t know how accurate my guess at 15 minutes was but I got off the machine and slowly walked out to go to the changing room. I’d squat down and squeezed the tube out before Abby got there; I was rinsing it when she walked in.

“Abby,” I said, “could you wait a while before showing the guys your insides? Judging by the reaction that I got they’ll be swarming all over you as soon as they see your pussy.”

“Of course I can, after all, you’re the one who has made this possible. I’m sure that I can wait a bit longer.”

By then my pussy had just about closed so I got the little vibe out of my bag and pushed it up my hole.

“So how do you switch it on and off?” Abby asked.

I got the remote control out of my bag and gave it to Abby. She made me gasp and jump a little as she immediately turned it to full blast.

“Sorry!” Abby said.

Abby gave me the control back and I switched the vibe to half power, showed Abby what I’d set it to then put the control back in to my bag.

“You won’t last long with it set like that.” Abby said.

I smiled and said,

“I hope not.”

I left Abby inserting her fingers into her pussy to stretch it so that she could get the tube in.

Back in the workout room some of the guys were actually getting some exercise, and some were watching the naked girls. One of which was actually lifting some weights. I went straight to the mats and started doing some exercises.

I was in the crab position when the first orgasm hit me. I collapsed down with my lower legs bent below me. One of the guys watching me came over to me and after I calmed down, he put out a hand and offered to help me get up.

Three more orgasms hit me quite quickly; fortunately I was on my back at the time so there was no chance of injury. I couldn’t say that for the fifth one.

After the first 4 I seemed to get used to the vibe and decided to do a handstand. That was a mistake as no sooner than I was up and had spread my legs the fifth orgasm hit me. My arms just buckled and down I went. I was lucky as I went over and landed on my front; but my butt as sticking up. As I calmed down I had this naughty thought of someone stepping forward and spanking my bare butt.

Next I decided to do some sit-ups. I lay on the mat, opened my legs and looked at my little audience.

“Could 2 of you hold my ankles down please?”

Three moved forward, the first 2 going down on their knees either side of my feet. The third stood between them looking down at my pussy.

I put my hands behind my head and started the sit-ups. I’d only done 15 when the next orgasm hit me. I lay back, shaking and moaning a little. I vaguely remember one of the guys asking,

“Are you okay luv?”

As I started to calm down I could feel my pussy twitching and leaking my juices.

“Err yes,” I said, “thank you.”

And I continued with the sit-ups. As I sat up I noticed that my feet were a lot further apart than I remembered them being when I started the sit-up. I didn’t know if it was me that was pushing my feet further apart or the guys who were doing it.

Going along with what I was subconsciously doing, or what the guys were doing, I slowly pushed my feet further and further apart. After doing about 10 more sit-ups my feet were about as far as they would go.

Ten more sit-ups and I was cumming again. I’m sure that I squirted a little that time. As I was calming down I had an idea. I said,

“Thanks for the help guys; I was wondering if you could help me with something else? I need to be able to do the splits properly and my coach has shown me a way of practicing, but it needs 2 people to help me and I was wondering if you guys would take it in turns to help me.”

I heard 3 or 4 guys agreeing then I pointed at 2 of them and as I lay back on the floor I asked 1 guy to come round to my head and to kneel either side of my head; I told him that I needed him there to stop me sliding up the mat.

I then told the other guy to kneel between my legs and to reach out and hold each ankle. To do that he had lower his head quite close to my pussy and I could feel his breath on my spread pussy.

“Right,” I said, “now push my legs so that they are in one long line and at 90 degrees either side of my body.”

I ‘oh’d and ‘ow’d’ as I pretended that it was hurting, and fought to resist getting my legs straight. As I did so I looked up at the man kneeling either side of my head. I’d picked him because he was wearing proper running shorts; baggy ones. As I looked up I could see right up them and couldn’t see any sign of underwear. Instead I could see his balls and the base of his hard shaft.

That sight, and the vibe, took me over the top again and I started cumming.

That orgasm over, I asked for 2 more guys to have a go. I picked another guy in proper running shots to kneel at my head. This time when I looked up his shorts I could see his balls and his cock just dangling there.

What was up with this guy? Was he gay? If so what the hell was he doing there? If not, how could he possibly not have a hard-on with all these naked girls around him?

Anyway, I ‘oh’d and ‘ow’d’ again and kept telling the guy between my legs to keep pushing; all the time looking up at the cock.

After a couple of minutes of the cock not getting hard I decided to do something different. As I was thanking the guys and getting up I saw another guy wearing proper running shorts. They looked to be made of some sort of nylon and were really baggy.

I didn’t want to miss the possible opportunity of seeing another cock so I went over to him and asked him and the guy stood next to him if they could help me.

After they’d looked me up and down and agreed to help me, I took them over to the mat and explained what I wanted.

I was in luck; no underwear and baggy shorts that I could see right up. What’s more he must have pulled them round a bit because I could see his hard cock. It was big, but not as big as Ryan’s.

That, combined with the other man’s face right in front of my dripping pussy; and the vibrator, meant that my next orgasm was rapidly approaching. As it hit me I started shaking. The man pushing my legs let go of me as I continued to stare at that cock.

After I don’t know how long, I was spent and needed a rest. I thanked the guys and took one last look at that cock then sat up and just sat there for ages.

I started thinking about what to do next when I had another idea. I stood up and asked a man near me if he could help me. When he agreed I told him what I wanted him to do.

I told him that I needed to be able to do the splits and that some of the other men had been helping me prepare for an attempt but that I needed someone to check that I could actually do it.

“But how can I help?” the man asked.

“Well, I need someone to put a hand on the floor and to tell me how close I get to the ground.”

“Err sure, but I don’t see how a hand will help.”

“Trust me, it will.”

I stood on the mat with my feet about 6 inches apart then invited the man to put his hand between my feet. He knelt down in front of me with his face inches from my pussy; then he put his hand on the mat, but palm down.

“No, palm up please.”

I started to slide my feet apart and easily managed to get the gap between my pussy and the hand down to about 6 inches.

“I don’t know if I can get any lower.” I said.

“Oh I’m sure that you can; just push a bit harder.” The man said.

The vibrator finally got the better of me and I started cumming. What’s more, my feet suddenly slid further apart and down I went. I landed with my pussy right on the palm of the man’s hand. He took the opportunity to slide a finger into me which just prolonged my orgasm.

As my body continued to spasm I fell backwards onto the mat; the man’s finger sliding out of me.

As the waves receded I looked at the man who was still on his knees between my legs.

“Thank you for helping me.” I said to him.

“You’re so welcome; and I told you that you could do it.”

I smiled as we both got to our feet.

There were 2 more things that I wanted to do on the mats before taking the vibe out and fucking myself on one of the cycles. When I was on the beach in Playa d'en Bossa, Ryan had got me to do the standing splits. I wanted to do that right there with all those guys watching; so I did. I held my right foot first then lifted my right leg right up. I managed to shuffle my left foot round a bit so that more of the guys could see my very spread pussy.

After about 30 seconds I did the same with my other leg.

The second thing that I wanted to try right there was a different version of the standing splits that I’d never done before. This time I bent at the waist keeping my legs straight, then I pushed my left leg back and up. Turning slightly I managed to get it straight up, but I wasn’t finished. I bent my left knee and pointed my left foot to my right shoulder. I then put both my arms back and moved them around until I found my ankle. Grabbing that and pulling it a bit spread my pussy about as far as it could go. Whilst balancing on one foot I shuffled around in a full 360 degrees. Anyone who cared to look would have seen my dripping, swollen and spread pussy.

That thought, and the vibe in my pussy brought on one more orgasm; I was getting tired but I still managed to keep my balance until the waves subsided then I let go of my foot and collapsed onto the mat.

I sat there, legs akimbo and leaning back on my elbows for a good 5 minutes before deciding what to do next.

Not being able to think of anything else to do on the mats; and getting a little tired, I decided to go and remove the vibe. As I walked out of the workout room I saw Abby on a leg spreader with a whole bunch of guys stood round her.

Vibe safely in my bag I got some tissues and cleaned myself up before going back to the workout room.

The ‘flat on your back cycle’ was being used by Ella but the exercise cycle was free so I went and stood by it for a minute, mentally preparing myself for a long slow fuck.

Climbing on and impaling myself I slowly started to pedal. It didn’t take long to get a slow rhythm going and I just slowly pedalled and pedalled; totally oblivious to the rest of the world.

I pedalled through 3 orgasms before finally deciding that I was too tired to do any more. I just sat there, still impaled, for a good 5 minutes trying to muster up the strength to dismount and go and have a shower.

The shower refreshed me and as I soaked and relaxed I remembered Darren. I got dried but not dressed, and went to see Darren with a memory stick from my bag.

Darren showed me to the PC that ran the cameras and I started searching for that days videos. Thankfully, the system was very straight forward and I was soon copying them to the memory stick.

While that was happening I asked Darren about the boxing ring and he told me that he was hoping to get some girl wrestling matches organised.

“Wow,” I relied, “that kinda sounds like fun but I’m way too small for that sort of thing.”

“I wouldn’t be too sure about that Tanya;” Darren said, “there’s more to wrestling than weight and size you know.”

He also told me that he was trying to organise a wresting trainer to come in and coach any girls that were interested. He told me that he’d be emailing all girl members to let them have the details as soon as he got them.

I also mentioned the idea of an obstacle course round the different equipment and the possibility of races amongst the girls.

“Way ahead of you there girl; I’ve got my accountant working on that idea.”

I didn’t tell him that my idea was for each girl to make herself cum at each obstacle before moving on to the next one.

Full memory stick in hand I said goodbye to Darren headed for the door. I got right outside before I remembered that I’d come straight from work and had some clothes there. What’s more, I had to wear them because I had to go home on the bus.

I felt a bit daft going back in and telling Darren what I’d forgotten.

When I told Ryan about the reaction that I’d got when I revealed the tube, he was so pleased; and readily agreed to make half a dozen for some of the other girls there. Judging by his hard-on he too was looking forward to seeing inside some of the other girls.

I also told Ryan about the silly dreams that I’d had by the pool. He told me that he could probably organise the Christmas tree part of the dream; not in a shopping centre but somewhere where my performance would be more appreciated. I told him not to, but knowing Ryan…… I just hoped that he’d get me all sexed up beforehand so that I wouldn’t feel guilty about exposing myself.

**Body Paint**

**-------------**

Ryan bought some waterproof body paint one day and the following Saturday morning he painted some running shorts on me, complete with waist band, trim and white stripes. He used tape so that he could get straight lines. I have to say that they did look good but my crack was clearly visible, even after I’d removed my clit hood jewellery. I’d assumed that he’d take me somewhere where we’d be alone but he had other ideas. After checking that the paint would survive me sitting down he told me that we were going into town.

“You’re insane!” I said, “There’s no way that I’d get away with that. You’d have to get a lawyer to bail be out of jail.”

We argued for a while, and for once I had a victory; a little one. Instead of going into town I finally agreed to go for a walk with him – that afternoon.

I wanted to wear a long top but Ryan insisted on one that left a wide band of flesh round my stomach showing.

As I stood in front of the mirror contemplating what I had agreed to do I had to admit that they did look like those seamless boy shorts that a lot of girls wear these days. Maybe it wouldn’t be that bad. I even started getting aroused thinking about it.

My arousal level wasn’t that high when the dreaded time arrived and we set off with me gripping Ryan’s hand like a vice. We walked down the street and towards the park without seeing anyone. We turned a corner and on the other side of the street we saw Naomi and Doug and as we waved and shouted hello to them Doug shouted that he liked my shorts.

That did a little for my confidence, but it got a bigger boost when we turned another corner right into a group of about 10 youths. I got a couple of whistles and comments, but none of them seemed to realise that my shorts were just paint.

We walked all around the park and as no one took any notice of me my confidence level rose. So did my arousal factor; the breeze blowing across my pussy felt good and it was slowly turning me on.

Thankfully Ryan had had enough of walking and we headed home with me wondering if we really could get away with me wearing painted shorts in town.

**Jogging**

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Now that the weather is improving I’ve started jogging again. I try to get up an hour early twice a week to go for a run. If I can get up without waking Ryan I can get out to run, but if Ryan wakes up he drags me back into bed for a fuck.

I still wear that little tennis skirt and it feels good having the air rushing passed my pussy.

Thankfully I’m out too early for most people so I haven’t had any little embarrassing moments – yet.

**Videos**

**--------**

Ryan’s going through this phase at the moment where he wants to video us having sex and me on my exercise bike and Sybian. I’m surprised that he hasn’t asked Darren at the gym if he could video me there. Maybe he’s happy with the videos that I brought back the day that I went there straight from work.

We’ve had a couple of arguments about his desire to upload them to some web site or other. So far I seem to be winning, but knowing Ryan……

**Ryan’s brother Tom**

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Tom gave us quite a surprise a few weeks ago; he came home with a girl. We’d talked to Tom about girls a few times and he’d always said that he was looking for the right one. He always made me blush when he said that he was looking for a girl like me; so sweet.

Anyway, her name’s Jenny and she is lovely. Ryan and I were messing around on the sofa when Tom walked in and announced that he’d brought a friend with him. Ryan still had his trousers on, but, as usual, I was totally naked.

After introductions I apologised for my state of dress but Jenny said that it wasn’t a problem and that Tom had told her all about Ryan and I. I blushed knowing what Tom knew about me and had seen nearly all the things that Ryan and I get up to.

Tom asked if it was okay for Jenny to stay the night then they disappeared to Tom’s room. During that evening and half the night there were sounds coming from that room that told us exactly what they were doing. Ryan kept saying,

“That’s my brother!”

The next morning Tom and Jenny came down to the kitchen with Jenny wearing just a short tank top and a thong; a see through thong that revealed that she was fully shaved. She wasn’t wearing a bra either as the nipples on her ‘B’s were sticking out as much as mine do.

The following evening Tom came home alone and we got him talking. He told us that he thought that he’d finally found the right girl. Again he embarrassed me by saying that Jenny was a lot like me. She’d been in one of his tutor groups and he’d noticed her at the start of the uni year but he wanted to know a lot more about her before he made a move.

He’d obviously found out what he wanted to know because she’d just spent the night in his bed; the pair of then fucking like rabbits.

Jenny started staying over 3 or 4 nights a week and on the first weekend we got to know her quite well. The second morning that she was at our house she came down wearing just a thong. Ryan has a grin on his face. A couple of mornings later she was eating breakfast as naked as I was.

That first weekend Ryan took Tom to the pub so that Jenny and I could get better acquainted. I got us a glass of wine and we sat on the sofa to talk. As usual I hadn’t got dressed that day but Tom and Jenny had gone to the shops and she was still wearing the dress that she’s gone out in.

After a couple of sips of wine Jenny asked if I minded if she took her dress off, She said that she felt very over-dressed. The dress came off quickly, revealing that she wore nothing underneath.

Jenny talked for ages, telling me tons about herself. And yes, Tom was right, she does seem to be a lot like me. Obviously not the physical attributes; as I said, her tits are a ‘B’ whereas mine are an ‘A’ minus. She has a dislike of underwear and hated having to wear a thong those first couple of nights. She doesn’t own a bra and only has one pair of jeans that she hardly ever wears.

Although she doesn’t have any piercings she and Tom had discussed the idea and she was just waiting for the right time.

I asked her what Tom had told her about my ‘toys’. She told me that Tom had tried to tell her but he wasn’t very clear and she ended up a little confused.

We were getting on so well that I took her out to the garage. When we went out of the back door Jenny hesitated, asking about the neighbours. I told her not to work because I frequently was naked all over the back garden.

When Jenny stepped into the garage she was dumbfounded. She just stood there in amazement as I started to explain how the Sybian and the bike worked.

After I had finished talking, Jenny asked me if it would be okay for her to use them some day.

“Of course, anytime that you like,” I said; “but beware of what the Sybian is stood on; and the stands that I need to get on and off it.”

I then told her about my ‘accident’ and that I’d nearly got Sybianned to death,

Jenny laughed and said,

“But what a way to go! How about having a go now please?”

I laughed and said,

“Let’s finish the wine first.” I said.

We finished the bottle and when Ryan and Tom got home they found us in the garage; Jenny in the throes of multiple orgasms on the Sybian; and me having my second orgasm as I pedalled away on the bike.

Ryan and Tom grinned, went and got a beer each and then sat and watched us.

Afterwards, Jenny and I shared a shower then didn’t share our brother.

Tom’s asked us if we’d mind if Jenny moved in at the start of the next term. Seeing how happy he is, and knowing how much student accommodation is, and both of us liking Jenny; we quickly agreed.

That night after Ryan fucked me I asked him if he thought that Jenny would like to join the gym.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 21 – Ryan takes advantage of my realisation**

**----------------------------------------------------------**

I’ve finally realised why Ryan exposes me and why I expose myself. It came to me one afternoon when I was at the gym on my own. If I’m **not** sexually excited I get all embarrassed and feel humiliated when Ryan exposes me; but if I’m all horny and randy then I love every second when I’m exposed and crave to find ways to let men see me naked.

My logic says that all women love to be seen naked when they are aroused; just like me; so how could I possibly be called an exhibitionist? I’m just like any other woman and just about all women aren’t called exhibitionists so why should I?

Ryan obviously realised all this early on in our relationship and although he misjudges my level of sexual excitement at times, he has been exposing me because he knows that, when I’m sexually excited, I love it.

I just wish that I’d realised all this years ago.

I’ve talked to Ryan about this and got him to promise that if he’s thinking about exposing me to loads of men then he’ll make sure that my AF is way up there before he does it and that he won’t expose me if I’m not feeling horny.

I’m not sure that he’ll stick to that promise because I know that he like seeing me all embarrassed and humiliated.

**The Charity Shop**

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Ryan’s still taking me to the charity shop each time that we go into town. It’s usually on a morning and sex is usually the last thing on my mind when he drags me in. I must admit that I’ve started looking through the clothes but never find anything that I like. Of course Ryan finds a short skirt or skimpy top that he expects me to try on.

As I’ve said before, the college students that volunteer to staff the shop keep changing but word of the girl that tries things on with the curtain open seems to get passed from student to student and Ryan doesn’t like to disappoint them by opening the curtain on me.

It’s usually embarrassing letting those young people see me naked because I’m rarely feeling aroused when we go in, but it keeps Ryan happy.

One Saturday morning we slept late and when we woke-up Ryan said that he had to hurry because he needed to be at a shop in town by 10:00. As I got dressed Ryan asked me to not put any of my jewellery in. As we were in a rush I didn’t ask why.

Arriving in town we got off the bus and started walking our normal route. As we got to the charity shop Ryan steered me in. I asked him if having me try on clothes that I never intended to buy would make him late for whatever it was we were rushing for.

“No, no, it’s all planned;” was all Ryan said.

Inside I looked round and saw no customers, but I did see 4 young men and 2 young women all behind the counter. That’s unusual because it normally takes 1 or 2 people to staff that sort of shop. Anyway, Ryan selected a cotton dress off one of the racks then took me over to the changing cubicles. There I saw that the curtains had been removed and the area next to them had been cleared apart for a chair in the middle of the open area.

“You may as well try it on near that chair.” Ryan said.

I looked around and saw that we were still the only customers and I figured that the angle was wrong for the staff to see me from the sales counter so I put my bag down and got undressed with my back to Ryan. When I was naked I turned to get the dress from Ryan and got a shock; all of the staff were stood near Ryan, looking at me.

I gasped, just before Ryan said,

“Tanya dearest, I told these nice people that we’d help them shoot a video to promote the clothes for young people that they have in this shop; you don’t mind do you?”

“Of course I mind; I’ve had enough of taking my clothes off for other people.”

We then had one of our little ‘discussions’ that I always loose and Ryan told the staff that everything was okay and we could start.

One of the guys setup a video camera and another got an expensive looking camera out of a case. Another disappeared then came back saying that he’d put the ‘closed’ sign up.

All the time I was stood there, naked, and watching what was going on.

“Right Tanya,” one of the guys said, “we’ll be dressing you and undressing you so all you have to do is act like a mannequin; we’ll do everything else.

One of the girls stepped forward carrying a bag from which she pulled out a pair of boy shorts and a bikini top that looked very small. The material looked very thin as well. She put the top on me then lifted it up and pulled my nipples and then rolled them between her finger and thumb before pulling the bikini top back down.

“Got to make them stand out;” she said.

Then she lifted my feet one at a time, putting them through the legs of the boy shorts. When she’d pulled them up she looked at me then pulled them down again. They felt mighty thin.

“Too boring,” she said, and proceeded to rub my pussy until I felt it get wet and swollen. While she was rubbing she slipped a finger inside me and finger fucked me a couple of times.

I looked at Ryan and he just nodded.

The girl must have felt my juices as she said,

“That’s better.”

She pulled the boy shorts back up, giving me a slight wedgie, and rubbed my pussy some more outside the shorts. I looked down and saw 2 little tents in the bikini top and a definite camel toe covered in wet, thin material.

“Smile at the camera and look sexy,” the girl said; then,

“Oh hang-on.” She then got 2 hair bands and finger combed my hair into pigtails.

She backed away, the 2 men with the cameras started poking them everywhere that they could.

Things went on in a similar way for what seemed like an hour. The guys as well as the girls taking it in turn to put clothes on me. None of the clothes were anything like what I’d seen in the shop the times that I’d been there.

Each time they put something on me they had to tweak my nipples and play with my pussy (men as well). Whenever they put a skirt on me the cameramen always managed to take quite a few upskirt shots.

About half way through, my mood changed from almost annoyance to lust and the desire to make sure that they got lots of photographs of me naked.

At least one of them must have sensed my mood change and finger fucked me for longer before dressing me in a skirt (belt) only. Then he asked me to sit on the front edge of the chair with my legs wide open and my left hand rubbing my left nipple.

Well, by then I was as horny as hell and after a minute or so my right hand wandered to my pussy. As I started to rub my clit I looked over to Ryan; the lust on his face was as good as it ever has been.

It didn’t take long for me to start cumming, all that could be heard in that shop was my moans and screams of pleasure.

As I calmed down I heard one of the girls say to Ryan,

“I wonder if you’d mind if your daughter did some nude poses for us; she’s the perfect subject material for our post grad course.”

Ryan didn’t need to ask me, he could see that I was so horny that I would do anything for any of them.

“Yes, of course it is; you can either tell her how you want her or you can just let her chose her own poses. I’m sure that you won’t be disappointed if you just let her get on with her own ideas.”

I looked over to Ryan, smiled, stood up, moved the chair out of the way and took the skirt off. I was totally naked again.

I then proceeded to do all the stretching exercises that I do at the gym, holding them for about the same time (roughly 20 seconds) before moving on to the next one. All the time the young men, apart from the 2 camera men who were really close to me), and the girls were just stood there watching me.

When I leaned over backwards, down onto my hands, Ryan came over and whispered,

“Treadmill.”

I started shaking and jerking and collapsed onto my knees, still spread wide, as the orgasm hit me like a train.

When I could compose myself I got up and continued.

I wore myself out and just lay on my back on the floor. The young people must have realised that the show was over because they seemed to lose interest in me and went back to doing what they were supposed to do.

I just managed to get dressed before the next customer came into the shop. On the way out one of the staff came over and thanked us for our contribution to the charity. Ryan said that it was our pleasure and that they could call on us anytime that we wanted.

I wanted to say,

“Same time next week,” but all I managed to say was,

“You’re welcome!”

As we got to the door, one of the girls came up to me and told me that she wished that she had my courage.

The rest of the shopping trip was a bit of an anti-climax and I couldn’t wait until we got home so that I could jump on Ryan.

**Work**

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Work is going well. They’ve introduce a flexitime system and as I often arrive early I’m accumulating so much time that I can usually have one afternoon off each week.

**The Gym**

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When I told Ryan how much I’d enjoyed myself when I went to the gym on my own after I’d been wearing one of my remote vibes all morning, he’s been encouraging me to use my flexitime hours to go to the gym on my own.

I’ve started wearing one of my remote vibes to work when I think that there’s a chance that I’ll be able to get the afternoon off; and if my request is approved I’ll switch the vibe on and ‘simmer’ on the edge for the rest of the morning. Okay, it makes it hard to concentrate on work but the rewards in the afternoon make it all worthwhile.

One morning when I managed to get the afternoon off I remembered that Ryan’s brother’s girlfriend Jenny had shown some interest in going to the gym; and that Jenny didn’t have any lectures that day so I phoned her and invited her to join me there. At first she refused but after a few minutes persuasion she started to come round. Her last excuse was that she didn’t have any gym kit. I laughed and told her that she didn’t need anything; everything, towel, shampoo and conditioner, were all provided. All she needed to bring was her gorgeous body.

Finally she agreed and I explained how to get there and when to be there.

I think that she was just a bit nervous because she’d often told me that she liked to men to see her naked.

We met and in we went. Darren was on reception and he welcomed me and asked who my friend was. I introduced them and told Darren that she wanted to join. Just as I said that a naked girl walked out of the changing room. Jenny did a double take the said,

“You weren’t kidding me were you?”

Jenny quickly filled-in the membership form and Darren gave her a little black tube and we went into the changing room. Jenny knew what the black tube was because she’d seen Ryan making some of them at home.

We quickly stripped naked and then I pointed out the cameras in the changing rooms and showers.

“Isn’t that illegal?” Jenny asked.

“Only if you don’t know that they’re there, and all the girls love them being there; you are getting wet aren’t you?” I replied.

“Dripping.” Jenny replied.

As we walked out into the reception area I saw that Jenny’s nipples were rock hard and she wasn’t trying to hide anything. She even smiled at Darren when he looked over to us.

I gave Jenny the tour of the place and she kept saying that it was amazing and that she never would have believed it if she hadn’t seen it. The girl masturbating in the sauna particularly amazed her.

That was until we got to the workout room.

Jenny was like a girl with her first vibrator. As soon as we got in there she just stood and stared.

“Is that a bike like yours? And look at that; you can lie on your back and fuck yourself. Fucking hell, that man’s face is inches from her pussy. And look at those screens (there was a close-up of one of the girls spread pussy), is that 4k resolution?”

I smiled and asked her where she wanted to start.

“I’m going to use one of those spreaders and get my pussy up on one of those screens.” Jenny said and quickly left me.

I started out by using one of the normal exercise cycles with the saddle too high. I wanted some pressure on my clit before moving on to the rest of the equipment.

After I’d been pedalling for a while I looked round the room. It looked a bit different and as I looked closer I saw 2 new pieces of equipment. One was a new rowing machine. I’d never bothered with the rowing machines before and hadn’t taken much notice of them, but the new one was different.

When I got off the bike I went over to the new rowing machine. It was different in that the feet rests were about 3 feet apart and in the middle where the seat slides up to is a bar with a rubber cock, parallel to the ground, pointing at any pussy that slides towards it.

Studying it I saw that the dildo was adjustable in its height and angle.

The seat too was different; this machine has a proper seat with a back, albeit in a semi reclining position that just about lined the user’s pussy up with the dildo.

Sitting on the seat, I slid forward until the tip of the rubber cock was near my pussy. I made a minor adjustment and shuffled a bit until the bell-end was just nudging my hole. I pushed with my feet then slowly pulled on the handle. I slid forwards and the bell end of the dildo slid straight into my hole.

I started to push and pull over and over. It will never be as good as impaling myself on Ryan cock but it was certainly good.

The machine had a camera on the side of the dildo arm and I soon saw my pussy on one of the big screens. Because I was making the dildo go in and out of me my hole didn’t have time to contract before it was opened up again. This left my hole open to the camera and I looked like I had my black plastic tube inside me.

I rowed and rowed until I had another orgasm; all caught on camera.

The other new machine isn’t really a machine, it was a big, black, rubber cock; and it’s fixed to the floor and coming up about 8 inches through a big rubber mat. It’s close to one of the mirrored walls and on the mirror was a sign saying,

‘Something to help you practice leg stretching.’

So simple, but so much fun; and it did what the sign said. I just had to have a go. I could do it either facing the mirror or the room so I chose the room. I spread my legs and lowered myself down; letting out a few moans and ‘ooh’s and ‘arrghs’ and ‘yes’’s’ on the way down.

It felt soo good going down on it, right to the floor; I felt so full.

I looked up and saw that I’d attracted a small audience, including Jenny who had a big grin on her face. I also saw my pussy on one of the big screens. I hadn’t seen a camera but there must be one there somewhere.

Then I started raising myself up and going down again. I kept doing that until I had another orgasm. I got a little applause from some of the guys as I was cumming.

I got up and leant against the wall for a few minutes, getting my breath back. When I was ready I got on with doing all the things that I normally do in that room, and that I’ve described before.

About 20 minutes later Jenny came over and asked me if I wanted to go to the sauna. I said that I did and asked her if she wanted to try the little black tube.

“Hmm, I’m not sure about that but I’ll give it a go if you do.”

We went to the changing room and got our tubes out.

“I bet that you don’t need any lubrication.” I said.

Jenny laughed and said,

“What do you think?”

Tubes inserted, we wandered over to the sauna. On the way I’d asked Jenny how many times she’d cum and was amazed that it was once more than I had.

At the sauna we joined 2 other girls and 4 men. The 2 girls were sat with their legs wide open and were rubbing their pussies. We sat and did the same. Jenny was a little slow starting, probably because she wasn’t sure about displaying her pussy with the little black pipe holding her hole open.

All 4 men’s eyes were going from one girl’s pussy to another, right up until one of the other girls started to cum. Her moans and ‘yes, yes, yes’ attracted the attention of all 4 men, and the other girls, and we all watched her do a little squirt that landed on one of the men.

I didn’t cum in there, but Jenny did. The excitement of something new must have got to her.

Suitably over-heated, we climbed down, went and had a shower then went and lay on one of the sun loungers by the pool. Jenny quickly changing the way that she’d laid down to match the way I was (legs akimbo).

“This is amazing, but weird at the same time.” Jenny said. “I never would have thought that somewhere like this existed; never mind only a few miles from where I live.”

“Yeah, we are lucky girls aren’t we?” I replied.

It wasn’t long before a couple of men’s heads popped up from the pool at the foot of our sun loungers.

“I feel more exposed than I ever have before.” Jenny said.

“You are girl.” I replied.

Not wanting to disappoint the man at the bottom of my sun lounger, I stared him in the face and started rubbing my clit again; ever so slowly.

“Fuck, this is so naughty, but so nice.” I heard Jenny say, but I didn’t reply; I just stared at the man as I brought myself to another orgasm.

I looked over to Jenny and saw, and heard, her cum again.

Afterwards I told Jenny that she should really go for a swim while she was there; apart from the amazing feeling, I reminded her that one side of the pool had a glass wall and that she’d be on display to everyone in the workout room.

As we surfaced Jenny took ages describing the feeling of the water inside her. Three times she got out and jumped in so that she could feel the water rushing inside her hole.

Finally, she calmed down a bit and we did a few lengths before getting out.

We’d been there for 3 hours and we decided that we’d better head for home; Jenny making me promise to call her the next time that I got the afternoon off work.

We left the pipes in our holes during the bus rides home; Jenny saying that the cold air going up her hole would either make her cum lots of times, or that she’d catch pneumonia. She didn’t, and the sight of her open pussy made Tom drag her to their room as soon as he saw her.

We didn’t see either of them for the next couple of hours.

A couple of Saturdays after that Ryan announced that we were going to the gym. We’d fucked before we got up but we’d been busy round the house in the morning and I wasn’t feeling at all sexy and I wasn’t feeling like going. Anyway, Ryan got his gym kit and we got in the car and drove there. As usual, I hadn’t put any clothes on and we walked in with me as naked as the day that I was born.

Darren was at reception as usual and standing at the counter were 2 young looking girls. I blinked my eyes and confirmed that there were 2 of them as they were very identical; even their clothes.

“Oh hi Ryan, Tanya; would you have a minute please Tanya?”

Ryan went off to get changed while I walked over to the girls.

“Tanya, this is Kate and Jude; new members, would you mind showing them round and what’s what?”

“Sure thing Darren.” I said looking at the girls; “how the hell was I supposed to know who was who?” I thought.

“Right girls,” I said, “I suppose we’d better start by getting rid of those clothes.”

I led the girls into the ladies changing room, pointed out the lockers and stood at the side while they took their clothes off. I was pleased to see that they both wore no knickers under their micro skirts, just like me. When they took their tops off their little tits were about the same size as mine and were not restrained by a bra. When they turned to face me I saw that they were as bald as me as well.

Apart from them being slightly taller than me, and a different hair style, we could have been sisters.

“Right girls, you’ve seen the lockers; the toilets and showers are through there; oh, the showers as communal but I guess that that won’t bother you. One thing that I have to tell you right now is that there are cameras all over the whole club, including in here; and that the pictures are broadcast to big screens all over the place. There are very few places that you can get any privacy.”

I looked back at the girls and saw that they were smiling. Also, their nipples were as hard as mine.

“Shall we go for the tour then? We’ll leave the workout room till last because that’s where you can have the most fun; err sorry, exercise.”

“What are these for?” One of the twins asked holding up one of the little black plastic tubes.

“Ah yes,” I replied, “those are my boyfriend’s invention. Leave them in your locker; their use will become obvious later.”

They put their tubes in their locker and followed me out of the changing room. There wasn’t a hint of shyness or embarrassment as we walked out into the reception area and saw 2 guys signing in and looking at us.

“Wow,” one of the twins said, “I’m going to like it here.”

I smiled and led the twins passed the workout room telling them that we’d be back their soon. I did notice the twins looking into the workout room where there were about 5 guys standing around one of the leg spreader machines. I couldn’t see but I assumed that a girl was displaying her goodies as she worked the machine.

When we got to the sauna and I opened the door, there were 2 girls and one man there; both girls had their legs spread wide and were masturbating. I looked back to the twins and saw that both of them were grinning. I could see that they were going to enjoy being a club member.

Down by the pool Ella was on a sun lounger with her feet either side and she had one of the black plastic tubes in her pussy. As we walked up to her one of the twins asked what was wrong with her. I laughed and said,

“Nothing.”

I introduced them telling Ella that they too were going to college then told Ella that Jude, or was it Kate, was asking about the plastic pipes. Ella smiled as I went on to tell them about Liz and how her pussy gapes open when she gets aroused. That I wanted my pussy to gape open so I got my boyfriend to find something that I could put in my pussy so that it gapes open and he came up with these little tubes of plastic pipe. After I wore it to the club lots of the girls wanted one and that’s what Ella is wearing.

“Wow!” Kate, or was it Jude, said.

“So that’s what Darren gave us. Do all new girl members get one then?”

“Yeah, Ryan’s made a whole load of them and he gave them to Darren to hand out.”

“Hey,” Ella said, “Which college do you go to and which course?”

One of the twins gave the names.

“And you’re in the second year of it?”

“Yes.”

“That’s funny, I’m on the same course and I haven’t seen you before?” Ella said.

Both Kate and Jude blushed then confessed that they were really only 14 and that they’d got some fake IDs that they’d used to join.

Both Ella and I promised not to tell anyone.

As we walked away one of the twins said,

“You knew didn’t you? That bit about college was a test wasn’t it?”

“Relax, it’s not a problem; I’m often mistaken for being younger than you are so I’ve got lots of experience of what young girls can get away with.”

“Yeah, when we first saw you we thought that you must have joined with a fake ID as well.”

We had a bit of a laugh and I promised to tell them about some of my ‘experiences’ some time.

We continued the tour and ended at the workout room. In there were 4 girls and 5 men; both dildo cycles were in use so the twins didn’t see them straight away. They did see the bald pussy of the girl on one of the leg spreaders with 2 men staring at her; and one girl spotting a man with her pussy only inches above his nose.

Both twins just stood and stared for ages before one of them said,

“Don’t the girls get groped in here?”

“No, the club rules are simple, no men touching the girls; having said that, accidents do happen. A couple of times when I’ve been spotting I’ve collapsed on the man and he tongued my pussy but apart from that it’s fine. Sorry, were you hoping to get fucked or something in here?”

“No, no, it’s just that all these naked girls and horny men, I bet that it’s hard for them not to touch.” One of the twins said.

“I’m 100 percent sure that they’re hard in here.” The other twin said.

We all giggled a bit then I told them to go and do their thing but to come and find me if they had any questions.

I started to do my routine but I wasn’t getting into things like I usually do. Then it hit me; I wasn’t aroused enough. If I was going to really enjoy myself I had to do something about that. I looked round and saw that the exercise cycle was just becoming free so I went and climbed on and set the timer for 20 minutes.

“That should get me in the right mood.” I thought.

And it did; I came just before the 20 minutes was up and I went on to have another great workout with me exposing every little bit of my pussy to just about all the men in there; and cumming 5 more times before Ryan came looking for me to tell me that we were going.

I went and told the twins that I was leaving; they told me that they intended to be back there at least once every weekend and more often during the school holidays. They whispered that last bit.

**Clothes shopping**

**--------------------**

Ryan wanted to get me some see thru tops and dresses so one Sunday we went into town and did the rounds of the clothes shops.

In all the shops Ryan told me to try the item on and to come out of my cubicle to show him what I looked like. I gave quite a few people a surprise when they saw through what I was wearing and realised that I had nothing on underneath.

In the shops where partners can go into the changing area Ryan kept opening the curtains to have a look at me. I have no idea how many men saw me in various stages of undress.

We bought 2 see thru dresses and 3 see thru tops. I have no idea where Ryan expects me to wear them, but I’m sure that he’ll find somewhere to embarrass me wearing them.

**Christmas at the Rugby Club**

**---------------------------------**

One of Ryan’s work colleagues plays rugby and he invited Ryan and me to the Rugby Club Christmas Dinner. It was a Saturday and Ryan and I had been crawling around town looking for some new furniture so I was tired and not at all aroused when we were getting ready.

I made a special effort to look good and wore a really nice, short dress that was slightly sheer – if you got close; shoes, nipple chains and nothing else. Ryan didn’t want me wearing my clit hood chain.

When we got there the dinner was being held in a big, old hall with a really high ceiling. At one end there is a stage and in one corner on the stage was a Christmas tree that must have been 10 feet tall. They must have had problems keeping it upright because I could see some scaffolding at the sides and 2 little platforms either side up near the top. It was decorated with the usual decorations, a fairy on the top and quite a few pairs of knickers and thongs spread round the branches.

“Tree looks good.” I said to Mike (Ryan’s colleague).

“It’ll look better soon won’t it Ryan?” Mike asked.

“Tanya,” Ryan said, “We’ve got a little job for you this evening.”

“What?”

“We’d like you to replace that little fairy on top of the Christmas tree.”

“What?”

“Under the little skirt of that fairy is a dildo and we want you to fuck yourself on it, right after we’ve all eaten.” Ryan said.

“You cannot be serious Ryan. I’m not doing that; besides how could anyone get up there and how could I fuck myself on it without bringing the tree down; and what about my dress? I’m not going to ruin that.

“Don’t you worry about all that,” Ryan said, “we’ve got all that organised. You enjoy your dinner then we’ll get you all organised.”

“No Ryan; I won’t do it.”

Of course, I knew that I’d end-up on top of that tree, Ryan always gets his way.

The other rugby players, their friends and partners all arrived. By the time that the dinner started there must have been 60 or 70 people there, nearly all of them men.

Over the dinner, and a few drinks, I kept telling Ryan that I wasn’t happy and that I didn’t want to do it.

The time finally came and Ryan took me to one of the changing rooms. Mike and his girlfriend (Sara) were there waiting. Ryan told me to ‘get naked’ and Jenny unzipped my dress.

Then came another surprise, both Ryan and Mike picked-up big paint spray cans.

“What the hell are those for?” I asked.

“You.” They both said. Come and stand in the middle of that sheet. Mike added.

“You want to paint me?”

“Yes, all over.”

“What colour is it?”

“Silver.”

“How do I get it off afterwards?”

“Don’t worry about that, it’ll wash off.”

“I hope so; I can’t go to work all silver. Oh, hang on a minute.”

I got a couple of tissues from Sara and wiped my pussy again while Ryan and Mike put on some paper overalls and got started. It took about 15 minutes to cover me from head to foot. They even sprayed my face and hair. All the time Sara was standing back and taking photographs.

Fortunately, the paint just about dried on contact - apart from round my pussy because it was getting quite damp again.

When Ryan and Mike had finished, Sara moved in and fixed a tiara to my head, hooked some wings over my shoulders and gave me a wand. She took some more photographs before telling the guys that I was ready. They picked-up a big sheet to hide me from the eyes of everyone and led me out.

When we went out to the main room I saw that big curtains had been pulled across the stage, hiding the tree from everyone’s eyes. Mike and Ryan guided me behind the curtain and told me how to climb up.

I was surprised how stable the little ledges were; I didn’t feel at all unsafe. Talking me through how to get in position, Mike kept asking me if I was okay.

When I was in position, with my legs spread wide and my pussy hovering behind the little doll fairy, Mike told me to lift the doll off and throw it down. As I did so I saw the big dildo waiting for me. I grabbed hold of it to see how stable it was and was surprised to feel that it was solid. Looking down I saw that a long pole went from the base of the dildo down into the branches. Judging by how stable it was I guessed that it went down to the floor.

Ryan quietly told me to impale myself to see that everything was okay. I did, and it was.

“Okay,” Ryan said, “catch this. Then stand up and wait there until the curtain drops; then go for it.”

I un-impaled myself, caught the wand, adjusted the wings a bit, and waited.

Ryan and Mike left, leaving me with the head of the dildo just blow my pussy and me thinking about the situation.

What the fuck was I doing? My heart was pounding and I felt so embarrassed.

The anticipation was unbelievable. I could hear someone saying something on a loudspeaker but I couldn’t make out what was being said. Then there was a cheer and then the curtains opened. If my face hadn’t being painted silver everyone would have seen how embarrassed I was.

I smiled, waved the wand and lowered my pussy to the tip of the dildo.

Fuck, I almost died of shame; the sight of all those people staring at me and my pussy. At least I was covered in silver paint. After a long pause I decided that I’d better do something so I lowered myself onto the dildo. I’d dried up a bit so it was a bit uncomfortable but I soon felt very full.

There were more cheers and a few rude comments.

Assuming that everyone was expecting me to fuck myself on the dildo I started going up and down slowly. I tried not to look at anyone out in the audience but I couldn’t help myself. From up near the ceiling I could see everyone. I’ve never seen so many people staring at me while I fucked myself.

I couldn’t help myself, I started to get aroused. The more I went up and down the more aroused I got and the wetter I got. The inevitable happened and I started to cum. It was difficult trying to keep relatively still as I didn’t want to risk rocking the boat and falling off the tree.

As the waves receded I pushed up then started fucking myself again. I assumed that Ryan was expecting me to keep going and cum more than once; and to be honest, by that time I was starting to enjoy myself. Besides, my audience were shouting for more. I transferred the wand to my left hand and moved my right hand to my pussy to start rubbing my clit.

After my second orgasm someone came onto the stage with a microphone and thanked me for my show. He also told me that I could climb down anytime that I wanted.

I didn’t; I kept going up and down as the man announced that some dancers were going to put on a bit of a show for everyone. I looked down and saw 3 girls come through the same door that I had. They were dressed as schoolgirls and they came onto the stage and as some music started they slowly stripped naked.

As I watched I saw that I recognised 2 of the 3. They were girls from the gym; one was Ella.

When they were all naked the man with the microphone announced that the girls would be moving round everyone and acting as waitresses for a while.

All the time that they were stripping I was fucking myself and came once more; but when the man said that the girls would be mingling with the people and acting as waitresses I decided that I wanted to join them. My AF was hovering around 9.9 out of 10 and the thought of getting groped by a bunch of rugby players was just too good to miss.

I bottomed down on the dildo one more time and stayed there for a few seconds before pushing my legs straight letting my pussy leave the dildo.

I just stood there for a few seconds to make sure that I was able to climb down without my legs giving way and me having a terrible accident.

I slowly made it down to the stage in one piece and Ryan came over to me. I kissed and hugged him and was about to ask him if he minded if I joined the other girls, but before I could say anything he said,

“Go on TT, I know that you want to. Count the number of fingers you get in your pussy and I’ll try to think of something that you can do to get the same number somewhere else.”

I gave Ryan the wand and the wings and as I walked over to the audience I wondered what Ryan was scheming; no doubt it would be something where I ended up naked; but at that moment it was something that I looked forward to.

I went over to one table and stood next to a beefy man. Even before I asked if I could get them some drinks, the man’s hand was sliding up my inner thigh. I spread my legs a bit and started to ask what drinks they wanted but half way through my question the man’s fingers found their way inside me and the rest of my question was incoherent.

That sort of thing happened loads of times until this one man’s fingers found my clit. Boy, did he know what a woman wants. As his fingers toyed with my clit I started to cum; and cum. The bastard wasn’t going to stop and I didn’t want him to stop.

In the end it proved too much for me and I pulled away from him and asked my question again.

As I walked back to the man with a tray of drinks in my hands I looked over to the stage and saw Ryan doing something, I couldn’t see what. After I’d given the drinks to the men I saw that one of the tables in the middle of the room was being cleared and moved to the wall.

Standing at another table and getting my pussy fingered again, I saw Ryan and Mike carrying an exercise cycle in. In between gasps I looked closer at the exercise cycle and saw that it was identical to mine; complete with a dildo coming through the saddle.

Just as I moved round the table and got groped by another man, I heard the man with the microphone say,

“Ladies and gentlemen, as you can see a couple of girly toys have been brought into the room and you can ask any of the girls to use them whenever you like; with one exception. As both toys and the fairy belong to one of Mike’s friends I think that is only fair that Mikes friend choses which toy his girl will use first.

Ryan, which toy would you like your fairy to use?”

I looked round for Ryan and saw him standing on the stage.

“Tanya,” Ryan said, “would you be so kind as to come up onto the stage?”

I looked round and saw that everyone was looking at me. Then I looked at Ryan on the stage. I could see him but I couldn’t see what else was there.

I started walking and as I got closer to the stage I saw the toy that was there. It was a Sybian. As I climbed onto the stage I looked at Ryan and said,

“Is that mine?”

Ryan nodded.

“Is that my bike as well?”

Ryan smiled and nodded.

“Oh shit!” I thought as Ryan waved me over to the Sybian.

I stepped over it and, to a lot of cheers and rude comments I knelt down and lowered my pussy onto the little dildo.

I reached for the control but Ryan grabbed it and switched it on. Then he called for a volunteer. About 10 men started to move forwards, but one man who had been sat at a table near the stage, was stood beside me before I could blink.

Ryan gave him the control and said,

“Go for it mate.”

That man turned the control up to full straight away and I screamed out, more in surprise than in pain. That seemed to please the man, and a few people in the audience.

The man turned the control down to about half speed and I realised that this man didn’t understand the concept of a slow build-up. Anyway, because I was very aroused already I soon got into the rhythm and it didn’t take long for me to start cumming. The problem was that the man was stood next to me and as I started cumming he turned the vibe up to full and put a hand on my shoulder.

As my first orgasm on the Sybian started to subside the man pressed down on my shoulder and kept the control on full. I didn’t have any choice; I started cumming again, and again, and again.

Finally Ryan came over, thanked the man, took the control off him and turned the Sybian off.

As I started to come back to the land of the rugby club dinner I realised that the audience was applauding me.

The man with the microphone thanked me and announced that the Sybian was now free for anyone to nominate another girl.

I climbed off and slowly walked to the front of the stage. Climbing off, I sat on the edge to get my breath back.

It was then that I saw 2 more girls from the gym walk through the door to the changing rooms. I suddenly became quite alert as I realised that it was the 2 x 14 year old twins; and they were stark naked.

I waved at them and beckoned them over.

“What the fuck are you 2 doing here? You’re way too young for this sort of do.”

“We read that volunteers were wanted for this and decided to come.” Jude, or was it Kate, said. Then the other twin said,

“We’re sorry that we’re late we had trouble getting the right bus; and what’s with the silver paint?”

“It’s a long story; do your parents know that you’re here?” I asked.

“No,” one of them said, “our dad thinks that we’re on a sleepover and our mum doesn’t live with us.”

“Please don’t tell anyone how old we are, we know what happens at rugby club dinners, Ella told us; that’s why we’re here.”

“Relax girls; I’ve already promised that I won’t tell anyone your real age and that goes for here as well. If you’re really sure, then get on out there and get some drinks orders. Oh, and don’t be surprised if someone nominates you to ride that (I pointed to the Sybian) or that exercise cycle in the middle.”

“We’ve both used the exercise cycles at the gym, but what’s that?”

“It’s called a Sybian; you kneel either side of it and lower yourself onto it. It takes care of the rest.” I said.

“Sounds like fun.” One of the twins said as the both walked into the audience.

I looked down at my pussy and saw that most of the paint on and around it had gone; I guessed that my juices were responsible for that.

Then I set off to take some more orders. I passed Ryan who said,

“Where did they come from?

“Long story, I’ll tell you about it later.”

For the next hour or so I got groped dozens of times. By then I’d seen all of the girls riding the Sybian and the bike. I too had been asked to ride the bike and I’d cum – again.

Unfortunately I hadn’t seen the twins get on the Sybian; I’d thought that it might have been interesting.

Everyone was quite ‘happy’ and I was getting more requests to fuck me; all of which I ignored, but then the man with the microphone announced that he wanted all the girls to come to the front of the stage.

When we were all there, the man said,

“Wow, they’re breeding, I’m sure we only had 4 naked girls earlier. Bloody hell, we’ve got twins as well. Right girls, perch your cute little butts on the front edge of the stage and lay back.”

We did that and he continued,

“When 3 of these cute girls arrived they asked if the fucking was going to start straight away. When I told them that there wasn’t going to be any fucking they looked very disappointed and one of them got a big box of condoms out of her bag and asked if I could change the programme. Well, how could I disappoint not one but 3 beautiful girls? So here we are at an unscheduled part of the evening that I’m sure that all of you will enjoy.”

As he was saying that I realised that there was going to be a gang bang. I felt my pussy tingle and get very wet, but I couldn’t do it, I couldn’t be unfaithful to Ryan. I got up onto my elbows and looked round the room for Ryan. I saw him and he was smiling. When he saw me looking at him he nodded and mouthed ‘do it’.

Bloody hell, my boyfriend was giving me permission to get gang banged; and he was going to watch. The tingling in my pussy got stronger; I was looking forward to it.

I looked either side of me and saw that all the girls had spread their legs wide and raised them up; effectively giving the audience the best possible view of their pussies. It was then that I realised that I too had done the same, some sort of automatic female reaction to the situation.

“So,” the man continued, “here we have 6 beautiful young girls who are ready and willing to let as many of you as want, come up and fuck them. Isn’t that going to be a great climax to the evening? Pun intended. Wait, what’s this?”

I could hardly hear that last bit because of all the cheering from the audience, but I looked out into the audience and saw a young woman walking towards the stage. Everyone watched as she climbed up onto the stage and stripped off her quite nice dress revealing that she wasn’t wearing any underwear. Then she came and sat on the front edge of the stage, lay back and spread and raised her legs; just like the rest of us naked girls.

“Wow Emma!” the man with the microphone said, “I assume that Harry’s okay with this?”

A male voice from the back of the room shouted,

“I sure am Dave. She’s got it and I’m happy to share her with you guys.”

I looked towards the voice and saw another girl start walking towards the stage.

“You too Angela,” the man said, “I might have known that Pete would send you up to get your share.”

“He didn’t tell me and I didn’t ask.” Said Angela as she too stripped (again no underwear) and joined us girls.

“Any more of you girls want a share of the action?” The man asked.

After a short pause during which I thought of the twins,

“Shit, they’re only 14; they shouldn’t be part of this.”

I looked at both of them but I needn’t have worried; they both had big grins on their faces and a look of sexual lust. I wondered if they were still virgins.

“Right gentlemen, and you ladies out there, if you too want a piece of the action, the condoms are in that box, grab one and pick your cunt.”

The room filled with the sound of chairs being pushed back and before I knew it we were surrounded by men that were obviously as horny as I was.

Hands reached to my little tits and I felt a cock plunge straight into my pussy. Then I felt the end of a cock touching my face. Instinctively I opened my mouth and the cock slipped inside. My hands started reaching out and were soon guided to cocks on either side of me.

Fuck, I was in heaven. The cock pounding my pussy made my whole body wobble, not that a skinny girl like me can wobble much; my mouth was sucking a cock and my 2 hands were wanking 2 men. When I left home that evening I was expecting a pleasant evening and a good fuck from Ryan when we got home. It’s amazing how quickly things can change.

On and on it went; I have no idea how many men fucked me or shot their load either down my throat or on my face or body. I also lost count of the number of times that I came.

I started to notice that there weren’t enough men to fuck me at both ends and as I started to get my breath I looked round and saw that the other girls were having the same problem. Eventually, 8 naked girls were just laid there, totally exhausted. I looked out into the room and saw that most of the audience had left.

Ella got to her feet and helped pull the rest of us up. Ryan and Mike came over to us. Ryan was still grinning and he asked me if I was okay.

“Hell yes. Thank you so much.” I managed to say.

Ryan moved to hug me but I pulled back,

“Not with me like this, I need a shower first; can we use the showers in the changing room please Mike?”

“Of course, follow me ladies, and thank you so much for the most amazing Christmas dinner that I, we, have ever had.”

“You’re welcome.” The twins said in stereo.

Mike turned the showers on and us girls went in and just stood there for ages before finally using the soap and some man’s shampoo that we found there.

Feeling refreshed, but a bit sore, we dried and got dressed. All the time, Ryan and Mike were sat there watching us. None of us cared.

“How are you all getting home? Have you all got lifts organised?”

Most of the girls said that they had, and left, leaving lust Ella, the twins and me.

“Oh shit,” one of the twins said, “we never thought of that.”

“That’s okay,” Ryan said, “we’ll give you a lift; I’ll come back tomorrow for the toys Mike, if that’s okay.”

Mike nodded.

“Err no, I mean thank you,” the other twin said, “it’s not that, it’s just that we’ve got nowhere to go; our Dad thinks that we’re at a sleepover but we can’t go to Dina’s house at this time of night.”

“Just how old are you two?”

Both twins looked at Ella and me but we just shrugged our shoulders.

“We’re 14, is that a problem?”

“Bloody hell, there must be 50 blokes who could get locked-up for what happened tonight.” Ryan said.

“Well we’re not going to tell anyone;” one of the twins said, “we enjoyed it too much; what a way to lose your virginity;” the other twin said.

“Bloody hell, you two are something else; un-believable.” Ryan said. “I guess that you’d better come home with us and we’ll get you home in the morning. Do you want a lift as well Ella?”

“Yes please.”

Ryan looked at me and said,

“Did you know about this TT?”

Ella replied for me,

“We knew about their age but not that they were coming here tonight.”

We followed Ryan out to the car with him still shaking his head sideways.

On the drive home the twins were very talkative. They just couldn’t stop telling us how much they’d enjoyed themselves.

We dropped Ella off then at home Ryan got a drink while I made-up the spare bed. When I’d gone upstairs I’d automatically taken my dress off and when I went back downstairs the twins both looked at me and then took their clothes off (not that they were wearing much).

“I’m glad that you got undressed Tanya,” one of the twins said, “we don’t wear anything at home either; I hope that you don’t mind.”

“Hell no, this is a female clothes free zone.” Ryan said, “It’s nice to see more naked girls here, even if they are under-age.”

“You can see us naked anytime that you want Ryan.” One of the twins said.

I was tired and told everyone that I was going to bed and I left Ryan to show the twins where they were sleeping.

When Ryan joined me, he spooned me with his cock inside me and asked me if I’d enjoyed myself.

“Yes; thank you, it’s something that I’ve always fantasised about but never thought would ever happen.”

“Yes I know lover; you told me once.”

“Did I? I don’t remember.”

As we were talking I felt Ryan get harder and then cum. He’d cum inside me without even moving his cock.

After a few minutes Ryan said,

“What are we going to do about the twins?”

“Nothing; they’re happy and they don’t look or sound as if they’re being corrupted by anyone so why should we do anything?” I said.

“I guess not,” Ryan said, “and they certainly did look as if they were enjoying themselves, at the gym as well; and what a way to lose your virginity.”

“Yeah, and listen to them; they sound as if they’re enjoying each other at the moment.”

We went to sleep still listening to the sounds of 2 happy 14 year old girls.

When I woke-up and went down stairs, Jenny was sat at the kitchen table drinking coffee with 2 14 year old girls; all were as I expected, naked.

“I see that you’ve introduced yourselves.” I said.

I got some coffee and we talked about the previous night. The twins were still full of it and kept saying that it was the best possible way to lose their virginity.

Jenny was amazed and asked them how they’d managed to hang on to that until they were 18.

“We’re only 14.” One of the twins said.

“Fucking hell.” Jenny replied. “It’s a good job that I’m not a copper.”

Just then Tom appeared, wearing only his boxers. He stopped dead when he saw the twins and asked what was going on. Jenny quickly brought him up to date and all he could say was,

“Fucking hell.”

Jenny and Tom started getting some breakfast ready and Ryan appeared just as it was ready. After that we all went into the lounge and spent about an hour talking about the twins holiday, our last holiday and the gym. The twins were so jealous when we told them what Ryan had made me do on the beach.

One of the twins decided that they’d better phone the friend whose house they were supposed to be at and was told that she’d covered for them when their father had phoned but told them that he was going to pick them up at 12 o’clock.

It was already after 11 so they asked about buses from our house. Ryan told them to get dressed and that he’d take them to their friend’s house. I walked out of the house naked and the twins stripped again saying that what was good for me was good for them.

In the car one of them asked if they could go to the gym with us and travel in the same state of dress that I did. She said that they wanted to walk into the gym naked as well.

After we’d dropped them off, Ryan and I talked a bit about them. I said that they were total exhibitionists.

“Like you then.” Ryan said.

“No, no, I’m only like that when you get me all worked-up.”

“Yeah, right.” Ryan said.

“No,” I said, “It’s your fault that I end up naked, not mine.”

“Yeah okay, you go on believing that dear.”

Back at home Tom asked me if they were really only 14 or if they were winding him up.

**Ryan shows my tiny tits in public**

**---------------------------------------**

Ryan has started getting me to wear one of my new see-thru tops when we go into town on a weekend. Now this isn’t a problem most of the time because the weather isn’t very nice and I wear a jacket when we go there. The problem is that he’s started taking me into coffee shops and fast food places where he gets me to take my jacket off.

I usually manage to sit in such a way that my arms cover my tiny tits but there’s times when that’s not possible. I also try to sit facing a wall so that no one can see me.

There’s also the times when Ryan has got me very aroused before we’ve left home; or got me to wear one of my remote vibes and he’s got me all worked up.

When we go to a coffee shop or fast food place when I’m like that I sit there with my chest thrust forward and my arms at my sides. I also sit facing the main part of the room so that anyone nearby or passing can see my tiny tits and nipples. Sometimes I’m wearing my nipple rings and chains and they too are clearly visible. I’ve had lots of men staring at them and when they do I get even wetter and want Ryan to fuck me as quick as possible.

I’ve had a few women stare at me as well. I love it when a miserable bitch calls me a slut or asks me if I have no shame. One woman told me that I should get my mother to buy me a bra.

Ryan also gets me to wear the see-thru tops, or a very loose top, when we go out on an evening. There was one evening that we went out for a meal with Doug and Naomi and half way through the meal Doug told me that he loved looking down my top. Naomi told him to stop it but Ryan said that it was okay, that he’d dressed me so that people could see down my top. Doug said that the waitress had been staring at them as well.

I of course, blushed; but I did get a little wet rush at Doug’s comments.

When we went on to a club Ryan unbuttoned my top and got me to tie the front tails so that most of my chest was exposed. As we danced Ryan pulled the knot undone and my nipples were exposed. I was glad that it was dark in there.

**My Sybian**

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This continues to provide me, and Jenny, with a lot of pleasure. Often when I’m daydreaming as I ride it, I remember the rugby club do, and all those people watching me and fucking me.

One time I was enjoying myself, I again accidentally knocked the steps away leaving me stranded and getting more and more worked-up and knackered by the second. I couldn’t reach the control and it was Jenny who rescued me, but only after I’d cum 4 times. Jenny had to help me off and she made me promise to go and check on her every 5 minutes if she was alone in the garage.

**My in-laws visit**

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Ryan has started printing and framing lots of photographs of me, naked of course, and putting them up on the walls around the house. In some of the photos I have my legs wide open and in a couple of them I have objects sticking out of my pussy. One of them is of me pleasuring myself on my Sybian amd one of me riding my bike.

Now that doesn’t bother me normally, but when my mother and father in-law came to visit us for the weekend, we forgot to take them down. It didn’t take my FIL long to spot them and he decided to look at all the photos on display; along with my MIL.

As they went around the house I heard quite a few ‘Oh my!’ from my MIL, and when they came back to the sofa my FIL was telling my MIL that we are only young once and that we should enjoy it. He continued saying that they used to get up to some ‘adventurous’ things; the only thing that was different was that technology made it so easy to record everything. They turned to look at me, (I was bright red with embarrassment, and my FIL said;

“Don’t worry about it Tanya dear, we used to get up to some real wild things when we were your age; it’s just that we didn’t have the cameras to record them all.”

After lunch on the Saturday, Ryan and his Dad were trying to fix something when one of them said that they needed a screwdriver. We keep that sort of thing in the garage and Ryan’s Dad said that he’d go and get it. I thought nothing of it until he came back with a big grin on his face.

Then I remembered what else we keep in there. My face went bright red. Ryan’s Dad put his hand on my arm and said,

“Think nothing of it love, I’m just pleased that you’re all happy.”

Ryan heard that and realised what his Dad had seen. He just grinned then got on with fixing the problem.

A bit later Ryan’s Mum announced that Tom and her were going into town to get something for Tom’s uni course. Shortly after they left Ryan asked Jenny and I to give his Dad a demonstration in the garage.

My mouth dropped and I said,

“Are you serious? Your Dad!”

Jenny looked just as shocked as I was.

“Come on, let’s go.”

Obediently, Jenny and I followed Ryan and his Dad into the garage.

“You really want us to do this” Jenny asked.

I looked at Ryan and then his Dad; both looked like little kids with a new toy.

I then looked at Jenny and saw that she was looking at me. We both slowly lifted our tops off letting out tits see the daylight that was streaming through the window. Looking at each other again we slowly unfastened our skirts and let them drop revealing our bald pussies.

We both just stood there wondering if we were both dreaming.

“Come on girls.” Ryan said.

Jenny was stood next to the Sybian and me the bike so we turned and climbed on. I stood up on the pedals with the dildo just touching my pussy. That was enough to start my juices flowing and when Ryan gestured for me to get on with it I started to lower myself. As I got penetrated I heard the motor in the Sybian start-up.

When my butt reached the saddle I slowly started pedalling. I continued slowly, thinking,

“What the hell am I doing? This man’s old enough to be my father; hell, he is my father in-law. This isn’t right.”

But I kept pedalling.

Before long the rights and wrongs went out of my mind and my arousal factor started to go up. Judging by the moans, Jenny’s was as well and shortly after I started to cum, closely followed by Jenny.

My pedalling slowed down and the Sybian’s motor slowed.

“Excellent girls, now swap over and start again.”

My guilt started to come back, but Ryan was insistent. Jenny and I changed places and I switched the Sybian on. Again, it didn’t take long for my guilt to disappear and I was soon up there again, slowly rocking back and forwards so that my clit pressed on the pad.

Second orgasm of the afternoon later, I just sat there thinking,

“What the hell have I (we) done?”

My FIL was the first to speak,

“Ladies, that was the most amazing thing that I have ever seen; I just wish that we’d had machines like that when your Mum and I were your age. You both look as though you’ve done something awful, but you haven’t; you’ve both done something natural and wonderful, and it’s nothing to be ashamed of. In fact you should be proud of yourselves. You had the courage to done something that millions wouldn’t do.”

That little speech took most of my guilt away and I climbed off the Sybian and went and gave my FIL a big hug.

“You don’t know how happy that makes me.” He said as Jenny made it a 3-way hug.

“I wish I had my camera.” Ryan said.

“You’ve already taken some excellent photographs son.”

We all laughed and went back into the house. It was only when Ryan saw Tom and his Mum walking towards the house that Jenny and I ran to the garage to put our clothes on.

By the time that my in-laws left my only regret was that I’d had to wear clothes for most of the weekend.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 22 – Ryan finds more ways to expose me**

**------------------------------------------------------**

**Photographs and Videos**

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Do you remember me telling you about the naked photographs of me that Ryan put up on the walls when my in-laws visited? Well he’s gone one stage further. He found these digital photo frames on e-bay and bought 3 of them. He put 2 of them up on walls at home and he’s taken one to work to put on his desk. If it wasn’t bad enough that he’s got pictures of me naked and doing all sorts of ‘personal’ things on his desk for everyone to see, these damn photo frames play videos as well. So yes, his work colleagues are watching videos of me on my Sybian and Dildo Bike and all sorts of other embarrassing situations. I was dreading going on his next works night out.

Ryan has also told me that he’s posted photos and videos of me on some web sites as well. He’s told me the names of the sites but I haven’t looked for them yet; except for one, he picked a video of me having a very loud and active orgasm(s) and sent it to 1000orgasms.com. Apart from being a bit embarrassed looking at it (even though Ryan was the only one with me at the time). I thought that it was quite good. I hope that other people that watch it enjoy it as well.

**The gym**

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This is the highlight of my week. Well, it is if it’s a planned visit and I’ve got myself (or Ryan has) all worked-up. I love going when Ryan has got me all worked-up and he comes with me and I can leave the house naked and walk through the gym car park naked.

I’ve started getting a bit more daring sometimes. Five times now I’ve managed to book an afternoon of flexi-time leave the day before and driven to work with one of my vibes in. I’ve then spent the morning letting the vibe get me so worked-up that one morning I got a bollocking for not concentrating enough in a meeting.

When the time to leave finally arrives I rush down to my car and strip naked before driving to the gym. As soon as I get there I jump out of the car, stretch my arms and legs and slowly walk into the gym. I’ve even started parking as far from the gym door as I can so that I’m outside, in public, totally naked for longer. I’m also considering parking in the supermarket car park down the road but I haven’t found the courage to do that yet.

Twice, I’ve waited near my car until some men have walked by then walked right passed them totally naked except for my car keys in my hand. I love the comments that they come out with, and when some of them get their phones out and take some photos or video me.

One time 3 men started asking me questions about why I was naked and where I was going. I just stood in front of them and answered their questions. One of them asked if he could take some selfies with his arm round me. That progressed to me being held up in the air with my legs spread wide while one of them took some photos. They did that 3 times so that they all got a photo of me.

I wondered if those photos of me would end-up on the wall in the canteen at their workplace.

The gym sessions are always totally amazing and I loose count of the number of times that I cum.

One time when I knew in advance that I was going to the gym the next afternoon, Jenny (Ryan’s brother’s girlfriend) asked if I could pick her up at the university on the way. I drove from work, right through town then the university campus and then back through town; stark naked. When I got to where Jenny was and she opened the car door and saw me, she stripped off before getting in the car; much to the delight of a couple of male students who were walking passed. She told me that it was really making her horny being naked where anyone could see her. I think I disappointed her a bit when I told her that most people only see what they are expecting to see.

Jenny really loved walking from the car to the gym naked and we had a great time teasing the men with our naked bodies.

Another time when Ryan and I went there on a Sunday morning I was quite surprised to see Karen (Ryan’s work colleague) and Emma (her partner) there. Even though they are lovers they still love teasing men by flashing their goodies (and mine). When I talked to Karen she told me that Ryan had kept talking about the place and she’d decided to come along and see the place for herself. She hadn’t told Emma about the free membership for girls if they get naked and Emma had had quite a shock when Darren had told them about free membership if they worked-out naked. Of course Emma immediately perked-up. They were in the middle of fucking themselves on the special exercise bikes when I walked in.

As we masturbated in the sauna Karen reminded me of the time when Emma used me as a live dummy for some medical people who made plaster casts for each of my arms and legs then wheeled me around town in a wheel chair letting anyone who looked see my naked chest and pussy. Probably because I was high on the sex adrenaline when she reminded me, I stupidly said that I’d love to do that again. I even told her that I still had the plaster casts.

Later that night I remembered what I’d said and hoped that Karen and Emma wouldn’t be able to borrow a wheelchair.

Those young twins frequently seem to be at the gym. I’ve bumped into them quite a few time and they’ve asked me if I’d pick them up from their home one day during the school holidays. They too want to leave home naked, have a great work out and return home still naked.

Ryan thinks that it’s a great idea and even thinks that we should invite them to our home more often. He also said that it would be great if he could go on holiday with 3 girls who could easily get away with being naked all the time. If I didn’t know that he loves me so much I’d swear that he just wanted to perv on their young bodies. We’ll have to see how things go but it would be nice for me to not be the centre of attention at times.

**Motor Racing**

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Earlier this year Ryan got it into his head that he wanted to go to the F1 British Grand Prix at Silverstone. When Ryan said that he’d booked the tickets I assumed that it was him and Tom going. Around the middle of June he asked me if I’d booked holidays for the Friday before the race and the Monday after. Imagine my shock when he told me that it was him and me that were going and that he’d borrowed all the camping gear that we needed.

I got nervous because the nearest I’d been to camping was when we’d been to Ryan’s Uncle’s mobile home.

Anyway, Ryan told me to not to pack many clothes as it was going to be warm that weekend and very early on the Friday morning we piled everything into the car and set off.

We arrived at the campsite just before 9 am, checked-in, got our wrist bands and went looking for somewhere to pitch the tent. Ryan told us that he’d picked the ‘lively’ field rather than the ‘family’ field. I wasn’t sure that it was the right choice; a choice between noisy drunks and screaming kids.

I wasn’t surprised when Ryan picked a space right next to a group of about a dozen young men who were just getting up and all of then looking as if they’d had a good night.

Ryan got the tent out of the car and told me to put it up while he went and got some milk and water. Well, I hadn’t a clue where to start, and what’s more, I wasn’t exactly dressed for bending over to push pegs into the ground. I started to wish that Ryan had got me to wear a vibe on the way down so that I would have been all aroused by the time we’d got there. Then I wouldn’t have minded bending over and letting those young men see down my top and up my skirt. As it was I was just knew that I was about to get VERY embarrassed.

I was right. Even squatting down to open the bag and getting the tent out caused me to get a little audience; and a red face. The micro skirt that I was wearing rode up and each time that I stood up I had to pull it down so that my pussy and butt wasn’t exposed.

It seemed like forever trying to sort out how that damn tent went up. I eventually managed it, but not without lots of comments from the young men. Typical Ryan, he re-appeared just as I was getting close to finishing. When I told him that the young men had had a great view and that I’d got very embarrassed, he just laughed and said that he bet that I’d enjoyed every second.

I thumped his arm and told him that I hadn’t but he wouldn’t believe me.

As soon as we’d unloaded the car Ryan pulled me down onto the sleeping bag and gave me my first fuck in a tent. The problem was that Ryan had left the tent door open and that I forgot that tents are so thin that the young men could hear all my moans. When we emerged, one of them had to go and ask if we’d had a good fuck.

I blushed as Ryan said,

“Yes thanks, she can be a bit noisy at times.”

My arousal factor was quite high but I still wasn’t too happy. Ryan was looking at me and he turned and kissed me and whispered,

“Go and put one of your vibes in lover, and then give me the remote control.”

Being the dutiful girlfriend that I am I went and did as I was told. I was stood there in the tent with my little skirt up round my waist, my legs spread wide and I was just about to push the vibe up inside me when the tent door opened and Ryan stood there holding it open for 3 of the young men to see exactly what I was doing. Ryan looked at me, then at the 3 young men, then back at me, grinned and said,

“Keep going;” then after a pause, “There’s a new top and skirt for you to put on in a red bag in the case.”

Then he kept holding the tent door open while I stripped, found the bag and got dressed.

By the time that I was ready the vibe had raised my arousal factor to the point that I was horny and wanted to be seen in the clothes that Ryan had bought me. You see, the top is made of a fine white mesh with a flowery pattern and stops at the bottom of my ribs. I guess that it was intended to be worn with a bra, but as I never wear a bra all of my nipples and areolas were clearly visible. So were my nipple barbells and stirrups.

As for the skirt, it’s less than 10 inches long; the top 3 inches are like a belt and the bottom 6 or 7 inches flare out making me feel like I’m only wearing a belt. I have to wear the skirt very low on my hips otherwise the bottom of my butt cheeks and pussy are exposed all the time.

Ryan’s so good at getting the right sized clothes for me.

As I waked out of the tent I looked at the young men, smiled and said to Ryan,

“Shall we go fuck buddy?”

“I hope that I’m more than that.” Ryan replied.

“Of course you are.” I said as Ryan put his arm round me and we walked out of the field to have a look around the place. We were both amazed at the state of the toilet and shower facilities. I’d expected them to be pretty horrible but they’re amazing; better than I’ve seen in a few hotels. We found a restaurant, a pub, a funfair with a Ferris wheel, and a shop. They even put on what they called a ‘shuttle service’ (tractor and covered trailer with rows of seats down the side and middle) to get you to the race circuit.

We got something to eat then caught the shuttle to the circuit. I’m sure that the man following me climbing up the steps on to the trailer saw my butt and pussy, and he sat opposite me as we rode to the circuit. Ryan had his hand on my knee and he kept pulling my knees apart so that the man could see my pussy.

By that time I had lost all my inhibitions and just let Ryan show my pussy to the man.

We had to rush a bit to be able to see one of the practice sessions. Bloody hell, the noise was deafening, and all I could see was cars flashing passed in front of me. Okay, I could see much more on the ginormous television screens but to be honest, I found it quite boring. When I told Ryan he said that it was the atmosphere that would make it a great weekend. I told him that I’d noticed that everyone seemed to be happy and having fun.

It was then that I looked down the hill that we were sat on and saw a man looking up at us; well up my skirt. My knees had been a little apart because Ryan kept my pussy ‘simmering’ with the remote control, but when I said that I had seen the man looking up Ryan put a hand on the inside of one knee and pulled my knees further apart. As they opened the vibe inside my pussy jumped to full blast. Ryan apologised for neglecting me and squeezed my thigh. I felt happy as I had my first orgasm at Silverstone. My moans and screams covered by the noise of the cars whizzing by.

When the practice session ended we wandered off to look around everything that the circuit offered. The thing was, Ryan hadn’t switched the vibe off and it was purring away slowly inside me, What was worse (or better), I didn’t think to ask him to switch it off when he decided to go back to the campsite when I wanted to have a look at some of the stalls selling clothes.

I was in the middle of buying a Lewis Hamilton T-shirt when the next orgasm hit me. The youngish guy on the stall looked at me funny then came round to the front and put an arm round me.

“Are you all right love? Here, come round the back and have a sit down.”

He guided me round the end of his table into his gazeebo and to a chair and told me to sit. It was a low chair and as I fell back into it my legs went up, so did my little skirt, revealing my bare pubes and stomach to the man.

He stared for a second then turned to pick up a bottle of water for me.

“Here, sit there for a minute or two while I server some of these customers.”

I pushed my skirt down a bit but because my knees were higher than my pussy I’m sure that the people buying souvenir clothes got a great view. The looks that I was getting by some of them confirmed my thoughts and I’m sure that one or two of the customers bought more than they’d originally intended just so that they could look at my ‘bits’ for a bit longer.

After what seemed like ages, my body became less sensitive to the vibe and I started getting back to normal. The man, who had helped me and had kept turning to check on me (or look at my pussy and little tits), asked me if I was feeling better. When I said that I was, he put out his hand to help me stand up.

Thanking him I told him that I still wanted the T-shirt. He turned and picked one up from his table and passed it to me. Still feeling very horny I asked him if I could try it on.

“Sure,” he said as he turned back to server another customer.

I guess that he expected me to try it on on top of my top and skirt but I was horny and wanted to get naked; so I did. I watched the man’s customers watch me as I stripped and put the T-shirt on. It was just falling down my body as the man turned to see what his customers were looking at.

“A bit long;” he said, “do you want to try a smaller size?”

The T-shirt hem was longer than quite a few of my skirts so I asked him if I could. He passed me another T-shirt then turned back to serve another customer.

I pulled the first T-shirt off and put the second one on as some of the customers watched me. By the time the man turned back to me the second T-shirt was on me and just covering my pussy.

“This is the one – thank you.” I said.

As the man served another customer I took the T-shirt off and put my top and skirt back on then walked out of the gazebo to the front of the man’s stall and waited to pay the man.

As he was getting my change I thanked him for letting me sit down for a while then turned to walk on. As I walked I smiled at the fact that I’d got naked behind him twice and he hadn’t seen me naked even once.

There were a lot of people waiting for the tractor back to the campsite and the driver said that we could stand on the trailer if we wanted, but to make sure that we held onto the top rail all the time.

Well, it had got a bit windy by then and as the tractor rumbled along the road my skirt was blowing up giving some of the people sat down near me a great view of my butt and pussy. I was losing the battle with the vibe and just as we pulled onto the campsite another orgasm hit me. Someone had to tell me that we’d arrived and that I could get off the trailer.

We’d arranged to meet in the ‘The Petrol Head’ pub and when I got there I found Ryan sat round a table with some of the young men from the tents in front of ours. One of them saw me and stood up to let me sit next to Ryan. He asked me what I wanted to drink and then went to the bar.

As I sat down my skirt blew up and it was my bare butt that sat on the velvety material. Ryan immediately put a hand on my thigh and squeezed it, pulling my knees apart.

“Wow!” I heard from one of the men sat opposite me as my pussy became visible to him; and those either side of him.

“Are you sure that you’re old enough to be in here?” The man opposite me asked; “you only look about 12 or 13.”

“That pussy of yours looks plenty old enough to me.” Another man said.

“Of course I am,” I replied, “I’ve got my passport in the car to prove it if you don’t believe me.”

“Hey, that’s okay honey; you don’t have to prove anything to us; especially with that wet pussy staring us in the face;” said a third man.

“Yeah, it is cute isn’t it?” Ryan said; “and you should see what she can put in it.”

Even though I was feeling very horny, I still blushed at Ryan telling all those men that we put things into my pussy.

“Oh yeah, perhaps she should show us.” I heard one of the men say, but I was looking at Ryan, not sure if I wanted to put on a show or not. It was a good job that I was all sexed up.

The man who was getting me a drink returned and put my drink on the table next to me. As he did so he looked straight at my pussy and I got a bit of a wet rush.

The man stood up straight and moved away and two or three phone camera flashed.

“Okay,” Ryan said, “getting back to rules, do you really think that the FIA will bring back refuelling?”

Most of the men quickly got engrossed in the boring conversation but the man directly opposite me just sat there staring at my pussy. I looked up at him and squeezed my pussy muscles. He smiled and said,

“Nice!”

A bit later when there was a pause in the F1 conversation, Ryan asked me what I’d bought. When I told him he asked me to try it on so that he could see it. I got it out of the bag and started to put it on, on top of my top and skirt but Ryan stopped me and said that I had to take my top and skirt off first.

I looked round and said that it was too public so he asked the young men to stand up and form a wall so that the rest of the pub couldn’t see me. They readily agreed and all stood up. The thing was that they all stood facing me.

“Men!” I said and slowly pealed my top then skirt off.

“I can’t see!” one of the men at the end of the line said so I slowly did a 360 letting them have a good look at me before I put the T-shirt on.

I turned to face Ryan and he slid his hands up my legs and fingered me, saying,

“Shit girl; you’re dripping.”

“That’s your fault.” I replied. “That’s what happens when you leave me and leave the vibe switched on.”

“Fuck TT; sorry, I forgot all about that.”

“Don’t be, I had some very pleasant fun and it’s less embarrassing getting changed in here when I’m like this.”

Ryan grinned and put his hand in his pocket. The next thing that I felt was the vibe ramping up to full speed.

“Fuck Ryan,” I said; “are you trying to make me cum in here, in front of all these guys?”

“Of course.”

“Yes please.” I heard one of the other guys say.

I sat down, finished my drink and waited for the inevitable.

All the young men sat down and word quickly spread that I was about to cum.

I fought it for as long as I could, but when it arrived it hit me like a train. My right hand automatically went to my clit and I started rubbing it. I screamed so loud that I thought the bouncers would come over. There must be quite a lot of girls screaming in that pub because no one even looked over (so Ryan told me later). Well no one except the young men who were waiting for it to happen.

As I was cumming I heard a few comments from the guys watching me: -

“Fuck, that’s hot.”

“Fuck, she’s squirting.”

“Look at those pussy muscles working.”

“I want to put my cock was inside that.”

“What I could do with that?”

I also saw a few camera flashes.

When I came down from my high I looked round and saw all the guys looking down at me and Ryan grinning from ear to ear. I looked down to the floor between my legs and saw a few blobs of white creamy liquid.

“Shit!” I thought; I really did squirt. I looked back to Ryan and said,

“That’s your fault for leaving the vibe switched on for so long; can you switch it off please? I need a rest.”

Ryan took pity on me and put his hand in his pocket and I soon felt nothing in my pussy other than that lovely warm after-glow. I realised that my legs were still wide open but I didn’t care, I left them like that as I looked round the faces of the guys looking down at me – well my pussy. Most had that lustful expression. For the first time in ages I felt really pleased that I could have that effect on men.

I stayed exposed like that for ages as the men started talking amongst themselves. I only sat up and closed my legs when another drink appeared on the table next to me.

After a while Ryan got up and told everyone that we were going to get something to eat and that we’d no doubt see them later.

We went to the shop, bought a snack and went back to the tent to make some coffee.

After eating I told Ryan that I needed a shower. His reply was to tell me to just wrap a towel round me and go like that; so I did, even though the towel only just covered my butt.

Back at the tent I asked Ryan what he wanted me to wear for the evening out. He chose my tight, white, ultra short lycra skirt and a top that is totally see through. My arousal factor had reduced quite a bit by then so I was glad that it was starting to get dark. He also told me to wear my nipple and clit chains.

When we left the tent to go back to the circuit for the evening I’d only walked about 20 yards when I realised that the skirt had ridden up revealing my butt cheeks and pussy. I pulled it down and made a mental note that I should keep checking.

Climbing up onto the tractor and trailer would have been quite embarrassing if Ryan hadn’t been following me up the steps, and the man sat opposite me would have had a great view if there had been more light.

We had a great time that evening. The entertainment that had been laid on was brilliant. My skirt did ride up but in amongst the crowds no one around seemed to notice and I just started ignoring it. Even on the tractor and trailer back it was too dark and everyone was happy and busy talking and no one seemed to notice that I was virtually bottomless.

When we got back to the tent the group of young men were all sat outside their tents drinking from bottles of beer. When I first saw them I pulled my skirt down to cover my pussy but the guys had already seen me and one of them asked me not to cover my pussy. Ryan’s reaction was to turn to me and pull my skirt right up to my waist. That got a few cheers from the guys.

One of the guys invited us to have a drink with them and Ryan quickly accepted. We walked into the middle of them and someone gave us both a bottle. All the guys were sat on the ground but one of them got up and went and got a chair for me. It was one of those aluminium folding chairs with about 2 inch strips of aluminium on the back and seat parts. As he opened it I saw that the middle strip on the seat part was missing.

“Don’t worry about that,” the man said, “it’s quite safe.”

He put the chair near the outside of the circle of men and I sat down on the chair. I gasped a bit as my skin came in to contact with the cold metal. As least my pussy wasn’t on display.

Thankfully, the talk wasn’t all about F1 and I even managed to join in the conversation at times. The pile of empty beer bottles got bigger and bigger.

One of the guys asked me if my chains hurt. That got the conversation turned to talking about me. It wasn’t long before Ryan ‘volunteered’ me to show them what my chains looked like close up. I had to stand up, take my skirt and top off and go up to each of them and let them have a close look. Of course they wanted to get a close look at where and how the chain attached to my clit hood. I even had to explain that the piercing wasn’t through my clit, just the hood. Some of the men gout out their phones and took close-ups of my chains.

I have to admit that after I’d stood in front of the first about 4 guys I was starting to get aroused, and wet; and when one of the guys reached out and gently pulled the chain between my legs I let out a moan.

“Hey,” one of the guys said, “she likes that, do it again.”

He did, and I moaned again.

“My turn!” The guy next to the man holding my chain said.

I had to go and stand in front of each of the guys with my legs open and let them inspect my piercings and pull on my chains. Fortunately they didn’t hurt me, but they sure did get me aroused; and I really wanted to go to our tent with Ryan and get him to fuck me hard.

Eventually, the last guy had inspected me and I was able to sit down again but the guy who was sat on the grass next to me reached under the chair and I felt my clit hood chain being pulled again. My pussy was over the gap where the missing strip of aluminium should have been, and my chain was dangling down.

Everyone appeared to ignore what the guy was doing to me so he got braver and started using his fingers on me. I just sat there trying not to draw attention to me. I did look to Ryan at one point and saw that he was watching what was happening. He smiled and winked at me. I guessed that he was happy for that young man to finger me.

It wasn’t long before I wanted to cum; that man was quite talented. I tried hard not to cum but in the end I just couldn’t help it. I let out a big, loud,

“Aaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrgggggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhh,” and let it happen.

Everyone turned and looked at the naked me with 2 or 3 fingers stuck in my pussy through the bottom of the chair.

“You dirty bastard Mike.” I heard one man say.

“It’s my turn.” I heard another say as I saw him stand up and move behind me.

Then I felt a man’s hands slide down my front to my nipples. I looked over to Ryan and he had his usual grin on his face. After the hands pulled and rolled my nipples between finger and thumb for a few seconds, the hands disappeared (both men) and then my pussy was enveloped in a warm mouth. The man behind me had got down on his back and slid back so that he could eat my pussy while I just sat there.

I gripped the arms of the chair as his teeth toyed with my clit and his tongue licked and poked my hole.

It only took a couple of minutes for me to be back up there almost screaming as I orgasmed again. While I was up there I felt hands on my tits again. I was in heaven. The only thing that could have made it better was if it had been Ryan’s mouth and hands.

I started to come down then I went back up there as another pair of hands stroked my belly. My head was turned to my right and I felt a cock press on my lips. I eagerly opened my mouth and started sucking. The mouth and cock pounded 2 of my holes as I started to cum again.

While I was up there I felt the cock in my mouth tense and my throat was filled as the man shot his load deep into me. As the dick softened, it pulled out and I felt something dripping on my chest. Thinking that maybe he has started to piss on me I opened my eyes and realised that it had started raining. Then there was a flash of lightening. Five seconds later the heavens opened up and I was suddenly soaked from head to foot.

Everyone was getting up and running to their tents. It took me a few seconds to realise that maybe I should move too, but as soon as I was on my feet I thought,

“Sod it; I’m already literally soaked to the skin so why bother?”

I turned to face our tent and saw Ryan holding the door open for me.

“Get naked and get out here;” I said, “I need to be fucked right now, and right here.”

Ryan didn’t need to be told twice, and within seconds he was naked and stood in front of me; both of us dripping wet.

Ryan bent forward and kissed me long and hard as I felt his hard dick against my stomach. Seconds later we were rolling around on the grass fucking in the rapidly getting muddy field.

It was dark but every few seconds a bolt of lightning would light up the whole field. One time I saw a couple of the young men’s tents had their door open and faces watching us fuck as near to nature as we could be.

I was on top, riding Ryan’s dick when we both came. I just sat there with rain running down my muddy hair and body until he got soft.

“I guess that we should go and get cleaned-up.” I said.

Thirty seconds later we were running down the field, still naked, and carrying a plastic bag with some soap and shampoo in it. We went straight into the gents toilet block and into one of the showers. No one else was there and we had a long hot shower, soaping each other and having another fuck.

We ran back to our tent and dried ourselves before climbing into our double sleeping bag and going to sleep with Ryan spooning me and his dick resting against my pussy.

Amazingly, we got to sleep quickly, but we both woke up a few times during the night as the rain pounded the tent and the thunder and lightning kept going on and on. At one point Ryan’s dick got hard and slipped into me and I went back to sleep like that.

When I woke up Ryan’s dick was pounding in and out of my pussy. I sighed and let it happen, enjoying every second. I didn’t cum but Ryan certainly did, filling me up.

The rain had stopped and it was light. I sleepily got out of the sleeping bag and opened the tent door. I stood there, still naked, and looked around. There were puddles everywhere and the odd tent flattened by the storm.

“Like some coffee Tanya?” I heard a male voice say.

I looked round and saw one of our neighbours holding a steaming mug. I suddenly remembered that I was naked and my hands went to my little tits and pussy.

“A bit late for modesty isn’t it?” the man said.

Realising that he was right I dropped my left hand and put my right hand out to receive the coffee mug.

“Thank you,” I said, “That was one hell of a storm. Did you manage to keep dry?”

“More than you two did; that was quite a show you put on last night.”

I suddenly went all embarrassed and whispered,

“Yeah, it was.”

As I was saying that I felt my pussy get wet. The memories of the last night were getting me aroused; and that was before Ryan was going to show my body off to the hundred plus thousand people that were going to be around later that day.

More of the young men emerged from their tents to get some coffee, and so did a young couple on the other side of our tent. I was looking at them and they were looking at me when I remembered that I was naked so I backed into our tent and gave Ryan what was left of the coffee.

I put some shoes on and wrapped a towel round me and told Ryan that I was going for a shower. As I walked down the field I saw quite a few water-logged tents and muddy puddles, but people looked and sounded happy. It had stopped raining and the sun was emerging from behind the clouds.

Back at the tent, Ryan took the towel off me and disappeared to have a shower himself. I busied myself tidying the tent and deciding what to wear. I knew that Ryan would want me to look sexy; and probably have the vibe inside me so I changed the batteries ready. I heard a noise, looked up and realised that the tent door was wide open. A couple of the guys were stood watching me. I smiled and said,

“It’s going to be a good day today.”

“It already is.” One of them replied.

Instead of putting the vibe inside my pussy I put it in to my bag and went back to deciding what to wear. I still hadn’t decided when Ryan returned. He went into the case and got out a floaty, thin cotton micro skirt that is slightly see through, and a short tank top that is so thin that you can see the colour of my jewellery.

“Shall I wear my jewellery?” I asked.

“Just the barbells and stirrups please lover.” Ryan replied.

In a way I’d wanted to wear my chains as well but I was sure that Ryan would have a reason for me not to wear them.

As we headed to the circuit we were joined by some of the young men. We passed some of the stalls and tents of some of the vendors selling just about anything that anyone would want. One gazebo/tent was advertising Massages. Ryan jokingly asked me if I fancied a massage. I had a quick flashback of the hotel in London and thought of how nice it would be if the same man was there.

A woman not much older than me had heard Ryan asking me and started on her sales pitch. As soon as Ryan heard ‘full body’ massage I could see that he was hooked. The woman led me into her gazebo and we were followed by Ryan.

“Can we come and watch?” I heard one of the young men say.

I was about to say ‘no’ but Ryan beat me to it.

“I think that it’s best if you wait out here.”

I looked at Ryan and mouthed,

“Thank you.”

Then I looked at the masseuse.

“Okay then,” the woman said; “Take your clothes off and climb onto the table.”

I looked round and saw an empty little table in one corner and went over to it and got naked. As I walked over to the massage table I looked round and saw Ryan with a grin on his face and a bulge in his trousers.

“Lay on your stomach with the pillow under your hips,” the masseuse said.

Pillow! It was a good foot diameter tube of solid sponge and it hardly changed shape as my weight went on it. I was left with my butt up in the air.

The massage started quite normally except for 2 things. The masseuse put a blindfold and ear muffs on me. She said that it would help me relax because there was so much noise around. She was right and I slowly started to relax. When the masseuse moved to my legs I felt myself spreading them for her. As her hands moved up to my thighs I felt myself getting aroused. When she started on my butt my AF got higher and my pussy got wet.

I hadn’t expected what happened next. She teased round my pussy a bit then started some serious pussy work. She brought me sooo close to cumming 5 or 6 times before slapping me on my butt and telling me to turn over.

I was disappointed but did as I was told. Because I was blindfolded she guided me and I was pleased that the ‘pillow’ was gone.

The massage started again at my head and when she moved to my legs I again automatically opened them. As she moved up I hoped that she’d work on my pussy again; and this time finish me off.

She got so close to my pussy, teasing all around it when I realised that there were more than 2 hands working on my body. She couldn’t have 2 hands on my pussy when both my tits were getting massaged. I assumed that Ryan had joined her and I relaxed and went back to enjoying the pleasure that they were giving me.

Those 4 hands really got me excited. It felt like they were everywhere but I was enjoying it so much that I didn’t care how they were doing it.

After a while I started cumming; and cumming; and cumming. My whole body was shaking and jerking about. What’s more those hands kept working on me for what seemed like forever.

Eventually they stopped and I kept jerking and convulsing for a while then slowly came down from my high. When I was just about back to normal the masseuse look my blindfold and ear muffs off then gave me a big towel.

I looked over to Ryan and he looked as contented as I felt.

I got down from the table and Ryan helped me rub the sweat and what was left of the massage oil off me before passing me my skirt and top.

A very happy and contented Tanya left that gazebo.

As we walked away I said to Ryan,

“That was totally amazing; can I have another massage tomorrow?”

Ryan replied,

“I don’t see why not.”

I then got a little confused because the young man on the other side of me said,

“Oh yes please.”

I thought for a second then dismissed his statement thinking that I must have misheard him.

We all walked on and eventually found a place where we could all sit and watch the action. The guys said that Ryan and I should sit above them on the hill so that we’d get the best possible view. After about 30 minutes of looking at the guys below us I realised why they’d said that, but I didn’t care, I was still on a high from the massage.

When we went to get some lunch everywhere was so busy that we had to sit on a curb to eat our food. Ryan told me afterwards that he’d spotted quite a few people walking by that had looked down at us; and up my skirt. I hadn’t thought about it at the time but I was sat with my knees bent and slightly apart so that I could use them as a sort of little table to put my plate of food on. I just told Ryan that I hoped that they’d enjoyed the view.

I suppose we had a great day, in spite of the bit of rain; everyone was happy and as Ryan said, the atmosphere was amazing. On the way back to the young men after lunch Ryan had asked me to put the vibe in when I went to the toilet and I know that I was happy all afternoon; Ryan and the remote control saw to that.

That evening Ryan and I went out for something to eat and a wander around on our own. We had a great time even if I did accidentally flash a few people. The ‘fun’ started when we got back to our tent. We’d had a few to drink and were quite ‘happy’ and the young men were again sat around outside their tent drinking. They invited us to join them again and one of them even got that chair out for me again.

The conversation got round to me and the chair the previous night and someone asked if they could continue from where the rain stopped them the previous night. I was still on a high as Ryan had been teasing me with the vibe all night and I suddenly hoped that Ryan would say ‘yes’.

Ryan was half drunk as well and he didn’t hesitate to say ‘okay then’ and within seconds 2 of the guys were pulling me to my feet and taking my clothes off.

A couple of seconds later 3 of them were next to me, one laying on his back under the chair, licking and chewing my clit; one stood behind me playing with my tiny tits; while the third was stood by my side getting his cock out ready to stick it in my mouth as soon as I opened it.

I have to say that the next 30 minutes or so were quite amazing. I was sat on that chair so I couldn’t be pussy fucked by a cock but my pussy, and tits, got plenty of attention and my mouth was stuffed full most of the time.

At one point a fourth young man joined us on the other side of the chair and he picked up my hand and put it on his hard cock. Instinctively, I started wanking him.

All the time Ryan was sat in front of me watching the action.

Not content with watching all those young men use my body, when they were done Ryan came over to me and lowered the beer bottle that he’d been drinking from. He told me to get off the chair, lie on the ground, lift my feet as high as I could, and support my hips with my hands. I instinctively spread my legs wide as the beer bottle went to my pussy. There was no resistance as the bottle started to disappear inside me, but I did gasp a little as the cold beer flowed out into me.

Ryan gently pushed the bottle until all but the bottom couple of inches were inside me. Then he pulled it out.

“Give me my beer back.” Ryan said so I squeezed and the beer shot out of me, up into the air.

The young men enjoyed that sight and one of them asked if he could have a go.

I must have had about 8 bottles of beer emptied into my pussy before squirting them out. Most of the men fucked me with their bottles as they emptied them into me and I got very close to cumming. I also got covered in beer and when the ‘games’ finished Ryan told me to streak to the showers. Fortunately it was quite late by then and I made it there without seeing anyone. When I came out Ryan was waiting for me with a towel.

Back in our tent, Ryan gave me a good fucking and we went to sleep with him still inside me.

Race day started with a coffee provided by one of the young men just as soon as I opened our tent door. When we got back from the showers the young men had already left for the circuit so it looked like I was going to have Ryan all to myself for the day.

Ryan got me to wear one of my slightly see through dresses that day. It’s quite light and floaty and as I wasn’t at all aroused when I put it on I knew that I’d have to be careful not to expose myself; especially as there was a slight breeze.

There were even more people at the circuit when we got there and it took ages for us to find a place to get a good view of the action. As usual, Ryan wanted to be on a hill and he picked a spot just above another group of men.

As soon as we’d settled Ryan asked me to go to the toilet and put my vibe in and buy something for breakfast for the both of us on the way back.

As soon as we’d finished eating Ryan switched the vibe on and it didn’t take long for me to stop being careful about how I was sitting.

It rained a bit during the race but I didn’t care; unexpectedly I was enjoying the race and I jumped to my feet and cheered as Lewis Hamilton won the race.

As we walked away from the track we soon realised that it would take forever to get back to the campsite so we wandered around looking at everything that was going on. The vibe was purring away inside me and I was happy.

As we were walking around Ryan kept telling me to stop and spread my feet for a minute or so, or to get an imaginary stone out of my shoe. After about the third time I realised what he was doing. If he spotted anyone staring at my body through my slightly see through dress he’d get me to stop and spread my legs so that they could get a better look. If they were behind me they got an even better sight as I bent over. When I realised I thumped Ryan and told him that he was naughty, but the next time that he told me to do it I still did it. The vibe was keeping me simmering and I liked the idea of people seeing my pussy.

We spent a few hours walking around enjoying everything that that had been put on for the people, and adding to it ourselves. It was quite amazing. The vibe was keeping me on a high and I didn’t care who was staring at me through my slightly see through dress; and whenever we sat down anywhere I made sure that my hot, wet pussy was on display for anyone who wanted to look. Of course, Ryan pointed out any opportunities that I hadn’t seen. He just loves it when strangers see my pussy.

It was getting dark when we got back to the campsite and we were both disappointed to find that the young men had already left. We went back to the pub and Ryan spent the next hour or so trying to think of more ways to expose me. The best that he came up with was for me to sit on the front edge of my chair and flash anyone who cared to look under the table.

We did have a good fuck in the tent that night; and again in the morning before we packed-up to go home.

**Baby Courgettes**

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One afternoon Ryan phoned me at work and asked me to join him and a few of his work colleagues at a pub near their workplace. I’d agreed before I remembered about the digital photo frame that he has on his desk at work. I was a bit nervous as I walked in but, thankfully, no one mentioned the photo frame.

After about an hour another of Ryan’s colleagues joined us, apparently he’d had to go and do a bit of shopping for a meal that he was preparing later that evening.

I’d had a few drinks before the conversation got round to me and of course the photo frame. I went bright red as they talked about what they’d seen.

It got worse when someone asked if the story about the golf balls was true. If I hadn’t been on a bit of a sexual high and not had 3 or 4 drinks by then I would probably have died of shame. As it was, I said,

“Yes, that’s true; it’s shame that we haven’t got any here.”

As I was saying that I really did hope that no one produced any. They didn’t but the man who’d arrived late bent over and pulled a bag of baby courgettes out of his shopping bag.

“Fuck no!” I thought as my face went all red because I just knew what Ryan was going to say.

He did and I had to sit on the front edge of my seat and lay back while each of his colleagues took it in turn to see how many they could push up my hole. Of course the number depended upon their size but the most that anyone got in was 4; and they wouldn’t stay in, much to the delight of my little audience.

I had to sit on Ryan’s lap on the bus on the way how. Not because it as crowded, but because I needed to have the real thing inside me as quick as possible.

**Internet site**

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One of Ryan’s colleagues decided that he was going to set-up a web site for women to anonymously get their tits and butts on the internet. He said that he’d call it something like tops-n-bottoms.com. As you can guess, I haven’t looked at it yet.

When Ryan first asked me to pose for some photos for the site I assumed that Ryan would be taking them and that they’d just be photos of my chest and butt when I was standing up. I quickly decided that because my face wouldn’t be shown then I’d do it.

I got it wrong on the both counts. Firstly it was his colleague that came round to take the photos, and secondly I had to pose, with and without my jewellery and with and without things in my pussy and butt as I bent over with my legs spread wide.

Jake (Ryan’s colleague) arrived unexpectedly one Sunday morning; well unexpectedly to me. Both Jenny and I were naked in the kitchen when Ryan answered the door and it didn’t take long for Jenny to ask to have her photos taken as well.

Fortunately the weather was reasonable as Jake wanted to take the photos in the back garden.

The session started with photos of our chests. Even though both our nipples were rock hard as soon as Jake arrived, both of us tweaked and rolled our nipples just before each set of photos. After that Jake asked to take extra photos of mine; at each stage of my jewellery bits going in. Ryan wanted to put them in and as soon as he started on one tit he asked Jake to put them in on the other tit. I have to admit that it felt good having 2 men manipulating my little tits.

When it came to the bottoms photos, they were all from the back; but only the first ones were of us stood up (a few with legs closed then a lot more with our legs spread wide. After the stood up ones Jake asked us to bend 90 degrees at our waists then he took loads more.

As soon as we were bent at the waist I realised that my pussy was all swollen and very wet (Jenny’s was as well). I was glad that my face wasn’t in any of the shots.

Jake took about 30 photos of each of our butts / pussies, all from slightly different angles. My pussy was getting wetter and wetter. After straight butt / pussy shots Jake asked Ryan if he’d got anything that we could put inside our pussy and butt holes.

Ryan went off and quickly came back with all my dildos and some carrots that we were due to have for lunch that day. I was expecting for Jenny and me to have to put then in our holes ourselves but Ryan asked Jake to do it to both of us.

Jenny went first and as soon as both her holes were full she put her right hand back and started fucking herself with the dildo. Jake backed-off and I could hear the camera clicking over and over. It was still clicking as she orgasmed, nearly falling over as she did.

Then it was my turn. By that time I was REALLY sexed up and I really went for it. As Jake inserted the dildo I fucked them as he held them. I heard the camera clicking again and turned to see that Ryan was pointing the camera at my butt. For some reason that made me rock back and forward even faster.

It didn’t take long for me to start cumming; especially as Jake’s hands were going faster and faster. I had to spread my arms to stop myself from collapsing onto the grass.

As I came down from my high Jake pulled the dildos out and asked if we could do it again, but with my jewellery in.

I had to lay on my back for Jake (under Ryan’s instructions) to get the little bar through my clit hood. As he fumbled around he made me cum again and he had to stop until I’d stopped shaking.

Once in, I had to endure (?!?) standing on all fours, knees straight and spread wide, all over again whilst Jake pumped my holes again. Again I could hear the camera clicking so I assumed that Ryan was operating it.

This time when I orgasmed I did fall over when my knees just couldn’t stay straight any longer.

As I came back to my senses I looked up and saw the 3 of them staring down at me.

Jenny and I went for a shower while Ryan and Jake loaded a copy of the photos onto Ryan laptop. When we went downstairs Jake had left and I got embarrassed as Ryan put the photos into a slide-show and copied them to one of the digital photo frames.

**Porno Film**

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Ryan really excelled himself this time. I didn’t know whether to hit him, walk out on him or hug and kiss him. It was straight after we got home one Thursday evening when he told me what he’d ‘volunteered’ me for. I was REALLY mad at him when he first told me; but he got to work on me (in more ways than one), and in the end I was looking forward to it (probably because he’d got me all worked-up and sexually frustrated).

Ryan had seen an advert online for girls with small tits to be filmed getting fucked by machines. He said that he’d immediately thought that I was perfect for the job and had emailed my details, along with a couple of my naked photographs.

A couple of days later he’d got a reply inviting us to go to London for a weekend where we’d be put up in a big hotel. Of course Ryan had accepted it and only told me about it on the Thursday evening (I’d wondered why he’d told Tom and Jenny that we couldn’t go clubbing with them on the Saturday).

Anyway, we met at the train station straight after work on the Friday and were soon on our way. After we’d settled in our seats I told Ryan that I was very apprehensive and even scared a bit. Obviously I’d seen some fucking machines on the internet, and some of them definitely looked dangerous, but I was worried that I might get hurt. Ryan assured me that he’d be close by all the time and that he’d stop things if I looked to be in trouble. To ease my apprehension he told me to slide forward in my seat and he got one of my vibes out of his pocket and eased in inside me. Within minutes I was quite relaxed and happy to sit there with my legs open and to enjoy the pleasure that the vibe was giving me.

I should add that the train wasn’t very busy and Ryan even took some photos of me flashing my pussy and tits to him. There was only one moment when a middle-aged man appeared in front on me. He had a good, expressionless, look at my pussy before walking on.

The hotel was quite nice and shortly after we’d checked-in Ryan got a phone call from the woman who’d emailed him. I was surprised that it was a woman but when she arrived she turned-out to be quite nice; and her body was quite nice – if you like slim, big busted blondes wearing not a lot.

The woman (Donna) took us to a pub for a drink to brief us on what she was expecting. As we were talking she told me that she was glad that I was a girl who didn’t mind not wearing underwear. I was a little puzzled for a second. The no bra bit was obvious but I hadn’t thought that I had flashed her; accidentally or not. I asked how she knew and she told me that it was obvious to her; I was wearing a dress with a short skirt, sat with my knees touching and I wasn’t holding my bag, or my hands on my lap. She said that it was obvious to her that I wanted people to look up my skirt.

“The jewellery adds to your desire to be seen as well.” Donna added.

“Wow!” I said. I confirmed what I wasn’t wearing then told her that I hadn’t realised about the rest.

“Probably doing it subconsciously;” she said, “do you go all exhibitionistic when you get aroused or drunk?”

I blushed and Ryan confirmed that I do.

Donna started telling us what was going to happen when we got to the studio and I realised that I was getting all excited and nervous. All seemed okay but I asked Donna if I could have a safe word that would stop everything. Donna was really nice and said that she was going to insist on it.

About half way through telling me all about it Donna said,

“See, I told you, you’ve spread your knees so that people can get a better look up your skirt. You’re a born exhibitionist.”

I felt my face flush as I looked down at my legs and saw that Dona was right, my knees had a gap of nearly a foot between them; and I lying back on the seat. I quickly closed my knees and looked at Ryan.

“You do that a lot TT.” Ryan said.

I started to wonder if I actually was an exhibitionist but Donna started telling us about a couple of the machines that she wanted me to use and my train of thought got back to what was going to happen to me.

We were in the pub for about an hour, Donna doing most of the talking about what she wanted to achieve at the studio the next day. All the time I could feel myself getting more aroused. A couple of times I looked down at my legs and had to close my knees; I guess that Ryan was right about me spreading my knees subconsciously.

Anyway, just before Donna left she told me that it didn’t matter what I wore the next day as I wouldn’t be wearing it for long. She added that I could wear my barbells and stirrups but she asked me not to wear the chains. She said that they might get in the way. I blushed a bit, trying to think of a time when she’d been able to see up my skirt to my pussy. Then a thought crossed my mind; had Ryan sent her a photograph to her of me naked and wearing all my jewellery?

Donna left, telling us that a taxi would collect us at 09:00 in the morning. We had another drink then decided to walk back to the hotel where Ryan got me to take my dress off in the lift. My arousal factor wasn’t that high at that point and I was embarrassed as I ran down the corridor to our room.

Ryan opened the curtains in our room and we fucked hard before going to sleep. I doubted that anyone was looking into our room from the buildings across the street as all the windows were dark; but you never know.

Ryan got me to wear a VERY short skirt on the Saturday. He said that after the ‘session’ I was sure to be wanting to flash everyone. That may well have been true but first thing in the morning flashing people was the last thing on my mind and going for breakfast and waiting to get picked-up was rather embarrassing; I counted 3 men with grins on their faces as they looked at me.

The taxi took us to what looked like an office block but when we got out of the lift we saw the studio sign and went into a big room that was full of what we assumed to be bondage equipment – and a load of cameras and lights.

Donna came over to use, said hello then told me to get naked. She said that she didn’t want any restrictive clothing marks on me.

I looked around again and saw 4 men, all fiddling with lights, cameras and some strange looking machines. I didn’t know whether to get excited, embarrassed or worried. I didn’t have any choice, I got all 3 as I started to take my top and skirt off. I realised that I was quite embarrassed; it was mid-morning and a while since Ryan and I had fucked so I wasn’t very aroused. I noticed some of the men looking over towards me and that didn’t help.

“Relax TT,” Ryan said; “you’ll soon forget the fact that you’re naked.”

I knew that he was right so I tried to do what he said.

Donna took us over to where a sofa was and told me to sit in the middle. I did and looked round. Several of the men were checking equipment and looking at me.

“Right Tanya,” Donna said; “Sit on the front edge and lean back. One of the crew will bring you 2 clear plastic domes and put one on each of your breasts; make sure that the bottom of each of them comes into contact with the skin on your ribs.”

I watched as the man approached me. As he got close I felt my nipples get even harder, my pussy get a little wet and my face get even redder. I was still quite embarrassed.

Each of the domes had a sort of nipple on the end and a thin plastic pipe going to a ‘T’ then to a little black box. I didn’t need to do anything as the man made sure that the base of them fitted snuggly on my chest.

As the man backed away, another man approached carrying what I assumed was to be a fucking machine. It was a big steel box with a steel bar coming out of one end. On the end of that bar was a big, floppy dildo. The man manoeuvred the box and dildo so that the end of the dildo just touched my pussy.

“This is the first machine Tanya; I thought that we’d start off with a basic machine. Just relax and let it happen. The walls in here are sound-proofed and the offices next door are empty on a weekend so you can make as much noise as you like. Oh yes, you need a safe word; how about ‘mango’, say it.”

I did.

“Right, the next time that you say that word everything will be switched off immediately and we’ll pack-up for the day; okay? Oh, one more thing, please try to look into one of the cameras occasionally, it makes it a bit more personal for the viewers.”

I nodded.

“By the looks of it you don’t need any lube so we’ll get started.”

The next thing that I knew was that a motor started and I felt my little tits aching and feel like never before. I looked at my chest and saw that they were twice as big as normal. It was then that I realised that the air round them was being sucked out of the domes.

Then I felt the dildo push at the entrance to my hole. I gasped a little and felt my hole open and accept the dildo.

After the initial shock I relaxed and started to enjoy the dildo fucking me. I wanted to rub my nipples but couldn’t get to them.

The dildo started going in and out of me faster and I started really enjoying it. As my arousal factor got higher and higher I realised that I was going to cum soon. My moans got louder and louder and I started getting quite vocal.

Donna must have realised that I was close to cumming because I just about heard her say,

“Vibrate her.”

The dildo started jerking about as it went in and out and within seconds I was loudly cumming.

The dildo kept fucking me and I came again. Then it stopped.

As I started to come down from my high I opened my eyes and saw Ryan, Donna and about a dozen men, all looking down at me. If I hadn’t been aroused I would have been very embarrassed; especially as one of the men was holding a big camera close to my face.

As my breathing slowed Donna said,

“Excellent Tanya, I can see that you are going to have a very pleasurable next couple of hours. Let me know when you’re ready and we’ll move on to the next machine.”

The next machine was similar but Donna got me to lie spread-eagled on my back on this big padded board. Round the edges were what looked like scaffold pipes. Four men came up to me and put padded wrist and ankle cuffs on me and tied them to the scaffold bars. Then a big metal box with a wheel on one side, and a metal bar with another dildo on the end, was put between my spread legs. They adjusted the position so that the tip of the dildo just touched my pussy. I gasped a little because I was still a bit sensitive from the first machine.

“Looks like she still doesn’t need any lube, so let’s get started.”

I heard Donna say then I felt the dildo push into my hole.

I was flat on my back, relatively comfortable and getting slowly fucked. I was in heaven. Well, for a few minutes; the machine sped up and my arousal factor started rising quite quickly. I felt myself getting hotter and hotter as I started to cum.

Just as I started to come down I felt something touch my clit. The dildo was still going in and out and this ‘thing’ was vibrating on my clit. I opened my eyes and saw this rather hunky looking man holding a ‘magic wand’ thing against my clit.

Within seconds I was back up there; cumming and cumming and shaking and jerking about as much I as could within the restraints.

I have no idea how many times I came, or how long it took but by the time the man stopped and the machine was switched off, I was knackered, and covered in sweat.

When I was able, I looked round and saw Ryan looking down on me. He had a big grin on his face and a big bulge in the front of his trousers.

The next machine (?) was different. Donna led me to another padded board where my arms were tied down. There were some bars about 3 feet above my head that I wondered about, but not for long. Two men lifted my ankles so high up that all my weight was on my shoulders. Then my legs were spread so wide that they were just about parallel to the floor and my ankles were tied to the bars. I felt more exposed than ever.

Then I heard a noise like Ryan’s electric drill. For a second I panicked then I saw a man holding a big electric drill with a dildo on the end. As he pressed the power button the dildo spun round and jumped back and forwards.

I panicked a bit more as the spinning dildo touched my pussy. I really did hope that the man could control the thing. I screamed a bit as the dildo entered me but I soon relaxed as it became obvious that the man knew what he was doing.

After about a minute the man withdrew the dildo and rested the tip at the entrance to my butt hole.

“No, no!” I shouted as my butt hole automatically opened and the slowly spinning dildo entered my butt.

Within seconds I’d decided that it wasn’t going to hurt me, in fact it felt good; so good that I quickly realised that an orgasm was building.

Just as I was about to cum the noise got louder and another man came close to my butt and another drill attached dildo entered my pussy. Both dildos spun round and thumped in and out of my 2 holes as the orgasms came and came. At the beginning I felt one of the men slapping my butt, but after a while I don’t know if they stopped or I stopped feeling it.

Just as I thought that I couldn’t take any more and tried to remember what the safe word was, everything stopped. The next thing that I remember was Donna squatting above my head and splashing water on my face. I opened my eyes and looked up and saw up Donna’s skirt to her bald pussy, and right up her front to her face.

“Come on Tanya, wake-up; it’s not time to go to sleep yet.” Donna said.

The 2 drill dildos were still spinning and thumping in to my holes, but very slowly. I moaned a couple of times, Donna got up and the 2 drill dildos sped up.

I started to cum again and again and again; then nothing.

When I woke-up I was flat on my back, free from the restraints and someone was stroking my head. The first thing that I saw was Ryan smiling down at me.

“Hey!” Ryan softly said, “How are you feeling?”

I thought for a couple of seconds, mentally checking each part of my body then replied,

“Good; fucking good.”

Ryan bent forward and kissed my lips.

“Have a rest for a while before starting the next session.” I heard Donna say.

I closed my eyes and wondered if I could take any more.

After who knows how long, Ryan came over to me and pulled me up into a sitting position and gave me a bottle of water.

“Only one more.” Ryan said.

“I don’t know if I can take it.” I said, “I’m knackered and my pussy’s sore.”

“Lie back and rest,” I heard Donna say, “and I’ll get someone to take care of your pussy.”

I wondered what she meant by that as I took one more swig of the water, lay back on the board, closed my eyes and opened my legs. Nothing happened for a while then I felt something cold being rubbed on my pussy. The slight pain started to disappear and get replaced with an ache; that familiar wanting ache.

“That’s nice Ryan.” I said.

“I thought that you might like that.”

I heard Ryan reply, but his voice was coming from behind my head. I opened my eyes and saw that it was another man that was rubbing my pussy. After a split second of panic I relaxed, realising that Ryan obviously knew what was going on.

About 10 minutes later I was feeling better and I got to my feet; eager and curious to find out what the next machine was.

Donna had seen me get up and came over and asked me if I was okay. Then she took me over to another part of the room. Again checking that I was okay she told me that I might find this machine a little shocking but quite nice.

Wondering what she was talking about I did as Donna told me and was a little surprised when we stopped walking in an empty part of the room.

“Lie down with your head near my feet.” Donna said.

Feeling a little puzzled, I did as told and then looked up. Apart from seen up Donna’s skirt to her bald pussy again; I could see 2 ropes being lowered from the ceiling and a long metal pole coming down in between them. On the end of the metal pole was a rubber dildo with what looked like a metal bell-end on it.

Two men appeared and each clipped the end of the ropes to my ankle cuffs then I felt my legs being raised up. Up and up they went, getting wider and wider apart. Within seconds I was hanging upside down with my dangling hands not quite able to touch the floor and my legs stretched far apart.

Then I heard a motor and shortly afterwards the metal bell-end touched my pussy. It felt a little cold for a second then my pussy opened up and accepted the dildo.

Whoever was controlling it knew just the right depth to make me feel good. I hung there, blood starting to pound round my head and the feeling of a full pussy, for quite a few seconds before I heard Donna say,

“Are you okay Tanya? Are you ready for it to start?”

I opened my eyes and saw Donna’s bare legs and lots of trouser-clad men’s legs, some of them with uncomfortable looking bulges. I nearly giggled to myself thinking how uncomfortable they looked.

Then it slowly started; the dildo went up and down, in and out of me, and then something inside the dildo went round and round. It got faster and faster until I was getting a steady pounding. It felt good and my arousal factor started climbing.

I was just starting to cum when I felt this almighty shock inside my pussy. I screamed and came hard. The bastard (whoever he was) had given me a quick electric shock through the metal bell-end. My body was jerking about as much as it could with me hanging by my ankles.

My eyes had shut as my AF got higher but I was suddenly feeling something touching my mouth. I opened my eyes and saw a man holding the base of his hard cock with the tip threatening to push against my lips. Instinctively, I opened my mouth and started sucking as the cock started fucking my mouth.

As one orgasm rolled into a second then a third, then a fourth; I got fucked at both ends. The man shot his load into my mouth then was replaced by another man; then another. I had to close my eyes as their cum leaked out of my mouth and ran down to my eyes. A couple of times I had to blow out through my nose to stop that from filling up.

I lost count of the number of times I came, got shocked, and the number of men who came in my mouth. I must have passed-out at some point because the next I knew was that I was collapsing in a heap on the floor in slow motion. Ryan was pulling my arms to straighten me out and lay me flat on my back. I looked up to Ryan; and Donna’s bald pussy again, and felt Ryan wiping the cum away from my eyes. I felt well and truly fucked.

“That was brilliant Tanya; that video is going to be very popular.” I heard Donna say.

“Relax TT,” Ryan said, “My girl’s done good and I’m proud of her.”

Adding to all my emotions I felt good that I had pleased Ryan.

I lay there for ages as men took off the wrist and ankle cuffs leaving me totally naked with just Ryan looking down at me and wiping my face. I must have looked a right mess; my body was covered in sweat and my hair felt like it was matted with cum and sweat.

When I was able, I started to get up, helped by Ryan. I was sore and ached all over. I held onto Ryan as I looked round. Donna was talking to the men as they started to leave. Soon it was just Donna, Ryan, and a still naked me.

I looked round for my clothes and saw them on a chair. Ryan saw me looking and went and got them. As I unfolded the skirt I remembered just how short it was and that Ryan had asked me to wear it that morning. Deciding that I didn’t care, I got dressed.

Donna came over to us and thanked us for a great session. She looked directly at me and said,

“I can see that you enjoyed it Tanya; go back to the hotel and get some rest; and don’t worry about how many people you flash your bits to on the way.”

Ryan thanked Donna and we left and got a taxi back to the hotel. I took Donna at her word and didn’t care about the stares that the nearly bottomless me got as we slowly walked into the hotel.

Back in our room Ryan stripped me and put me in a hot bath. I lay there for ages before Ryan ‘rescued’ me just as I was nodding off. He lifted me out and put me on the bed where I immediately fell asleep as he padded me dry.

When I woke-up a waiter was delivering some room service. I was still naked and laying on top of the bed but I just couldn’t be bothered to cover-up. Through very sleepy and slightly open eyes I watched him look at me as he sorted out our food. Just as he was about to leave Ryan shook my foot to wake me up. I opened my eyes and smiled at the man who turned and walked out.

“Got 2 tips did he?” I asked.

Ryan smiled and nodded.

The sleep and food made me feel better, but I was still sore. I apologised to Ryan for not wanting him to fuck me. He was very good about it and told me that he was one of the men whom I’d given a blowjob to earlier. I smiled and said that I didn’t know.

After a shower I was feeling a lot better and asked Ryan if we could go and do some shopping. Ryan got out a short dress for me and helped me put it on, saying that he’d do anything for me for being so good. I smiled, got a little wet rush, and felt good and loved.

We bought a couple of skirts and then Ryan got me to look at some long dresses. When I asked him why he wanted me to get a long dress he said that he had somewhere nice to take me later.

I should have guessed; the dress that we finally bought is a backless, lacy mesh number with a split right up the front of my left leg, right to my hip. I just love that dress even though anyone close up can see through the lacy mesh to my tiny tits and pussy, and when I walk the front opens up and my pussy feels the fresh air. Ryan tells me that my pussy isn’t displayed but I’m not so sure. The other thing is that when I look at my back in a mirror I can see that top of my butt crack. I felt a million dollars in that dress as we walked into the theatre, and when we stood drinking in the bar during that interval.

The restaurant afterwards was great as well and we got really good service. I guess that it helped that it was bright in there and the waiter would have been able to see my tiny tits and left leg, right up to my waist.

I was still a bit sore when we got back to the hotel and when I told Ryan he said that he’d happily settle for a blowjob – which I eagerly gave.

The next morning, after a good fuck, we went for a nice romantic walk in Hyde Park before getting the train home. Ryan again got me to sit with my legs open on the train and I’ve no idea how many people saw my pussy. The train was crowded with people standing at the ends of each carriage. One young man always seemed to be looking towards us.

**Looking for a holiday**

**-------------------------**

Both Ryan and I are yearning for another holiday. Ryan wants one where I can be naked most of the time and I have to admit that I’ve really enjoyed getting an all-over tan on our previous holidays. There are a couple of things that we have to take into consideration this holiday in that Tom and Jenny want to come with us. Jenny says that she wants to be naked all the time as well but her tits are bigger than mine so it will be more difficult for her to pretend to be a little girl.

The other complication is that those twins from the gym have begged us to take them with us. That’s my fault for telling then about our previous holidays; but Ryan rather likes the idea. I guess that he just wants to perv on their young bodies. That doesn’t bother me because I know that he’s mine.

I mentioned their uncle’s mobile home at the beach but neither Ryan nor Tom seemed that keen. Tom reminded Ryan that they’ve got a very distant aunt and uncle that live on a farm in the mountains in Spain, or was it Portugal, neither of them could remember which; but I don’t know about that. I rather fancy a beach holiday. Ryan said that I wanted to put on some more displays for the young people there. I blushed and denied it.

**Tickling Stick**

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One day when we were about to drive somewhere Ryan told me that I was going to drive. Just before we left he went into the garage and came back with a bamboo cane, a soft paintbrush and some electrical tape. As I was driving he taped the paintbrush about ¾ of the way along the cane at 90 degrees. When he was happy with it he put the cane over my thighs with the paintbrush between my legs. He then moved the cane about until the end of the paintbrush was touching my clit. Then he rotated the cane a bit so that the paintbrush was tickling my clit. It was so difficult trying to concentrate on driving that I (regretfully) had to ask him to stop.

That cane and paintbrush now live in the car and Ryan takes great pleasure in distracting me at times.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 23 – Ryan’s still doing it to me**

**------------------------------------------**

**The charity shop**

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Thankfully this is one place that Ryan won’t be exposing me again; the shop has closed. It got to the stage where Ryan was taking me there early on just about every Saturday and getting me to try-on clothes that looked horrible and that I would never buy. That doesn’t sound so bad but he got me to change at the back of the shop, outside the changing room.

Every time I’d have a rotating audience of volunteer college students, male and female.

After I’d tried on one or two items that Ryan had picked he’d hand me over to the staff to take it in turns undressing and dressing me in clothes that they’d picked. While they were doing that the one that was dressing me would be groping me and the others would be taking photographs.

If any customers came in they’d see me as well.

It was so embarrassing, especially as Ryan just about always neglected my body before we got there.

Ryan’s also talking about another ‘Human Sexuality’ course. He says that he’s been in touch with Dan and Fred at the college and told them that I’d be happy to be their guinea pig again (which was a lie because I keep telling Ryan that I don’t want to do another class. One was one too many); and Ryan’s just waiting for a call back from one of them.

**The gym**

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The place just gets better and better. Do you remember me telling you about the big room that has some school gym type equipment in it? Well Darren has employed this trainer who is organising some events for the girls.

When one of the girls told me about it I got a little worried; you see I’m only small (in more ways than one) and I was sure that I’d be at some sort of disadvantage. I told Ryan about the trainer and competitions and, as expected, he encouraged me to go along and find out more.

After an hours workout (ha!) one weekday afternoon I went to the changing room and put some of my jewellery back in. That day instead of wearing all 3 little chains I was wearing my clit hood little chain and the longer one that goes from nipple to nipple. I put the nipples one back in but left the clit hood one in my bag.

As I walked towards the sauna I decided to look into the big room where all the school gym equipment was to see what changes had been made (still naked of course). I wasn’t really surprised to find no one there but I wandered around looking for changes since I’d last been there and was just about to leave when a man in his mid-twenties walked in.

“Hi,” he said, “I’m Kieran. I’ve only just started here and I’m still working on the ideas that Darren has given me. Perhaps I could run them by you and see what you think, maybe even try some of them.”

“Hi, I’m Tanya, and before you say anything, I’m a lot older than I look. And yes, I’d like to have a bit of input into the competitions. As you can see I’m quite small and I don’t know if that will put me at a disadvantage to the other bigger girls – assuming that these competitions are only for girls that is.”

As I was talking I watched Kieran’s eyes as he looked me up and down. I’d started to calm down a bit since being in the workout room but watching Kieran watch me made me think about sex again and it wasn’t until I was actually doing it that I realised that I’d reached up and rolled both my nipples between finger and thumbs. As soon as I realised what I was doing my hands shot down to my sides. I blushed a bit but still felt a little wet rush.

“Well, Darren only suggested competitions for the girls but I’m also thinking about something like mixed wrestling.”

“What, one naked girl against one clothed guy!” I said, sounding surprised; “that doesn’t seem fair.”

“I was actually thinking about maybe two or three naked girls against one naked man.”

“That sounds better.” I said.

“Yeah, I’m going to have to think about that some more, maybe set-up a trial run, would you be interested Tanya?”

“Yeah, why not; just so long as there are some strict rules; I don’t want to end up in hospital.”

“No of course not; can I show you what I’ve got for the sort of obstacle course so far?”

“Why not?” I said, “I guess that you’d like me to try each one – just to prove that it can or can’t be done.”

“That would be great Tanya. I thought that I’d get the girls off to an easy start by getting them to walk in the crab position to the second challenge.”

“Like this.” I said, getting down into the said position and walking in the same direction as Kieran was. Kieran was walking faster than me and was watching me (or should I say my pussy) as I caught up with him.

“Then I thought about getting them to walk on their hands.”

“Like this.” I said as I put my hands up in the air and went over on to my hands and walked forward. I’d automatically done an upside down splits just like I always do.

When I caught up with Kieran again I lowered myself to my feet and stood up.

“Wow, do you always open your legs like that when you walk on your hands?”

“Yeah, it helps me balance.”

“Okay; you know that you put on a good show when you do that?”

I blushed a little and said,

“I guess so; my boyfriend always tells me that I should get my legs as parallel to the ground as I can.”

“I bet he does; okay, next I was thinking of getting them to do 10 jumping jacks before the serious obstacles start.”

As I was jumping up and spreading everything, I said,

“If this is designed to get the girls breasts bouncing up and down it will work for the ‘big’, but not me; the only thing that is bouncing up and down is my chain.”

“And very nice it is too Tanya.”

“Right, for the next challenge I was thinking of getting a big net and anchoring two opposite sides then getting the girls to crawl under it.”

“Yeah, that would work as long as it isn’t the type that you can get your hair stuck in it.”

“I assume that you mean the hair on the girls heads because from what I’ve seen so far, none of the girls have any hair down there.”

Kieran was looking down at my bald pussy as he said that and I got a little self-conscious, and little wetter.

“Next I was thinking of getting 2 rows of car tyres and the girls would have to run along putting a foot in each one.”

“Okay, another one for getting the breasts bouncing.” I said.

This time it was Kieran’s time to blush a little.

“My next idea was to use the wall bars. Each girl would have to back up to the bars, put her arms up and hold a bar then lift her legs up and out and hold it for 10 seconds.”

I did what Kieran described except that I automatically spread my legs wide when they got parallel to the floor. Kieran was stood in front of me and guess where he was looking.

When we got to the ropes hanging from the ceiling I smiled, hoping that Kieran would tell me that I had to climb one.

“Do you think that the girls would be able to climb to the top of one of these? I guess that it’ll be a bit difficult with bare feet.” Kieran said.

“No problem.” I said, and immediately started climbing. As soon as I touched the ceiling I started sliding down laying back a bit so that my clit was rubbing against the rope. I’d only got a few feet when I started cumming. I stopped and let it happen before starting down again. By the time I was half way down I started cumming again.

I stopped again, and waited for it to pass before starting down again. Instead of landing on my feet I put my legs out in front, parallel to the ground and just managed to cum again as my butt hit the floor. When I got up Kieran said,

“Did you just cu….”

“Yeah, 3 times;” I interrupted. Do you want me to do it again?”

Before Kieran could say anything I was off back up the rope.

Three more orgasms later Kieran said,

“Do you think that all the girls will be able to do that?”

“Do you mean climb up the rope; or cum?”

Kieran looked a little embarrassed then said,

“I mean climb the rope.”

“No, I did a lot of swimming at school and that built up my arm and leg muscles; not all girls will have that arm strength. I guess that you’ll just have to tell them to get as far as they can.”

“If it has the same effect on them as it does on you then I’ll forgive them for not getting to the top.”

“They’ll only cum if their pussies rub against the rope as they slide down.” I said.

“Let’s hope that they have good arm strength.”

I smiled and thought that there no way that some of the girls will be able to put on a show like I did.

“What’s next?” I asked.

“Well Tanya, that’s about all I’ve got so far, do you have any ideas?”

“Actually yes, another one for the wall bars; how about getting them to face the bars, arms out straight forward and grip a bar, then get them to lay back and walk up the bars leaving them hang upside down.”

“Show me please.” Kieran asked.

I went over to the wall bars and did it. Firstly it was harder than I thought; secondly I automatically spread my legs wide when I got upside down; and thirdly, I couldn’t work out how to get down. I had to ask Kieran to help me. He was a little nervous about lifting me, presumably because I was naked. When I was back on my feet he said,

“I’ll have to think about that one. Anything else?”

“Yeah, how about putting the vaulting box and a spring board in the course? You could get the girls to jump up and stand on the vaulting box with their hands and feet on the box, hands together and on the side of the box, and legs spread to the ends of the box. Get them to stay like that for 10 seconds before continuing round the course.

“That could work too, any more?”

“Only one; at the end of the course you could have a row of dildos screwed to the floor, like in the workout room; and the winner would be the girl who does the splits over a dildo and impales herself right down to the floor. You’d need someone to get up close and verify that they’re right down. You could do that by trying to slide your hand round the base of the dildo. If you can get your finger in then the girl isn’t right down.”

“I like that idea, I haven’t seen those in the workout room, I’ll have to go and have a look.”

“Yeah, you do that, I’m sure that the girls will appreciate you looking at them.”

Kieran had that typical male lustful look on his face and I imagined him watching me lower myself onto one of the dildos. I got another wet rush.

“Well, thank you for your input on that Tanya. It’s helped me a lot and I’m sure that I’ll incorporate most of your ideas into the course.”

“You’re welcome.” I said. “Kieran, you mentioned wrestling, I’ve never seen any of that before, what’s the objective, how do you win; or lose?”

“Well, the rules would be very different to what you see on television; I assume that the idea of girl wresting is to put on a show for the audience so the way to win is to have your opponent pinned down longer than they have you pinned down.”

“What do you mean by pinned down? Can you show me?”

“Well yes, I guess so. Let’s get into the ring; the padding on the floor is quite good.”

“Okay, but I can’t go rolling of the floor with this chain hanging between my tits. Can you unclip it for me? My boyfriend normally does it and it’s a bit fiddly doing it myself, I’m looking at it from the wrong angle.”

“Err, well; I guess that I can but it’s against the rules for a man to touch a girl here.”

“How can guys wrestle girls if they can’t touch them? I’m sure that Darren took that into consideration when he bought the ring.”

“But we’re not in the ring.”

“That’s easily solved.” I said and climbed up into the ring.

Kieran followed me and then just stood in front of me.

“Come on Kieran; I guess that you’re going to have your hands all over me when you show me what ‘pinned’ is.”

“I guess so; you don’t mind do you?”

“Not if it’s part of the wrestling.”

Kieran squat down so that his head was right in front of my chest and reached over to my left tit and started unscrewing the barbell. He couldn’t help touching my nipple and as he did I let out a soft moan.

Then he did my right tit and I moaned again.

“Okay, let’s get started; and remember to be gentle with me.” I said.

Kieran put his arms on my shoulders and I felt one of his legs behind me. The next thing I knew I was flat on my back and he was getting on his knees, one on each side of my chest; then he shuffled up so that his shorts covered cock and balls were right in front of my face.

“This is the most common ‘pin’, but there are others.” Kieran said.

“Can I try it please?”

“Yes.”

Kieran got off me and we got up then he let me push him flat on his back. I of course just did to him what he did to me; but my spread, wet pussy was now right in front of his face.

“You’ve got to remember to not get too close because your opponent has to breathe.”

“You mean don’t do this.”

I shuffled up a bit putting my pussy right on his mouth.

“Hmmmyyyyyyyeeee.”

My pussy was leaking juices like mad by then and he must have got a mouthful. I backed off then got up. When Kieran got up he said,

“Sometimes it’s possible to pin your opponent like that but facing the other way.”

“You mean like this.” I said and tripped him up again. This time though I pinned him with me facing his legs; my pussy right on his face and my butt sliding a little from side to side.

It was too much for me and I started cumming, arching my back and shaking and jerking. It was a good job that Kieran can hold his breath. My orgasm lasted longer than it needed to have because I’m sure that Kieran licked my pussy and chewed my clit.

As I was calming down I felt Kieran struggling so I quickly got up.

“Sorry Kieran, I just couldn’t help myself.”

“That’s okay, I’m not complaining….. There’s just one more ‘pin’ that I want to show you Tanya.”

Kieran helped me up and immediately tripped me up again. This time he lifted my legs up and over to my head and well apart; then knelt at my head and held my ankles down. My wide open, dripping pussy was about 2 feet from his face; and his bulging shorts were about 6 inches from my face.

I just lay there looking at his shorts while, I am sure, he was staring at my pussy and butt holes.

After a lifetime, probably only a few seconds, he let go of my ankles and stood up. I just stayed like I was for a few more seconds then swung my legs over and got up.

“Do you want to try that Tanya?”

“Yes please.”

This time I put my arms on his shoulders and stared into his eyes for a few seconds before pushing him back over my leg that was behind his. Down he went and I quickly grabbed his legs and pulled them over his head. They wouldn’t go down as far as mine do but I still managed to kneel down and hold his ankles down.

Of course my pussy was right over his face again and this time I was sure that he licked me. I came again, pressing down on his mouth as I did so. Again, Kieran managed to hold his breath for a while before easily pushing his legs up, lifting me up as he did so.

Back on our feet, Kieran started to say something but I interrupted saying,

“A bit revealing some of those ‘pins’ aren’t they?”

“And quite sexy.” Kieran replied. “You did cum again didn’t you?”

“Three times - again.” I replied.

Believe it or not I actually blushed a bit and I think that Kieran was a bit embarrassed too because he quickly said that it was enough for today and I picked up my chain and started walking towards the door. I was about half way there when he said,

“Thank you for your input Tanya, it was most helpful.”

“You should go to the workout room and watch the girls do the splits.” I replied.

I went to the sauna, put my chain back on while 2 men watched me and made myself cum twice before it got too hot for me; my little audience enjoying the show (I guess).

After a swim and lounging around while I dried off, I called in at the workout room just to see who was there and was it worth going in there again. Kieran was on an exercise cycle slowly pedalling away. There was no one doing the splits so I walked to Kieran and as I passed him I said,

“This is how you do it Kieran.”

I went and did the splits, fully impaling myself and letting out a loud,

“Ahhhhhh” as I bottomed out.

I stayed like that for a few seconds then raised and then lowered myself a few times; letting Kieran, and another 3 men who were watching me, see me fucking myself on the dildo. While I was watching them I was imagining what I was going to do to Ryan as soon as I got home.

The next time that I went to the gym I saw a notice asking for girls to sign-up for a gym competition. I was waiting for Ryan while I was reading it and he came up behind me and told me that I should sign-up for it. I added my name to the bottom of the long list.

**The twins**

**------------**

One Saturday Ryan and I were both at the gym and so were those twins. We’d got talking to them in the sauna and then again by the pool, and Ryan told them about my exercise cycle and my Sybian in our garage. Both twin’s eyes light up and one of them said that they’d love to have another go on a Sybian so Ryan offered to take them home and let them loose on my exercise machines.

I wasn’t worried by there being 2 more naked girls at our house or that Ryan (and maybe Tom) would be watching them pleasure themselves because I know that Ryan will always be mine and me his. Anyway, he’d just watched them masturbate in the sauna and they were laid with their legs wide open by the pool when he made the offer.

The twins jumped at the offer and asked if it would be okay for them to ride to our house naked, knowing that I would be. Of course Ryan agreed and a while later Ryan walked out of the gym and across the car park with 3 naked girls in tow, two carrying small bags and one not even wearing shoes.

Back home, Kate and Jude (I still can’t tell them apart) immediately asked if they could go into the garage.

“Wow, you’re keen.” Ryan said as he led them there and showed them how to work the Sybian controls. He left them, one pedalling away and the other lowering herself onto the Sybian.

About an hour later they appeared looking knackered and all sweaty.

“You’d better have a shower before I take you home.” Ryan said just as Jenny and Tom arrived. After saying hello, Ryan led them upstairs to the shower while I told Tom and Jenny what was going on.

By the time they came downstairs Jenny had stripped off and I’d got some drinks for everyone.

Shortly after that Ryan drove them home and they got out of our car still totally naked and walked into their house.

**Looking for a holiday**

**-------------------------**

Ryan and Tom have spent ages on the phone to their parents asking about their aunt and uncle that live in Spain. Apparently, they live on a farm on the outskirts of a little village, in the hills, only about an hour’s drive from the coast. Ryan’s mum had phoned them to find out more and to broach the idea of them having some guests for a couple of week. When she’d phone Ryan back she told him that the place had changed quite a lot since they’d moved there and there was now a small town built on the outskirts of the village. She told Ryan that the village still had some ‘unusual’ customs but wouldn’t elaborate other than to say that she thought we’d enjoy ourselves there.

Both Jenny and I weren’t convinced and both Ryan and Tom had mixed feelings. I told everyone that I’d prefer to go on another villa sitting holiday.

On the one hand it would be good to see their aunt and uncle and to be in the good weather; but on the other hand Ryan and Tom wanted Jenny and I to be able to be naked all the time. They wanted to expose our cute little bodies to lots of people. Jenny added that she wanted that as well. When I was aroused I agreed with them, but when I wasn’t I would rather go somewhere where I could at least wear a dress or skirt and top.

The other complication was the twins. After I’d told them about our previous holidays they’d asked if they could come with us. Of course Ryan and Tom liked the idea and to be honest I liked the idea of another couple of cute bodies to take people’s attention off me.

Anyway, in the end, and after another phone call from Ryan and Tom’s mum trying to persuade us to go and see her sister and her husband; we decided to go to the farm in the hills in Spain. I was still a little apprehensive and not sure that I would enjoy myself; I even had visions of me mucking-out some cows every morning or spending hours picking tomatoes or something.

You can read all about that holiday at www asstr org/~Vanessa/Twins07a.htm

*(cumming soon and I’m sure that you can work out what’s missing from the above link).*

I’ve decided to let Kate tell you all about that adventure for reasons that will become obvious when you read it.

**My Boy Dildo**

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Ryan’s bought me a new dildo (s?); a prosthetic penis and scrotum. This one is a bit weird in that it has 2 dildos, one for each hole. Both dildos have golf ball sized lumps on the end; the rectum one allows my sphincter to close and grip it and the vagina one has a sort of vibrating egg in the end. The joining bit has some sort of spring that tries to close the gap between the ends of the 2 dildos.

The circumcised penis and scrotum are very realistic. They’re made of some sort of silicone and even have a very realistic paint job. You can move the 2 spongy testicles inside the scrotum and the penis even bounces up and down when I walk. It’s in a bit of a semi-erect state but it doesn’t look like I’ve got a full hard-on.

Thankfully, it hasn’t got any hair on it.

It really does look real and you have to be close to me to tell that it’s not real.

When Ryan put it in me and I looked down I had thoughts back to Ryan getting me to dress as a boy so I’ve called it my boy dildo.

I had a very ‘strange’ Saturday shopping trip when Ryan got me to wear it with a short, thin skirt. When I was stood up there was a bulge in the front of the skirt and when I sat down the bulge was bigger and I really did look like a boy with a semi going commando under a skirt. Ryan had switched the vibrating egg part on before he put it in me and I felt very horny for most of the day - until the battery went flat. I really did want to flash my pussy but I daren’t, just in case someone thought I was a boy, wearing a skirt and flashing his bits.

So far, we haven’t shown my boy dildo to Jenny or Tom, Ryan wants to be able to surprise them when we go on holiday - if we get the opportunity.

Ryan hasn’t said anything about me wearing it and dressing as a boy but I can see that he’ll be getting me to go topless in some boy’s shorts then getting me in the male showers with real men all around me. I wonder if people will be able to tell it’s not real if I soap it all up like I do my body?

**Bottomless Party**

**---------------------**

Yes, another of Ryan’s ideas. When he mentioned it one Saturday morning at breakfast, Jenny was so excited. Ryan hadn’t fucked me that morning and I wasn’t very aroused. After her initial enthusiasm Jenny asked if the men had to be bottomless as well. I hadn’t thought about that and suddenly I got a bit more interested.

Ryan wasn’t that keen, neither was Tom but both Jenny and I told them that it was only fair, and after a bit of badgering, they both agreed. I could see that Jenny was quite excited at the thought of seeing a few cocks and I wondered if they would be hard all the time.

Ryan, Tom and Jenny spread the word around their friends and work / university colleagues but I said nothing at work; I didn’t want any of my work colleagues there, and eventually the big evening arrived.

Ryan picked the top that he wanted me to wear and guess what, it’s totally see through. Jenny borrowed another of my totally see through tops and that is all that we wore. I have to admit that until I’d had a couple of drinks I was a little embarrassed.

Twelve people arrived and I have to say that it was a good party, even if you ignore the semi nudity. The 12 people were half male and half female and it proved ‘interesting’ at times. Eight arrived with trousers or skirts on and stripped when they got there but the other 4 stripped in their cars and knocked on the door bottomless.

Only 3 people there had any pubic hair (and they were well trimmed) and 4 of the men admitted that they’d been waxed. Four of the girls told us that they’d had laser treatment to permanently remove their pubic hair.

Of course, quite a lot of the conversations were about being bottomless and the men’s erections; including Ryan’s. Amazingly, only one of the men was embarrassed by getting hard although none of the men flaunted their erections.

Most of the conversations between girls, to start with, were about the men’s erections.

It wasn’t long before most of the girls got fed-up with wearing tops and they got discarded over a period of about 15 minutes. That seemed to re-erect one or two sagging erections.

For a while the party went just like any other party but after a couple of hours the silly party games started. The drinking games turned to more ‘interesting’ games. Of course twister was the first of these and it proved very ‘interesting’. A couple of times girls collapsed onto some guys and there was a lot of groping and a bit of face sitting.

Then there was the blindfold game where all the men were blindfolded and they had to move around the room groping whoever they bumped into and they had to stop when they thought that they’d found their partner. I had to laugh when 2 of the men didn’t recognise their partner’s bodies and moved on to grope around (pun intended) for another girl. One of the girls suggested that they were doing it on purpose. At the end of the time limit only half of the men had found their partners.

After that the roles were reversed and from what Ryan later told me, all the girls wanked each guy that they found and 5 (including me) actually gave blowjobs in an attempt to identify if it was their partner. I guessed that the other girls were like me and just did it because we could.

Another thing, I’m sure that the guys extended the time limit because I was sucking my fourth cock when time was finally called.

That game just about got rid of any remaining inhibitions and Ryan and Tom went into the garage and brought my Sybian and exercise cycle into the living room. They were occupied for the rest of the night.

Whilst 2 girls started on those someone suggested that each girl write their name on a piece of paper. The thing was, they couldn’t use their hands, mouths or feet to hold the pen. They had to use their pussies and squat down. It was hilarious watching each girl try.

The pens started people thinking about what else girls could put in their pussies. As soon as someone said that, Ryan went and got our golf balls. Yes, as soon as he got back I had to demonstrate how many I could get in.

As usual, the fourth one wouldn’t stay in and everyone wanted to try to get that fourth one to stay in. I had 6 guys and 3 girls pushing that fourth ball into my pussy; some holding their hand there to try to keep it in.

After they gave up on me, some of the other girls wanted to try, or their partners wanted them to try, and the demand for golf balls outstripped the supply. But it was fun watching them.

All the time the Sybian and exercise cycle was in use and the night was interrupted with girl’s moans and screams as they orgasmed.

Then there were more moans and screams as Ryan produced a magic wand and that was put to good use.

The frustration of watching the girls get themselves off proved too much for most of the guys and eventually the fucking started. At least 2 couples were still at it when Ryan and I went to bed and I got fucked.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 24 – Ryan puts me in more embarrassing situations**

**-------------------------------------------------------------------**

**My Clit Ring**

**--------------**

I mean the little ring that my clit goes through, not the piercing through my clit hood.

About a year ago it stopped vibrating and after a while Ryan decided that it would have to come off. Now I don’t know if you remember how Ryan put it on my clit but it involved getting my clit VERY cold and then Ryan forcing the little ring over my very shrunk clit.

To get it off Ryan decided that he’d have to stretch my clit and gently ease it off. When it came to the appointed time Ryan teased me right up to just before cumming 3 times before he said that he was going for it. His theory was that I’d be so desperate to cum that a bit of pain would be lost in the pleasure. As for lubrication, I suggested some butter but Ryan said that I’d be producing more than enough.

He was right, my pussy was oozing and as he pulled on the ring I started cumming and never felt a thing.

Fast forward until we got back from holiday (see ‘We hate clothes’ parts 7a, 7b and 7c where one of the twins writes all about that holiday); in the pile of post waiting for us was the ring. We were both quite excited. The next morning Ryan decided that it was going to be put back where it belongs. As he teased my clit up to the point of cumming he told me that he was going to try a different way of putting it on.

It still involved ice and just as I was about to cum he slapped the ice cubes on for a couple of minutes while the fingers on his other hand were fucking me. When he thought I was ready he slid the little ring over a pair of slim tweezers and gripped the end of my clit. It was so cold that I hardly felt a thing.

Then Ryan pulled on the tweezers, stretching my clit so much that the ring slid off the end of the tweezers and over my clit. Still stretching my clit, Ryan used another pair of tweezers to push the ring as far down as it would go.

As soon as he was happy, Ryan dropped the tweezers and used his mouth to warm me up; and to make me cum.

In the same package as my ring was a note saying that the manufacturer had upgraded it and that each charge would now last 2 days and each random vibration would now last double the time.

Jenny and Tom thought I had gone crazy when I went out of our room wearing the charging knickers. When I showed them why Jenny said that she was jealous and couldn’t wait until her and Tom got jobs and could afford things like that.

Since that day I’ve had a bit of a smile on my face all the time. It’s great to have mini-orgasms at almost any unexpected time but I was embarrassed one time on the second day back at work when I was giving a presentation to my boss (Tim) and a client and I shuddered, clenched my teeth and closed my eyes for about 20 seconds when I was stood right in front of them. Tim asked me if I was okay. I wanted to say that I’d just cum but I didn’t have the courage.

Sometimes those random zaps take me over the edge and I have a full blown orgasm where ever I happen to be. Fortunately, so far, I’ve always been on my own when that has happened but I’m sure that it’s going to be really embarrassing sooner or later.

Another thing that the ring has brought back is the need for me to go to the rest room more often to clean myself up. My pussy is constantly leaking and because I never wear knickers the insides of my thighs are wet quite often.

**The gym**

**----------**

Even though I’d had some amazing fun on holiday in Spain, I’d still missed my visits to the gym. That first week back I took 2 flex afternoons and went there on my own. Each time I’d worn a remote vibe set on low all morning so that I could have fun without being embarrassed or feeling humiliated. With that and my clit ring I was quite happy and quite horny by the time I’d got to the gym.

I felt super horny as I started displaying my pussy with the clit ring on, and the men seemed to stare for even longer. I had a couple of orgasms just watching those men stare at me; and that was before I got on the dildo exercise cycle.

The second afternoon was the best; Kieran was in the workout room when I got there and he watched me all the time. We exchanged hellos and he complemented me on my all-over tan. The twins arrived after I’d been there for about half an hour and we talked while stretching and exercising and in between one of us cumming.

It didn’t take long for Kate to spot my clit ring. At first she just said that I looked different. I was stood on both feet and she said that my clit was sticking out more than normal.

I didn’t say anything; instead I lifted my right leg up so that my right foot was way above my head.

“What the fuck is that?” Jude said as they both got down on their knees to get a better look.

As I stood there I told them all about it and they both said that they were jealous and that they wanted one.

As we got back into our synchronised routine of exposing our pussies the twins made life even more pleasurable for me because each time one of them started to cum they’d both quietly say ‘treadmill’ over and over.

When we left the room Kieran followed us and asked me if I’d give him my opinion on the changes that he’d made to his ‘obstacle challenge’ as he called it.

Jude and Kate looked at me and Jude asked me what Kieran was on about. Kiran’s response was to invite them to join us and give him their opinion as well.

When we walked into the big room Kate said that it was very different to when she’d first looked in there. It was setup very much like it had been when I’d last been there.

“It’s really only setup for 2 girls to go round at a time,” Kieran said, “so how about you 2 having ago and Tanya and I can assess how it goes and look for places that I can improve it. The only problem is that I can’t tell you 2 apart; can you Tanya?”

“Yeah, it’s easy.” I said. I walked up to Kate, put my hand on her pussy and then eased her legs apart.

“See!” I said, letting Kieran look closely at her pussy. “Kate has a little mole right there.”

Kieran continued to stare for a few seconds then said,

“Yeah, but that’s not easy to see most of the time.” Kieran said.

“You can have a close-up look anytime that you want Kieran.” Kate replied.

“There is an easier way to tell us apart.” Jude said, pointing to her nipples. “I’ve got the rings and Kate’s got the barbells.”

After a few seconds of staring Kieran said,

“Oh yes; right; rings for Jude and barbells for Kate. I’ll try to remember that. You don’t swap them at all do you?”

“Maybe!” Jude said.

After a few more seconds during which Kieran was still staring at Kate’s and Jude’s rock hard nipples, I decided to break the spell by saying,

“Right, shall we get started? Kieran, do you mind if I join in and compete against Kate and Jude where I can. I need the exercise.”

“Yeah, sure.” Kieran replied as he led us over to where he said the start was.

“Right, I think that everything is obvious but if you get stuck I’ll be right there to explain it. Okay, the race is between Kate and Jude. When I say ‘go’ you need to walk in the crab position until the first white line; then walk on your hands until the next white line. ……. Okay, GO.”

All 3 of us got down and started walking on our hands and feet, pussies thrust up as high as we could, Kieran following and looking at each of our pussies in turn. When we got to the first white line it was up onto our hands and keep going. I was leading with Kate and Jude, neck and neck.

I got to Kieran first and got up onto my feet and watched the twins finish. I was pleased to see that both of them were walking on their hands with their legs spread wide. As they crossed the line Kieran said,

“Right, 20 Jumping Jacks ladies.”

As I did mine I watched 4 little tits wobble on the twins chests. Kieran was watching them as well.

We all finished about the same time and Kieran said,

“Do the splits 5 times and after each one jump up in the air, hands as high as you can.”

We all dropped down, legs parallel to the floor then jumped up. Just as I got down the second time the little ring zapped me. I was so horny that it was a proper orgasm and I just stayed down, legs spread wide as I shook and moaned. Meanwhile the twins were jumping up in the air and getting down again.

“You okay Tanya?” Jude asked.

“Yeah she is,” Kate said, “she’s just cum; haven’t you Tanya?”

I nodded my head while Kate and Jude got on with their 5. They were just finishing as I got back to my feet and said to Kieran,

“You will be having volunteers with their hands on the floor to check that we get right down won’t you?”

“Of course!” Kieran replied.

Next it was under the big net. I passed on that one as there was only room for the 2 of them.

Then it was the climbing ropes. Unfortunately there are only 2 of them and as the race was between Kate and Jude, I stood back to watch. Both of them were struggling and could only manage to get about ¾ of the way up. As they climbed I shouted to them,

“When you’re ready to come down make sure that the ropes tight against your pussy. If you lean back you’ll find it easier and more fun.”

“What!” Kate said, but when she got as far as she could I shouted to remind her to lean back and slide down slowly.”

She did, in fact both of them did and within a couple of seconds Kieran and I could hear the ‘ooows’ and ‘aarrggghs’ and ‘oh fucks’. Then they both stopped and in stereo we could hear,

“I’m cuuuuummming.”

They both had the sense to make themselves cum one more time before getting to the bottom where Jude said,

“Fucking hell, I never would have thought of that. Can I have another go?”

Kieran said not and reminded them that it was a race. Both looked a little dejected until they saw the next ‘obstacle’.

It’s a bar that swings out from the side of the room at something like 18 inches above their heads. Standing underneath of the bar are 2 big traffic cones with a pole sticking up from the middle. On the top of each pole is a big dildo; the tip being about at the bottom of the twin’s rib cages. On the floor next to the cones were 2 tubes of KY Gel. When I saw them I laughed and said to Kieran,

“You won’t need those; if a girl’s entered this challenge she’ll have more than enough natural lubrication.”

Kieran looked a bit embarrassed then explained that the twins had to jump up, grab the bar, pull themselves up and then lower themselves onto the dildos. The task was complete when they were fully impaled.

Both girls jumped up, grabbed the bar and started to pull themselves up. I don’t know how Kieran measured the right length of the pole in the middle of the cone but both girls had to strain to get high enough to have their pussies over the dildo. Kieran and I watched as they moved their butts around to line-up the dildo with their holes. Then they lowered themselves, the dildo slowly disappearing.

“Well done girls,” Kieran said, “now you have to pull yourselves back up and off the dildo then lower yourself onto it again.”

“I don’t think that I can.” Jude said.

“Come on, you can do it.” I shouted.

A bit more of each dildo became visible but it was obvious that they were struggling.

“Help me please!” Kate said.

Kieran immediately moved in and stood in front of Kate, put his arms round her, grabbed her butt and lifted her up and off the dildo. As he held her, Kate let go of the bar and her tits slid down his face until her feet were on the ground.

“Err Guys,” Jude said, “do you think you could help me as well please?”

I stepped forward but Kieran beat me to it and lifted Jude down the same way as he had Kate.

Challenge over, and both failed, I told Kieran that he’d better have a couple of strong guys waiting there just in case the same thing happened again. I added that I’d hate to think what would happen if a girl had her whole weight pressing down on one of those dildos.

“Hmm, yes, you’re right Tanya; I never thought of that.” Kieran said.

“Well you wouldn’t would you, you’re a man; but don’t take this challenge out, just have some guys there waiting to help. I think that the girls and the guys will like that.”

Both Kate and Jude giggled.

“Right, what’s next?” Jude asked.

“Okay,” Kieran said as he walked us over to 2 dildos screwed to the floor. “I got this idea from in the workout room and developed it to give you more exercise. What you have to do is stand with your feet either side of one of these then squat down impaling yourself as you go. When you’ve got right down you need to spring up and do a jumping jack. You need to do that 5 times. Oh, and just in case you were thinking of not going down all the way, someone will have their hand at the base to check.”

“That sounds fun.” Kate said, “Who’s going to check us now?”

Kieran looked at me so I said,

“Don’t look at me, I can’t reach both of them at the same time; you’ll have to do it Kieran.”

“Ooow goody!” Jude said.

All 3 got into the required position, Kieran flat on his back with arms stretched as far as he could, which was just far enough for him to get his thumb round each dildo.

“Go!” I shouted and down the twins went. Both of them going far enough for Kieran’s thumb and fingers to touch their pussies.

Up they went then down again. As they went through that 5 times they both started lingering while they were down on the dildos. It really looked like they were trying to rub their pussies on Kieran’s hands. That was sort of confirmed when they finished the 5 and Kieran got up, both his hands were quite wet and shiny.

“That was easy for you,” Kieran said, “I think that I’ll have to get some small dumbbells for you to lift during the real thing.”

“That was quite real for me.” Jude said.

“Ah, yes, well,” Kieran replied, “shall we go on to the next challenge?”

I didn’t understand the next challenge at first, there were 2 ten-pin bowling pins stood on the floor; that’s all.

“Okay girls,” Kieran said, “the whole idea of a gym is for people to exercise their muscles. This challenge exercises muscles that don’t normally get exercise. This challenge requires you each to move one of those pins from where they are to the white line up there, and back again. It sounds easy doesn’t it, but you can’t use your hands and you can’t touch the pin with your feet.”

I twigged before the twins did and a big grin appeared on my face. Then the twins got it.

“You mean we have to pick it up with our pussies?” Jude asked.

“That sounds fun.” Kate added.

“That’s right Jude – isn’t it? Okay, get ready girls.”

I knew that this obstacle would take a while; all 3 pussies in that room were extremely wet so those pins would be sliding out quite often. Also, I knew that neither girl had been doing kegel exercises. I left them to it and went back to one of the climbing ropes; I wanted to cum.

As I was climbing up the rope I could hear the odd thud and cuss as the pins slid out. I kept climbing then slid down making myself cum 3 times.

Both girls had not quite finished when I got back and as I stood there laughing Kate said,

“Okay smarty pants, you try it; let’s see if you can do any better.”

I wasn’t going to miss a chance like that and when Kate crossed the line and let the pin slide out again I went over and stood the pin up. Squatting down and impaling myself on the pin, I then stood up and started waddling along.

“Bloody hell Kate,” I said; “you’re really gushing today.”

It was hard work and my pussy muscles were starting to hurt but I managed to make it there and back with the pin only sliding out once.

“I’ll show you a few exercises that can help you with those pins, and other things that you may just want in there sometime.” I replied.

Kieran looked a bit puzzled then said,

“Well that’s it girls, what do you think?”

The girls summed it up quite well when Kate said,

“Can we do it again please.”

“So I can put your names down as contestants then?” Kieran asked.

“Of course!” All 3 of us said.

“Good, thank you girls.”

“What about the wresting Kieran?” I asked.

“It’s coming along.”

“What’s that about wrestling?” Jude asked.

“I’ve been thinking about organising some amateur wrestling fun in the ring.” Kieran said.

“Can we have a go please? We do that at home on our bed sometimes, and sometimes in the lounge when Max has some of his mates over. They like watching us, especially when we stop struggling and start exercising our tongues a bit.” Kate said.

I knew what Kate meant, but Kieran obviously didn’t and he got that puzzled look on his face again.

The twins didn’t wait to be asked and they climbed into the ring and started trying to get each other on the floor. From where I was stood I couldn’t tell who was who but it wasn’t long before they were rolling on the floor. They were soon in the 69 position and after a short pause each mouth attacked the other’s pussy.

Kieran and I just stood there watching them eat each other out. It was only when one of them shouted that she was cumming that I realised that my right hand was on my pussy and my index finger was rubbing my clit. Poor Kieran must have been in a real state. His shorts definitely had a big tent in them.

As things in the ring calmed down, Kieran said,

“Actually girls, I meant a one girl against one man.”

Both twins just stared a Kieran as he continued,

“The aim of the bout is for one to pin the other’s shoulders to the mat. There are strict rules saying no hair pulling and no trying to hurt the other person. I’m guessing that competing against a naked girl and her finding it easy to distract him, will even things out. Tanya and I have already had a session and to be fair, I was whooped by her. She was way too quick for me and I just couldn’t concentrate.”

Jude jumped in,

“Okay, I’ll take you on Kieran.”

Kieran’s face lit up. I wanted to say that whenever any man took on a naked girl in this gym it would quickly end up with the girl’s pussy on the man’s face and quite probably, a big wet patch on the man’s shorts.

I wasn’t wrong; Jude quickly got Kiran on the floor, her knees on his shoulders and her arms holding his legs down. Her face was VERY close to the front of his shorts. She was probably dreaming about what was outlined in front of her.

Kieran didn’t waste the opportunity either and Jude quickly started cumming.

A couple of minutes later Kate was in the ring lifting Jude up and telling her that it was her turn.

Meanwhile my right hand was still busy and I came about the same time as Kate did.

After that Kate and Kieran got out of the ring and Kieran said,

“Well, what do you think girls?”

“Go live with it Kieran, put the sheet up, get the volunteers and get started.” I said.

“That was fun,” Kate said, “I want to do it again with all the guys in here watching me; and can I pick the guy that I wrestle with?”

“Me too.” Jude said.

“Well I don’t know about that, but okay I’ll get the sheet up. Keep looking at the notice board girls.”

The 3 of us left and headed for the sauna; the twins talking about which guy they wanted to get into the ring with.

The rest of the afternoon was good; 4 more orgasms before deciding that I’d better head for home.

**The Party**

**-----------**

Ryan got an invite to a party from one of the new bosses in his office. I hadn’t met the guy so I was going a bit blind. At least I’d know some of the other people that Ryan works with; maybe Karen and Emma would be there I thought.

Ryan wanted to make an impression so he went in smart casuals and I wore just one of my nicer dresses and heels. I felt good as Ryan introduced me to his new boss.

“Ah yes,” Owen said; “I’ve heard so much about you and seen quite a few photographs. They don’t do you justice.”

Boy was I embarrassed. The guy had obviously seen photos of me naked and people must have told him about some of the things that Ryan had got me to do.

“Hey Tanya,” Owen said, “Don’t be embarrassed; you sound and look like an amazing girl, Ryan’s a lucky guy.”

Someone else arrived and Owen moved over to them.

“I need a drink.” I said, and we went looking for the booze. We found it; and Karen.

Karen and I talked while Ryan circulated. After a while things went quite quiet and Karen and I hit the bottle.

Shortly after that Owen called everyone into the lounge and told us that he was going to liven things up by getting everyone to take off one item of clothing. He added that shoes and socks didn’t count.

I turned to Karen and said,

“Oh shit, I’ve only got this dress on.”

“And I’ve only got this top and skirt on.” Karen added.

After a few seconds of silence everyone started talking at once then items of clothing started getting thrown to the side of the room.

“I’ll support you as much as I can girl.” Karen said as she dropped her skirt to the floor leaving her bottomless.

I finished my drink and unzipped my dress. I looked round for Ryan for support but he was nowhere to be seen so I shrugged my shoulders shaking my dress of my shoulders and it fell to the ground.

“Whoa there!” A man nearby said, “Look at this; the stories are true; Tanya’s buck naked.”

I turned my head towards him and gave him a filthy look. Then Karen said,

“I see that you’ve got your little clit ring back. Ryan told me that he’d put it back on you; I can see your little clit poking out.”

Just then Ryan appeared and put his arm round me.

“You look gorgeous TT; I’m so proud of you. Come and show Owen.”

Bloody hell, my boyfriend wanted to show my naked body to his new boss. I think that I blushed again.

“Wow Tanya!” Owen said, looking me up and down; “you truly are amazing. I love the jewellery. You look so young.”

Just then my little clit ring zapped me and I had to grit my teeth for a few seconds then I managed to say,

“Why thank you Owen. I know that I don’t look it but I’m actually only a few months younger than Ryan.

“Oh, you carry it well young lady;” Owen continued, “would you mind posing for a selfie with me?”

“Yeah sure, why not;” I replied. By that time the booze was making me quite happy and any embarrassment was just history.

“Yeah, go for it girl,” Ryan said; “maybe some others would like selfies with you as well.”

“Err yes, okay then.” I replied, not really expecting anyone to want a photograph with me in it; even if I was naked.

How wrong could I be? Ryan led me round the house asking everyone if they wanted a selfie with me in it and just about everyone did; even the couple of guys who didn’t have their phones with them. Ryan lent them his phone and then sent the photo to their phones so that they could pick them up later.

As we went round I realised that I was the only one there that was fully naked. Okay, Karen was bottomless and a couple of girls were topless, but I was totally naked. It was a good job that I’d had a few drinks.

When we’d final got round everyone I was feeling a little tired, and drunk, so Ryan asked Owen if I could lay down for a while. He said that I could and pointed us to one of the bedrooms. Ryan turned the light off, leaving me on the bed. Within seconds I was fast asleep.

When I woke up the light was still off but Ryan was between my legs using his tongue on my pussy. I just opened my legs a bit more and enjoyed it.

A few minutes later I started to cum as Ryan kept going. After I’d cum again I sighed and relaxed. Ryan got up and I was expecting the light to come on but I heard, then saw the door opening; then close.

“Where’s he going?” I thought.

After he hadn’t returned after a few minutes I got up and went to the bathroom to freshen up. When I came out I went back to the party and found Ryan.

“Where did you go?” I asked.

“Nowhere love, I’ve been here talking to Karen for ages haven’t I Karen?”

“He sure has!”

I was confused; was Ryan messing with my mind, was it a case of accidental cunnilingus, did someone accidentally get the wrong vagina, had I just been mouth raped; or what? It wouldn’t be the first time that Ryan had messed with my mind. I decided to keep quiet for a while; maybe Ryan would come clean later.

I was feeling better after my nap and it was a good job because the party went on for quite a while. We had a great time dancing and talking and I just about forgot that I was naked. I even tried to leave without my dress but Owen shouted after us and I went back for it.

**My Boy Dildo**

**----------------**

Ryan did what I’d been half expecting, he took me to a sports centre in a city about 15 miles away with me dressed as a boy. Before we left home Ryan had got me to take all my nipple jewellery and my clit hood chain off. I left the barbell and stirrup in my clit hood because they’d be covered by the boy dildo.

I’d remembered the teenage boy’s way of doing things and we walked into the men’s changing rooms with me feeling quite a bit nervous.

That boy dildo was just as uncomfortable as it had been the previous times that I’d worn it. Wearing those shorts gave me a great insight into why men walk the way they do. They have my sympathy.

Anyway, the thing that was different to the last time that I’d been in a men’s changing room was that this time Ryan told me to turn and face the men in there. There I was; naked, facing 2 naked guys in the shower. It was then that I realised that heterosexual men don’t look at other naked men. Neither of them looked at me other than a quick glance, and then I decided that I’d better not stare at them.

It was so different to being naked in a girl’s changing room where most of the women in there will talk to one another regardless of their state of dress.

Ryan had switched the vibe on just before we’d got out of the car and my arousal factor was going up as I got dressed ready to play squash. As we walked to the court I looked down at my chest and saw that the tight T-shirt had 2 prominent bulges in the front.

How the hell do men run around with those ‘things’ dangling between their legs? Mine are soft and spongy but they still kept making their presence known. I wondered if running around with them dangling made them get aroused but Ryan was running around as much as I was and he showed no signs of getting hard.

After about 10 minutes the vibrators got the better of me and I lost a point as I stopped to cum; Ryan just grinning at me.

After about 20 minutes Ryan stopped and took his shirt off. As he did so he looked at my chest and nodded. He wanted me to take my top off as well, so I did. I looked down at my chest and saw that my nipples were as hard as they felt.

We never finished the game because I came again, just as a man was walking passed the glass end of the court. He gave me a strange look as he kept walking.

It was a topless walk back to an empty men’s changing room where we changed into swimming shorts and went looking for the pool. I felt quite naughty walking around the leisure centre topless but having cum twice since I’d got there, I didn’t really care.

We messed around in the pool for a while and it was difficult for me keep my hands of Ryan but that would have looked more weird than it actually was. Having said that, no one gave me any strange looks, probably because there were teenage boys there with tits a lot bigger than mine.

When it came time for us to get out Ryan walked me all round the pool on the way to the changing rooms. Another orgasm was building so I didn’t care if anyone had looked at me or said anything.

There were quite a few teenage boys and men getting showered and changed and just before we went it Ryan told me to get my shorts off as soon as we got to our locker. When I had, Ryan indicated to me to turn round so that I was facing all those men. The strange thing was that none of them took any notice of me; even when we walked to the showers with our towels over our shoulders. How Ryan didn’t get a hard-on I will never know but he didn’t.

My pussy was on fire and that vibrator inside me was giving me serious problems. I didn’t want to cum in the showers with all those men around me but I couldn’t help it.

I gritted my teeth and just stood there under the shower with my back to everyone. I couldn’t help it as a long groan came out of my mouth and the man next to me turned and looked at my face.

“Are you alright son?” He asked.

I couldn’t answer but Ryan did,

“Yeah, he’s okay, he’s just cumming.”

“Yeah right.” The man said as he turned his face away from us.

We finished showering and went and got dressed, me remembering not to groom myself as I normally would.

As soon as we got back to the car I climbed in the back, got those stupid shorts off, pulled the dildo out and begged Ryan to fuck me.

He did.

**The twins**

**------------**

While I was at the gym one afternoon, and the twins were there, Jude asked me if they could come round one day before they went back to school. They wanted to ride my Sybian and exercise bike without worrying about anyone else wanting to have a go. That was okay by me, and I was sure that Ryan wouldn’t object. I told them that Jenny and Tom wouldn’t be there because they’d gone off to visit a friend for a few days and where we keep a spare key. I told them to go round anytime that they liked, but to be sensible; that I didn’t want to get home and find them fucked to death by those machines.

Kate laughed and asked if they could lift my bike off the frame and take it for a ride.

“Only if you put some clothes on first.” I said.

Anyway, a few days later Ryan and I arrived home and could hear moans and cries of pleasure coming from the garage. Ryan had forgotten that I told him that twins could come round and he rushed into the garage expecting to find intruders. Both Kate and Jude were in the middle of intense orgasms and didn’t see him barge in. After Ryan had absorbed what he’s seen he backed out and left them to it.

Forty-five minutes later 2 naked, very sweaty and tired girls walked in and were surprised to see us there. Ryan sent them upstairs to have a shower.

When they came back down Kate said that they hadn’t had the time to take the bikes (they wanted to use Ryan’s bike as well) and asked if they could come back another day.

I got them a drink and while we all relaxed Kate told us that their brother’s mates had gone round the day after they’d got back from holiday and wanted them to put on a show for them. Of course they obliged but Jude had told them that they’d decided that after school started again they were going to start charging money for the shows; that they had a few expensive things that they wanted to buy.

Jude told them that they were going to produce a price list for the services that they’d provide.

“So you’re going to prostitute yourselves?” Ryan asked.

“Well, we hadn’t thought about it like that,” Jude said, “but I guess that you’re right. We just want some money to buy a Sybian and a few ‘toys’. Nothing wrong with that is there?”

Ryan laughed and then asked them to let him have a copy of their price list.

Kate came straight back with,

“Oh no, we wouldn’t charge you, you can fuck us anytime that you like.”

“Careful what you’re offering.” I replied, “he might just take you up on that.”

“Anytime!” Jude replied, tweaking her nipples as she said it.

Two days later we got home to find both mine and Ryan’s bikes missing from the garage. A couple of hours later two very tired and satisfied girls returned and asked if they could have a shower.

**The Human Sexuality Class and the Television programme**

**---------------------------------------------------------------------**

Ryan really dropped me in it this time. He ‘volunteered’ me for another art model session at the local college (well that’s what he told me it was). We had the usual argument with me saying that I didn’t want to do it and that we didn’t need the money; but as usual, Ryan won.

I knew that I’d need to be a bit aroused to be able to go through with it and I put one of my remote controlled vibes in my pussy before I went to work; my logic being that if it gently purred away inside me all day then I’d be sufficiently aroused when I got to the college to not be too embarrassed.

What I hadn’t planned on was being very busy all day and the batteries going flat mid-morning. I was so busy that when the vibe stopped buzzing I thought that I’d just go out at lunch time and get some new ones. The problem was, Tim (my boss) had got some lunch brought in for the meetings with a big client and we had a working lunch.

It was only when I finally got back to my desk at 4 p.m. that I remembered what Ryan had lumbered me with. Sex was the last thing on my mind at that time and I got quite concerned knowing that I just had to go through with it.

Before leaving work I went to the rest room to freshen up a bit and remove the vibe; and then on the way to the bus stop I stopped at a shop to get some more batteries. I think that I did that because I was so nervous and worried; I wasn’t thinking straight because we had a big box of batteries at home.

During the bus ride there I was squeezing my legs together trying to get a bit aroused but the dread of having to strip-off and stand there whilst a load of students ogled at my body far outweighed what little arousal I managed to get

by repeatedly squeezing my legs together.

I was almost shaking as I walked into the college and the classroom.

I was expecting to see a load of students to be there with Dan (the art teacher) and Fred (haven’t a clue what he teaches) but I wasn’t expecting there to be about 6 other men, a load of cameras and a few big lights on stands.

I just stood there wondering what the fuck was going on and Dan had to say hello twice before I came back to reality and spoke to Dan.

“Hi Tanya,” Dan said, “Welcome back and thank you so much for volunteering to help us out again. I hope that Ryan was right when he said that you wouldn’t mind the television camera crew being here to record the session for a television documentary about human sexuality.”

“What? I, I, I guess not.” I replied, not really knowing what was going on, or realising what I was saying. I thing I was subconsciously knowing that Ryan wouldn’t put me in any danger. Dan didn’t really give me much time to think about it as he ushered me over to meet the film crew’s director.

After the introductions, Anthony (the director) said,

“Tanya, Fred has told me how your last session went and I’d like to follow the same format if that’s alright with you. The camera crew will be moving around all the time and I might stop things occasionally, just to get you into a better position for a better recording; just try to ignore the crew; pretend that they’re not here. Okay?”

“No not really.” I was thinking, but when my mouth opened I actually said,

“Yeah sure, just put me in any position that you want.”

What was wrong with me, why do I end-up doing these things? I just wanted to get it over with so I said,

“Okay, can we get started please?”

“Of course,” Anthony said, “but one slight difference please, can you strip off now instead of waiting until we get to the inspection part? It’ll make better television.”

I felt my jaw drop for a second and then a heavy feeling in my stomach as I looked round and saw about 25 pairs of eyes all staring at me.

“Oh fuck!” I thought as my hands moved up to the top button on my blouse.

I knew that it was a mistake looking at all those people but for some stupid reason I looked straight into the eyes of all those people. My hands were shaking as I slowly un-buttoned my blouse, pushed it back on my shoulders and let it drop to the floor. Why had I decided to wear the long chain that goes from nipple to nipple that morning?

As I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor I remembered my clit hood chain and I remember feeling my face flush up.

I heard a few whispers as I was picking up my clothes and putting them on a nearby chair, but I couldn’t work out what they were saying. I turned and stood there, totally naked in front of going on for 30 people, at least two thirds of them men. I was glad when Fred said his bit to the class about questions first and a young man asked me why I wasn’t wearing any underwear. Another young man broke the tension in the room by saying that I hadn’t got anything worth putting in a bra.

That got a few laughs, me a little bit as well and I answered with,

“Yes, he’s right; I’m lucky enough not to have big breasts that need supporting all the time and besides, you look as if your man boobs are bigger than mine; do you wear a bra?”

That got a bigger laugh and the young man looked nearly as embarrassed as I had been. Yes, the conversation and laughs had loosened me up a bit and I was starting to relax.

The questions went on, all of them similar to the ones the previous time that I’d fallen for Ryan’s trick to get me in that situation.

One difference was that when I got asked how long I’d been naked for in one run, I found myself telling them about our last holiday in Spain with Ryan’s Aunt, Uncle and Cousin (see ‘We hate clothes’ parts 7a, 7b and 7c where one of the twins tell you all about that holiday).

I managed to NOT tell them about the Virgin Mary floating through the village, nor the orgy at that rich kid’s parent’s villa; but I did start telling them about our ‘dance’ routine, but missed out the bit about the finale.

Of course the ‘dance’ routine subject brought up the subject of how we’d got started with it and I found myself telling them all about the gym; well not everything about the gym; and not about why most of the girls go there.

I was starting to relax quite well, and even feeling a little aroused, so when someone asked to see some of the ‘dance’ routine, and most of the people there supported him, I stood up and got into some of the poses. That ended when I was walking on my hands with legs spread wide and I slipped and collapsed onto one of the cameras. The poor man didn’t know what to do when my pussy ended-up on his chest not far from his face.

When I stood back up I realised that my arousal was increasing and that my pussy felt quite wet.

The questions started to do the opposite to my pussy, and it dried up. After a long silence, Fred looked at Anthony then said that the lesson would move on to the physical part.

My arousal was killing most of my embarrassment but I still blushed a little as Fred told me to get on the table. I climbed up and sat with my lower legs hanging over the front edge of the table. Instinctively, I’d spread my knees so that everyone could have a good look.

As I got comfortable Fred appeared with a big triangular pillow so that I could lay back but still see the people in the room.

The format of the evening changed a bit from the previous time as Fred asked for volunteers to come to the front and point-out different parts on my anatomy. Of course it was the young men who were first to volunteer and before long I had a geeky looking youth touching the different parts of my pussy and speaking the names of them. He actually managed to get all of them right but just as Fred was thanking him he touched my clit again and said,

“I’m a bit confused by these 2 rings, how come you’ve got 2 of them?”

“Tanya, would you like to answer that?” Fred said.

I explained the difference between a clit hood ring and an actual clit ring, and got a couple gasps from the girls when I explained how Ryan had put the actual clit ring on me (Ryan had only put that clit ring back on me about a week before. He’d had to take it off me a few months earlier and return it to the manufacturer when it had stopped charging).

By that time, the inevitable was getting close to happening and just as the second young man touched my clit I exploded into a wonderful orgasm. As I calmed down I looked out and saw one of the cameras.

“Oh shit,” I thought, “will that go out on national television?”

I hoped not.

It was then that Fred told the students about ‘treadmill’.

Fred was avoiding saying the actual word as he told everyone about the sort of hypnotisation but just as he sounded as if he was going to get through it without saying ‘that’ word someone asked him what the word was.

As he told them I started cumming again. Of course, most of the audience said the word and I had one after another after another orgasm. I was really up there, back arched, shaking about and moaning and swearing.

I was wet with sweat as I started to relax.

It was then that one of the young men reminded me that I’d said that I often carry a vibrator around with me in my bag. When I confirmed that I had, he asked me if I had one with me that night. Saying that I had, he asked me if I could show him.

I got him to pass me my bag and got the little remote vibe out. He looked puzzled so I explained that it was a remote controlled one and that it is usually pushed right inside me. He held his hand out saying,

“Can I hold it please?”

I passed it to him and within a second he was pushing it inside my pussy (my legs were still wide open).

I looked even more surprised as he picked up the control and switched it on. I gasped as he grinned, knowing that he had control over my body.

I gasped some more as he turned it up to full power and passed the control to one of his mates.

Just about all the students took it in turn to play with the control and look at me as they did so and the vibe kept going slow then fast. I must have had 7 or 8 orgasms as that control went round the room. It was only as I calmed down that I saw Fred holding the control and a camera man stood between my legs.

“Oh fuck,” I thought as I remembered the TV crew.

“I thought that I’d better retrieve that before you passed out.” Fred said as he held out the control for me to take.

“Thank you.” I said as I switched the vibe completely off and put the control back into my bag.

Fred turned to face the students and told them that the lesson was ended and thanked them for their participation. Then he told them a few other things about future lessons before turning to me and asking everyone to thank me for volunteering to help.

Fred then went and got a towel for me saying that he’d come prepared this time. I said to myself,

“If I’d been properly prepared I wouldn’t have been there.”

As I was getting dressed Anthony came over to me and asked me to sign some sort of permission form. Then he asked me how long it had taken for me to get ‘programmed’ (as he called it) to orgasm every time that someone said ‘treadmill’. Of course the inevitable happened and I orgasmed right in front of him. He was still there when I got back to normal and he apologised, but he didn’t sound too convincing.

I told him that it took about 6 months, to which he replied,

“And worth every second.”

I wasn’t so sure; yes, the orgasms are great but I’ve had them in some really embarrassing situations and sometimes they’re VERY difficult to hide.

Half of me wanted to ask Anthony what the TV programme was called and when it would be aired and the other half just didn’t. Whilst I was deciding, Anthony made the decision for me by walking away; and Dan moved in and gave me an envelope with my money in it.

As I left I was met by one of the girls that had been in the lesson. She wanted to know all about the gym and where it was but had been afraid to ask during the lesson.

When I got home Ryan joined me in the shower and after long fuck he got me to tell him all about my evening. He wasn’t too happy that I didn’t know what the programme was called or when it would be aired but I just told him that he could watch me cum anytime that he wanted. He said that he might video me cumming and post it on some porn sites.

I laughed and said,

“You mean that you haven’t done that already.”

**The Miley Cyrus dress**

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Do you remember that plastic dress that Miley Cyrus wore at the 2015 MTV Awards, the totally see-through one with big smarties stuck on it in strategic places? Well Ryan’s gone and got one like it for me. It’s not quite the same; in the photo that I’ve seen the dress looks quite stiff whereas the one Ryan’s bought me is very flexible, almost soft against my skin; but just as see-through.

I don’t know about Miley’s dress but the giant smarties on mine are moveable; which I don’t know if that is a good thing or a bad thing. I can see Ryan moving them or even removing them leaving my pussy or tiny tits on display.

I kept telling Ryan that I couldn’t possibly wear it in public but he kept insisting that I could, and in the end I did. I finally agreed to wear it to a nightclub; a new one in a city about 25 miles away. My assumption being that it would be night time when we were travelling, and that the light in the nightclub wouldn’t be too good.

Ryan asked me to remove my nipple and clit hood chains before I put the dress on.

When I tried to get into the car I realised that I had to remove the big smartie that was covering my butt because it would have been uncomfortable sitting on it. The journey there was okay and the walk from the carpark was short, and dark. It helped that Jenny (yes, Jenny and Tom came with us), was wearing a VERY short neon pink tutu skirt and the lace top that she got in Spain, the one that leaves her nipples poking through the lace holes. As she never wears knickers anymore, anyone who got low down would be able to see her pussy and butt.

The nightclub was great, and dark, and after a couple of drinks I almost forgot that my dress was totally see-through. I got a few ‘smart’ comments from a couple of guys and quite a lot of stares but apart from that we had a great time.

When Jenny and I were dancing on our own we were forever getting hit on, but that didn’t bother us.

As the night went on Ryan kept moving the big smarties and I had to keep moving them back so that my ‘bits’ were covered; but having said that I’m sure that anyone looking at me from an angle would have been able to see what they wanted. I was glad that the alcohol and my little clit ring were stopping me from getting embarrassed.

Things started to go wrong when we left the nightclub to come home. When we got back to the carpark we found that it was all locked-up. There was a phone number to ring but no one answered it. We had 2 choices; the first was to find some public transport home then go back for the car later that day; or the option that we chose which was to find a hotel for the rest of the night.

Fortunately, the doorman at the club gave us the name of a reasonable hotel and got us a taxi to take us there (the other side of the centre of the city). The hotel night receptionist must have been blind or gay because he didn’t take any notice of what Jenny and I were wearing.

The real problem started when we left the hotel around mid-day. Ryan and Tom said that the taxi ride was short so we’d be able to walk it in no time. What they weren’t taking into consideration was that it was mid-day in the centre of a city. It was a Saturday and the streets were as busy as you’d expect.

Well, it didn’t take long for people to start looking at me. A couple of teenage girls walked passed us and one said,

“Fucking hell; did you see that?”

Ryan and Tom loved it and they kept pinching my big smarties; most of the time I may as well have been totally naked. What’s more, I was sober and the battery in my little clit ring had gone flat so I was embarrassed; and not at all aroused.

I don’t know if Ryan didn’t take us the most direct route of if he genuinely didn’t know the way but that walk must have taken nearly an hour. I was sooo happy to finally get into our car.

I swore that I’d never wear that dress again.

**Pussy fingering in public**

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Another thing that Ryan’s started doing is to finger me in public. He’s been getting me to wear skirts that either have pockets (which he’s unpicked the stitching), or that have a side zip that he keeps unzipping. He then stands behind me and slides a hand round and into my skirt to get at my pussy.

He’s made me cum twice while we’ve been standing in crowded bars.

Sometimes after he’s got me all worked-up he’ll get me to sit somewhere and get me to finish the job that he started. Three times now he’s got me to make myself cum while we’ve been sat in a restaurant.

**The Comedy Club**

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One day Ryan told me about a big pub in the city that hosted Comedy Club nights. That sounded fun so one night we went along. There were 4 comedians on, all of them quite good. We were having a great time laughing and drinking; until the last comedian came on.

He wasn’t just a comedian; he was a hypnotist as well.

He cracked a few jokes then toned it down so that we were all quite calm. The next thing that I knew was that my glass was empty even though Ryan had just got us some more. I looked round and everyone’s glass was empty. Somehow we’d all finished our drinks without realising it.

Then the comedian said that hypnotism was easy and that he’d just proved it by getting us all to finish our drinks in one go. Boy, the guy was good.

After a few more jokes he asked for 2 young ladies to join him on the little stage. One young blonde immediately jumped up but I just sat there. I could guess where it was going and I didn’t want to be part of it. I just wanted to watch for a change.

After a bit of cajoling, Ryan stood up. The comedian asked Ryan if he was a girl but Ryan ignored him and pulled me to my feet.

“Here,” Ryan said as he marched me to the stage. ”Here’s your other volunteer.”

The comedian looked pleased and relieved. I didn’t catch what he said but it was something about something not working with a young man.

Anyway, the blonde and I were stood next to each other on the stage as another couple of jokes came out of his mouth. I even laughed at them and realised that they were to make the blonde and me relax.

The comedian turned to us and told us to relax, then told us not to worry that he wasn’t going to get us to take our clothes off or to give him a blowjob.

Shortly after that I was hearing him thanking us for being part of his act.

I was confused; I looked down and did a quick check; yes I still had my clothes on and no, I didn’t feel like I’d just been fucked. In fact I felt quite normal, perhaps even a little disappointed. It was only as we were on the bus going home that Ryan told me what had happened.

Apparently, after he’d told us that we wouldn’t be getting naked, he said a few words and we were gone. We had got naked, he’d got us to undress each other and when everyone had seen that I hadn’t got any underwear on he’d cracked a joke about not being able to get us to put each other’s underwear on.

Ryan said that the blonde looked cute but that her tits were way too big for him.

We then had to go and take some drinks orders, get the drinks and take them back to the appropriate table. Then the comedian got us to give lap dances to a couple of guys out of the audience. Next it was giving a kiss to 10 different guys in the audience. Ryan told me that most of the guys had groped us which could have explained why my pussy was wetter than normal.

Back on the stage we were told that we were getting excited and that we just had to let it happen. Apparently we’d both rubbed our pussies and made ourselves cum.

Finally, the comedian had sent us out into the audience to select a guy and bring him back onto the stage. For whatever reason I hadn’t picked Ryan, instead I’d picked someone else. It wasn’t the comedian that got the blowjob, it was the 2 guys and we had to do it with our backs to the audience, legs spread wide, and bent at the waist. Ryan said that I was giving a great show.

When he told us to get dressed he’d cracked another joke about my lack of underwear and short skirt and he’d got the blonde to stuff her knickers in her bra instead of putting them on.

As I said, I couldn’t remember a thing about it and I wondered if the blonde couldn’t as well. I also wondered about her knickers being in her bra.

After Ryan had told me all that I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. Ryan distracted me by giving me a long kiss and playing with my clit.

We fucked hard when we got home.

**The photographic modelling session**

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This was yet another occasion where Ryan conned me into getting naked for a group of men.

One Sunday morning we went for a car ride on the pretext of getting some milk, and Ryan took me to this old, semi derelict factory where we were met by 8 men all carrying small cases. When I asked Ryan what was going on he told me that he’d volunteered me to be a model for the camera club men that were there. He told me that they’d been put in touch with him through the art teacher, Dan; that they were looking for a model with all my characteristics.

I assumed that they meant my tiny tits.

I was pissed and really wanted to hit Ryan but before I had the chance to say anything, one of the men knocked on the car window and asked if I was Tanya.

“Yes!” I snapped back then realised that it wasn’t his fault. I promised to get my revenge on Ryan later.

The man then told us that the old factory gate was unlocked and that they wanted me to pose all over the place.

“Come on then,” I said, “let’s get started.”

I was still a bit annoyed but what could I do? I just wanted to get it over with.

As soon as we got inside the doors I turned to face the men and said,

“I suppose that you want me to be naked?”

Not waiting for an answer I pulled my top over my head and dropped my skirt. Ryan was the only one who said anything and that was a soft “Wow.”

Four of the men didn’t see me strip; they’d already wandered off, apparently looking for things for me to pose on. When 1 of the 4 got back to us and saw my chains he said,

“Oh, I wasn’t expecting those, do you think that you could remove the chains please? The other bits are okay; in fact they’ll draw people’s attention to your errr breasts and errr, yes, you know.”

“Bloody hell;” I wanted to say; “it’s a pussy. Haven’t you seen one before?”

But I didn’t; I just glared at him and started to unscrew the barbells. Ryan offered to help but I brushed his had away saying that I could manage.

Over the next couple of hours they got me to pose on ladders, boxes, strange looking machines and on the floor. Thankfully they’d brought a blanket and a towel, a white towel that I used to wipe the dirty, oily marks that I’d got off the machines off me.

During the first hour or so they got me to spread my legs wider and wider until they were wide apart for every pose. By that time I’d calmed down and was starting to get aroused. The battery on my little clit had gone flat the previous day and I hadn’t got round to charging it so that hadn’t helped me.

My pussy started getting wetter and when I realised that it would be showing on the photographs and I started to get more aroused.

On one of the old machines that they got me to climb on there was a handle (well that’s what it looked like to me) sticking up and one of the men just stood there looking at it until I realised what he wanted.

I squat down and impaled myself on it.

All of a sudden all the men were talking and the camera flashes were going at a ridiculous rate.

From then on they asked me to pose on, or against anything that would fit in my pussy. I think that it was the fourth steel bar that I was fucking myself on, I started to cum; and it was a noisy one.

As I was calming down I heard one of the men say,

“That was awesome; I’ll get a fortune for those.”

I should have got mad when I realised what he’d said but instead I just thought,

“Fuck; that was good.”

The posing and fucking myself on machine parts went on for about another hour before one of the man called a halt. I was disappointed because I wanted more, but it was not to be.

By that time I’d completely forgiven Ryan and I ran to him and jumped up on to him putting my arms round his neck. I stayed kissing him and standing next to him while the men packed-up then one of them gave Ryan an envelope. The man looked like he expected us to leave as well but Ryan told him that he’d close the gate when we left.

As soon as they were out of the building I ripped Ryan’s clothes off and we fucked all over the place until we were both exhausted.

Ryan drove home with me still naked next to him.

**The Sybian competition**

**----------------------------**

Karen and Emma have bought a Sybian, and one day at work, Ryan and Karen got this idea about getting their Sybian and mine in the same place and having a competition. Their idea was to have 2 challenges; one to see who could stay on a Sybian, on full power, for the longest without cumming; and the other to see how many times each of us could cum in 30 minutes; again with the Sybian on full power.

There were 2 problems to overcome; one was where to have this challenge and the other, where would we get some more girls to enter the competition.

The first problem was overcome when Ryan talked to Darren at the gym and got him to let us rent a room. The second problem was overcome by me talking to some of the girls at the gym.

The room that Darren rented us was the ‘school gym’ as it’s getting to be known. It’s the room where Kieran has setup the obstacle course challenge. As for the competitors it only took me half an hour to get the list up to 8 names: -

Karen

Emma

Isla

Ella

Kate and Jude – the twins

Jenny

Tanya - me

So, one Sunday morning we all arrived at the gym, carried both the Sybians in and set them up in the boxing ring.

We’d previously agreed to put all the names in a hat and pull them out one by one to decide the cumming order. We also agreed that we should do the orgasm denial challenge first. Ryan agreed to do the timings and the girls who weren’t on a Sybian would have to all agree when an orgasm happened and to count them for the seconds part of the challenge.

With all the girls there Ryan wrote the names down and put them in a bag. We all took it in turns to pull a name out.

The first 2 girls climbed into the ring and Ryan got the stop watch app on his phone ready. The results were: -

**Orgasm self-denial**

Ella 19 minutes 35 seconds

Emma 31 minutes 5 seconds

I suspect that Karen torments Emma a lot so I was expecting a good time.

Jenny 17 minutes dead

Jude 19 minutes 45 seconds

Karen 23 minutes 8 seconds

Isla 18 minutes 17 seconds

Isla did well to survive that long. Her face went bright red, then purple and when she finally exploded I was convinced that she was going to pass out.

Kate 19 minutes 50 seconds

Tanya 10 minutes 16 seconds

I blame my poor time on my little clit ring and Ryan, both of which had been tormenting me before we got there.

Whilst Jenny and Jude were performing a couple of guys came in and started watching what was going on. Word mush have got round because more and more men joined the first 2 voyeurs. I wondered if there was anyone left in the workout room.

It was only on the way home that Ryan reminded me about all the cameras. They must have seen us on the big screens and come to investigate.

**Orgasm count**

30 minutes with the other competitors counting.

Everyone agreed not to mention ‘that’ word when I was competing.

Ella 6

Emma 7

Jenny 4

Jenny bailed out after her fourth.

Jude 8

Karen 5

Isla 4

Isla bailed out after her fourth too. She stood up saying that she just couldn’t take anymore.

Kate 8

Tanya 12

Some of the audience there clapping as the count rose and Ryan’s always telling me that it’s easy to make me cum.

We all went to the sauna then the pool afterwards.

**The cultural exchange**

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The company that I work for is doing quite well. It’s doing a rapidly increasing amount of business with Chinese companies and we’re seeing a lot more of them coming into our office for meetings.

At a staff meeting a couple of weeks ago the manager told us that our company was developing a cultural exchange visit whereby 4 members of our department would spend a month in China living with a Chinese family and 4 Chinese customers would then spend a month living with the families of those who went to China. Our manager asked that anyone who was interested to contact him later.

An hour later I was called into my manager’s office and asked what I thought of the idea. When I said that I had mixed feelings he said that Mr Chang (one of our biggest clients) had specifically asked that I take part. He said that Mr Chang had said that I had a lot of qualities that Chinese girls could learn from. When I asked what that meant Tim said the he didn’t know but that I should seriously consider applying.

When I mentioned it to Ryan that night his initial reaction was that he didn’t want me to go; that he’d miss me and miss the fucking and other fun. I jokingly told him that he should invite the twins round to look after him.

We continued talking about the exchange, what it might be like and what it might do for my career. We also talked about what it would be like for a Chinese person to come and live with us for a month. I had visions of a fully clothed man or woman trying to live with 2 couples who spent most of the time at home naked, fucking or the girls driving themselves to unbelievable highs on the Sybian.

By the time we’d fucked and were just going to sleep, Ryan said that I should go to China.

I thought about it a lot the next morning, especially as it was the main subject of conversation in the office. That afternoon I went to see my manager and told him that I was up for it.

By the end of the week 2 of the men and another woman (Grace who is about 2 years older than me) had also applied. Those who weren’t going teased us something rotten, especially Grace and I. One of the guys kept telling us stories about how the Chinese treat their female children, that they were a liability and basically second-class citizens, even to the point where they were treated like slaves.

Of course we didn’t believe them but Ryan told me that it used to be true, that some women even drowned new born girls; but that thing had changed over the last couple of decades and he brought up web sites about hugely successfully Chinese women.

One month later, the 4 of us were heading to the airport, not knowing exactly where we were going, whether we’d be relatively close together or what.

Before I’d left home Ryan had got me to leave my nipple and clit hood chains and stirrups on the dresser, but he let me leave my barbells and little clit ring on, even though I knew that the battery would be flat before I got to China. We’d discussed the subject of underwear thinking that maybe it was unacceptable for women not to wear any in China but we’d both agreed that I wouldn’t take any, not even the clit ring charging knickers.

I joked with him saying that I would go crazy with sex deprivation while I was there; to which Ryan said that I always had my fingers and that maybe I’d find some suitable object to give me relief whilst I was there. Ryan had a change of heart and he’d put one on my remote vibrators and controls into my handbag saying that he hoped that I’d be able to get some batteries for it.

I told him that he was lucky; that the twins would take care of his needs.

At Beijing airport we were met by a man who explained that we were splitting up and all flying to other parts of China. I was given a ticket to a place that I’d never heard of and was told that I’d be met at that airport.

It was a strange feeling not having a clue where I was going or what life would be like for the next month.

I’ll tell you all about it in the next part of my life’s story.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 25 – Not Ryan’s fault but……**

**----------------------------------------**

**The cultural exchange**

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Yes, I was on my way to some unheard of place in China where I would live with a family that I’d never heard of; FOR A MONTH.

As I boarded that second flight I was as nervous as hell and wishing that I’d never volunteered for the exchange. At least I was getting paid for it.

The flight lasted 4 hours and looking at the map I worked out that I was heading to a place not that far from Hong Kong.

When we landed I was directed to yet another flight which was on a little 12 seater plane. That flight lasted an hour and when it landed it looked like I definitely was in the middle of nowhere.

At least the weather was good and it looked like I wouldn’t need all the cold weather clothes that I’d brought.

In the tiny wooden shack that was used as a terminal building I was met by a man who took me out to a motorcycle. As he strapped my case onto the back I looked at him in disbelief. Yes, he did expect me to climb on the back behind him and to hike up my miniskirt so that I could climb on. Thankfully, the man was looking forward waiting for me but a couple of nearby men got a good look at my butt and pussy as I climbed on and straddled the seat.

Off we went with me hanging on to his waist with my skirt still up around my waist. At least my case was behind me covering my butt. The other thing was that the throbbing of the engine was turning me on. When we stopped at a petrol station to get some petrol the man indicated that I should stay on the bike when he got off. Both him and the young man filling the tank were staring at the virtually bottomless me with my legs spread either side of the bike. I confess that I only made a half-hearted attempt to cover my pussy and they both got a good look.

Thirty minutes later we arrived at a big, single story house on the outskirts of what looked like a village.

The family must have heard us arriving because a man, a woman and 2 teenage boys were stood outside waiting.

Now there’s no elegant way for a girl wearing a miniskirt to get off the back of a motorcycle when there’s a man on the front seat and a suitcase strapped behind the seat; and all 4 of the must have got a real eyeful as I carefully stood on the footrests and climbed off, quickly pulling my skirt back down.

All 4 people bowed to me as I walked up to them.

Not knowing how I should greet them I stood in front of each one in turn and bowed to them. The man tried to talk to me but his English was very poor so one of the teenage boys spoke for him. He welcomed me and introduced the others to me, Chung Wang his father, Ling Wang his mother, Wu Wang his brother and himself, Dong Wang. Only the 2 teenage boys could speak any decent English so I guessed that I’d be communicating through them during my stay.

I was taken in and Dong told me that I should go and freshen up then we’d all have something to eat. Dong took me to the back of the house where I was shown to a simple bedroom with a bathroom next door. Telling me to take a shower, Dong sat on the bed and watched me as I opened my case and got my things out.

As I was doing that he told me the same thing that one of the guys back at work had told me; that was that girls were inferior in their culture and that they were there to do the work whilst the men ‘organised’ things.

I asked him about the rumours that some mothers would drown their new born baby if it was a girl. Dong confirmed that it didn’t happen as often as is used to but yes, it still does happen occasionally.

I realised that I was going to have an ‘interesting’ time and wondered how I was going to be treated.

I went into the bathroom and wasn’t really surprised to see that the toilet was just a hole in the floor and that there was a bin for the used toilet paper. I’d read about those and wasn’t really looking forward to it but hey, when in Rome….

I took my skirt and top off, squat down for a pee then got into the shower. When I was done I opened the curtain and picked up a towel, only to find that it was VERY small. I checked the other towel there and it was the same size. Thinking that I’d have to put my dirty clothes back on to go to my room I was amazed to find that they were gone. Dong must have come in whilst I was in the shower and taken them.

Getting quite concerned, I held the small towel in front of me and went back to my room. Dong was still sat on my bed. I looked for my suitcase and the clothes that I had been wearing only for Dong to say,

“Because you are not married you will not be allowed any clothes whilst you’re here; young girls in our culture don’t wear clothes.”

“You’re joking.” I said.

“No; and they don’t hide behind towels; give it to me.”

“Fucking hell;” I thought, “where’s Ryan when I need him?”

“Come on Dong, I’m a guest here, you can’t be serious.”

“Yes I am, give me the towel. This isn’t Beijing or one of the other big cities; out here we still observe our cultural traditions; and that includes visitors who live here for a few weeks. ”

I thought for a few seconds, thinking that I didn’t want to make any enemies, especially one that I would have to communicate through. Was I really going to have to be naked for the whole month? That’s very different to being naked on holiday with Ryan. Suddenly I was grateful that I was in southern China and that the weather was good. I quickly scanned the room, yes my suitcase was definitely gone but at least my handbag and toilet bag were still there. I wondered if my vibrator and pills were still in it, and if Dong had looked into the bag and seen them.

I slowly took the towel from my chest and held it out; only to have it snatched from me by Dong. My hands automatically went to cover my girly bits.

“Good!” Dung said; “you learn fast; and I’m pleased that you look so young. Now get down on your knees.”

I did.

“Spread your knees.”

I did.

“Sit back on your feet.”

I did.

“Now put your hands on the floor behind you.”

I did.

“Push your pussy up in the air.”

I did and I saw Dong’s eyes open wide with surprise; then he smiled.

“What are those?” he asked, pointing to my barbells and clit ring.

I didn’t answer him as he was already getting off the bed and down between my spread knees.

“Argh, I see.” He said as he used his forefinger and thumb to pull first my nipple barbells, then my clit hood one. Then he moved to my clit and gently pulled on it. That caused me to first gasp a little then moan a little as he worked it from side to side.

I felt my pussy get wetter.

“Do all English girls have these?”

“No.”

“Are they made of gold?”

“No.”

“Why do you have them?”

“Because I like them.”

“I see.”

By the time Dong let go of my clit I was quite aroused and very wet. I caught myself wishing that he’d gone further but he suddenly got to his feet and looked down at me.

“That is the position that you will get into whenever you go into a room and find a man there. And that included young men. Understand?”

“Fucking hell!” I thought, “Am I really going to have to expose myself like this every time that I see a man? This place is worse than Ryan getting me to flash at men all the time.”

“Do you understand Tanya?”

“Yes Dong; I understand.”

“One more thing Tanya, keep that shaved smooth. If you don’t, a man will do it for you.” Dong said as he pressed his foot against my pussy.

“Right, get up and follow me.”

Dong led me to their dining room and as the others became visible Dong grabbed my arm and pulled me downwards.

“Down!” he said.

I assumed the position, feeling quite embarrassed as Mr and Mrs Wang and their other son, Wu, all stared at the naked me, all spread out on display for them.

All 3 came over to me, staring at me all the time. Ling Wang was the first to speak but it was in Chinese. Then the other 3 started talking.

One by one, each of them bent over and pulled at each item of jewellery that I had on. Wu laughed as his father pulled my clit from side to side causing me to moan again.

Ling Wang was gentle at first then she pushed a finger inside me before rubbing my whole pussy for a few seconds.

I moaned again, quite loudly, as I got more aroused. I heard Ling say a word that sounded a bit like ‘slut’ as she got to her feet.

Then it was Wu’s turn. He did everything that the others had done, but for longer. As he finger fucked me I reached the point of no return and screamed out as my body started jerking as much as it could with me in that position. I could feel my pussy clamping down on his finger as he held it there and smiled.

As I calmed down Wu pulled his finger out and rubbed it on my clit, causing me to have a couple of after-shocks.

Wu stood up and I looked up to see all 4 of them staring down at me. The embarrassment took over again.

After a few seconds Ling Wang said one of the few English words that she knew, “Come.” I wondered if I should say,

“Yes I certainly did,” or “Yes, okay, I’ll go with you.”

I didn’t say a word. Instead I followed Ling Wang to the kitchen where we picked-up big bowls of food and took them to the table.

The food was only vaguely like that in the Chinese restaurant back in England and I was glad that I’d learnt the art of eating with chopsticks. At least I wasn’t going to starve.

As we ate the 4 of them talked in Chinese, looking at me occasionally. Dong and Wu kept tell me some of the things that they were saying, and what they were told to tell me.

What I learnt over that meal was that: -

Chung Wang liked the way my clit permanently peeks out of my lips. Apparently that’s rare in Chinese girls.

I’d be helping Ling Wang in the house and garden some of the time.

I’d be telling the office staff at Chung Wang’s factory all about England. I asked where that was and Dong told me that it was just round the hill that I’d seen when I arrived.

I’d get 2 skype calls per week, one to my boyfriend and one to Tim, my boss.

I’d be going with them on visits to places of local interest and to a ‘Festival’, whatever that was.

I’d be going to the local school to tell the older boys all about England.

After the meal I helped Ling clean-up then Dong and Wu took me on a tour of the house (as small as it was); then the garden.

It was bad enough being naked in their house but people were passing by outside and they could all see me. Dong was right about the girls; I saw 2 walking by, both as naked as I was. Suddenly I didn’t feel quite as naked.

After the garden, Dong and Wu took me for a walk into the village. I was still bare-footed but it turned out not to be a problem because the streets were rubbish free and there were no sharp stones. Okay, people stared at me but it wasn’t because I was naked; it was because I looked different to the Chinese girls. My hair wasn’t black and my facial features were different. Also, I have a small bubbly butt whereas all the Chinese girls that I’d seen so far; have flat butts.

We stopped at a little café / bar and went in. I saw a man there and immediately dropped down into the position. Wu looked at me and laughed. The man and the girl behind the counter both came over to me. The man bent over and ‘inspected’ my jewellery, me moaning – again; whilst the naked girl just looked.

Inspection over, Dong told the girl to get 2 beers. When she returned Dong looked down at me and said,

“You can get up now, oh, I suppose that I should get you a drink as well; you being a guest and not a local girl.”

Beer bottle in hand and partially drunk (the beer that is), I asked why outsiders like me got a drink but still had to be naked all the time.

Dong would only say,

“Tradition.”

About 10 minutes later during which both Dong and Wu asked me questions about England, a girl walked in. Seeing 3 men in there she immediately dropped down into the position. All the men got up and went and inspected her, Dong putting a finger inside her pussy.

I’d got up as well and went and watched. I wanted to see if she did anything different to me and if the men did anything different to her.

As I looked down at her I saw that she looked only slightly younger than me. She had no hair below her neck and her breasts weren’t much bigger than mine. Looking at her pussy I saw that she just had a slit; okay, it was swollen but there was no clit or clit hood or inner lips sticking out. I wondered if all Chinese girls were like that. She also had a smile on her face and looked like she was enjoying being inspected.

The 3 men went back to where they were, me following Dong and Wu. No one said anything to the girl and she just stayed there, totally exposed to anyone who cared to look.

After about 5 minutes I asked Wu how long she had to stay like that.

“Until one of the men here tells her that she can get up or all the men leave the room.”

“Wow,” I thought, “poor girl.”

Then I remembered the smile on her face.

“The girl was smiling when you put your finger in her pussy Dong. I think that she liked it.”

“Yes, I saw that as well, that’s why she’s still down there. Any sign that she’s enjoying it and most men will just leave her there with her pussy on display for everyone to see. It is wrong for a girl to show sexual pleasure.”

I wondered if they’d do that to me because I’d obviously enjoyed it when I’d had to assume the position back at the house.

After another 15 minutes or so we left, leaving the girl still spread out on the floor. I wondered how long it would be before the man that was left in there would wait before telling her to get up.

By the time we got back to the Wang’s house I was getting used to being naked all the time again, and that ‘position’ wasn’t THAT bad. At least I didn’t have to let every man that I saw fuck me.

After I’d thought that last bit I felt my stomach tingle and my pussy have a wet rush; maybe that would be quite nice.

Dong sent me to bed telling me that I had to be up early in the morning. I had a smile on my face and then made myself cum again before going to sleep.

It was still dark when Wu shook my leg (I slept on top of the covers) and told me to get up. After getting myself ready I went to the kitchen only to have to assume the position because Mr Wang was there.

“Get up girl.” Mr Wang said. “We have to get going soon.”

I quickly ate something then stood up and looked round. Mr Wang was putting his jacket on.

As we walked to Mr Wang’s factory I asked him what they made there. When he told me that it was electronics I wondered if I’d recognise anything they made, maybe it was smart phones or computers. I also asked him where Dong and Wu were, only to be told that they were already at the factory.

As we got close to the gates we saw a couple of men walking out. Both bowed to him and said something in Chinese.

We went into a big, empty reception area which had a big glass window on one side. Quickly looking through it I saw a row of 5 stainless steel tables. I didn’t understand what that lot was for and I didn’t get the chance to think about it as I followed the Mr Wang up the stairs into a big room.

There were 4 men working at computers round the sides of the room and a big stainless steel table in the middle. As soon as one of the 4 men saw Mr Wang he said something and all 4 jumped up, turned to face us and bowed their heads; presumably to Mr Wang as there was no way that it was to me.

Suddenly remembering what I had to do I dropped to my knees and assumed the position.

“No,” Mr Wang said, “….. up on the table girl.”

“Okaaaay.” I thought and did as commanded.

Five men were stood round a table with a very naked me on the table, on my spread knees displaying everything that I’d got to them.

Mr Wang started talking to the 4 men whose eyes darted from Mr Wang to various parts of my body and back again.

After a couple of minutes Wu and Dong arrived and Wu looked at me and said,

“Right Tanya, today you will spend 30 minutes with each of these men; they all speak a little English and they will explain what they do here. After that you may go back to our house. Tomorrow you will get yourself here an hour earlier and spend the day watching the girls on the shop floor. As none of them speak any English it will just be a case of you watching what they do. And as you will be going on the shop floor you will have to have the same medical check-up that all our new girls have before they go on the shop floor; and got through the same routine that they do at the start of each of their shifts. We assemble intricate electronic components in a controlled environment here. Everything has to be 100 percent clean with zero dust or dirt floating about. The doctor will be here in 2 hours. You may get off the table now.”

With that Wu turned and walked to one of the empty desks and started doing some work. I looked round and saw Dong working away at another desk. This was a true family business.

As I climbed off the table the worker nearest the door got up and came over to me, waved his hand and said,

“Come.”

Thinking that the Chinese liked saying ‘come’ I smiled as I realised that I was getting close to having a different type of cum.

Thankfully, my arousal diminished as I sat next to the man and listened to how he planned production.

Two hours later, to the minute, a man walked in and went over to the office that Mr Wang was in. Three minutes later the man and Mr Wang came out and over to me.

Dong stood up, joined us the said,

“This is the doctor; he will make sure that you are well enough to go into our factory.”

Mr Wang then turned and walked back to his office.

Trying to respect their traditions I stood and bowed my head. The doctor just waved at me indicating that he wanted me to follow him. I was expecting to go to some medical room, but no, we stopped at the end of the big stainless steel table where the doctor put his bag down and started examining me right there, in front of all those men.

He checked my breathing and heartbeat then looked in my eyes, then ears then down my throat. Thinking that must be it, well how much has to be checked before someone can go into a factory? But no, the doctor waved for me to get onto the table.

Wondering what on earth he was going to do, I did as requested, only to be waved at again for me to lay flat on my back.

As soon as I was on my back his hands were all over my tiny tits. He roughly examined my breasts, pulling at my barbells and squeezing my nipples. Amazingly, it felt good and I felt my arousal rise.

It went higher as I looked round and saw that all of the men there were staring at me.

Wanting the doctor to; and not wanting him to, he started pressing all around my stomach, moving down to my bald pubes.

It felt good as a finger touched my clit.

The doctor didn’t need to tell me to open my legs; and my brain didn’t either. Natural instinct took over and my legs opened wide.

As quick as the doctor put his hand on my pussy, he removed it and walked round to the end of the table. Before I had time to think, he grabbed my ankles, pulled me towards him until my butt cheeks were on the edge of the table then he bent my knees, spread them as wide as he could and planted the soles of my feet on the table.

“Fucking hell!” I thought; “he’s going to give me a full gynaecology exam right in front of all those men.”

And he did.

What’s more, he made me cum – twice; as he poked things in me and squeezed and pulled everything that he could get hold off. At one point I thought that he was pulling on my little clit ring so hard that it would come off. Thankfully, it didn’t. I’d got a bit vocal and a bit active whilst cumming but the doctor just ignored it and kept going.

Straight after I’d cum that second time I felt something being pushed into my butt. I nearly came again but he pulled it out before that happened.

Examination over, the doctor just walked off and into Mr Wang’s office. I looked round and saw that the men were still watching me.

Slowly climbing off the table I went over to the next man on my way round the office.

Fifteen minutes later the door down to reception opened and I turned to see another naked girl getting down into the position. Two minutes later the doctor came out and gave the girl the same examination that he’d given me, except that he couldn’t pull on her non-existent jewellery.

Of course, the men all stopped and watched, and as I had nothing to do, I did the same. The poor girl’s expression told me that she was scared but resigned to what was happening. She did orgasm but she did a reasonable job of hiding it; well to men. I wondered how many girls had gone through that same ordeal.

I also saw that her pussy was the same as the girl’s in the bar; all slit and nothing poking through. I began to wonder if all Chinese girls were like that.

I’d just got back into what the worker was telling me when another young girl came in and dropped to her knees.

The medical exam that had been performed on both the other girl and me was repeated on the new girl. She too orgasmed but again she managed to hide it enough for the men not to notice.

An hour later I had spent time with all the men and had learnt quite a bit. I’m sure that they’d learnt a few things from me as well.

Neither Dong nor Wu were there so I went to Mr Wang’s office and knocked on the door. I waited until I heard ‘Come’ and went in, immediately getting down into the position.

I stayed like that until Mr Wang looked up from his papers and spoke. Whilst leaving me down there he asked how I was and what I had learnt. At least that’s what I thought he asked as his English hadn’t improved from earlier that morning.

I’d just got started answering the questions when Dong arrived and came and stood by my knees. Mr Wang interrupted me and the 2 men spoke in Chinese for a few seconds before Dong told me to get up and leave. He followed me out of his father’s office then told me that I should make my way back to their house where his mother would provide me with some food.

I left the factory wondering if all Chinese factories were like that. As I went through the reception I stopped and looked through the big glass window again. The place was empty and I still couldn’t work out what the room was used for.

As I walked back to the house I decided to take a little detour through part of the village. I walked the full length of the main street, deciding that Wu and Dong had only shown ne a small part of the village the previous day.

I saw 5 naked girls on my journey, not one of them showing any sign of being embarrassed about being naked. There were quite a few dressed people wandering about, women presumably shopping and men delivering things.

I passed the café we’d been in and looked in. There were a couple of men there and what looked like a girl’s knee on the floor. I wondered if some girl had gone in and had to get on the floor. It crossed my mind to go in and have to assume the position for them to look at my exposed pussy but I chickened out and kept walking.

That thought had got my pussy tingling and when I turned a corner and saw that I was alone, my right hand automatically went to my pussy and started rubbing. I leaned back against a wall, spread my legs and went for it.

Unfortunately, just as I was really getting in to it, a door opened and a naked girl walked out. She stopped dead in her tracks when she saw me. She turned her head and shouted something so I pulled my hand away, turned and walked back out onto the main street.

Feeling quite frustrated I continued walking, checking a couple of times to make sure that I wasn’t being followed.

It was late afternoon when I got back to the house. Mrs Wang was preparing a meal so I watched her and helped her when I worked out what she was doing. It was difficult because we couldn’t communicate but when it was all done she smiled at me and gave me some sort of biscuit. I went outside and sat on the grass watching the sun go down and eating the biscuit.

I must have dozed off because the next thing I remember was Dong shaking my leg. When I was fully awake he told me that the evening meal was nearly ready. I asked if I had time to have a quick shower and when he said that I had he followed me to the bathroom.

As he watched me shower he asked me questions about England and about football (which I know nothing about other than what had made headline news). I answered the best that I could but it was a bit of a weird situation. I’d wanted to check that I hadn’t got any stubble that I should take care of but I wasn’t going to do that with him there.

I had to use one of those tiny towels to get dried again, with Dong still watching me. After which he told me to go with him to eat.

Mr Wang was at the table so I again assumed the position; both him and Wu staring between my legs.

It was Dong that told me to get up and sit at the table where Mrs Wang served the food. Again it was quite bland, unlike the Chinese food in England, but it was quite nice.

I helped Mrs Wang wash up then she indicated that we should go back to the table where Dong, Wu and occasionally Mr Wang asked me lots of questions about England. I got the impression that they liked listening to someone talking in a language that was foreign to them.

A couple of hours later Mr Wang stood up and everyone went to bed.

I finished what I couldn’t in the village before I went to sleep.

**The factory workroom**

**--------------------------**

I was again woken by Dong shaking my leg. I got up and went to the bathroom and was squat over the hole in the floor having a shit when Dong came in and told me not to have a shower as I’d have one at the factory.

I was a little puzzled as I hadn’t seen any showers at the factory but there again; I hadn’t seen most of the factory.

Being distracted from my normal routine I forgot to have a shave, not thinking about it until Dong and Wu were leading me along the road to the factory. I just hoped that no one would notice.

There were 6 or 7 other naked girls waiting outside a door when we arrived. Wu told me to join them and the 2 guys disappeared. The girls all stared at me and talked to each other, presumably about me. More naked girls joined the queue.

A few minutes later the door opened and the girls walked in.

We were in the room that I’d seen from the reception. I joined the girls as they all stood at the end of the room waiting.

The door had been opened by a person (man I think) in a one-piece waterproof suit that covered everything except his face which had a paper mask on. He had wellingtons on his feet and rubber gloves on his hands.

Another suited man joined him and 5 at a time we girls were ushered down to some showers. Being near the corner of the room I was one of the first 5.

“This isn’t that bad.” I thought as I soaped myself. The water wasn’t hot but it wasn’t cold.

The other girls seemed to be rushing so I did as well. I was only half done when one of the men picked up a hose pipe and turned it on us. Boy was that cold. It went on for a minute or so then stopped.

I looked for some towels but there were none. The 4 other girls went and stood at the end of one of the stainless steel tables so I went to the other one. When a different man came towards us with a box in his hands the girls jumped up onto the table and got on their hands and knees. I giggled and thought about Ryan fucking me doggy style, and as I climbed up I wondered if we were all going to get fucked. I turned my head to watch and saw the man go to the girl on the end table. When he got there she thrust her butt back and the man stuck one of his fingers into her butt hole. He moved it around a bit then pulled it out.

When he did that the girl turned over onto her back and spread her legs wide. The man then pushed a finger into her vagina and again moved it all around. When he was done he got a small towel out of his box and wiped all around her butt and pussy.

What happened next really surprised me. The man got a roll of duct tape out of the box and cut about a foot of tape off. The girl spread her legs as wide as she could as the man stuck the duct tape over her pussy and butt hole.

“What the fuck was going on?” I thought as the man moved to the next girl and the first girl got off the table and walked to a box at the side of the room.

The man repeated the ‘operation’ on the 3 other girls. As he got closer and closer to me I could feel pussy tingling and gushing.

I gasped as his finger went straight into my butt. It felt really good and I moaned as he moved it around. I gasped again as he pulled it out.

Wanting more, my body instinctively, and quickly, turned over and my legs spread so wide that they were at 90 degrees to my body.

As his finger went into my pussy I gasped again and clamped down on his finger. The man’s response was to push a second finger into me.

That was it, my body started jerking and my back rose up off the table. I got a bit vocal as I lost control. As I calmed down I started to get embarrassed and looked around. Everyone had stopped what they were doing and were looking at me. When I looked over to the big window I saw Mr Wang looking over to me. He must have seen it all.

Trying to hide in the middle of that big open space was obviously impossible but I wanted to.

The man started to probe around inside me again and I had to fight to not cum again. I relaxed as his fingers pulled out. He then rubbed his hand over my pubes and felt the stubble. Shaking his head he reached into his box and got out a razor and shaving cream.

The man then shaved me right in front of everyone; and Mr Wang. I had all on not to cum again. As he shaved me I looked around and saw another girl being shaved. I guessed that maybe she’d rushed to leave home as well.

The man wiped me dry and put the duct tape over my pussy and butt.

I was glad that I’d had a pee and not drunk much before I’d left the Wang’s house.

With a still red face I climbed off the table and joined some other girls with duct tape on their pussies. As I walked over to them I thought how silly their pussies looked with the duct tape on and realised that I must look the same.

Yet another suited and masked man came over and gave each of us a paper hood with built-in mouth and nose mask. The hood had strong elastic round the neck and I realised that they were to contain all our hair. All that was visible of me above my shoulders was my eyes.

As the door opened I looked round and saw lots more girls going through the same procedures; another one being shaved as well.

The other girls went off to their workstations while I just stood there and looked round then remembered what Wu had said about a controlled environment. As I waited I guessed that they had that and that it was cheaper to employ naked girls than to have to suit-up everyone who worked there. I wasn’t sure about the duct tape though and it wasn’t that comfortable.

After more naked and unidentifiable girls came in and went to their workstation, one of the suited men came in and over to me.

“Tanya,”

It was Wu’s voice. Had it been him who made me cum with his fingers I wondered? I started to ask him how he knew it was me; after all, all the girl’s heads were covered; but just as my mouth opened I remembered my nipple jewellery.

“Take your time and go round each of the workstations and watch what the girls are doing. It’s pointless trying to talk to any of them as none of them speak English. I will be back in 5 hours when it is their break time. Try not to distract the girls so that production isn’t interfered with.”

With that Wu turned and left.

I walked from one end of the room to the other then back so that I got a general picture of the place and what was going on. Some of the girls were building circuit boards and others were assembling different types of electronic equipment that I’d never seen before.

I went back to the workstation nearest the door and watched closely what the girl was doing. Deciding that it was a simple, very repetitive job I moved on to the next workstation. The girl at the first workstation never even looked at me.

The second girl smiled at me then stared at my tits and barbells. I wondered if she wanted some in her small, but bigger than mine, tits. I noted that my nipples were bigger than hers although mine were rock hard and hers weren’t.

At one of the workstations I watched the girl rubbing her pussy (through the duct tape) on a bar that was sticking out of a machine right in front of her and I wondered how much pleasure it was giving her.

When I’d been to about half a dozen workstations and was stood watching the next girl, I suddenly got zapped by my little clit ring. I shook my head wondering what was going on, I hadn’t had the charger against it for a few days and its battery had been flat since before I’d left England.

Thinking that I must have imagined it, I ignored it and got on with watching the girls work.

I’d got round most of the workstations in what seemed like no time but then a noisy bell rang and all the girls stopped working and walked to the door.

Just as I walked out of the door I got zapped again.

I had a very puzzled look on my face, not that anyone could have seen it, as I went out with the other girls. Some of the girls went to the toilet and when they came back their duct tape had gone. Those girls went to the stainless steel tables and waited for the men in suits to put some more on them.

There must have been 25 or 30 girls in there, most of them talking to one another. How they knew who was who I will never know. I wondered if they all knew each other.

One of the men in a suit came over and spoke. It was Wu and he asked me if I was okay. Then he asked me if I’d been to all the workstation. When I told him that I hadn’t he said that I’d have to go back in for the other half of the girl’s shift.

Then he left me.

Realising that I would be stuck in there for another 5 hours I decided to go for a pee. Going into the toilet I saw 3 other girls squatting down peeing. I squat down over another hole in the floor then remembered the duct tape. I stood up and got hold of the front corner. It hurt like hell as it came off my pubis but my leaking pussy had partially released the glue from my pussy.

Back in the main room I went to one of the tables and waited for a man in a suit to come over and put some more duct tape on me. My turn came around and I jumped up onto the table and opened my legs. The man in the suit hadn’t really been looking at me and he automatically put his box down and cut a length of the tape.

As he turned to look at what he was about to cover-up he suddenly stopped and backed off. Then he stuck the end of the tape on the table and got a towel out of his box. He proceeded to rub my pussy dry before putting the tape on. In doing so he rubbed my clit making me moan.

Just as the man was about to put the tape on my clit ring zapped me again my pussy muscles twitched. The man stopped for a second then continued and pressed the tape into place. In doing so he pressed on my clit again. Even through the tape the pressure made me moan again; thankfully enough not to make me cum.

The bell rang again and we all went back into the workplace and the other girls started working again.

I went back to where I was before the break and continued with my round. It didn’t take long for me to finish then I realised that I probably had the rest of the 5 hours to kill.

My clit ring zapped me again, reminding me that somehow it was getting charged. I wandered round looking for something that might just be doing it but I couldn’t see anything. What I did see was a machine with a handle sticking out at about pussy height. Looking around I decided that I could back onto the handle whilst pretending to watch what one of the girls was doing.

The handle was slightly higher than the height of my crotch but I could lift up onto my toes and settle onto the handle. With slight movement of my hips back and forwards I could rub the handle along my pussy while pressing down on it.

Okay, there was that damn duct tape between the handle and my pussy but it still felt good.

I must have stood there slowly moving my hips back and forward for going on for an hour and dreaming that the handle was Ryan’s cock. I came twice before I decided that I’d better move.

I went looking for the girl that I’d seen rubbing her pussy on a bar earlier. I found her and watched her. She was working as fast as any of the other girls but she’d developed a rhythm with her hips that worked well with her job. I thought how lucky she was to be able to do that and wondered how many times she could make herself cum each day.

The random zapping continued and because I had nothing else to do I kept thinking about my pussy and I managed to cum twice more before the bell finally rang again.

All the girls walked out and lined-up along the wall round the stainless steel tables. One by one they climbed into the tables, got on their hands and knees and one of the suited men pulled the duct tape off and put his fingers in both her holes. Satisfied, the man removed his finger and slapped her butt. She got off the table and left.

By the time that it was my turn and I climbed on the table, my pussy had leaked that much that the duct tape was only sticking at the front and the back. When the man saw that he really took his time probing around inside me. I got soo close to cumming again but sadly he stopped and slapped my butt.

Going outside I couldn’t see Dong, Wu or their father. I decided to go up to the office to see if any of them were there.

As I walked into the office I saw that there was only 1 man there, and it wasn’t any of the ones that I was looking for.

The man heard the door open and looked round so I dropped down into the position and waited; and waited; and waited.

The man was ignoring me but I knew that I had to wait for either him to tell me to get up or for him to leave.

As I waited my clit ring zapped me again and with a bit of kegel exercises I managed to make myself cum; and managed to keep reasonably quiet. But I could feel my pussy getting very wet.

I had calmed down before anything happened; Dong walked into the room and saw me. He stood in front of me, looked down, smiled then told me to get up.

“You can leave now Tanya.” Dong said then turned and went to his father’s office.

I did leave, and walked back to the house.

The rest of the evening went without any excitement apart from the occasional zap from my clit ring. None of which made me cum.

When I went to bed that night I lay on top of my bed and started rubbing my pussy. I was still turned-on from everything that had happened tha day. I was just getting close to cumming when the door opened up and Dong walked in.

Quickly moving my hand away and closing my legs, Dong started talking.

“Tanya, quite a few people have noticed that you get sexually excited very easily. I need to tell you that showing any sign of sexual excitement is taboo in our culture and that the girl can be publically punished for it. I suggest that you control it.”

My face was red and I was very embarrassed as I replied,

“Dong, I’m very sorry if I have offended anyone but in our society it is quite common for a girl to get sexually excited if she is naked and there are lots of men around. Also, my genitals are very sensitive. I will do my best to curtail my emotions but it will be difficult, very difficult. Please offer my apologies to anyone that I have offended.”

“Thank you.” Dong said.

Feeling happy with my answer I decided to ask Dong something,

“Dong, why do you put duct tape over a girl’s pussy while she’s working?”

As I said that I put my right hand over my pussy and pressed. Dong laughed then said,

“It’s for 2 reasons, firstly to make sure that their bodies don’t leak any bodily fluids, or worse; and secondly to make sure that they have nowhere to hide anything that they might be tempted to steal.”

“Ah yes, thank you Dong.”

Dong turned and left and my right hand finished what it had started.

None of the men were at home when I went for breakfast. I helped Mrs Wang clean-up then told her that I was going to the factory – not that she could understand.

After assuming the position and Dong telling me to get up, he told me that his father was away on business and that I could use his office and PC to skype my boss and Ryan. Because of the time difference I asked Dong if it would be okay to leave it until late in the afternoon. After explaining the reason Dong agreed and then he told me that their technical guy had setup a VPN through to my company’s network, gave me the details and told me that I could work from a spare desk in the main office until I wanted to skype.

It felt a bit weird sat there, doing work stuff, totally naked in an office with 6 guys fully dressed but I managed get through to my files okay and managed to get some work done in spite of my clit ring zapping me occasionally.

When I heard the bell ring to say that it was break time in the factory I went down to the reception area and watched the factory girls have their break. My already wet pussy tingled and got wetter as I watched some of the girls get their duct tape replaced after they’d been to the toilet.

For 1 second I found myself wishing that I was one of the factory girls and had to go through what I had the previous day.

When I went back up to the office I assumed the position and Wu had told me to get up. I asked if it was okay to skype Ryan and was told that it was. I wanted to catch him before he went to work. As skype was connecting I got zapped again and I was sure that it was stronger than the last time.

Actually, I woke Ryan up.

It only took a few seconds for Ryan to ask me if I was topless. I stood up to show him that I was totally naked and the mainly one-sided conversation was me explaining all about my ‘adventures’ so far. Ryan was amazed and said that he wished that he could be with me watching what I was doing.

I told him about my clit ring bursting into life the previous day and he told me that one or more of the machines that were in the factory must me emitting some sort of electrical field that caused the ring to charge. He told me that I should ask to spend more time in the factory.

Then he had a brainwave. He asked me if my electric toothbrush had been taken from me. When I told him that it hadn’t he asked me if the cable on the charger for it was long enough to reach the bed. When I told him that it probably was he told me to stick it between my legs when I go to bed and see if the ring charged. When I asked him why it would he said that it worked with a toothbrush so maybe it would work with the ring. I promised that I would.

Ryan also got me to promise to wear the remote controlled vibe that I’d brought with me. I said that I would on the condition that I didn’t have to wear it when I went into the factory. I didn’t want some strange man probing around in my pussy and pulling my vibrator out. Ryan asked me if I was worried that I wouldn’t get it back or that I would be humiliated when that happened in front of all those girls and the other men.

“Both.” I answered.

We talked for ages with Ryan managing to tell me a few things that were happening back at home. One thing that he told me was that he’d come home the previous day to find that both our bikes were gone. An hour later the twins arrived on them after taking it in turns to be fucked by my bike as they pedalled along. I asked him if they were wearing any clothes. He laughed and said that they were.

I then told him that I wouldn’t mind if he fucked them while I was away, adding that I knew how high his sex drive is and that I didn’t want him to have to take care of himself all the time. I reminded him that it wouldn’t be the first time that he’d fucked them.

“Yeah, but that was one at a time. I don’t know if I could cope with both of them at once.” Ryan said.

“Of course you can; it’s every man’s dream to have a 3some with 2 gorgeous teenagers isn’t it?” I replied.

“I’m not so sure.”

“Go for it Ryan. Next time that they come round tell them that I said that they have to fuck you or they can’t use my Sybian or bike again.”

Ryan laughed.

I had a nice vision of the 3 of them, Ryan on his back, one of the twins riding his cock and the other riding his tongue. I got quite wet.

The rest of the conversation was about boring things and we left it with me promising to skype him again as soon as I could.

I went back to my desk and did some more work for a couple of hours then went to see Dong to see if I could skype my boss. During that time the ring had zapped me twice and I’d gasped a little each time. I hoped that none of the men there had noticed.

As the connection was going through I adjusted Mr Wang’s webcam so that only my head was on the screen. I didn’t want my boss to know that I was naked.

When the connection came up we went through all the pleasantries and details of how the journey went. Then he asked me about Mr Wang and his family and my accommodation. Then the subject was changed to the factory. I managed to talk about the office setup and was pleased that I’d managed to keep the discussion away from my nudity.

Then Tim asked me if I’d had a look round the factory and I lost it. I told him all about the naked girls and what happened to them at the start of each shift.

“So did you have to get naked to go into the factory?” Tim asked.

I confessed that I’d gone through the same routine and inspection, telling him with my face burning.

“But at least your nudity was confined to the same place as all the other girls?” Tim asked.

I wanted to lie but I just couldn’t, I’m a terrible liar. I told him that all unmarried girls didn’t wear clothes anywhere at any time.

“It’s good job that you’ve got Ryan then.”

“But we’re not married.”

“OMG….. So you have to be naked all the time? I’m so sorry Tanya, I didn’t know about that. If I had I wouldn’t have asked you to go. I wonder if Grace is okay; I know that she’s not married. Does that mean that you’re naked right now, in Mr Wang’s office?”

I confessed that I was.

“We can make these skype calls voice only if you like Tanya.”

“No, that’s okay, I’m getting used to being naked all the time.”

I tilted the webcam down so that my chest and face were on the screen.

“You’re bound to see me sometime whilst I’m here so we may as well get it over with.”

I stood up and backed up so that my body from hair to knees was on the screen.

“Okay Tanya, that’s enough sit down again….. I have to admit that I’ve seen your breasts and genitals before; it’s difficult not to with some of the clothes that you wear at work.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t know. I’ll wear more modest clothes at work if you like.”

“No, that’s okay Tanya. I have no right to tell you what you can and can’t wear; the company policy is ‘smart casual’ and here in England you always fit into that category and over there in China you do as well. You’re not thinking of coming to work here like that are you? It’s not a problem from my point of view but I can think of 1 or 2 people here who might complain.”

“No don’t worry Tim. Besides, the climate in England isn’t conducive to being naked for 9 tenths of the year.”

We got back to talking shop and I managed to avoid telling him about the cultural thing about when a girl goes into a room with men in it; and to not tell him about all the orgasms that I was having.

I ended the call feeling that it went better than I had expected. I also wondered what he meant when he implied that I was wearing ‘smart casual’ whilst I was talking to him. Did he think that being naked was ‘smart casual’ or that I had a smart body?

At dinner that night I asked Dong and Wu what there was for nightlife in the village. I was disappointed when Dong said that there was nothing other than a big hall where young people meet. He added that there was some Chinese music but dancing wasn’t allowed.

I went to bed early and after moving the bed over a bit I managed to get the toothbrush charger in between my legs. I went to sleep with it pressing in my pussy and hoping that I’d wake to a strong zap from my clit ring.

It must have been zapping me all night because my pussy was soaking when I woke up.

The rest of the month went pretty much the same as those first few days except for a few exceptions: -

**My little clit ring**

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I kept charging my clit ring every other night with the toothbrush charger. Whenever Dong or Wu came into my room and saw the charger trapped between my legs they’d just stare for a few seconds then get on with whatever they’d come in for.

Before that they’d usually caught me with my legs open, often with me rubbing my pussy.

I couldn’t see any point in trying to hide my pussy as they’d both seen it every day and often saw me cumming.

**My vibrator**

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Ryan had got me to promise to wear this except when I went into the factory but I decided to wear it only every other day. There were 2 reasons for this; firstly, I didn’t believe that I could cope with it every day; and secondly, I only had 1 spare set of batteries. I had some Yuan with me but so far I hadn’t seen a shop that looked like it sold batteries.

I have to say that it was VERY difficult having my vibe purring away inside me and the clit ring occasionally zapping me. I know that I had some pained expressions on my face a few times when Mr Wang was nearby.

**The Festival**

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The annual festival has been part of their culture for centuries. I was lucky enough to have been there when it came round that year.

One part of the parade was the girls. Every girl is obliged to make a head-dress depicting one of the months of the Chinese year. Each head-dress is judged and the winner has to go through a ceremony.

Mr Wang first told me (with Dong’s help) about the festival and the girl’s parade one evening over dinner. Then he asked me to help the people who were making the factory’s entry by acting as a model. It sounded like fun – well different, so I agreed and I spent the next day with 2 older women and 1 man as they kept doing a bit, putting it on my head, taking it off again etc. etc.

I couldn’t communicate with them through speech but I did manage to mage a couple of suggestions by showing them and they incorporated them in the head-dress. By the end of the day I quite liked what they’d done.

What I found out the night before the festival was that Mr Wang had decided that I was going to wear the head-dress in the parade. I tried to refuse saying that I was a foreigner and shouldn’t get the honour but they wouldn’t listen to me.

Dawn the next day found me lining up with about 35 other girls, all wearing nothing but colourful head-dresses. In single file we slowly walked through the village, passed what I supposed they called the village green, to the beat of some very noisy Chinese music.

My head-dress was heavy and by the time that we’d got to the other end of the village I was happy to see some of the other girls taking theirs off.

Suddenly everything stopped, the music stopped and a man’s voice came out of the loudspeakers. Apparently I had won the competition for the best head-dress; or should I say Mr Wang’s money had won.

I was ushered over to where the man with the microphone was and all of a sudden I could hear English being spoken by the man with the microphone. I was pleased for that because it meant that I could refuse the award and they could award it to some other girl. However, he wouldn’t listen to me and I found myself being carried by 2 men, over to a big pedestal with a big cross on it.

Before I could say anything my arms and legs were lifted up and tied to a big wooden ‘X’. Not understanding what was going on I looked around for Dong or Wu but they were nowhere to be seen.

I was carried back through the village, spread eagled on that cross. And it wasn’t quickly. Every few yards the bearers would stop and talk to some of the people stood at the sides of the road. Of course, everyone was staring at my pussy, some of them pointing to my jewellery. There was nothing that I could do other than hope that my clit ring and vibrator would soon take me passed the point of not caring.

Thankfully they did and lots of people must have seen my gushing pussy as I came lots of times before we got to the other end of the village. I doubt that any of the people would have heard my moans because there was way too much noise.

Back where it had all started someone took my head-dress off and the bearers left me leaning against a wall; still strapped to the cross.

About 10 minutes later some floats arrived and I was hauled up onto the front of the first float. I quickly realised that I was going to be displayed on the front of the front float as it crawled through the village.

Crawl was a very appropriate word because the floats were going so slow that people were walking all around, many walking close to me so that they could see the foreign girl with nipple and clit hood piercings and a little ring on her clit. I guessed that it was quite novel for them as I had yet to see another girl’s clit.

They also got to see me cumming and cumming and cumming. I’m sure that I passed out at one point because I suddenly realised that the people who were in in front of me looking back were all different from where they were a second ago.

Finally we got to the end of the route and things started to get less noisy. A man came up to me, looked at me, grinned and walked away. Seconds later he was there again but with a hosepipe in his hand.

The idea of being hosed down in public does not appeal to me but that time it felt really good. What’s more, the batteries in my vibe were getting flat so I was able to enjoy the water without distraction.

I was left to drip-dry for a few minutes (it was a warm day) before another man came and cut me down. I was then left to find my own way to wherever I wanted to go.

I chose to sit on a grassy bank for a while and must have dozed off.

When I woke I felt refreshed and happy. The village was still full of people all apparently enjoying themselves with quite a few people in fancy dress.

As I wandered around I saw lots of naked girls, some with adults, must mostly on their own or in groups.

I really did want to talk to them to find out what their lives were like, but there was no chance.

**The Doctor**

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Just about every other day the doctor visited the factory and examined an average of 2 girls. Each time everyone would stop working and watch as the doctor gave those girls a very intimate examination.

I’m sure that some of them must have orgasmed while they were being probed and groped but only one of them actually got vocal and physical. It wasn’t as bad (or good) as Ryan tell me that I get, but it was certainly enough for the doctor to have to stop and wait for her to calm down.

With the cultural rules as they were I wondered if she’d get the job.

**Dong’s Dong**

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One morning when I was in the shower I was visited by Dong. He promptly took his clothes off and stepped into the shower with me. All he said was that his mother was in the other shower.

I wondered if he was going to fuck me but he didn’t even get an erection. His penis was massive though and I wondered if it got even bigger when it got hard. I smiled when I thought about his name. Had his parents known that it was going to get that big when he grew up? Did they even know what the word ‘Dong’ meant in English?

Dong didn’t try anything on with me and he just showered leaving me pressed back against the wall watching him.

When I got to work I looked up the meaning of the Chinese name Dong. I was a bit disappointed to find that it meant ‘east’ or ‘winter’.

**The girl’s slits**

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By about the end of the second week I realised that I hadn’t seen one girl with anything sticking out between their lips; they were all just like big baby girls. At first I just assumed that it was a ‘Chinese thing’, but a bit later I wondered if all the girls were subjected to some form of female genital mutilation. I googled it and couldn’t find any evidence of it happening in China so I came to the conclusion that it’s just the way Chinese girls are; just like their flat butts.

**Mr Wa**

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This was the third week that I was there.

One morning when I was working in the factory’s office, Dong brought another man in and introduced him to me as Mr Wa, the man from their head office who was responsible for organising the cultural exchange at the China end.

We spent about an hour talking about how things were going and how I’d got used to the different cultural ways. As he was asking that I noticed that his eyes were looking at my chest, not my face. That made my nipples get harder and I saw a smile come to Mr Wa’s face.

I told him that it had been difficult for me having to be naked and to have to spread my legs letting everyone see my genitals.

“Ah yes,” Mr Wa said, “I hear that you have some unusual features down there. Can you show me please?”

My jaw nearly dropped. It didn’t help that my clit ring zapped me just at that moment; and that was on top of the fact that I was wearing my vibe that day, and it was purring away inside me.

No I didn’t cum.

“What, here, now?” I asked.

“Yes, get on the table and show me.”

I slowly stood up and moved to the stainless steel table. I looked at Mr Wa again and he just nodded.

Up I climbed and my legs instinctively opened wide revealing my very wet pussy.

Mr Wa proceeded to pull all my jewellery in different direction and when he pulled on my clit ring I lost it. I had a full-blown, intense orgasm right in front of him.

By then everyone in the office had stopped work and were staring at me.

As I calmed down Mr Wa continued his examination. I got a little after shock when he first touched my clit again but that was only on his was to putting a finger inside me.

As soon as he started that I remembered my vibe. Mr Wa smiled as he inserted another finger and they came out with my vibe between them.

If I hadn’t been so aroused I’m sure that I would have died of shame.

Mr Wa held up my vibe for everyone to see and most of the men started talking.

After a couple of seconds Mr Wa pushed my vibe back inside me and told me to get up. He then said something to one of the men there and he scurried off somewhere.

Inviting me to sit down again Mr Wa started telling me that their companies made many different products and that they sometimes found it difficult to find people to test some of the products before they were released to the buyers; and he wondered if I would help them whilst I was there.

Thinking that maybe he wanted me to test a new smart phone or something, I replied,

“Of course, if I can I will be happy to help you.”

Just after he’d thanked me for my co-operation the man who’s scurried out came back with a box that he put on the stainless steel table. Mr Wa got up again and went and opened the box.

I stood up and watched as he got out 6 different vibrators and lined them up on the table. My heart was pounding and my brain was in turmoil. This man had just asked me to test a load of vibrators and I had agreed. Had I been conned and did I want to now refuse? Could I even refuse after I’d already said that I would? And where did he want me to test those ‘things’?

I’m sure that my face was red as Mr Wa started talking.

“I will be here for the rest of today and tomorrow, I would like to try each one of these on you over that period; say one every two hours. I will tell Mr Wang what we will be doing so don’t worry about him. I have a few things to arrange then we will start in 1 hour.”

Fucking hell, what had I let myself in for? The next hour was my worst for years. My stomach was churning, my brain was in turmoil; my face was bright red and for some weird reason my pussy was gushing. My vibe was still purring but I couldn’t feel a thing.

One hour later Mr Wa and 2 other men came into the room. I stood up and looked at Mr Wa who pointed to the table. I jumped up and sat on the edge.

Mr Wa introduced the 2 men and told me that one was the operator and the other the quality control man. Neither of those 2 spoke any English.

As the operator unpacked one of the vibrators the quality control man started writing.

The operator gently pushed on my shoulder and I lay back. As I did so I automatically opened my legs. This wasn’t enough for the man and he held my ankles and lifted my legs then put my feet flat on tha table before pressing my knees as wide as they would go.

After looking at my jewellery for a few seconds he picked up the first vibe and just as it touched my clit Mr Wa spoke. The man stopped, put the vibrator down and pushed 2 fingers inside my pussy. Feeling around he got behind my vibe and pulled it out. He put in on the table in an open space so that everyone could see it.

I say everyone because all the workers had stopped working and were watching what was going on.

I could feel the vibrations coming from my vibe through the metal table and hoped that it wouldn’t vibrate across the table and fall off. I didn’t want it to get broken.

The first vibe was re-introduced to my pussy and the man got to work. I couldn’t see what he was doing but it felt good.

That man must be well practised at using vibrators on women because he was soo good; rubbing it around my clit, pressing on my clit and teasing my hole by just pushing it in just a little bit then bringing it out.

It didn’t take long for my first orgasm to arrive, me being as vocal and active as usual; but the man had only just got started. He continued teasing my clit and my hole and just as I was starting to cum again he thrust the vibrator deep inside me.

Orgasm number 2 over, the man kept going until I’d cum for a third time.

Thankfully, he stopped then and put the vibe back into its box. The QC man stopped writing and Mr Wa thanked me for my contribution.

I just lay there, legs still bent and wide open. After a couple of minutes I got up and went back to my desk. I was glad that I’d brought one of the little towels from the Wang’s house to put on my chair.

Ninety minutes later the doctor arrived, and shortly after that, 3 more potential employees.

Mr Wa saw them, looked at his watch, thought for a few seconds then went to see Mr Wang.

Right in the middle of the first girl being examined Dong came over and distracted me from watching the doctor invade the girl’s body.

“Tanya, as you can see, the need to examine potential employees has taken over the time allocated to test the new products. My father and Mr Wa have decided that the rest of the testing will take place tomorrow morning at an off-site location. I will take you there in the morning. My father’s leaving now so you can use his office to skype your boss if you like.”

I thanked Dong, finished what I was doing and went to use skype.

Dong was at the breakfast table when I got up the next morning. After assuming the position, being told to get up, having some breakfast; the 2 of us headed into the village.

We stooped at the ‘village green’ and Dong said that we must be a little early.

“I don’t understand Dong. Surely we need to go to the building where the testing will take place.”

“Actually Tanya, I’ve got you here under false pretences; well partially. Do you remember me telling you that showing any sign of sexual excitement is taboo in our culture and that the girl can be publically punished for it?”

“Yeees.”

“Well you have continued to show lots of sexual excitement, even to the point of affecting production; too many girls stopped working yesterday afternoon because of the noise you were making; so much noise from such small lungs. Anyway, my father has decided that you need to be taught a lesson.”

“But Dong, I explained that, and besides, wasn’t the whole purpose of yesterday’s test session to see how good the products are?”

“Well yes, but once my father has made a decision it is not reversible.”

Realising that I was trapped, I asked Dong what the punishment was.

“Well, in our society we try to humiliate the offender so much, in the area of their crime that they will not offend again. As your crime is showing too much sexual excitement we are going to combine the testing of the products with lots more stimulation; right here in this very public place. Within an hour this place will be full of people.”

“You can’t be serious Dong.”

“I’m sorry to say that I am. It’s my father’s decision. After your punishment everything will be forgiven and we will all make a fresh start.”

“Dong, I’m really sorry that I have offended your father. But isn’t there any alternative to this; I mean, you’re talking about humiliating me in the worst possible way; and the worst possible place?”

“That’s the whole idea Tanya. This type of punishment always works with the local girls so we expect it to work with you.”

“Please Dong, there must be another way.”

“No Tanya.”

Whilst we’d been talking I’d seen 6 men arrive carrying a stainless steel table like the ones at the factory only a bit smaller. On the table was a box and the men were in the process of taking ropes out of it and tying them to each corner of the table.

I started shaking as I realised that I was going to be tied to the table; right there in the public square and made to orgasm over and over for goodness know how long. I looked round and saw that some people were already stopping to see what was going on.

I nearly fainted but 4 of the men grabbed an arm or a leg each and before I could say anything I was getting tied down, spread eagled, onto the table.

As I nervously waited I looked round. A small crowd was gathering and Mr Wa, the QC guy arrived with another guy carrying the same box that I’d seen the previous day.

Mr Wa spoke and the man with the box got a package out and opened it. It was a vibrator that has the extra bit on it to tease your clit at the same time as it vibrates inside you.

Without using any lubrication, or checking to see if I had any natural lubrication, the man just switched it on and pushed it in.

My body was producing lube but I still gasped at the force at which the man pushed it in.

I didn’t want to orgasm in front of all those people but I had no choice in the matter. As my arousal rose I just hoped that once I was up there I’d stay there until it was all over; or better still, I’d pass out and not remember most of it.

I remember the third vibrator going in after about my fourth orgasm, but after that it was all a foggy haze – thankfully; and I think that I passed-out twice.

The next thing that I remember was Dong sitting me up and giving me a bottle of water. I felt totally ashamed and humiliated as I looked round and saw that there were still a few people standing around looking at me. What must they have thought of me?

The walk back to the house was slow and painful and I went straight to bed. I looked at my clock and worked out that I’d been on that table for about 5 hours; no wonder I was totally knackered.

Next morning Mr Wong was there when I went for breakfast and as I assumed the position Mr Wong smiled at me and quickly waved me up. He spoke more to me that morning than he had all the previous 3 weeks. I guessed that they really did forgive people after they’d been punished.

I was glad that I hadn’t put my vibe in that morning and I had a quiet day at the factory; although that night my fingers were busy.

The day after that I put my vibrator in before going to work and it, and my little clit ring, gave me 4 orgasms in the office before the batteries went flat. The only difference that day was that somehow I managed to keep quiet (just) as I came.

**The School Visit**

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During the middle of the second week at breakfast one morning, Wu told me that we’d be going to the local senior high school so that I could tell those that were taking English, a bit about England. I was a little concerned because I imagined a school with hundreds of kids. I assumed that there would be some girls there but I didn’t know if they’d be naked or not. Would I be the only naked girl there?

I assumed not as Wu didn’t say anything about me putting any clothes on. He also didn’t say anything about where the school was; or how we’d be getting there.

When we went out of the front door the man with the motorcycle was there waiting for us. When he saw us he started it and got on, Wu told me to get on and I had to lift my leg over. It was way too late to worry about Wu seeing my pussy so I just did it. Wu got on behind me, squeezing me between the 2 of them. I put my hands round the driver’s waist and Wu put his arms outside mine and round to rest on top of my tiny tits.

Off we went, and about 30 minutes later we arrived in the next village and then a big, old school.

Wu took me into the school and to an office where he spoke to a man (probably the headmaster – if they have those there) in Chinese; he man looking me up and down, but not talking to me.

Then it was to a classroom. Going in I saw about 30 kids who I guessed to be about 16 or 17. About 25 of the kids were boys and the girls were sat at the back. Because of the design of the desks I could see that the girls were naked too. That fact helped me relax a bit.

Okay, the boys were used to looking at naked girls at school but that didn’t stop them staring at me. I never saw one of them looking at my face.

The male teacher said something in Chinese and then in English. He welcomed me there then asked me my name. After I’d told him he spoke to the class and told them that they could ask me anything they wanted to know about England.

I had a little panic attack, wondering how good their English was, what they’d ask and would I be able to answer; but I needn’t have worried. The teacher had done a good job because I could understand just about everything they were asking and none of it was difficult; except when they started asking about football teams.

After about 30 minutes one of the boys asked me what that was between my legs. I had a little panic attack again, not knowing if he was asking about my clit hood barbell, my little clit ring, or the fact that my clit was sticking out between my lips (I still hadn’t seen a Chinese girl with anything other than just a slit).

I decided to go for the clit hood barbell and just told them what it was and that a lot of English girls had piercings there.

Thankfully the questions went back to things like education, politics and football.

Wu later told me that I’d been talking for over an hour. Thinking back I realised that not one of the girls had asked me a question. When I asked Wu why that was he told me that it ‘wasn’t their place.’

As we rode back to the house with Wu’s hands on my tiny tits again, I thought about how hard it was being a girl in China.

**The factory – again**

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I hadn’t realised that there were 2 workrooms in the factory until a couple of days after my total humiliation in the village. When I got to work that day Dong asked me if I’d seen the assembly room yet. When I said that I didn’t even know they had one, Dong took me down there.

I was expecting a similar start of work procedure to the first workroom that I’d been in but this was different. There were no showers; only the duct tape.

It was Dong who put that on me before he took me into the room. It was a bit like the first room but the naked girls were working alongside 3 straight conveyor belts. As the product slowly went along a girl would add the next component; and so on until the last girl packed them into boxes.

I nearly laughed when I saw that 1 of the lines was assembling and packing vibrators.

Dong walked round with me and agreed with me that it was a lot simpler than the main workroom. He asked me if I wanted to have another look round the main workroom. My initial reaction was ‘no way’ but when I opened my mouth out came,

“Well, some of the tasks were quite complicated; maybe I should go in there for another half day.”

“A good idea Tanya, you do realise that you’ll have t go through the same procedure at the start of the day don’t you? And we don’t want you getting into more trouble do we?”

“Err, yes and no,” I replied; “I’ll do my best not to upset anyone.”

“Good. Maybe I should look after you in there; then I’ll be able to explain the more complex tasks to you.”

“Yes, I think that would be good idea. Thank you.”

Why had I said that? I’d just invited Dong to put his fingers in my holes and maybe to shave my pussy. What was wrong with me?

Then another thought hit me,

“If it hadn’t been Dong the first time; who had it been?”

As we left the assembly room Dong took the duct tape off when we left the assembly room as well.

The next morning saw Dong shaking my leg to wake me up again. As usual, I was on top of the covers with the toothbrush charger between my legs. Neither Dong, nor Wu, ever said anything about that and I wondered what they must think.

I walked with Dong and Wu to the factory and we were early because there were no girls stood outside the door. Dong and Wu left me, presumably to go and get changed, and when the other girls arrived they all appeared to be talking about me. They were pointing at me and laughing. I guessed that they’d all heard about my punishment.

The door opened and in we went. I was nervous even though I knew what was going to happen; and happen it did. The man even shaved me, why hadn’t I got up earlier and shaved myself? I didn’t know if the man was Dong or someone else; he didn’t say a word and the masks covered too much of his head.

I did cum but I managed to control it; probably something to do with the fact that quite a few of the girls were all staring at me; probably waiting for me to make a spectacle of myself again.

I had to wait inside the workroom again but Dong eventually arrived and asked me which workstations I needed to understand better. I quickly looked round trying to remember which operation was the most complex.

Fortunately I managed to pick one where the girl looked like she was really concentrating. We stood and watched her as Dong explained what all the little bits that she was putting on the circuit board were. I even managed to ask a couple of question that sounded a bit technical. Dong didn’t say that I was being stupid and answered me with something (in English) that I didn’t understand; probably something about electronics.

I picked another couple of workstations and Dong went through the details again. Then I told him that I was okay with the rest and Dong told me that he’d be able to put me through the exit procedure because he’d have to get changed as well.

When we got into the room with the 5 tables I asked Dong it was really necessary because he’d been with me all the time (not quite true) but Dong insisted and I had to get up on the table while he removed the duct tape and gave me a full cavity search.

I did manage to avoid cumming again.

**Shopping**

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When my vibe batteries went flat I made a special effort to go to the shops after work; not that I’d found many. With my purse in my hand containing my Yuan I wandered around the village looking for shops that might sell batteries; and anything else that I might fancy. I hadn’t really been expecting much so I wasn’t disappointed.

One problem was that I didn’t know what I was expected to do if I went into a shop and there were some men there. I assumed that I’d be expected to assume the position but I wasn’t sure. I should have asked Dong or Wu but I wanted to do this on my own.

When I found a shop that looked like it might sell batteries I stood outside and watched for ages. Finally I saw a naked girl go in and I followed her in. The girl assumed the position so I did as well.

It was a male shop assistant and he ignored us until he was ready to serve us; then he said something in Chinese and the other girl got up, so I did.

Communication was difficult but I managed to get the batteries that I wanted, and looking at the money that I got back, those batteries were quite cheap.

After that I wanted to look in another couple of shops but I chickened out when I didn’t see any other naked girls going in.

**The skype calls**

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During my second skype call to my boss I asked him how Grace and the 2 men were getting on. Tim told me that Grace was okay but she’d been terribly shocked when she’d also been told that she’d have to be naked all the time. She was coping but looking forward to going home. Tim had asked her if she wanted to go home early but she’s said that she’d stick it out.

When Tim asked me how I was getting on I told him that I was okay.

Once during the call I had to go back to my desk to get some papers and I just stood up, went and got them then sat back down again. It was only when we started talking again that I remembered that I was naked. My boss had got another look at my pussy and had been able to see my tiny tits all the time. I wondered if he was recording the video conversation.

When I asked Tim if Grace was using video and audio, or just audio; Tim told me that she too had just decided to ignore that fact that he could see her naked.

By the time I left China I was so used to Tim seeing me naked that I never even thought about it.

I was missing Ryan tons and I wanted to show him my pussy with me playing with it but the angle of Mr Wang’s webcam was all wrong so we had to settle for him just watching my arm move up and down as I rubbed. He told me that he could easily imagine the rest.

On my fourth skype call to Ryan I told him about Mr Wa and the vibrator testing he laughed and asked me if I remembered what he sometimes says to me when I’m wearing my Ben Wa balls and I get close to cumming. I thought for a second or so then said,

“Cum for Mr Wa.”

Then he asked me if Mr Wa had a brother called Ben.

We both laughed and I realised that I’d never be able to wear my Ben Wa balls again without thinking about the Mr Wa that I’d met, and those vibrators.

I didn’t tell my boss or Ryan about my ‘punishment’. I thought that I’d save that for Ryan when I got home.

**Leaving China**

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I was so happy when my month was up; I couldn’t wait to get back to Ryan; but at the same time I’d enjoyed my time there. Okay, I’d been horribly humiliated when I’d been punished, but when I look back on it, what a way to get punished. I’m sure that lots of girls would have loved to go through it. I think that in a weird way I’d enjoyed it as well.

Anyway, I didn’t have any packing to do because I’d never unpacked my case. When I was saying farewell to everyone Dong told me that he’d get my case and bags. When he arrived with them Dong told me that my toilet bag was already in my case.

I was already sat on the motorcycle when I remembered about my clothes. After being without them for a month I just told the man to go. I was still naked as I walked into the little airport.

I opened my case to get a top and a skirt out and discovered that my case was fuller than when I arrived. Delving down in amongst my clothes I found 6 different vibrators. I smiled as I thought that Dong must have done it.

As I closed my case then put my clothes on, I discretely slipped my vibe into my pussy, I wanted something to keep me happy during the flights.

Gale and the 2 guys were waiting for me at Beijing airport. I dropped my case and ran up to Gale and gave her a big hug. I really wanted to talk to Gale but I didn’t want the 2 guys to hear about my naked exploits; or hers.

Thankfully I remembered to switch my remote vibe off before the long flight back to England.

On the flight back one of the guys was so excited when he said that where he’d been he’d seen lots of naked girls walking about. That really pissed-off the other guy who asked if we’d seen any.

Both Gale and I blushed a bit and we both said that we’d had. Then he said,

“So did either of you 2 have to get naked?”

Gale looked at me and I looked at her; and we both said,

“No way.”

Ryan was waiting for me at the airport and after a long hug and kiss with him lifting me up to his height (I think that my butt was on display but I didn’t care), we rushed home and to bed.

**Back in England – a sort of epilogue**

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Ryan didn’t wait until I’d had a shower; instead he joined me and soaped me all over; taking a long time between my legs.

When we woke up the next morning I told him all the things that I hadn’t told him during the skype calls. We had to have a couple of breaks while I took care of his raging hard-ons. One came whist I was telling him about the stainless steel tables and another one came as I told him about my ‘punishment’. It was like he was imagining me having a cavity search and then by me being tied to the table and tormented so much that I passed out.

A few days after we got back to work we had to give a presentation about our time in China to the rest of the staff. Thankfully the subject of naked girls didn’t come up.

Two weeks after I got back to England I was at work and had to give a presentation. I went to the conference room about an hour before to check the projector was working and I was surprised to see Mr Chang there, on his own, working on his laptop. I don’t know if it was instinct or just my desire to show some respect for him, but I immediately dropped down and assumed the position. Okay, I wasn’t naked but my short skirt rode way up and my bald pussy was on full display. When Mr Chang looked up, then down, he saw me, smiled and got up. Walking round to stand between my legs, then looking down at my spread pussy (it was very wet because I’d got one of my vibes purring away inside me), Mr Chang said,

“Very impressive and very respectful young lady; I heard that you had a good time on your exchange visit; Mr Wong was quite impressed at how quickly you adapted to our culture. He also told me all about your jewellery, although I have to confess that I’d seen some of it a few times before, especially what I can see right now. Pleased as I am to see you down there, there is no need to do that here in England Tanya. Please get up and resume whatever you were going to do.”

I got up and pulled my skirt down to where it should have been then said,

“Thank you sir; I believe that all young people should show respect to their elders and superiors. I hope to be able to continue showing that respect to all of your countrymen. And yes, I did learn a lot on my visit and I would be grateful if you would thank Mr Wang and his family the next time that you speak to them.”

A few days later my boss called me into his office and I walked in and went and stood at the front of his desk.

“Mr Chang;” my boss said, “You appear to have made quite an impression on him and he has asked me to give you this.”

My face went a bit red as my boss passed a gift wrapped box about the size of a football, to me.

“Can I open it?” I asked.

“Of course you can; it’s yours.”

I un-wrapped and opened it and found another, little box in the top. I was both surprised and embarrassed to see a little golden coloured ring. I immediately knew what it was, which was why my face went bright red.

“Very nice Tanya, but it looks a little small for your fingers.”

“Err yes, it’s not for my finger, it’s err for err my err clitoris.”

“Oh ….. okay; and what’s this about some position that all the Chinese girls have to get into when they go into a room where a man is? You didn’t tell me about that during our skype calls.”

“Err no sir, sorry sir, it’s quite embarrassing really, but you’re right, I should have told you. It’s not all women; it’s only the unmarried ones. Didn’t Mr Chang tell you what it was?”

“No he didn’t; he suggested that I ask you to show me; and stop calling me ‘sir’, you know what my name is.”

“Show you…. What, here, now?”

“Yes Tanya, why not, it doesn’t involve you standing on your head or something stupid like that does it?”

“No, it’s not silly; it’s more submissive and respectful; and very embarrassing.”

“Come on then, show me.”

Well, he did ask; so I did. As expected, my skirt ended up round my waist and my bald, wet pussy was right there for him to gawk at.

Looking up at him I said,

“It’s normally done when the girl is total naked, do you want me to take my clothes off and get back down here?”

“Well, that sounds like a wonderful idea;” my boss said as he stood up and came round his desk and stood by my knees, “but I don’t think that you should be doing that here; all sorts of HR issues and what about your boyfriend? I’m sure that he wouldn’t be too happy.”

“Oh don’t worry about Ryan, he’s always trying to get me to take my clothes off wherever we go; but I guess that you’re right about HR. Maybe you should get Mr Chang to talk to HR with a view of getting some of the Chinese cultural ways implemented here. Our clients list is getting overrun with Chinese companies.”

“Hmm; a good idea, but for now I think that you should get up.

Tim didn’t ask me what else was in the box from Mr Chang which was a good job. Back at my desk I opened the box again and had a quick look. In there was a remote control for the clit ring and some more vibrators. I quickly closed the box and put it under my desk, but I did take out the leaflet with the remote control.

Reading it I discovered that Mr Chang had given me the deluxe version of the clit ring. It has a battery with a lot longer life and is programmable so that you can have ‘off’ periods (ahhh, peaceful sleep at last); and vary the intensity and frequency of the zaps. I had to laugh as I thought about Ryan playing with that control.

Then I thought about how Ryan would get my old one off and the new one on.

Three months after I got back from China I got home one evening to find a stainless steel table in the back garden. It’s not as big as the ones in China but it has ‘D’ rings welded all around the underneath of the top. I have to admit that I got quite wet looking at it and imagining me tied down to it, in various positions, and Ryan tormenting my pussy.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 26 – Not all Ryan’s fault**

**----------------------------------**

First the bad news – Tom and Jenny have moved out. Tom decided to finish his degree in a London university and Jenny, of course, transferred with him. I’m, WE are going to miss them. I did give Jenny my old clit ring just before they left and Tom promised to squeeze it onto her clit just as soon as he could.

**My new clit ring**

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Ryan had quite a bit of fun fitting it on my clit. For starters he strapped me onto the Sybian for a good 30 minutes. That got me super worked-up and a bit tired. Then he carried me to the stainless steel table in the back garden and strapped my arms and legs spread-eagled on to it. What’s more, he put a big strap over my hips as well. I’ve never felt so helpless in all my life. After that he went and got a ball-gag just in case I tried to disturb the whole neighbourhood.

Basically what happened next was the same as for putting the old one on the second time but without the ice to numb my clit. It hurt like hell when he squeezed my clit with the tweezers and because I was already on a high, I started cumming. I was in an orgasmic trance as the new clit ring slid down the tweezers and onto my clit.

Ryan took great pleasure in pushing it down as far as he could get it; all whilst I was cumming over and over. As soon as he was happy he switched the thing on at full blast and left me there while he went and got a drink or something.

When he got back to me I must have been close to passing out because I don’t remember him unstrapping me or carrying me upstairs and putting me in a warm bath.

He left me there and I fell asleep. When I woke up the water was starting to get cold but Ryan was there to lift me out and carry me to the bed.

The new ring is great, and Ryan lets me carry the remote control about with me. The agreement is that I only turn it off if I’m going in to a meeting. That sounded fair and so far that is what I’ve stuck to. If I do break the agreement I will tell him, and I’m sure that he’ll find a way to punish me.

**The gym**

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I still love going there and I still go to work early so that I can build up flexi-hours and have at least one afternoon at the gym each week. Whenever I plan to go to the gym in the afternoon I’m still going to work in the morning with one of my remote vibes in and switched on. The gym is so much more fun if I’m as horny as hell when I get there.

Kieran got his first obstacle course challenge organised. Eight girls entered (including me), and the event took place one Saturday afternoon. Needless to say word got round the guys and there must have been something around 30 men and a few of the girls (all naked of course) there watching. Darren said that he’d never had so many people there at once.

Kieran split us into 4 pairs, the plan being that the 4 winners would go again then there would be a final of the last 2.

Picking up a megaphone Kieran asked for some male volunteers. He didn’t tell them what for and when he’d got enough he took them round the course and explained what he wanted them to do. After that he shouted the rules for being a spectator: -

Don’t get within 6 feet of any competing girl.

Don’t block the way from one challenge to the next.

No touching a girl unless she asks you to.

Photographs and videos are permitted and you can zoom in as much as you like but you must observe the 6 feet exclusion zone.

Then he said that the second rule didn’t apply to the volunteers doing their specific task. That made some of the guys groan because the implication was that the volunteers would be touching the girls.

Kieran announced the knockout rules and that the winner wasn’t necessarily the first girl to cross the line because 10 seconds would be deducted from each girl’s time for each orgasm that she had on the way round.

That last comment got a few puzzled looks and a few smiles from the audience.

Kieran then announced that Tanya (me) would do a circuit before the competition started so that everyone could see what was expected of the competitors. He turned to me and told me that I could compete in the last group so that I had some time to rest.

I was quite surprised by that as Kieran hadn’t given me any warning of what he was going to do. I suddenly became a bit nervous but that was countered by the sexual frustration that was built up inside of me. You see, after our morning fuck Ryan had teased my pussy something rotten. He’d pushed one of my remote vibes inside me and kept taking me sooo close to cumming then he switched it off. On top of that he’s fingered me, pushing the vibe all around inside me, teased my clit, and got me to leave all my clothes at home. When we got to the gym I had no clothes with me and I was so desperate to cum that I was sure that if someone touched my clit I would have instantly cum all over their hand.

As I moved over to the start I looked round and saw 30 + men, and a few other naked girls, all staring at the naked me. I nearly orgasmed before I’d even started.

The camera flashes started as soon as I got into the crab position.

At the next challenge I’d forgotten about the man that would check to see that I’d got right down when I did the splits and at first I wondered what the man was doing as he got down in front of me and moved his hand to my pussy. As his hand touched the front of my pussy, and pushed to my clit, all the pent-up frustration exploded out of me in a truly magnificent orgasm.

I screamed out and fell back onto my back. My body started jerking about as I totally lost it.

When I finally calmed down I realised that everything was silent. Opening my eyes and looking round, every single eye in that room was focused on me and my pussy. I felt a mixture of pride, embarrassment and pleasure. I had a little after-shock.

When I was able, I got up and did the other 4 splits. I was half expecting to cum again when the man pushed his hand under my pussy but somehow I didn’t.

I ran to the net and scrambled under it, rubbing my aching nipples along the floor, hoping that the friction didn’t make me cum again.

The rope certainly made me cum again, 3 times.

Over to the bar, I jumped up, and couldn’t reach the bar. I tried it 3 times before a man came up behind me, put his arms round my waist and lifted me up. Grabbing the bar I pulled myself up and waggled my legs and butt about until my pussy was in line with the dildo.

Lowering myself down I gave out a satisfying moan but I doubt that anyone heard me. I kept going down until I felt it hit my cervix then pulled myself up, then down 4 more times before pulling myself up and kicking the cone that the dildo was mounted on, out of the way.

My arms ached a bit as I ran over to one of the dildos that was screwed to the floor. I squat down and impaled myself, letting out another moan. I moaned again as a man dropped down in front of me and slid his upturned hand to my pussy to see if he could get it under me. He couldn’t but his fingers did push against my clit causing me to gasp a little. I got up as quick as I could and did a jumping jack.

Five times I did that then ran over to the bowling alley pin. I stood over it with my legs spread and paused for a few seconds to get my breath; then squat down and impaled myself.

Clenching my pussy muscles I stood up and waddled forward. I made it most of the way before the copious amounts of juices that I was producing, caused me to loose grip and the pin clunked onto the floor.

A man ran over and stood the pin up between my legs and I squat down again. Gripping the pin and standing up I made it to the end without further mishap.

I’d made it. I stood there, legs spread, hands on hips, chest going in and out, heart pounding, rock hard nipples aching, and my juices running down the insides of my thighs. I was knackered.

Ryan came over, hugged me then backed off so that Kieran could stand beside me.

Kieran thanked me then said,

“Well Tanya, that round was magnificent, I’m sure that the other girls will have trouble bettering that, especially that first orgasm. However, the rules say that I have to take only 10 seconds off your time for each orgasm and that first orgasm lasted for 51 seconds. Subtracting just 10 seconds for that first orgasm, and 30 seconds for the 3 orgasms that you had on the rope and you are left with a time of 18 minutes and 17 seconds.”

Turning to the girls Kieran continued,

“That’s the time that you’ve got to beat girls; are the first 2 ready?”

Kieran walked over to the start where the first 2 girls were waiting. As he walked Ryan put his arm round me again and said,

“That was magnificent TT.”

“That was your fault buster.” I replied; “If you’d have let me cum just before we got here I wouldn’t have exploded like that.”

“Perhaps, but you can’t deny that you enjoyed it; all those people staring at you for 51 seconds while you had a magnificent cum.” Ryan said as his hand went round me and squeezed my little tit.

He was right of course; he always is.

We went and watched the 2 girls have fun going round the course. The only problem was that all the men and the other girls were following them round the course as well. The spectating naked girls were squashed between the guys eager to see how much the other girls were exposing themselves and enjoying the contact with all those men whilst they were naked.

The first 2 girls were Jude and another girl. With cameras flashing they got down into the crab position.

Walking on their hands, Jude spread her legs wide which got even more cheers.

When it came to the jumping jacks the other girl was obviously the one that got the cheers because her breasts were much bigger than Jude’s and the poor girl must have been in agony.

The jumping in the air after going down into the splits was ‘interesting’.

The 2 volunteers checking that they girls were right down in the splits had a busy time. Jude got right down but the man’s hand wasn’t in the right place. Jude had to wait while the man pushed his hand between the floor and her pussy. He did it palm down the first time, then for the second time he realised that he could get a finger in Jude’s hole if he did it palm up. Jude’s eyes lit up when he first did that.

The other girl couldn’t get quite as low and she had to stretch a bit more to get so that her ‘volunteer’ could touch her pussy and the floor at the same time. That happened all 5 times and Jude finished her fifth one while the other girl was just jumping up for the fourth time.

Jude had wriggled on her stomach and was out from under the net just as the other girl was getting under the net.

Although Jude made it to the top of the rope just as the other girl was starting to climb; the other girl was down and running to the next challenge while Jude was still having her second orgasm. She’d obviously decided that cumming was more important than finishing the course first.

Jude just about managed to catch up the other girl on the bar; she had the strength to jump up to the bar whereas the other girl had to have some help. Jude had more arm strength to pull herself up of the dildo as well and they both finished the challenge at the same time.

The 2 girls were neck and neck as they impaled themselves on the dildos screwed to the floor.

Over to the bowling alley pins and that was where the other girl got the better of Jude. Her pussy muscles were obviously stronger than Jude’s; or Jude was producing a lot more lubrication; because Jude dropped the pin 3 times whereas the other girl dropped it only once.

The other girl finished the course first but Jude was declared the winner because she came twice on the rope.

Round 2 was Kate and another girl and things went just about the same as the first round, with Kate also cumming twice on the rope. Unfortunately, Kate had real problems with the bowling pin and the other girl was declared the winner.

Round 3 was with 2 other girls. Neither of them had orgasms probably because they hadn’t worked out what the girls who had orgasms on the ropes were doing; but both entertained the audience with their large breasts bouncing about.

Round 4 was me against Ella. Thankfully I was feeling quite refreshed by then, and not very horny, by that time. Those who hadn’t seen Ella before, and her gaping pussy, soon got their cameras going; not that gave me any advantage.

We were neck and neck right until we climbed the rope. Ella was by far quicker but she only managed 1 orgasm whereas I managed to give myself 2. Ella stayed ahead of me right until the bowling pins. Ella’s permanently gaping pussy was a big disadvantage to her, or did she just like having a man bend down in front of her while she had her legs open letting him look up her gaping hole.

I had finished long before Ella did.

Round 5 was Jude against the girl who had beaten Kate. I think that Jude wanted revenge for beating her sister because Jude flew round the course in the fastest time so far.

Round 6 was me again and the girl who won round 3. Thankfully she was more tired than I was because she struggled on the rope and the bar. She finished just before me but because I’d cum twice on the rope, I was declared the winner.

Ryan had to tell me that I was in the final against Jude. Thankfully, Kieran gave us a 20 minute break before the final. Both Jude and I went and had a relaxing sauna then short swim before going back. Both the sauna and the pool were deserted and for what was probably the first time, neither of us played with our pussies in the sauna.

As Jude and I lined up for the start we looked at each other, hugged each other and wished the other one good luck.

Although we are very good friends, each of us wanted to win and when Kieran set us off we both went for it.

We were neck and neck as we started climbing the ropes; then it hit me; my clit ring came on at full blast.

I cursed the thing’s timing as I started up the rope. By the time I was half way up, the ring was still vibrating and Jude was near the top.

“It normally doesn’t last this long.” I thought as I battled to ignore it.

By the time I got to the top of the rope Jude was on her way down and having an orgasm as her pussy rubbed against the rope; and I started cumming without even the rope touching my pussy.

I clung to the top of the rope, shaking with the ring still tormenting my clit.

When I started to calm down I looked down to where I’d last seen Ryan. The bastard was standing there, grinning and holding the clit ring’s remote control in his hand.

“FUCK!” I said to myself and started sliding down the rope.

Stupidly, I slid down the rope the same way that I always do, with my pussy rubbing against the rope. If I’d used my brain I could have got closer to Jude who was already well lowering herself down onto the dildo sticking up from the traffic cone. Instead I came 4 more times before I finally reached the ground. How my hands managed to grip the rope through all that I will never know.

I walked over to the bar and got there just as Jude was pulling herself up for the fifth time.

I stood there, looked up and jumped for the bar. My hands just touched it and I dropped back to the floor. I jumped again, but again my hands only just touched the bar.

The men who had been assigned to help on that challenge both stepped forward, one either side of me. Each put a hand round my upper thigh and the other hand on my ribs below my tiny tits.

I felt the hands on my thighs lift me up but as they did so their hands slipped on my slippery, juice and sweat covered thighs, and slid right up to my pussy. I felt pressure on my pussy and clit and instantly came again.

My arms dropped and I started shaking; the men still holding up in the air with their hands under my pussy. Their other hands having slipped up and holding on to my little tits.

Wow! In that highly aroused state I was in heaven; two reasonable handsome men both holding my tits and both having a hand (well part of) on my pussy; another 30 plus men, and a few naked girls, staring at my naked body; and what’s more I was cumming, and cumming, and cumming.

I have no idea how long that orgasm lasted but it seemed to go on for hours. When I finally started coming down I looked round to the 2 men who were still holding me up in the air, then I saw Kieran and Jude in front of me.

“Are you all right Tanya?” Jude asked.

After another little aftershock I managed to say,

“No, can you put me down please guys?”

They did and as their hands left my pussy they rubbed it a bit and I had another mini orgasm. My legs gave way and I started going down. Fortunately, one of the men grabbed me, putting his arm round me, his hand on my tit.

It was then that Ryan finally turned my clit ring off; peace at last.

The man held on to me, and my tit, for a few minutes until I managed to put all my weight on my legs.

I thanked the man and he reluctantly let go of me and my tit. I then turned to Kieran and Jude and said,

“Congratulations Jude, you win.”

Jude stepped forward, put her arms round me, pulled me into her and gave me a big kiss on my lips. Then she said,

“It wasn’t really a fair contest, you were knackered when you started and I saw what Ryan was doing to you.”

“What was that?” Kieran asked.

“Oh nothing Kieran.” Jude replied.

Kieran went and got his megaphone and announced that we had a winner. He held Jude’s hand up then asked for 4 volunteers to carry Jude around the course on a victory lap.

Four men lifted Jude high up in the air. Holding her legs wide apart they walked round the course, stopping a few times for other men to take photographs of her; usually with the men standing between her legs.

Victory lap finished, Jude was put back on the ground beside Kieran and me.

“Feel like some wrestling girls?” Kieran asked.

Jude and I turned to look at Kieran, gave him a filthy look, and in stereo said,

“NO!”

I then added,

“Can we postpone it for now please?”

Kieran lifted the megaphone and told everyone that the wresting part of the event was postponed because he hadn’t appreciated just how much the event so far would take out of the girls. He then told them to watch the notice board for the re-scheduled date, and for the date of the next obstacle course race.

Ryan, Ella and Kate joined Jude and me, and I said that I needed a shower. As we walked out I heard Jude tell Kate that she’d let her win the next time.

Instead of heading to the changing rooms for a shower, I turned the other way and went to the showers near the sauna. Jude joined me then we both went and joined Kate, Ella and Ryan in the sauna.

Within a minute Ryan was watching 4 girls play with their clits, and staring right up Ella’s gaping hole.

Another interesting thing that happened at the gym was that one day when I was stood in reception talking to Darren, 2 girls walked in and asked about joining. Both produced IDs to prove that they were 18 but one of them, Aria, according to Darren, has the same problem as I have. She too looks quite a bit younger than she actually is.

**Hypnotics 101**

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One of Ryan’s work colleagues found a hypnotism app that he downloaded to his phone. When he told Ryan he downloaded it too.

When Ryan came home that night and told me about it he wanted to try it on me. We were alone a home and I knew that Ryan would never harm me so I agreed to let him try it on me.

He got his phone out, started the app and stuck it in front of my face.

As I looked at it I saw lots of swirling coloured lights and shapes. They were sort of addictive as you stared at them. After a while this very sexy, deep, male voice started telling me that I should relax and that I was sleepy and to just blank my mind. It went on and on saying the same thing and telling me that I was going into a deep sleep.

It was relaxing, but there was no way that I was getting hypnotised by it. As I started at the little screen I decided that I’d play along with it and see what Ryan did.

After a good 5 minutes the voice told me that I would obey the next voice that I heard and keep doing so until I heard the word ‘Constantinople’. After that I would wake-up and not remember anything from the time that the app started.

“Okay.” I thought, let’s see where this goes.

I continued to stare at the screen, motionless then Ryan said,

“Hello Tanya, can you touch your head please?”

Keeping a straight face, I lifted my right hand and put it on my head.

“Very good Tanya, now I want you to put your right hand on your pussy and rub your clit until you cum.”

I did, just staring ahead as if I was waiting for the next command and rubbing my clit.

After I’d cum Ryan said the word ‘Constantinople’ and I turned and looked at him and after a couple of seconds I said,

“See, I told you that it wouldn’t work.”

Ryan just smiled.

I thought that that was the end of the hypnotism idea but a few weeks later we were invited to a house-warming party at Tim’s (my boss) house. There were about 6 or 7 work colleagues there and some of them had their partners with them. The subject of hypnotism came up and Ryan was suddenly full of enthusiasm about the app that was still on his phone, and the ‘fact’ that he had proof that it worked.

He went on and on about how good the app was and before I knew it he said that he’d demonstrate it on me, saying that it had worked on me before.

I was left with a dilemma; did I confess that it had never actually worked and that I was just playing along to please Ryan, or did I let him try to hypnotise me again.

After a few protests I decided not to make my boyfriend look stupid, and go along with it. With a bit of luck it would work and I’d never know what silly, harmless things that Ryan got me to do. At least that way I wouldn’t know if he got me to do anything embarrassing. If it didn’t work I would just have to hope that he didn’t get me to do anything embarrassing.

Ryan sat me on a dining chair and everyone gathered around. I was only wearing a short dress and I really hoped that no one tried to look up it as I sat there, legs side-by-side, knees together.

The app fired up and Ryan held his phone right in front of my face. As I stared at it I couldn’t make up my mind up. Would it work or not; if not would I pretend that it did to avoid making Ryan look stupid.

It didn’t work but I didn’t want to make Ryan look stupid so I again pretended that it did work.

Ryan got me to do a couple of stupid, harmless things that I went along with. As I did them I decided that I just had to keep pretending regardless.

I regretted that decision later.

The next thing that Ryan said started getting me a bit worried. He said,

“You know, I bet that Tanya would take her dress of if I told her to. What do you think? Shall I tell her to?”

FIH; my boyfriend was going to make me strip naked in front of some of my work colleagues; and my boss. I was just about to throw my arms up and say,

“Fooled you, it didn’t work!” when Ryan said,

“Watch this folks; you’re going to see what most of you have probably seen before, but this time, all of it at once. Tanya, please stand up and take your dress off.”

I did the most stupid thing that I’ve done for a long time. I stood up, unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor. As soon as the dress hit the floor I thought,

“What the fuck am I doing? Why the fuck did I do that? Why didn’t I just tell everyone that the hypnotism hadn’t work?”

But I love Ryan.

I stood there, naked apart from my heels, in front of about 7 of my work colleagues; and my boss; and their partners.

“Look, she’s blushing.” One of my work friends (male) said.

“Fucking hell!” I heard another say.

I thought about how many of them had seen me naked before. Three or four had, and Tim, my boss, had seen me naked, on skype from China, and when I’d shown him that position that I had to get into when I walked into a room with men in it, in China. Then I remembered Tim saying that he’d seen my bare pussy up my skirt a few times at work. If he had then probably most of the others had as well. Maybe things weren’t quite as bad as they seemed. I was glad that I’d already had a few drinks.

Then I heard a voice say,

“Let’s play some party games.”

That seemed to go down well and I thought about how the naked me would be affected. I thought about ‘twister’ and thought that it couldn’t be that bad; after all everyone there had already seen me naked.

I started to get a little worried when someone suggested a game of ‘tickle torture’, and then asked for volunteers. Of course no one did so Ryan volunteered me; which I just knew that he would.

Ryan told me to lie on the floor then a few people got down round me and started tickling me. Now I’m quite ticklish and as soon as someone touched me I started laughing and struggling to get out of their way.

Before I knew it my arms and legs were held down and what seemed like a thousand hands were tickling me all over. The thing was, when whoever decided to hold my legs down did so, they’d spread them to about shoulder width and someone was tickling my pussy; then someone else was as well.

I was in hysterics, and getting a quite turned on.

This went on for about 5 or 6 minutes (I think) then someone decided that I’d had enough.

Another one of the girls there (Grace, who also went to China) got volunteered and she too had to endure what I had. Ryan had told me to sit on a chair (still naked apart from my heels) and I was just staring at the poor girl. She too got tickled on her tits and pussy, but on top of her clothes. Well her tits on top of her thin top, but her skirt had ridden up showing that she too wasn’t wearing any knickers so the tickling was on her bare pussy.

That was when things started getting quite bad (or good). In the silence as everyone was thinking about what game to play next, Ryan told everyone that we’d been using a form of hypnotism for a couple of years. When someone asked him what he was on about he told everyone that it wasn’t hypnotism like he’d just used on me, but a different type of mind control.

I instantly knew what he was talking about and really hoped that he’s stop right there; but he didn’t.

Ryan went on to say that over a period of 6 months or so we’d trained my mind to give me an orgasm whenever a certain word was said. Some people were impressed and others just didn’t believe him. When someone asked him to prove it he turned to me and said,

“Treadmill.”

Of course, I had an orgasm while I was sat there on that chair.

Someone said that I was faking it, and someone else said that I couldn’t have been because I was still under the hypnosis.

Then someone else said,

“Treadmill.”

Then another; after about my 4th orgasm one of the girls shouted,

“Enough; leave the poor girl alone; she’ll be knackered when Ryan wakes her up.”

Thankfully everyone listened to her but that left the silence as people tried to think of another game.

After about 30 seconds a Pete (who I work with) suggested a game of ‘pass the pussy’. Surprise, surprise, Pete was the only the person who knew what it was. He went on to explain that it was a cross between musical chairs and pass the parcel.

People were still confused so Pete got everything organised.

People were still confused as he got all the chairs from the ground floor and put them in a circle facing out. Then he got volunteers to sit on them. All became clear as Pete asked Ryan to stop and start the music that was playing in the background, and then me to go and sit on the lap of someone on a chair.

He told me to sit with my back to their front, and to sit with my legs open, outside theirs. Then he told me to get up and start walking round the circle and when the music stopped I had to sit on the nearest lap.

As I slowly walked round, Pete told everyone that a naked girl would soon be sitting on their lap, with her legs open; and that everyone had 2 hands.

No one needed any further explanation and as soon as the music stopped and I sat on the nearest lap, one of the man’s hands went to my tits and the other went to my pussy.

Ryan had been given a way to let me get groped by whoever he wanted, and he was controlling how long they groped me.

When I sat on Tim’s lap Ryan left me there for ages, and when I first sat there Tim whispered,

“Oh Tanya, Tanya, you’ll never know for how long I’ve been wanting to do this. I’m really glad that you won’t be able to remember it on Monday.”

He also whispered,

“Treadmill.”

Tim’s right hand was furiously rubbing my clit, his left hand was mauling my left tit and I was cumming. It was a good one and as I’ve said, it went on for ages.

Sixteen times I had to sit on a lap, some of them women, and every one of them played with my pussy and / or my tits.

I came twice more before my ordeal was over; well that part of it.

Finally it was over and I just hoped that Ryan would tell me to get dressed and say that word. He did tell me to sit down, but only while everyone discussed what the next game was going to be. I just sat there staring straight ahead, still naked.

Ryan had another idea. He asked Tim if he played golf. When he said that he did, Ryan asked him if he had any golf balls at home. With a puzzled look on his face Tim got up and went to find them; and I wished that I hadn’t got out of bed that morning.

Ryan told me to get on the floor, lay back and lift my legs straight up. Then he told me to put my legs behind my shoulders.

I hadn’t done that for quite a while and I wasn’t sure that I could still do it. I twisted my upper torso and pulled first my right leg behind my shoulder then I did the same with my left leg.

My butt and pussy were obscenely displayed to everyone there. Just to make it worse, Tim put the rest of the lights in the room on.

As I lay (?) there waiting for what I just knew was cumming, I wondered how I’d be able to face everyone at work on the Monday.

Tim re-appeared carrying a box with lots of golf balls in it.

“Why don’t you do it Tim; unless of course your wife objects?” Ryan said.

“Do what?” Tim asked.

Ryan picked up one of the golf balls and rested it on my upturned pussy.

“Push it in.” Ryan said.

Tim looked over to his wife then back to me – well my pussy.

“Do it!” someone shouted.

Tim slowly pressed on the golf ball until my pussy opened up and sucked the ball in.

“Fucking hell,” Tim said, “she just about snatched it out of my hand.”

“Push it out Tanya.” Ryan said.

With one almighty squeeze the ball shot out and a few inches up into the air.

Tim’s hand shot out and caught it just before it came back down onto my pussy.

A few swear words were heard as a few people just didn’t believe what they’d just seen.

“Put it in again.” Someone said.

Tim put the ball to my hole and gently pushed. My vagina opened up and sucked it in again.

“Another one.” I heard someone say.

Tim picked up another ball and my pussy swallowed it up.

“Another one.” I heard the same person say.

Tim picked up another ball and my pussy swallowed that one as well.

“Another one.” I heard a female voice say.

Tim picked up a fourth ball and did it again. This time my pussy was a bit reluctant and Tim had to push a bit harder. He got it in but as soon as he moved his finger the ball started coming out.

“Push again.” The same female voice said.

Tim did and this time he held his finger on the ball inside me. Then Tim started moving his finger round inside me. Tim removed his finger and this time the ball stayed in; well for about 5 seconds then it came shooting out and bounced down onto the carpet.

“Again.” A male voice said.

Tim did, this time moving his finger round harder.

That was it for me; I started cumming and as Tim took his finger out of me all 4 balls came shooting out in quick succession.

I could feel the spasms in my pussy as it contracted then relaxed. My body tried to jerk about but in the position I was in the movement was slight. When I calmed down I opened my eyes and saw Grace pressing a golf ball into me. As our eyes met Grace said,

“I want to see this close up before I try it at home; Tim can I borrow some of your balls please?”

I just stared at her as she made all 4 golf balls disappear. She too held her finger in me but I didn’t cum again.

I didn’t cum when the next 3 people did the same thing. I’m guessing that some of the others wanted to do the same but were either too scared to come forward, or felt sorry for me going through all that; even if they were thinking that I would never remember it.

“Stay like that Tanya.” Ryan said after I ejected the last ball.

Everyone was talking and drinking and occasionally looking down at me, still with my legs behind my shoulders. Thankfully it wasn’t uncomfortable even when Darrell pulled an ice cube out of his glass and placed it on my pussy.

It slowly melted and dribbled down the crack of my butt then my back.

Then I heard one of the women suggesting that I give all the men a blowjob. Now I like a good blowjob; if it’s Ryan on the receiving end, but ALL the men?

Everyone liked that idea but when one of the men suggested that they do it slightly differently I got a lot more worried.

The suggestion was that I lay on my back on the table with my head hanging off the end. All the men could then fuck my mouth, and if the women wanted, they could put their pussies over my face and Ryan would tell me to eat them.

“I’ve never deep throated a girl before.” I heard a man say.

Everyone laughed when someone else said,

“You’ve deep throated a man then.”

“Shouldn’t we blindfold her first so that she won’t know who she’s blowing?” another asked.

“No, don’t worry,” Ryan replied; “she won’t remember any of it.”

“Fuck, could I really do this?” I thought. ”Did I want to do it? I could just pretend to come out of my trance all on my own but I’ve never heard of that happening. How could I get out of this without making Ryan look stupid?”

Before I could find the answer Ryan came over to me, un-hooked my legs then lifted me up and took me into the dining room. The table had been cleared and Ryan put me on it with my head just hanging off one end.

My heart was pounding as I laid there in the required position, automatically having spread my legs wide. Meanwhile everyone was discussing who was going first, and what order the rest would go in.

It was all agreed that Tim would go first because he was the boss and it was his house.

“Fuck!” I again thought, “my boss was about to ram his cock down my throat. That was my career going down the tubes.”

Then I smiled to myself as I remembered that my throat was a tube.

Two minutes later Tim walked in and as he unzipped his trousers he said,

“It really is a good job that you won’t remember this; but I sure as hell will.”

His cock loomed over my face, my mouth automatically opened and his bell-end hit my tonsils; then kept going.

Fuck; was his cock long. After his balls hit my eyes he backed off then started thrusting in and out as his hands pulled and tweaked my nipples. Fortunately he gave me chances to breathe and before long he stopped deep inside me, twitched and then shot his load down my throat.

I think that it was 6 more men that came and fucked my mouth; the only girl that came to me was Grace. Instead of putting her pussy over my mouth as my head hung over the end of the table she pulled my legs so that I was squarely on the table. Then she hitched up her skirt, climbed on the table and 69d me.

Grace was so soft and gentle and really knew what she was doing. She’s not a lesbian because we often talk about her boyfriends but I now guess that she’s bi.

We both made the other cum before she climbed off, straightened herself up and left.

I was glad when the last of the men left me because my mouth and throat were a bit sore. After a few minutes rest, Ryan came and got me. He looked me over, probably to see if I had any cum anywhere on me (I hadn’t, it was all in my stomach); straightened my hair the led me back to the others.

Everyone was smiling at me as Ryan picked up my dress and told me to put it on.

Then he asked the others where I’d been sitting when he put me under.

Someone moved and Ryan sat me down with him beside me. Ryan gave me a glass of whisky and told me to drink. Next he took the glass from me, got his phone out then said,

“Constantinople.”

I stayed with a blank expression for a few seconds then turned to Ryan and said,

“I told you that it wouldn’t work.”

There were a few quiet laughs but I ignored them.

No one at work said anything about what had happened and I sure as hell wasn’t going to; Ryan still believes that he’d successfully hypnotised me, twice. The only semi reference to it during the rest of the party was me saying,

“Blimey, is that the time, where’s it all gone?”

That got a couple of little sniggers but no one said anything.

I was quite quiet for the rest of the evening; that was because I was thinking about the consequences of what Tim had done to me and what some of my other colleagues had done to me. At one point I thought,

“At least I know what half the cocks in the office look like now.”

I dreaded going in to work on the Monday; okay, everyone thought that I was being hypnotised when I did all those things but what if someone knew the truth? That would have been just too much for me.

What if people started treating me differently because of what I’d done? What would I do if people started talking to me about the things that I’d done?

I was so worried when I walked into the office, but I was really lucky; the most that anyone said about the party was that it was a good one. I was really glad that no one said that running machine’s name.

The only slight reference to the party was that I found a golf ball on my desk after lunch on the Monday. Someone was letting me know that they hadn’t forgotten.

By the time it got to the Tuesday night I was looking forward to having the Friday afternoon off and going to the gym.

**The Lord Mayor’s Parade**

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Ryan came home one night and told me that his boss had announced that the company was entering a float in the local mayor’s parade through the city. For some weird reason, the company had decided on a theme of television programs. He’d said that he wanted suggestions for the programmes and idea for the displays.

Karen had the idea that if they wanted people to look at the float then they should have Baywatch as one of the programmes. Their boss had liked that and asked Karen and Ryan to come up with some more details.

Later, in bed, Ryan had asked me what I thought of the idea of having 3 or 4 girls in the famous red, one-piece swimsuits. When I said that it sounded good he said that I would be great as one of them; using the illogical argument that I was a good swimmer and had actually saved a couple of people from drowning.

I could see where Ryan was going and resigned myself to having to stand on the back of a lorry wearing a red swimsuit, as it slowly drove through town. At least I wouldn’t be alone, and it would be a one-piece swimsuit.

Ryan spooned me and went to sleep with his cock between my legs.

A month or so later Ryan announced that the lord mayor’s parade was the next weekend and that everything was organised except for a couple of girls. Karen had volunteered herself and Emma and Ryan had volunteered me; but they wanted 2 more. Ryan suggested that I ask around at the gym but my mind immediately jumped to the twins. I was sure that they’d volunteer, even if they did have to wear something. I got on the phone and I was right, Jude and Kate were up for it.

I asked Ryan about the swimsuits and he told me not to worry, that it was all organised. He’d ordered some on the internet and that they were stretchy so one size would fit all of us.

That sounded good. I asked him about what we’d have to do and he’d told me that we’d just have to dance on the back of the lorry and hand out leaflets to the crowds along the route.

“Easy-peasy.” I thought and put it to the back of my mind.

The big day arrived and we went to pick-up the twins on the way to the starting place. On the way Kate asked about the swimsuits and Ryan said that they’d be waiting for us when we got there. Jude asked if she could do it naked.

When we got there the place was buzzing; about 25 lorries and hundreds of people were running around putting the final touches to their floats. We met Karen and Emma and asked Ryan where the swimsuits were, and where we could get changed.

Ryan got an A4 bubble bag, addressed to their company, from one of the boxes on the lorry and gave it to Karen.

“Where’s the rest of them?” Emma asked.

“They’re all in there.” Ryan replied.

It was then that I started to get a little worried; 5 swimsuits in a bag designed for a few sheet of A4 paper wasn’t a good omen.

Karen opened the bag and pulled one of the little clear bags out. At least the swimsuit was red. She gave the bag to Emma who opened it and held up this red, minute swimsuit.

“It’ll stretch to fit.” Ryan said as he took the bag from Karen and handed them out.

“So where can we get changed?” Emma asked.

“I’ll go and find out.” Ryan said, and disappeared into the crowd.

Five minutes later he was back and told us that we should have arrived already changed. He then said that we could get changed on the back of the lorry and put our clothes into one of the boxes up there.

I was the last to climb up and get in between the props. The others were already stripping off so I got started.

When it came to putting the swimsuit on I quickly discovered that it was made of a very fine mesh. Yes it did stretch to fit, but when it stretched it became VERY see-through. What’s more it was more like a thong leotard and going up our sides it didn’t start until the sides of my tiny boobs. My butt cheeks were not covered at all and I could clearly see my areolas, nipples and jewellery. I suddenly became glad that I’d not put my chains on that morning. When I looked down to my pussy I could clearly see the front of my slit and my clit hood jewellery; and my clit. To anyone within about 15 feet of me I, and the others, we may as well have been naked.

I looked round to the other girls and saw that they too were taking in their exposed state. Kate and Jude had big smiles on their faces.

“I take it that Ryan ordered these.” I asked Karen.

“Yes he did, I should have known that it was a mistake to agree when he volunteered to get them.” Karen replied.

“I like them.” Jude added.

“Me too.” Kate chipped in.

We’d just about got our clothes stored away when Ryan’s boss appeared.

“All set ladies? Oh…. Very nice outfits girls.” He said as he looked round at all the tits, slits and bare butts. “I think that the costume party afterwards will be quite fun.”

We stood on the lorry on the sand that was supposed to be a Baywatch beach and watched the others sort out their displays. Five minutes later we started moving. It was then that Karen told us that 2 of us we had to hand out the companies leaflets and the other 3 were to dance on the ‘beach’.

Kate and Jude both volunteered to take the first stint handing out the leaflets and quickly jumped down onto the road and started handing them out.

I got in between Karen and Emma and started dancing.

It was then that Ryan must have turned on, and up to full, my little vibrating clit ring. I let out a little yelp, but it was drowned out by the music.

Ten minutes later, the twins climbed back on the lorry for more leaflets. They said that they wanted to go back down and hand out some more but Karen said that we should all take a turn. She gave a big wad of leaflets to Emma and me and told us to get off the lorry and start handing them out.

Thankfully, my clit ring had got me a bit aroused and I wasn’t as embarrassed as I first had been when I put the swimsuit on.

As I handed out the first few leaflets a young man shouted ‘nice pussy girl’ at me. I blushed a little and moved on but as soon as I was a few yards away I looked down to remind myself just how see-through the suit was.

OMG! The crotch of the swimsuit had slipped to one side of my clit hood barbell and stirrup. It was like I just had a string going from my pubic bone, down between my vulva and up between my butt cheeks.

I quickly held the leaflets in front of my pussy and re-arranged the swimsuit so that my pussy was covered; even though it was with the see-through suit.

I needn’t have bothered because with 50 yards my pussy was exposed again.

After re-arranging it 3 times I gave up and was grateful for Ryan turning my little clit ring on and up to full blast.

Accepting that I couldn’t do anything about it I just got on with handing out the leaflets and hoped that no one complained to the police. I also wondered if Kate and Jude’s swimsuit had bunched up between their lips as they walked along.

After about half a mile I had to stop for a minute or so as an orgasm took control of my body.

For some reason, Karen left Emma and me handing leaflets for most of the route. It was only near the end that Kate and Jude jumped down to replace us. As they climbed down I saw that their pussies were exposed as well and I just knew that they’d be happy about that and not do anything to try to cover-up.

At the end of the route we were met by Ryan and his boss who told us that we were going straight to a pre-arranged party at a pub to celebrate the day. He insisted that we stay in our swimsuits for the party.

The pub wasn’t that far away and we all walked there. I was conscious of how much of me was exposed, the only thing that I was grateful for was that 4 other girls were there just as exposed as I was, and that my clit ring was making me happy. On the way I did look at the crotches of the other girls and was a little relieved to see that al 5 pussies were exposed.

In the pub, Ryan and Emma’s boss bought us all a drink and we managed to get a table in a corner. Quite a number of Ryan’s male colleagues kept coming over to congratulate us on our display. I wasn’t sure which display they meant.

Five pairs of nipples were all rock hard and making tents in the thin, red, transparent, mesh swimsuits. I was glad that we were all sat down so that our pussies weren’t on display.

After a while Karen told her boss that Ryan had told her that while we were on holiday we had formed a dance group called ‘The English Roses’, and since there were 3 of the members there perhaps we could entertain the party.

Of course Ryan was in full agreement; and so were the twins; what choice did I have? Ryan organised some decent music while Karen and her boss cleared a space for us.

I was nervous as hell as the 3 of us lined up and waited for the start. I hadn’t bothered straightening the crotch of my swimsuit because I just knew that it would be all bunched-up within a couple of seconds of the start. I saw that Kate and Jude hadn’t re-arranged theirs although I suspected that they hadn’t because they wanted their pussies to be uncovered.

As soon as our routine started and our legs spread, the camera flashes started. They never seemed to stop all the way through the routine. I managed to ignore them but at one point I wondered what we’d do at the end of the routine where 4 of us picked up the 5th, spread her legs and rubbed her pussy into the face of a man in the audience. The last thing that I wanted was to have my pussy rubbed into the face of Ryan’s boss. Being just 3 of us I decided that we’d stop before that point and end it when we were down on our spread knees; without the masturbation part as well.

However, it didn’t work out that way. When we got down on our spread knees my right hand automatically went to my pussy and I started rubbing my clit. I didn’t want to but I just couldn’t stop myself from teasing my clit until I orgasmed; right there in front of Ryan’s boss and lots of his colleagues.

As I started to come down from my high I looked to the twins and saw them both getting close to cumming themselves.

I felt really embarrassed as everyone stared at the twins as they orgasmed but I had to wait still down on my spread knees until they were ready to get up.

I wasn’t the only one waiting. As soon as the twins turned to look at me, 6 big handsome guys came up and in 2s they lifted up and held our legs out wide. They then proceeded to walk round the whole pub giving anyone, and everyone the chance to look at and photograph our very wet pussies.

I tried to complain and get the guys to put me down but they just ignored my pleas.

After what seemed like hours they took me back to our table and I was able to sit down and hide my pussy. Ryan put his arm round me and told me that I was wonderful and that he really loved me. As I took a drink I looked for the twins; both of them were still in the arms of the guys carrying them around the room. Both looked happy.

The drinks were flowing well and it wasn’t long before just about everyone was quite happy. I even stopped thinking about how little I was wearing and even volunteered to help Ryan’s boss get a round of drinks back to our table.

While we were waiting at the bar Ryan’s boss told me that he loved our swimsuits and that Ryan was a lucky man. Looking down at my chest, and through the see-through swimsuit to my rock hard nipples he said,

“You’ve got an amazing pair of Itty, Bitty, Titties there Tanya; I can see why Ryan thinks so much of you.”

I’m sure that I actually blushed, even though I was half drunk and quite aroused.

It was only at the end of the evening that Ryan produced a bag with our clothes in, but both Kate and Jude told him to keep them until they had to get out of our car. Karen and Emma took theirs but didn’t put them on. I was too far aroused and drunk to want to put mine on as well and Ryan and 3 nearly naked girls walked back to our car.

**Going back to China – maybe**

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About 4 months after I’d got back from the cultural exchange in China, my boss, Tim, told me that Mr Chang had asked that someone go over to China to train the office staff in the ways of England and our company. Mr Chang had requested that that person be me.

I was shocked; I had just never seen that one coming.

Tim let me take it in for a couple of minutes then he asked me what I thought and if I had any questions.

My first question was if it was back to the place that I’d been to before. Thankfully it wasn’t. I asked Tim where it was and he told me that the Chang Empire had a big office block on a smallish island not far from Hong Kong. The Chang Empire owned the whole island and most of the five hundred or so people who lived there worked in a Chang factory or Chang offices.

My next question was if I’d have to be naked all the time. Tim didn’t know the answer to that one.

Then I asked if I would be the only one going. Tim said that they only wanted one person.

Finally I asked Tim how long it was for. Tim said 2 or 3 months dependent on how it went.

I couldn’t think of anything else and I asked Tim if I could discuss it with Ryan and get back to him. He gave me a couple of days.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 27 – Some of it was my fault**

**----------------------------------------**

**My Job**

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Things have been slightly different since that party at my boss’s house. Nothings actually been said but I keep seeing some of the guys talking about me (they keep looking over to me as they’re talking). I’ve now had 5 golf balls appear on my desk and I’ve had a few brochures from gym equipment manufacturers emailed to me. Thankfully, it hasn’t affected the way anyone treats me professionally; in fact some of the guys who used to ignore me are now a lot more friendly and helpful.

As for my boss (Tim), he’s a true professional. It’s as if he had never seen me naked; or fucked my mouth, or pushed 4 golf balls into my pussy.

One thing that has happened was the annual salary review. I was one of the last to go into Tim’s office and he asked me not to tell anyone that I had got a bigger pay rise than anyone else. When I asked him what I’d done to deserve more than the others he told me that it was because of how well I’d done in China. I wasn’t so sure because I later heard Grace telling someone what percentage she’d got and it was less than mine.

I wanted to discuss it with Ryan but I couldn’t because I didn’t want him to know that the hypnotism at Tim’s party hadn’t worked and that I knew what Tim had done to me.

I really do hope that Ryan forgets about that hypnotism app that he’s got on his phone.

**Ryan’s Job**

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Since the Lord Mayor’s Parade, Ryan’s been promoted; so has Karen. Whether or not it has anything do to with the way us girl ‘volunteers’ were dressed or the performance of ‘The English Roses’ is a very debatable point.

I’m just glad that I had a few drinks reasonably quickly as soon as we got to the pub. I haven’t been out drinking with Ryan’s work colleagues since then, and I’m sure that it will be embarrassing when it does happen.

**A Trip to London**

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Ryan had to go to London for a 2 day training course and he got the okay from his boss to take me with him. The plan was to go down by train on the Tuesday evening, have 2 nights in the hotel then travel back home on the Thursday evening.

As soon as Ryan told me I got all excited at the thought of a couple of days shopping in central London, but Ryan put a bit of a dampener on it when he told me that he wanted me to dress as a school girl for all of the 2 days, except for when he took me out on the evening; for that he’d pick one of my long dresses. The other part that I wasn’t at all happy about was that he said that I had to spend quite a bit of time in different Starbucks or other coffee shops flashing my pussy to lots of other customers. As you can imagine, that part didn’t go down too well and at first I refused to do it.

The row that followed left me agreeing to do it providing that I could wear one of my remote controlled vibes all day, as well as having my little clit ring fully charged and the random blast mode set to frequent. That was the only way that I could imagine that I could do it and not die of embarrassment. Anyway I figured that I could go to a Starbucks and just sit there drinking my **Caffè Lattes** and surfing the net on my tablet. Ryan would never know that I’d kept my legs together all the time.

**Tuesday**

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The big day arrived and Ryan packed our little case and took it to work with him. I met him at the train station and we were soon zooming down to London.

No sooner than the train started moving Ryan opened the case and got out an old school satchel that I hadn’t seen before. He gave it to me, telling me that it had my school uniform in it. He asked me to put it on saying that the sooner I got used to it the better.

The satchel was bulging so I thought that maybe it wouldn’t be too bad. He wanted me to put it on there and then but I refused saying that there were too many people walking up and down the train.

When I opened the bag in the toilet I wasn’t happy. The only parts of my old school uniform that I thought that I’d be wearing were my white ankle socks, my black flats and my old school tie. The rest I had never seen before.

The pleated, plaid skirt ended about 2 inches below my pussy and the blouse was nearly transparent. What the bulk was in the satchel was a school blazer. I’d never had one of those and I quickly put it on hoping that it would cover my little tits that I could clearly see through the blouse. Unfortunately, the blazer was so small that it wouldn’t fasten and the length was such that it stopped half way down my butt.

When I’d got everything on I was glad that my little clit ring had got me a bit aroused. If it hadn’t I’m sure that I would have been even more embarrassed as I left the toilet and walked back to Ryan; the blazer opening up every time that I had to twist to get round the fat people who were over-flowing their chairs.

Ryan had a big grin on his face as I walked towards him with a slightly red face. I was so pleased that there was no one sat on the seats facing us. As I sat down the back of the skirt went up and I was sat on my bare butt.

“You look fantastic TT.” Ryan said. “Tomorrow can you finish the look by putting your hair in pigtails?”

“Okay,” I replied; “I will if you’ll fuck me before we get out of bed and let me wear one of my remote vibes all day.”

“It’s a deal!” Ryan replied; “I only wish that I could follow you round all day and watch the people watching you. I hope that you’re going to let half of London see your pussy tomorrow.”

“Of course dear; and it will be oozing with my nectar all day as well.” I lied, not having any intention of flashing anyone.

With the train not being very full, Ryan spread my legs and played with my pussy for most of the journey while I closed my eyes and enjoyed the pleasure that he was giving me.

I must have dozed off for a few minutes because I suddenly woke-up, opened my eyes and saw a ticked inspector standing over me. He was looking down at pussy which was exposed because Ryan had pushed the front of my skirt up so that he could get better access to my pussy.

“Tickets please.” The man said.

I turned to Ryan, expecting him to pass the tickets to the man but Ryan was pretending to be asleep. I picked-up the tickets and passed them to the man. He took his time doing his thing; and looking down at my pussy (for some stupid reason I hadn’t closed my legs).

After what seemed like 30 minutes, the man passed the tickets back to me and said,

“Thank you, have a nice journey.” The man said, lingering for a few seconds more before moving on.

A few seconds later Ryan turned to me and said,

“The first of many in the next couple of days my love.”

His hand reached over and a finger went inside me for a couple of seconds. When it came out he held it in front of my face, smiled and said,

“I see that you’re going to enjoy the next couple of days as well.”

Then he put his finger in my mouth.

I soon got reminded of how breezy the London tube stations can be as we took the short journey to the hotel. At that time of the evening it wasn’t that busy. Maybe less people would have seen my butt and pussy if it had been more crowded; although if it had been more crowded I might have got groped on the tube.

The Radisson Blu hotel was quite old, but quite smart. We didn’t see any sign of a swimming pool or gym; not that it mattered as we wouldn’t have time to go there.

When we checked-in the young woman said,

“Just the one double room sir?”

“Oh yes, my daughter will be sharing with me.”

Realising that the woman had thought that I was Ryan’s daughter, and that he was playing along with that assumption, I added,

“But daddy; I haven’t brought any pyjamas or a nighty or even knickers.”

“Don’t worry Princess, I haven’t either.” Ryan replied.

The woman’s eyebrows rose up a little but she didn’t say anything.

Just to keep up the charade that Ryan obviously wanted to play, I skipped over to the lift. I felt my skirt bouncing up and wondered if the woman; or anyone else was able to see my bare butt.

The room was quite nice, but the view from the window wasn’t up to much; a busy, wide street; but there again, that didn’t matter.

We decided on a Chinese meal that night and went out and found a restaurant not far away. It was a bit dark in there so I had no fears of anyone seeing anything that I didn’t want them to.

**Wednesday**

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I woke-up the next morning in the best way possible; Ryan had spooned me and the thrusts of his cock going in and out of my pussy had shaken me awake. I rolled on top of him and rode him until we’d both cum.

Knowing that I always take longer than him, Ryan let me use the shower first. I was just about finished when Ryan joined me. I teased him a bit and got him all hard before I got out and got dried. Leaving the towels in the bathroom I went to dry my hair and put it in the pigtails that Ryan thought would complete the schoolgirl look. I’d just finished when the doorbell rang. I went to the bathroom to get a towel to wrap round me but Ryan wouldn’t let me have one.

“Go on TT; give the man a thrill; make his day.”

“It might be a girl.” I replied.

“You might give her a thrill then.”

I was still on a bit of a high from cumming with Ryan inside me so I thought,

“What the hell; he’s probably had hundreds of naked women opening the door to room service; he probably won’t even look at me.”

So I did; and no, the young man didn’t even raise his eyebrows. He carried the coffee in and set it down on the table. He turned, stood in front of me and handed me a pad, not even looking below my face.

“Please can you sign for it?”

Remembering Ryan’s father / daughter game I shouted,

“Dad, the man wants a signature.”

After a few seconds of silence with me looking towards the bathroom, Ryan said,

“Can you bring it here please Princess?”

I walked to the bathroom, wondering if the waiter was watching my little butt.

Ryan kissed me, he tweaked my nipples (I had my barbells in but I’d left the stirrups and chains back at home – Ryan’s suggestion), slid a finger along my slit then signed the pad.

As I walked out of the bathroom I saw the waiter’s eyes rise up from my body to my face. I got a little wet rush as I handed him the pad then watched his butt as he left the room.

Pouring 2 coffees I turned to see Ryan walk out of the bathroom sporting a nice hard-on.

“If you’re lucky buster, I’ll take care of that before you have to leave to go to wherever it is you’re going.”

We drank our coffee as we got dressed to go down for breakfast. Ryan told me to leave my blazer in the room and as we stood in the brightly lit lift I looked at the mirrored walls and my nipples got hard again as I watched them through my nearly see through blouse. I hoped that no one would notice.

I guess that no one noticed because everyone seemed to ignore the schoolgirl in the ultra-short plaid skirt.

Back in our room we cleaned our teeth then Ryan got the remote vibe out of our case and told me to get on the bed and spread ’em. I did, and he slid it in quite easily. I sat up, unzipped his trousers and soon had him cumming in my mouth.

“Hmmm,” I said, “I’ll have that taste with me all morning.”

As we left the hotel, Ryan with his briefcase and me with my satchel containing only my tablet, phone and purse; I felt the cool draught of air on my pussy and my nipples harden. We walked the short distance to Warren Street tube station with no one taking any notice of the schoolgirl with an ultra-short school skirt, holding onto the arm of her father.

The tube station was where we were going to part and after we’d bought the tickets Ryan kissed me and told me that he’d meet me at the Starbucks down the road from the hotel somewhere between 5 and 6 o’clock.

No sooner than I’d turned my back on him and smiled to myself because the vibe wasn’t switched on; it burst into life. I stopped in my tracks and silently swore at Ryan. My peaceful shopping day had just disappeared.

Thankfully, Ryan had switched the vibe on to the slow mode. If it had been on full blast I’d have been knackered before lunchtime.

I walked towards the Northern line for the couple of stops to Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street. It was rush hour and very crowded. Even though I was squashed in the tube I didn’t feel even one hand touching me. I was both pleased and disappointed.

Going up the escalator and stairs I felt the draught lift my skirt but the blazer stopped my whole butt from being put on display; not that anyone would have seen; everyone was way too close to each other.

Out on Oxford Street I decided to go down one side then back up the other. I wasn’t looking for anything in particular; just girl shopping to see what I could find. As I stopped to look in one shop window I realised that the vibe was starting to make me as horny as hell and I just hoped that I wouldn’t be driven to do anything that would get me arrested. The other thing that it was doing was making the insides of my thighs wet; I was going to need those coffee breaks.

It wasn’t long before I saw a denim skirt that I liked in a shop window. It was in one of those narrow little shops with a window just about wide enough for a couple of mannequins; and one of them had this cute little skirt on it.

I went in and looked round the racks and piles of denim for the skirt. After a while this Asian man came over to me and asked me what I was looking for. When I told him he led me to a pile of skirts. I looked through them and found one in my size but I wanted to try it on. There was no way that I was going to buy it without trying it on.

I looked round and saw a little curtained-off area. I looked at the man then the changing area. The man nodded so I went over and pulled the curtain behind me.

I guess that it was because I was so horny, or maybe because it was what Ryan always told me to do, but I stripped naked above my knees and tried the skirt on. The label must have been wrong because it was way too big for me.

Being so aroused must have affected me because I dropped the skirt, pulled the curtain open and walked over to the pile of skirts. I was checking each one when the man came over and said,

“Come on kid, you’re not getting the skirt for free; put your clothes on and get out of here; get back to school.”

That brought me out of the aroused trance that I was in and I turned and ran back to the changing area. I quickly got dressed. Picked up my satchel and ran out.

What the hell was wrong with me? Why the fuck had I stripped and then walked out into the shop? I must have walked quickly passed 3 or 4 shops before I slowed down. I needed a drink to calm me down.

I crossed the road and went down Wardour Street and saw a little coffee house. I went in and got a Latte then went and sat down. The place was more practical than luxurious; wooden tables down each side with benches either side of the tables.

I sat down and held my Latte; then it hit me; my first orgasm of the day (excluding Ryan fucking me). I closed my eyes and just shook. When I started to calm down I opened my eyes and saw that I was being stared at. What’s more I had instinctively opened my legs and the 2 young men on the table opposite were looking under my table.

“Fuck!” I thought; “Ryan was getting his way and he wasn’t even with me.”

It was too late then; and I was still a bit high; so I lay back against the wall, leaving my legs open. They’d already seen most of my pussy so I may as well show them the lot.

I sat there, sipping my coffee staring at the young men who were staring at me; well, my pussy.

They were still there when I’d finished my coffee; so were a couple of girls on the next table to the young men; and they’d noticed that my legs were wide open. I didn’t think that they could see that I was bare under my skirt from the angle that they were sat at so when I saw one of them looking again I twisted a bit on the bench and gave her a good look. She smiled then nudged her mate.

Putting my empty cup down, I lifted my satchel onto the table and got my tablet out. Powering it up I started a game and pretended to concentrate on it.

After about 5 minutes the 2 men decided that they had to leave. As they got up I wondered if I’d made them late for anything. One of them couldn’t resist having a closer look. As he came round in between our 2 tables he squat down and re-tied a shoe lace. I obliged him by opening my legs a bit further and clenching my pussy muscles a couple of times.

He had a big smile on his face as he got up and chased after his mate.

I looked over to the 2 girls and saw that they’d seen everything. I got back to my tablet then a few minutes later the 2 girls left. One of them looked at me as they passed me and said,

“Shouldn’t you be in school little girl?”

“No more than you should.” I replied.

I decided that I’d had my bit of fun and put my tablet away and left. As I walked back to Oxford Street I smiled as I thought that Ryan would have been proud of me. I also felt the cool breeze on my pussy as I walked. I didn’t think that my skirt was blowing up but I didn’t check; I just walked.

Back to the shops I window shopped and browsed round a couple of shops; both of which had escalators up and down. I didn’t look to see if anyone was trying to look up my skirt, but I did see a young man following me a couple of times. One time that I thought that he was close behind me I ‘accidentally’ dropped my satchel and bent at the waist to pick it up. If he was there he’d have had a great view of my bare butt and pussy; so would anyone else who was looking.

When I’d gone passed Oxford Circus tube station I saw a little sign for a Starbucks. I followed it thinking about what Ryan had said, and found myself near Hanover Square outside the Starbucks. I went in, got myself a **Caffè Latte and a chocolate muffin then looked for a seat. Just at that time I saw a woman vacate one of the tables in the window.**

**I quickly went and sat at it, moving the chair so that I was facing the street. Then I thought about Ryan and what he’d said about Starbucks.**

**“Sod it.” I thought; “I’m not moving into the main part of the room and looking for someone to flash; I’ll just watch the world go by while I drink my Latte and eat my muffin.”**

**It wasn’t long before I felt a bit warm so I took my blazer off and put it with my satchel on another chair. Looking down I was reminded that my blouse was just about see through. I smiled to myself and again thought ‘sod it’.**

**Getting my tablet out I folded the case so that it was upright and switched it on. I was going to play that damn game again to try and distract me from my throbbing pussy but a pop-up appeared saying that it had found an open WiFi so I connected and started browsing the internet.**

A young man came and sat on the bench outside the window and looked in. When I saw him in my peripheral vision I automatically lifted my feet and put them on a bar under the table; feet about 18 inches apart; all without looking up from my tablet.

Moving my eyes, but not my head, I could see that my bare legs and pussy had attracted the man’s attention. He seemed to be shrinking down to get a better view.

Ignoring him and pretending to be glued to what was on my tablet’s screen, I absentmindedly (ha) moved my right hand between my legs and the index finger circled my clit.

The inevitable, combined with the vibe purring away inside me, and my little clit ring; happened and I started cumming - again. As I sat there shuddering and struggling to keep quiet, I turned my head to look at the man outside but he never saw me; his eyes were glued to my pulsing pussy. What I also saw were 2 other guys who’d been passing and had looked in, spotted my flesh and decided to stop and watch me.

I don’t know if it was those 2 extra guys, the vibe purring away in me, my index finger pressing on my clit or a zap from my clit ring but just as I started to come down from my high, I went back up there. How my body spasms or my moans didn’t attract some attention inside the coffee house; and get me thrown out, I will never know but it wasn’t long before I was back to normal, albeit with my hand still on my pussy and the 3 guys outside still looking at it.

I kept staring at my tablet and moved my right hand back onto the table and eventually the 2 guys who had been walking by moved on. That just left the one guy on the bench, still bent over and staring at my exposed pussy.

I finished my muffin then put my feet back on the floor, restricting the man’s view. He finally had enough and decided to move on.

I too thought that I should get going, after all, it was the middle of the day and I hadn’t bought anything yet.

I left the coffee shop and headed back to Oxford Street; there were still quite a few shops that I wanted to look round. As I went outside the fresh air reminded me (not that I needed any reminder) that I had on an ultra-short skirt and no knickers. The breeze felt nice and I didn’t even think that the skirt might be blowing up or bouncing up.

Back on Oxford Street I started going into shops. Unconsciously I was looking for escalators to go up hoping that someone behind me would be getting a god look at my butt and pussy. In one shop, just as I got on one escalator, I thought that I saw a man pointing his phone’s screen at my legs. A couple of seconds after I started moving up I turned round looking over the man. Glancing down I saw that he looked like he was videoing up my skirt.

Still being on a sexual high, I spread my feet to shoulder width and felt my lips open.

“That’ll give him something to wank over tonight.” I thought.

I stayed like that until the top of the escalator then turned and walked towards the women’s clothing section. As I turned round some racks I saw the man again. A few seconds later I saw him again; he was following me.

“Okay,” I thought; “I’ll put on a little show for him.”

I went over to the shoes section and selected a pair. Taking a quick look to see that he was still behind me, I dropped the shoes on the floor then bent at the waist to try them on. Looking back through my legs I could see him with his phone in his hand. I smiled and continued putting the shoes on knowing that he was probably videoing may bare butt and pussy. My already dripping pussy got a little wetter.

I gave him another look as I changed back into my own shoes then picked-up the new ones and put them back on the shelf.

Moving off, I went and found a skirt and top that looked okay then went to the changing rooms. They were ‘women only’ changing rooms but I didn’t care, I wasn’t there to flash a man; I just wanted to play with my pussy and cum again.

The room was long and narrow with cubicles down each side; 8 on one side and 6 on the other. I went to one of the furthest from the door and quickly stripped off and leaned back against the mirror and got my fingers busy.

I was just getting to the point of no return when the curtain flew open revealing a young woman standing there looking at the naked (apart from shoes and knee socks) me furiously rubbing my pussy.

The young woman was wearing the stores uniform and her name badge told me that she was the shop floor manageress. After a few seconds silence whilst we both took in what we were seeing, the woman said,

“Well, what have we got here?”

Another silent pause followed.

“A little slut playing with herself while she’s planning on how to steal some clothes.”

“No.. No.. I’m not stealing anything.”

“How old are you anyway? And what the fuck have you done to your tits? You’re way too young to be getting that done. You, my girl, are in serious trouble; I think that you’d better come with me.”

“I… I wasn’t steeling anything. All I’ve done wrong is what you saw when you opened the curtain.”

“That remains to be seen. Put your clothes on.”

I started to get dressed while the woman watched me. I looked at her in the mirror as she watched me and she reminded me of the Karen that works with Ryan; but a more dominant version.

When I’d got my blazer on the woman said,

“No underwear I see, and with that skirt no wonder you were getting yourself off. Get that skirt and top and come with me.”

As we walked out of the changing room and to the back of the store I went over the situation in my head. I hadn’t stolen anything and the only thing that I had done was masturbate in their changing room. That may well be against their company rules, if they had anything written on the subject, but it certainly wasn’t illegal. No, I was going to be alright.

The woman led me to a big office that had 2 desks and a big table and boxes piled all over the place. No one else was there when we went in. The woman told me to stand in front of one of the desk that she went round and sat at.

“You know that you’re in serious trouble don’t you? It’s company policy to prosecute all thieves to the maximum extent of the law; even minors like you.”

Going into little girl mode I said,

“I haven’t stolen anything. That top and skirt haven’t left the shop and were hanging on the hooks provided and I have nothing else on me.”

“That remains to be seen young lady. Take your clothes off – again, and I’ll search you properly.”

I glared at her for a couple of seconds then started getting undressed. She’d already seen me naked so I didn’t care.

As my blouse came off she said,

“Do your parents know that you’ve had your nipples pierced?”

“My daddy took me to get them done.”

“Hmm; I see.”

As my skirt came off the woman said,

“And did your daddy take you to get that done as well?” The woman said in a descending tone.

“Yes.”

“Wow! That’s some father that you’ve got there kid; it maybe explains a lot. Socks and shoes as well girl.”

When I was completely naked I put my hands together in a ball and held them at my mouth.

“Go and sit on the end of that table.”

I did, and instinctively opened my legs so that my knees were about shoulder width apart.

I watched as the woman got out a pair of latex gloves and put them on as she walked over to me.

“Lay back and spread those legs girl.”

I did; then heard the woman say,

“Fucking hell, what the fucks that?”

I felt the woman touch my clit then she said,

“Fuck! It’s vibrating. No wonder you’re soaking wet.”

I felt my clit being pulled and pushed then it hit me; an orgasm hit me like a train. I screamed, my back rose up off the table and I started shaking and arms and legs jerked.

When I finally came down from my high, I looked over to the woman. She had a big grin on her face and was licking her lips.

“Fucking hell girl; what are you, 12 or 13; and you cum like that? Shit, I wish that I was like that when I was your age. So where did you get that thing from, and how did you get it on there?”

After a few seconds pause I replied,

“My daddy got it off the internet and he put it on there.”

“Your father put it on? What did your mother say about that?”

“Nothing, she doesn’t know.”

“Kinell kid; you’re unbelievable….. Right, back to the job in hand. I’m going to check in both your holes to make sure that you haven’t hidden anything up there. I normally tell the girls to relax and use some lube but I can see that you won’t need any.”

I felt first one then two fingers penetrate me then the woman said,

“What the hell have we got here? Have you got a vibrator in there?”

I didn’t answer then felt more fingers going inside me. I nearly came again as they probed round inside me then came out of me holding the vibe up for us both to see. I felt so empty as the woman put the vibe on the table and we both watched it dance around. The woman laughed then I felt a finger being pushed into my ass hole.

I gasped at the sudden penetration; then moaned as the finger probed around. When the finger came out the woman said,

“Good, not stealing anything but that doesn’t excuse the lewd behaviour. You can’t just get yourself off in public changing rooms.”

“Daddy tells me that thousands of women do it every day; so why not?”

“Well yes, but you’re a kid; you’re too young to be doing that.”

“Didn’t you do it when you were my age?”

“Well yes but…”

Just then the door opened and another two other young women came into the room; one wearing the same store uniform. The woman stood between my legs turned and saw who it was.

“Got another one Trish; oh, it’s her again. You skipping school again Danni? I won’t be long with this one Trish.”

Trish spoke to the girl that she’s brought in,

“Right Danni, this must be about your fourth time, you know the drill, get naked.”

Trish came over to me and the manageress and said,

“Not seen this one before.”

“No, it’s her first time, and look at this.”

The manageress flicked my clit causing me to moan.

“Bloody hell; what the fuck’s that!”

“It’s a vibrator and her father put it there; and look at that; I pulled that out of her as well. It’s so easy to make this kid cum; watch this.”

“Bloody hell, another incestuous kid coming here for relief. Does your father fuck you too Danni?”

Danni nodded and the manageress picked up my vibe and pushed it into me. I gasped as contact was made, then moaned loudly.

By that time Danni had got naked and was stood at the table next to me watching what was going on.

“This is going to be fun.” The manageress said as 2 pairs of hands found my body and started rubbing me all over.

As you can probably guess, it didn’t take long for me to start cumming again and just as I was starting to relax the manageress told Danni to get on the table and straddle me. Within seconds her pussy was descending on my face.

Thankfully, she shaved and was already turned on so my mouth didn’t take long to make her cum. All the while the 2 staff were working on my pussy and easily made me cum twice more.

When the staff were done with me they told Danni to get off me and me to stand up next to Danni.

“Danni,” Trish said, “we haven’t given you your cavity search yet, you’d better get on the table.

Danni obviously was looking forward to having a cavity search because she quickly got on the table, spread her legs wide and lifted her legs right up.

I watched as Trish put on some latex gloves and probed her holes. When Trish was done she rubbed Danni’s clit until she came again.

At one point I turned to the manageress and saw her standing there and rubbing her pussy up against the corner of the desk.

“Your lucky day Danni; you got to cum twice. Now get dressed and get the fuck out of here.”

“You too whatever your name is; get out of here.” The manageress said to me.

Both Danni and I quickly got dressed and got out of the shop. In the street I turned to Danni and said,

“I get the impression that you go there to get your rocks off. Is that right?”

“Yeah, it’s fun and occasionally they let me have a top or a skirt for free. It beats paying for it; how about you?”

“Well yeah, I guess that it is.”

“That thing on your clit; does it really vibrate all the time.”

“Yes, it does.”

“Fuck girl, I want one of those. Where did you get it from?”

Staying in little girl mode I said,

“My dad got it off the internet; and does your dad really fuck you a lot then?”

“Hell yeah, and he’s good at it as well. Sorry. But I gotta go; I’ve got to be outside the school gates when my dad comes to pick me up or he’ll beat me up. Maybe I’ll see you here again sometime; it’s fun in there isn’t it? See ya.”

With that the girl turned and ran to the bus that was filling up just down the road.

I just stood there for ages just taking in what had just happened. It was only when a policeman asked me if I was okay that I came back to reality and realised that the vibe was making me horny again.

I asked the policeman what time it was then thanked him and told him that I had to get going.

As I wandered along Oxford Street I wondered what to do next. I was getting a bit tired of the shops (yes, amazing isn’t it?) but was it too early to head to the Starbucks where I was going to meet Ryan. At the same time I was still horny as hell and getting my tiny skirt blown up revealing my butt and pussy to anyone who may be looking wasn’t enough. I needed to cum with a man, or men, staring at my spread pussy.

I found myself outside Tottenham Court Road tube station and went down the steps. I think that I was subconsciously heading towards the Starbucks near the hotel. The breeze through the underground tunnels felt good on my pussy. It was warm, but still cooler than my pussy.

As I was going down the escalator a man below me kept turning round and looking at me. I didn’t know if he could see my pussy under my skirt but I spread my legs just in case he could.

On the train I sat on one of the side bench seats. There was no one opposite me but if there had been they’d have easily seen my pussy. At the next stop a young couple got on and sat opposite me. The guy noticed what he could see almost immediately and he nudged his girlfriend.

“Sod it,” I thought, “I’m getting off at the next step so let them look.”

I opened my legs a bit more and stared straight through them.

The thing was, when the train stopped at the next station I didn’t get up to get off; I just sat there letting the couple look at my pussy. When no one got on the train I stayed exactly as I was. I saw the girl raise her eyes to my face, our eyes met and we stared at each other.

No one had come to sit near us and my right hand drifted to my pussy and my index finger got to work on my clit.

Still staring straight at the girl’s face my finger went faster and faster until I started to cum. I even stared at her as I moaned and almost screamed; my body jerking about. I wondered if either of them could see my pussy pulsating round my hand that was still busy.

When I reached my peak I pulled my hand away knowing that both of them could definitely now see my contracting pussy muscles.

As I came down from my high the staring match continued in silence; all I could hear was the train rumbling on.

The train slowed and the spell was broken; the girl and the guy looked at each other and as if they’d spoken using telepathy they both stood up at the same time and moved to the door. My eyes followed them and as the doors opened the guy looked back at me and mouthed the words ‘thank you’.

I smiled and watched to see if anyone got on. One woman did but she turned and went the other way. As the door shut I put my head back and took a deep breath; still with my legs open.

At the next stop a couple of old men got on and sat opposite me. As they approached I closed my legs but when they sat down and one of them smiled at me I let my legs drift apart. The old man looked down and smiled again; and nudged his mate.

“Finished school early today?” the first old man asked.

“Leave the poor girl alone Fred; she doesn’t want to talk to a couple of old codgers like us.”

“No, it’s okay, I like talking.” I said in my little girl voice.

“That’s not all you like doing is it?” the second man said, looking down to my pussy again.

By that time my legs had drifted far apart.

“Do you like looking?” I asked.

“Is the pope a catholic?” man one asked. “Of course we do; it makes our day to see such a beautiful young girl’s body.”

I was feeling more confident and relaxed. These 2 men wanted to watch me and I wanted them to watch. I pulled the front parts of my blazer wide apart so that they could see my tits through the nearly see through blouse; then I started un-buttoning it.

The 2 old men both stared as my tiny tits came into view.

“Just exquisite.” Man one said.

Man 2 nodded.

My right hand moved to my pussy and my left hand to my left tit.

“Absolutely perfect young lady.” Man one said as I started to go back up there.

The train stopped at the next station and I’m sure that all 3 of us were glad that no one else got on. I don’t know what I would have done if they had as my hands never stopped working. As the train jerked a bit to start moving again, I started cumming again. It was just as good as the previous one and the 2 old men appeared to enjoy it nearly as much as I did.

“That was soo beautiful my dear;” man one said; “it’s been way too many years since I saw anything so wonderful.”

I smiled and said, “Thank you kind sir; I’m so happy that I made you happy.”

“You certainly did that;” man 2 said; “I haven’t had a hard-on like this for years. I just wish that you could take care of it but we have to get off at the next stop.”

For one split second I was seriously considering getting off the train with them and finding a place that I could give the 2 pensioners a blowjob.

As they got up and left the train, both of them thanked me and warned me to be careful. I thanked them back and told them that I would.

As they got off, 3 middle-aged women got on and went to sit not far from me. As soon as I saw them get on and turn my way my legs clamped together and my arms pulled my blouse and blazer closed.

As they passed me one of them looked down at me and gave me a filthy look.

I fastened my blouse and pulled my skirt down as much as it would go.

At the next stop I got off and went round to the other side of the line to get the next train back to where I was supposed to get off. As I went down onto the platform I was suddenly in the middle of a group of about 20 teenage boys. They had an older man with them who seemed to be in charge of them because one or two of them commented on my short skirt and the fact that the draught was blowing it up. After the second comment the older man shouted to the group to behave and leave me alone.

When the train came we all piled into the same carriage and I was surrounded by some of them standing at the end of the carriage. The leader was down at the other end of the carriage. I suppose that I could have tried to get through them to a seat but I didn’t want the hassle. Besides, I liked the idea of being surrounded by horny young men.

I reached up and grabbed one of the over-head straps to steady myself when the train started wobbling about. I was sure that if any of guys who had sat down could have seen through their mates they would have been able to see my pussy.

A couple of the guys started to talk to me. When I stayed silent, the one that was stood on my left put his hand on my butt. When he realised that one of his fingers was on bare flesh his hand slid down then back up under my skirt.

I moaned a little as he squeezed my bare butt.

I should have turned and told him to get off me, but I didn’t; I just stood there.

The guy took my inaction as permission to explore and before long his fingers were rubbing along my very wet slit. Instinct took over and I spread my legs.

“Fuck girl;” he whispered in my ear, “you’re gushing you randy little slut.”

I wanted to say that I wasn’t a slut but the rest was right; but I didn’t; I stayed silent.

The fingers found my clit and toyed with it; then they found my hole and invaded me. Fuck, it felt soo good. I took a better grip of the overhead strap and put all my weight on that arm, bending my knees slightly and pressing down on the hand.

“Fuck you’re good kid.” The guy whispered.

I was in the middle of cumming yet again, when I heard the guy’s leader shout for them to get off at the next stop. The fingers started fucking me even faster until the train stopped and they all piled off. The guy with my juices all over his hand never even looked back at me.

A middle-aged couple got on and the man stared at me as he passed. When the train started moving I went and sat on one of the forward facing seats.

I just sat there with my legs closed, thinking. Okay, I’d already worked out, and accepted that when I’m sexually excited I’m quite happy to, and want to flash my tiny tits and pussy and that it makes me cum quite easily. I’m sure that nearly all women are like that, but once I’ve cum, why do I want to cum again, again and again? Is there something wrong with me? Are other women the same or is it just me? Am I some sort of nympho freak? Is there something physically wrong with me? Have I developed that ’Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder’ (PGAD) whereby I cum just about all the time? No it can’t be that, if I had that I’d cum every time that someone touched my clit. Hell, I do; well no I don’t; not every time.

I was still thinking and staring out of the window at the black walls when I realised that we were stopping at Warren Street tube station. I jumped up and ran to the doors before they closed.

Going up the escalator I heard a young man say,

“Fucking hell Ben, look at that.”

Instinctively I moved my feet further apart and leant forwards a bit.

Up on the street I asked an old man where the nearest Starbucks was. I was sure that he was watching my butt as I walked off in the direction that he told me. As it turns out it was just down the road past the hotel.

When I got there I went and ordered a Latte then I had to decide where to sit. My first reaction was to find a table at the back of the shop. Instead of turning that way I turned towards the door and saw that the table in the window to the left of the door (looking out) was vacant. I put the Latte and my satchel on the table then moved one of the chairs so that I was facing the door with my left shoulder close to the window. As I sat down I told myself that it would be easier to see Ryan when he arrived but I just knew that I was doing it again; putting myself where anyone coming in could look through the glass door and see up my skirt. What’s more, anyone sat at the first table outside or people passing by in one direction would be able to see up my skirt.

All in all, half of me figured that I’d got the best seat in the house.

I shuffled my bare butt to the front of the chair and lay back; then I pulled the front of my skirt as far down as it would go, which was just hiding my pussy from my sight. Next it was my tablet then adjusting everything so that I thought there would be a clear line of vision from everywhere that I wanted.

I settled back, sipped my Latte and pretended to use my tablet.

I kept looking up and outside and realised that most of the people passing looked like students; I remember that look and wondered if there was a college or university nearby.

It wasn’t long before a couple of young women walked in; one glanced at me; then looked again before going to the counter.

Then a young couple came in. The guy saw me and smiled. A few minutes later they were back near the door, the guy trying to persuade the girl to sit outside. He won and they went to the first table outside. The girls sat with her back to the shop but the guy sat in front of and to her right. As he sat down I watched him shuffle his chair a bit as he kept looking over to me.

“Got one!” I thought and opened my legs a bit more. For the next 10 or 15 minutes I flashed my pussy and scratched an imaginary itch near my pussy; all the time glancing around to make sure that no one who shouldn’t be looking was looking.

The vibe, my clit ring and my imaginary itch finally got the better of me and I started cumming again. Biting my bottom lip I managed (I think) not to attract any unwanted attention. The man outside was the wanted attention; his eyes were glued to my pussy.

As I calmed down I realised that the vibe had stopped purring. I guessed that the battery had finally run flat.

Another guy leaving the shop stopped dead in his tracks as he opened the door and looked over towards me. He stared at my pussy for a good 5 seconds before shaking his head and continuing outside. As he walked away he turned and looked back but I doubt that he could see my pussy any more.

The next guy to look at me was coming in. As he opened the door he was looking round and when he saw me he let go of the door, stared and me and grinned. My response was to open my legs as wide as I could get them. He moved off then came back a couple of minutes with 2 lattes. Sitting on the chair next to me he put a hand on my pussy and slid a finger inside me.

“Hello there pussy;” he said, “I hope that you’ve been a good little girl and let lots of naughty men look at you today.”

I squeezed my legs together and replied,

“She sure has DADDY. Want to hear all about it?”

I opened my legs a bit to let Ryan have his hand back then sat up straight and asked him how his training course had gone.

Drinking our coffees, I told him just a bit about what I had been up to. We drank quickly because we both needed to get back to the hotel quickly. We both needed his cock inside me; and quickly.

As we quickly walked back to the hotel Ryan told me that we had to get changed; he told me that we were going to see a show then get a meal. We rushed up to our room and I had to stop Ryan from fucking me while I still had the vibe inside me. His fingers quickly delved in and fished it out before bending me over the table in front of the window and taking me from behind. All that flashing in the coffee shop must have really turned him on. I was still as horny as hell and him making me cum again only added to it. I could see that it was going to be a long time before I calmed down; if Ryan would let me.

We quickly showered and I let my hair down. I didn’t want to look like a schoolgirl that night.

Ryan had brought one of my few long dresses for me to wear. It’s red, backless, has a halter style top that is very small, and the skirt part has a split right up my left leg to my waist. What’s more, it’s made of very light, silky material. It looks amazing when I’m just stood there but when I walk the front opens up and people would be able to see my knickers – if I ever wore any. When I sit down I have to keep pulling the material back over my legs because it slides off revealing my pubes and stomach without me even moving.

As we walked out through reception, me wearing just the dress and a pair of 4 inch heels, the doorman wished us a pleasant evening and then said,

“That’s a pretty dress young lady; your father must be very proud of you.”

I giggled; did a twirl in front of him then thanked him. I wondered if he’d seen my bare stomach as the light material flared out and parted at the split as I twirled.

It was getting late so Ryan stopped a taxi and we were soon walking into the theatre. It was great show but I was grateful for the time sitting still and not feeling too aroused.

When the show ended we walked out onto the street. Ryan had been recommended a restaurant that wasn’t far away and we decided to walk there. Okay, the walk was only about 10 minutes but a cool evening breeze had got up, and my skirt was blowing up behind me which meant that most of my legs and stomach, and the front of my slit was on display most of the time. I was dark and I just ignored it but I did spot a couple of men doing a double take.

The other thing that Ryan pointed out was that the breeze was pressing the thin material of the halter against my tiny tits. He could see the shape of my nipples and barbells.

The restaurant was quite nice. It wasn’t very bright in there and Ryan was a bit disappointed that I couldn’t do any flashing.

We got a taxi back to the hotel and I wondered if the taxi driver knew what the squishing sound was as Ryan finger fucked me for most of the journey.

I know that the doorman saw my bare legs, right up to my waist, as we climbed the steps up to the hotel entrance. The look on his face gave him away. We all wished the other a good night and we went up to our room.

After an energetic fuck Ryan spooned me and his cock got hard and entered me again as I told him some more about the days adventures.

I must have fallen asleep sometime during my story because the next thing that I remember was that light was coming in through the window and Ryan’s cock was pounding my pussy. I had my first orgasm of the day and thought that I was very lucky. I’d gone to sleep being fucked, and woken up being fucked.

**Thursday**

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We repeated the flashing of the room service guy before getting dressed and going down for breakfast.

We parted at the tube station with the same arrangements as the previous day; me with a fully charged clit ring and a new, long-life battery in the vibe; both switched on.

It was only a short journey to Oxford Street but standing in the crowded train I did feel one hand slide up the back of my skirt. Unfortunately, we arrived at Oxford Street before the hand had the chance to explore further.

The first thing that I looked for in the shops was some sunglasses; I wanted to be able to watch the voyeurs easier than the previous day. I quickly found some and braced myself for another (hopefully) orgasm filled day.

I wandered around a couple of shops before the vibes first got the better of me. I leaned against a concrete pillar until I was able to walk on.

As I walked along Oxford Street I came across the store where I’d got caught masturbating in the changing room. Without even thinking I turned and walked in. I went to the ladies clothing department then wandered around looking at nothing in particular. I came across the shoes section again, and looked around to see if there were any men close by. There weren’t so I kept walking. As I got near the changing rooms I stopped and thought,

“Shall I?”

Five seconds later I was walking to the back of the changing rooms with my nipples so hard that they hurt and my clit throbbing. As I got near the end cubicles I could hear someone moaning. As I reached the last 2 I looked first to the right then to the left. In the left cubicle was a totally naked girl who looked to be about 15, fingering herself and squeezing a nipple. She saw me; smiled and kept going.

I turned into the right cubicle and started getting undressed. We watched each other as we brought ourselves to a climax. Just after that I heard a slow hand clapping then a voice, Trish’s, saying,

“Very good girls, did you plan the stereo cumming of was that just coincidence? Pick up your clothes and follow me.”

“Can I get dressed first please?” the other girl asked.

“No, walk quickly.”

We couldn’t because Trish was walking slowly and I for one wasn’t sure where we were going. What’s more, there were people in the shop and they were watching the 2 naked girls following the woman in the staff uniform.

It was the office that we were led to. As I walked in I saw the manageress sat at her desk with a naked girl stood in front of the desk with her head bent forward.

“So that’s what happens if you get caught stealing stock at this store; and it’ll get worse if we catch you again, as these 2 are about to find. Now get dressed and get out of here.”

The girl looked at me and the other girl; then quickly put her clothes on. I watched her and noted that she didn’t put any knickers or a bra on. The later she didn’t really need as her tits were only slightly bigger than mine.

Trish told us to put our clothes down and stand in front of the desk. As we stood there we watched Trish setup 2 video cameras; both high up and pointing down to the table. Just as she looked satisfied with her work the manageress looked up and said,

“I see that business is good today. I wonder how much we’ll get for the videos?” she said.

“I guess that it depends on how good these 2 little tramps are.”

The manageress went round the front of the desk and looked at the other girl.

“Lizzy; good to see you again; glad to see that you got naked before we even get started; I guess that some of the customers enjoyed your little show.”

Then she turned to me.

“Oh, hello again, I thought that you might be back; you certainly enjoyed yourself yesterday. What is your name anyway?”

“It’s Tanya Miss.” My little girl voice said.

“Did your daddy put that little vibe inside your little cunt before you left home again this morning?”

“Yes Miss.”

“Well you won’t need it for a while so take it out.”

“Yes Miss.”

I squat down and squeezed it out, letting it drop on the floor, picked it up and put it on the desk then watched as it danced around.

“I see that you’ve been doing your exercises; did your daddy teach you those?”

“Yes Miss.”

“I like this one, she’s so polite.” Trish said.

Just then the door opened and 2 young men in suits walked in then stopped dead in their tracks.

“Oh sorry Ms Roberts I didn’t realise that you were busy, shall we come back later?”

“No, no; come in gentlemen; you’re just in time to see how we punish girls that we’ve caught stealing. It’s usually quite effective as the theft figures for this department are the lowest in the store. Close the door please.”

The 2 young men came in and stood alongside the desk that the manageress was sat at; both looking at Lizzy and me. Lizzy had moved her hands to cover her pussy and was looking down to the ground. I was looking at the increasing size of the bulges in the men’s trousers.

“Right girls; do you know each other?”

Lizzy and I both shook our heads sideways.

“I thought not. Now’s your big chance to put that right; turn and face each other and have along, sexy kiss. And get those tongues working.”

Both Lizzy and I turned and looked at the manageress in surprise. I think that both of us hadn’t seen that one coming.

The manageress gave a hand gesture telling us to get on with it. I stepped closer to Lizzy, bent my head back and sideways a bit the leant forward and our lips met. A couple of seconds later my tongue probed Lizzy’s lips, which opened, and my tongues found hers.

The kiss suddenly got a bit more passionate and our arms went round each other.

Lizzy’s ‘B’s? felt warm against the top of mine and I could feel her hard nipples pressing against me.

Another couple of seconds later I slid my hands down her back to her butt and gave both cheeks a squeeze.

“Okay; that’s enough for now.” The manageress said.

We broke the kiss and stepped back. I looked over to the 2 men and felt a wet rush.

“Right; cavity search time; Tanya, get on the table. Gentlemen, would one of you like to do this?”

I got another wet rush as both guys said ‘yes please’ at the same time.

I went over to the table, jumped up, lay back, spread my legs and lifted them right back so that my knees were at the sides of my head.

The manageress gave one of the men a pair of latex gloves and told everyone to go over to the table.

“Tanya here is very obliging; as you can see she likes to make herself easily accessible. Start with her pussy, have a good probe around to make sure that there’s nothing else in there.” The manageress said to the man who was just finishing putting the gloves on.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you; Tanya had that dancing vibrator that’s on my desk inside her when we caught her.”

Both men looked over to the vibe that was still dancing around.

I moaned as the fingers touched my pussy and as my pussy stretched to accommodate what felt like 10 fingers going into me I started cumming.

“Just stay like that;” the manageress said to the man; “she’ll calm down in a minute or so.”

It was a good job that I was holding my legs down because there was a distinct possibility that the spasms would have caused me to straighten them and I might have hit the man.

A minute or so later the manageress told the man to continue. As the probing started again I had a little after-shock which caused the man to jump a bit.

When he was done he was told to probe my butt. That gave me another orgasm which seemed to please everyone.

When I looked able, the manageress told me to get off the table and Lizzy to get on. Lizzy appeared a little reluctant and the manageress had to shout at her to get a move on.

Lizzy just lay there and had to be told to open and lift her legs. As she slowly did so, Trish went round to Lizzy’s head and pulled her ankles right back. Lizzy gasped.

She also gasped and moaned when the second man’s fingers entered her pussy.

“Not as wet as the first girl looked to be.” The man said as I watched him probe at all angles.

Then I presumed that he found her G-spot because all of a sudden Lizzy screamed and started cumming and swearing and cumming. It looked every bit as good as the best of mine.

The only response from anyone when the man probed her butt hole was from the man; he said,

“She’s tight.”

Cavity searches over, the manageress told me to get on the table again and for me to get in the 69 position over Lizzy. Neither of us needed to be told what to do and we both got on with it.

Two orgasms later, the manageress told us to get on our hands and knees, butt to butt. I wondered what was going to happen, but not for long; Trish got a long, floppy double-ended dildo out of one of the desk drawers and leant over and pushed one end into Lizzy’s pussy and the other end in mine.

“Right girls;” the manageress said; “backwards and forwards until I can’t see any of that thing.”

We took a couple of attempts to get going backwards at the right time and it wasn’t long before I felt Lizzy’s butt meet mine.

“Keep going.” Trish said.

We did and we were only told to stop after we’d both cum.

After that we both had to stand in front of the desks with our hands on our heads while the manageress gave us a lecture on good and bad behaviour. I thought that it was a bit ironic with what the woman was doing to us.

When she’d finished she told us that we were going to get what all bad girls should get. She didn’t tell us what but she stood up then told the 2 men to take 2 chairs into the open space where we were stood. She then told them to sit on the chairs.

By that time I was beginning to see what was coming next. I was right; Lizzy and I were told to lie over their laps. From where I was I could see Lizzy’s butt and her shinny pussy. You see, we’d both spread our legs as we lay down. Also, as I lay down I felt the guy’s hard-on pressing on my stomach.

Just then there was a knock on the door and when Trish opened it another staff girl pushed another young girl into the room.

“I caught this one just out on the street.”

“Okay Ann, we’ll take it from here.” Trish said and shut the door. She turned to the newcomer and said,

“Being caught on the street with unpaid for goods is a crime. You’ve got 2 options young lady, either we can call the police now or you can accept whatever punishment we chose to inflict on you. Which is it to be?”

Trish stepped back letting the girl have another look at the 2 naked girls lying across men’s laps. She burst out crying the started to get undressed.

Everyone watched until she was naked then Trish told her to watch closely.

The 2 men were then told to spank our butts until she told them to stop.

When the first swats landed I let out a grunt followed by a moan. Lizzy however, screamed and grabbed her butt. The manageress wasn’t too pleased and came and gave her a swat of her own.

The swats continued with me grunting with each one; well, to start with. After a few of them my butt was getting quite warm and then I realised that my pussy was gushing; I was starting to like it.

A few more swats later and I started cumming but the swats didn’t stop. On and on they went. In between my orgasms I heard Lizzy having one. At least I wasn’t a freak for being turned-on by the pain.

When the manageress finally told the guys to stop and for Lizzy and I to stand up I’d had 4 more orgasms. As I got up I looked down at the man’s trousers; there were 2 dark spots; one just below his belt where the zip was, and the other on his trouser leg where my pussy had leaked on to him.

I put my hands on my butt; it was on fire but I couldn’t feel any damage. I glanced over to Lizzy’s butt. It was bright red but apart from that it looked okay.

“No lasting damaged then.” I thought.

“Okay girls, that’s your punishment just about over but we’re now left with a problem, or should I say 4 problems; we have 2 young men who have been very helpful this morning but they’ve been left with blue balls. Assuming that there are no objections, your final punishment will be to relieve those blue balls with your mouths.”

I looked over to Lizzy and saw a puzzled look. I, on the other hand knew what I was expected to do and as the man in front of me stood up I got on my knees and unzipped his trousers. As his cock sprung out I looked over to Lizzy. She’d realised what she had to do and was following my lead.

I took the man’s cock in my mouth and started bobbing up and down, taking more and more of the cock each time. It didn’t take long, the poor man must have been wanting to cum for ages. He held my head on him as I felt him swell in my throat, but I didn’t want to swallow all of it. I pulled back and off his cock just as he exploded all over my face, some of it going in my mouth and some into my left eye as I looked up to his face.

“Clean it.” I heard Trish say.

I sucked his cock until there was just my saliva there then rubbed my left eye and licked as much off my face as I could.

I looked over to Lizzy and saw that her face was covered in cum as well.

“Right you 2;” the manageress said; “that’s your punishment for today. Although I’m guessing that you’re both serial offenders and that it won’t be long before we see you again. Let’s just hope that you’ve learnt something today. Tanya, pick that thing up (pointing to my vibe that was still dancing around on the desk) and put it wherever you want; then get dressed both of you and get out of here. I’ve got another criminal to deal with.”

Lizzy and I got dressed with me thinking that I sure had learnt something; but maybe not what she thought; my vibe went back where it belongs. I watched Lizzy put just a short, light weight mini skirt and a tank top on, no underwear, her nipples tenting the thin cotton.

As Lizzy and I left the room the poor newcomer was again crying. I wondered how long it would be before she was cumming.

Out on the street Lizzy got some tissues out of her bag and we cleaned our faces. As we did so, Lizzy said,

“That was fucking awesome Tanya. It’s never been that good before. There’s never been men there before; just those 2 dykes.”

“My butt hurts.” I said.

Lizzy didn’t say anything; she went round behind me and lifted my skirt up.

“It doesn’t look too bad; give it a couple of hours and you’ll have forgotten all about it.”

“Have you been spanked before?” I asked.

“Hell yeah; my dad spanks me all the time.”

“So do you cum every time?”

“Not every time but usually these days.”

“What does your dad do after he spanks you Lizzy?”

“He usually finger fucks me to make me cum again. What about you Tanya?”

“I don’t get spanked very often but when my dad does do it he always fucks me straight afterwards.”

“Wow, I wish that my dad would fuck me…….. Hey Tanya what are you going to do now?”

“I was thinking about going to a coffee shop to think about what just happened; and maybe have a bit more fun; how about you Lizzy?”

“I’ve got nothing planned; I’ve just done what I came into town to do. Hey, I know a McDonalds where we can have a bit of fun, the tables are split on 2 levels and I’ve flashed my pussy there a couple of times before. It’s getting near to lunchtime so there should be plenty of men in there.”

“Sounds like a plan to me; let’s go; I’m getting wet already.”

Lizzy hooked her arm round mine and led me to Oxford Circus tube station, walking at a brisk pace. I’m sure that both our skirts were bouncing up and that my bare butt would be on show. I doubted that Lizzy’s would be showing because her skirt was longer.

Lizzy fixed that problem as we were going down the first escalator; she rolled the top of the skirt so that it was as short as mine. The thing was, she didn’t have a blazer holding her skirt down and the line and material of her skirt were such that I was sure that she’d be showing a lot more than me very soon.

That was confirmed when we walked to the next escalator; as we passed a crossroads in the pedestrian tunnels her skirt blew right up to her waist. What’s more, she ignored it and kept walking. The same thing happened when we were stood on the platform waiting. My skirt blew up as well.

It was near lunchtime and the train was crowded; we had to stand at one end in amongst many other people. I decided to test something and put my hand on the back of Lizzy’s thigh; then I slid it up to her butt. It was then that I confirmed that it isn’t just me that opens my legs in a situation like that; Lizzy’s right foot slid a few inches sideways.

I slid my fingers down her butt crack to her pussy and flicked her clit. She didn’t even flinch but a few seconds later she turned her head and looked at the man stood on the other side of her.

We had to change trains at the next station and as we waited on the platform I asked her if the man beside her on the last train had touched her up. Her reply was,

“Yeah, it happens all the time; you get used to it. I don’t know what all those miserable bitches complain about; it’s quite nice; and it’s more fun when your skirt’s as short as this one is now.”

She called me a sneaky bitch when I told her that it was me. On the next train she got her own back; well I think that she did; I got groped but when I later asked if it was her she denied it.

It wasn’t far from the tube station to the McDonalds and after we’d got our food and drinks we got a table on the higher section of the eating area. At the edge of the higher area is a glass partition about 3 feet high. The tables are in lines, the lines continuing on the lower level, so when we sat down we were right next to a table with 4 young men on it, albeit them 3 foot lower than us, their heads just above our legs.

Of course that meant that all the men had to do was to look towards us and they would get an eyeful of our bare legs; and more, when we let them.

Needless to say that we both perched on the front of our chairs and lay back with our knees a good foot apart. I’d put on my sunglasses so that I could watch them without them knowing.

It didn’t take long for the guys to realise what was on display and I watched them moving around so that they could get a better look. That excitement, and the vibe took me over the top and I sat there biting my bottom lip and cumming.

When I calmed down Lizzy asked me if I’d just cum. I nodded.

“You lucky thing; I want one of those vibes.”

I told her that my daddy had got it for me off the internet but that there must be a few places in London where you can get one. I then asked Lizzy to tell me about herself. What she told me was: -

She lived with her father and 2 older brothers; her mother having done a runner when she was 8.

Her father was a long-distance lorry driver and often was away for the whole week or longer if he was on a long european run.

Her older brothers had brought her up but she had to do most of the cooking and housework.

That her father often spanked her if the house wasn’t tidy when he got home and that her brothers usually watched it happen.

That she always had to strip naked for her spankings.

That it was shortly after she reached puberty that she discovered that she liked the spankings.

That she’d first had an orgasm when getting spanked when she was 13.

While she was telling me all that the vibe and my fingers had made me cum twice; and Lizzy’s fingers had made her cum once. About half way through Lizzy’s life story we’d both turned sideways a bit so that the guys could get a better look; and one of them had disappeared for about 10 minutes. When he came back I heard him tell the others that he’d moved the van so that they didn’t get a parking ticket.

When Lizzy had finished I got up and went and got us another coffee. While I was in the queue one of the guys came up behind me and started to hit on me. He wanted us to go with them and have a good time. I told him that it was a case of ‘look but don’t touch’ and that if they didn’t stick to the rules we’d stop playing.

When I got back to Lizzy I saw that the 4 men had all changed seats. I smiled knowing what they were doing. Lizzy also told me that she’d made herself cum one more time while I was getting the coffees.

I sat back on the seat almost sideways again and watched the men through my sunglasses as we talked and drank.

About 30 minutes later my phone rang. It was Ryan and when I answered I said,

“Hello daddy.”

The conversation was very one-sided as he quickly realised that I was with someone. He asked me who it was and I told him that I’d made a new friend and that her name was Lizzy. He asked me a few questions that I could answer with either yes or no; then he told me that he had some bad news.

He went on to tell me that the training course had been extended to 3 days because the instructor had screwed-up the timings. When I asked him what we were going to do he told me not to worry because he’d got it all sorted out. Our hotel booking had been extended for another night and, even better, he’d spoked to Tim (my boss) and got me another day’s holiday. We were now due to travel back home on the Friday evening.

When I hung-up Lizzy asked me what was wrong. I put my phone down and noticed that my legs were still wide open and that my left hand was still diddling my clit.

Then I told Lizzy that daddy’s job had changed and that we were staying another day.

“Well that’s good news isn’t it? It means that we can have another day flashing guys like these.” Lizzy said.

“Yeah, and we can get some more revealing clothes than these as well.” I replied.

“That’s going to be a challenge, the only thing more revealing is our birthday suits.”

We both giggled and I started to cum again. That vibe was certainly earning its keep.

One of the white shirted staff walked by and gave us a filthy look. As he walked away Lizzy said that maybe we should leave; after all, we could now come back tomorrow.

We left and were followed down the road by the 4 guys who were probably getting an eyeful of our butts as our skirts got blown up. We lost the guys when we went down into the underground as we headed to Warren Street tube station. We’d spent way too long teasing those guys at McDonalds and it wouldn’t be long before Ryan was going to be at Starbucks.

When we got to Starbucks I got us yet another coffee and waited until we could get 2 stools in the front window and put our drinks on that long plank like table.

It didn’t take long and we climbed onto the stools, the backs of our skirts over the back of the stools; our bare butts on the stools. Then, facing the street, we both opened our legs letting anyone who passed; and those sat at the tables outside, have a great view of our pussies.

I had to laugh when one guy sat outside realised what he was looking at and nearly spluttered his drink all over the woman who was sat with her back to us.

Surprisingly, not many people walking passed stopped to stare at us. Okay, a couple did a double take before moving on; until one guy stopped and had a good long stare. I was looking around inside for potential ‘victims’ when Lizzy told me about the man.

When I turned round I saw that it was Ryan and my legs automatically spread as wide as they could go and I started cumming. I just knew that it wouldn’t be long before his cock was inside me.

Ryan just stood there for ages, his eyes going from my pussy to Lizzy’s.

“Make yourself cum for him.” I said.

Lizzy did, her hand going like a pneumatic road drill.

“Fuck that was good.” Lizzy said as Ryan broke his stare and came into the shop. He ignored us and went and got a coffee; then he came and stood between Lizzy and I, put his coffee and briefcase down then his left hand came to my pussy and his right hand went to Lizzy’s pussy.

“Hey pervert, get your fucking hands off. I’ll call the police.” Lizzy said.

Ryan’s fingers rubbed our clits.

“Stop it you paedophile; were only schoolgirls.” Lizzy said but I saw that her legs were still wide open. She was enjoying it.

I decided that it had gone far enough and I didn’t want Lizzy attracting any unwanted attention so I leaned forward so that I could see Lizzy’s face and said,

“It’s okay Lizzy, this is my dad, Ryan; he isn’t going to rape you.”

“That’s a shame Tanya; you didn’t tell me that he was cute as well.”

Ryan took his hands away from our pussies and put them round our shoulders.

“Shall we go to that table outside and talk?” Ryan said.

We did, us girls sitting on chairs with our backs to the shop window. Ryan was facing both of us and I couldn’t help notice that Lizzy was perched on the front edge of her seat and her legs were spread wide.

Ryan asked Lizzy how long she’d been exposing herself to people. After she gave him a brief history of her life and family Ryan said,

“So you don’t walk around naked at home then. I would have thought that you would have started with your brothers and your father. That would have been a good way to start, get over any nerves in the comfort of your own home.”

“I never really thought of that,” Lizzy replied, “they’ve all seen me naked but only when my dad spanks me. I always went to my room straight after that. You’ve got me thinking now. I think that I should be thanking you.”

Ryan smiled then turned to me and asked,

“Have you told her?”

“What about?” I asked.

“The truth about us; it sounds like she deserves to know, and besides, if you’re going to spend all day together tomorrow it’ll make it easier for you.”

“What truth; what do I deserve to know?” Lizzy asked.

I then told Lizzy the truth about Ryan and I and my age. Lizzy just sat and listened, but she didn’t close her legs.

When I was done Lizzy said,

“I just knew that something wasn’t quite right but hey, we all tell little fibs when it suits us don’t we? I’m a year older than I told you.”

We all laughed a bit then Ryan asked,

“So are we all good then?”

“Fuck yes; I haven’t had this much fun for years. Now that you’re staying for another day can we do the same again tomorrow? I can easily get another day off.”

Ryan replied,

“I’m sure that both my ‘daughters’ will have a great day and cum many times; maybe we should have a competition to see who can have the most orgasms in one day.”

I suddenly realised that the 2 of us weren’t on an equal playing field.

“Ryan,” I said, “I think that I need to leave my vibe out tomorrow; Lizzy hasn’t got one; and do you mind if I dump the blazer; it’s too long and stops my skirt blowing right up.”

“Hmm;” Ryan replied, “come on, finish those drinks, I have an idea.”

We did, and Ryan led us to an ‘adult’ shop that he’d seen on his way to meet us. Ryan bought Lizzy a little remote controlled egg and 2 ‘naughty nurse’ outfits, telling us that we could wear the skirts that were about the same length as my school skirt, and would definitely blow up with not much of a breeze. Ryan said that I could wear it without the blazer even though my blouse was virtually see through. I couldn’t wait.

Ryan also bought something that I hadn’t seen before, one for me and one for Lizzy. The heading on the packaging said, ‘Vaginal Kung Fu’. They are marble eggs, chicken egg size, with a chain attached to the thick ends. The chain is about the thickness of a strong neckless and about 2 inches long. On the other end of the chain is a little carabiner.

Lizzy was puzzled when Ryan gave one to her, but I instantly knew what it was. When I explained it to her she laughed and said that it would be dropping out all the time.

“Try just hooking small things onto the carabiner to start off with; perhaps you could go to school with no knickers and something small hanging under your skirt.” I suggested.

“That’ll mean wearing a longer skirt.” Lizzy replied. “I’ll experiment in front of the mirror.”

“You can do that at work as well.” Ryan added.

As we left the shop Ryan said the he had an idea. He went on to tell Lizzy that I used to use a code to let him know how aroused I was, and as, he assumed, we’d need to communicate that information to each other, we should use that code as well.

I explained to Lizzy that it was called Arousal Factor or AF for short and that it was a number from 0 to 10 where 0 was ‘the thought of any sort of sex at the moment disgusts me’ through to 10 was ‘I’m about to explode’. Lizzy liked the idea so we agreed to adopt it.

After that Lizzy said that she’d have to go, there was something that she had to do that night. We arranged to meet Warren Street tube station at 08:30 in the morning and exchanged mobile numbers. Ryan told her not to run the eggs battery flat before the morning.

Ryan and I headed off back towards the hotel but Ryan was hungry so we stopped at a restaurant where the waiter gave me the children’s menu.

While we were there I told Ryan all about my day. In the middle of telling him all about it I had an idea. I asked Ryan if we could stay in London until the Sunday evening. He grinned and asked me what I was thinking about. I told him then got my phone out and looked-up the phone number of the hotel that I stayed at when I was on a training course a couple of years ago; the one where I had been given a car because I saved a Japanese girl from drowning in the swimming pool.

I dialled the number and when someone answered it I asked if Carrie still worked there. I was told that she did and that they’d get her for me.

“Hello, Carrie speaking, how may I help you?”

“Carrie, this is Tanya Turner, I stayed at your hotel a couple of years ago; do you remember me?”

“Tanya, Tanya my love, how could I possible forget our own little hero? Why haven’t you called before? I miss the fun that we had.”

I explained our predicament and without even asking Carrie offered to give us a room for free. She told me that she was really looking forward to seeing me again, and meeting the man who was responsible for me being the way that I am.

I asked her if the hotel was still ‘clothing optional’.

“Of course it is, I’ve just been skinny dipping and I’m stood here in reception without even a towel.”

“Great, that’s just what I wanted to hear. I’ve made another London friend and we’re having a competition to see who can cum the most times in one day; would you mind if I brought her along as well?”

“Of course not, I’ll reserve one of our suites for you so it doesn’t really matter how many of you there are just so long as you all sleep in the one bed. I’m just looking through the list of who we’ve got booked in this weekend and it looks like there will be lots of young men here so I’m sure that we’ll all have a good time. I don’t know what your Ryan is going to do though.”

I laughed and then told her not to worry about Ryan and that Lizzy and I would be there in the morning.

I looked at Ryan and said,

“Sorted, but I don’t know what you’re going to do all weekend.”

“Hmm,” Ryan replied, “let’s see, you’ve invited a cute young lady to be naked with you all weekend, and to sleep with us; and it sounds like there will be other naked young ladies there, one the daughter of a rich hotel owner. I think that I’ll be able to keep myself entertained.”

I got a little wet rush and reached over and squeezed Ryan’s hard cock.

“Better ask Lizzy?” I said and phoned her.

She was ‘excited’ to say the least. She said that she’d never stayed in a hotel before and I’d just invited her to spend the weekend in a 5 star posh one; and that she could be naked most of the time; she couldn’t wait.

Ryan and I went back to our hotel, checked-in again and went to bed. I was tired and it looked like the next 3 days were going to be very tiring.

Having said that I went to sleep and woke-up the same way as the previous night.

**Friday**

**-------**

I teased a different waiter on the Friday morning; different waiter probably because we were in a room on a different floor.

I got another complement from the doorman as we left. I was wearing just my see through blouse and my new, white with a red waistband, nurse’s skirt and when I did another twirl for him the skirt flew up parallel to the ground. I wondered if he saw my pussy. The pussy that was wet with the anticipation of the day ahead.

Ryan and I parted at the tube station again and I waited for Lizzy. This time I had our little suitcase and my satchel with me, but that was only until we got to Carrie’s hotel.

Lizzy snuck up behind me and sharked me. I screamed and quickly pulled my skirt back up.

“First flash of the day Tanya?”

“No, I flashed the doorman at the hotel.”

Lizzy was wearing the same white skirt, with red waist band, as me and a white tank top; her hard nipples were clearly visible through the thin material.

I told Lizzy where we were going but she didn’t recognise the hotel name. When I told her where it was she knew exactly how to get there and we headed off into the tube station.

As we walked I asked Lizzy if she’d tried her new egg vibe.

“Fuck yes; I put it in as soon as I got home. I experimented with it while I watched some telly with one of my brothers. My dad’s away on a trip and my other brother was down at the pub with his mates. I was still wearing what I was yesterday with the skirt still rolled at the top.

It didn’t take long for me to start cumming. My brother (Dylan) was too engrossed in the telly and didn’t even notice. I was so horny by then and I thought about what Ryan had said about getting naked in front of my family. I decided that I’d let Dylan see me without my clothes. After a bit of thought I went and took a shower then got dried. I’d decided that I’d do the washing and filled the basket with my things.

Still naked, I carried the basket into the lounge, put the basket on the sofa then asked Dylan if he had any washing. He was still ignoring me after I’d asked him twice so I went and stood in between him and the telly.

“Fuck sis, what are you doing; where are your clothes?”

“I’m doing the washing and I wanted to wash all my dirty clothes; have you got anything to wash?”

“Why didn’t you put something clean on?”

“Haven’t got anything.”

“You should do the washing more often then.”

“Well, have you got any washing then?”

Dylan went off and got his dirty clothes and put them in the basket then he watched me as I went into the kitchen, loaded the machine and set it running. I then went and sat on the sofa opposite Dylan.”

“So how long did you stay like that?” I asked.

“Until I went to bed, but Dylan kept looking over to me. After a while I went to my room and switched the egg on, to full; then went and sat on the sofa again. Dylan had watched me walk out, and then back in.

The egg did what it’s supposed to do; twice, before I went to bed. As I got all worked-up again my legs spread and I started playing with my tits. By then, Dylan had lost interest in the telly and was staring at me. I just went for it and gave him a good show.

When I got up to go to bed Dylan said,

“Fuck sis I didn’t realise that you were so hot; can you wash all your clothes every night?”

I just said,

”Shut-up perv, I’m your sister.”

“And a fucking hot one at that.” Dylan replied.””

“So are you going to flash him again?” I asked.

“FLASH him! Hell no; I’m going to start being naked all the time. I’m going to drive him and Adam crazy.”

“So is the egg still inside you?” I asked.

“Yeah, I tried to get it out last night but I couldn’t get it. I just switched it off then back on just before I left home this morning. The control and a few essentials are in my bag.”

“I’ll show you the exercises that you can do to make it easier to squeeze things out, and practicing lifting heavy things with you Kung Fu egg will help as well. I’m sure that Ryan will help you get it out until you can do it yourself.”

“That sounds nice; I’ll look forward to that.”

By that time we were stood on the platform waiting for the train; our skirts having blown up a few times but neither of us had pulled them down; we waited for gravity to work.

As the train approached the breeze got stronger and 2 girls with skirts round their waists got on the train.

Two train rides, skirts blown up 3 times, 2 vibrator induced orgasms and only Lizzy getting groped later, we arrived at Carries hotel.

We went in and I told the receptionist who I was. Two minutes later Carrie came running over. She was wearing a business suit similar to the ones that I wear for work but I was sure that hers cost ten times what mine do, even if the skirt was as short as mine.

“Tanya, Tanya; it’s so good to see you again.” Carrie said as she hugged me.

When she let me go I introduced Lizzy and Carrie hugged her as well. When she backed off she looked us both up and down then said,

“Are you two in some sort of club wearing the same skirts; oh, I know, you’re both Naughty nurses aren’t you? You both look cute.”

Then Carrie turned to the receptionist and said,

“These two, give them anything that they ask for; I’ll sort out the bill. Make 2 keys for the Yorkshire suite please.”

The 2 key cards quickly appeared, Carrie clicked her fingers and a porter almost grabbed the case out of my hand.

All the way up in the lift Carrie was asking all sorts of questions.

When the porter opened the suite door I just stood there and stared, so did Lizzy. It was the biggest hotel room that I have ever seen, and through a double door was a gigantic bed.

“It’s got its own sauna and jacuzzi through there;” Carrie said; “but I doubt that you’ll use them. I’m guessing that you’ll be down in the leisure centre within half an hour. It was quite busy a short while ago with plenty of ‘victims’ for you.”

The porter left and I told Carrie that I’d like to **pretend** that I was 13 years old again, and that Lizzy was my 15 year old friend.

“Yes of course,” Carries said, “I’ve never told anyone your true age so that won’t be a problem. Are you going to tease all those nasty men again you little minx?”

“Yeah, it’s more fun that way and we can get away with more. Is Manuel still here? I’d like to book us a couple of massages if that’s okay with you.”

“Tanya my darling, you can get away with anything that you want while you’re here and yes, you can have as many massages as you want; just have a word with the girl down there; but Manuel has gone back to Spain; his son Jacob has taken over. His technique isn’t quite the same but he’s got an amazing right index finger. I can guarantee that he’ll drive you crazy; he does me. Sorry, but I’ve got to go now, another damn meeting, but if you want anything, just ask. I’ve reminded everyone what you did for the hotel and I’m sure that you’ll have a great couple of days.”

“And it’s okay to be naked anywhere in the hotel?” Lizzy asked.

“Of course, I frequently wander all over in my oldest suit.”

With that Carrie was off, leaving Lizzy and I to have a look round the room; but not before we took our clothes off.

Five minutes later we were walking down the corridor to the lift.

“Are you sure this is okay? I’ve never done anything like this before and I’m a bit nervous.” Lizzy asked.

When the lift doors opened a couple of middle-aged men got out. They looked at us and smiled but didn’t say anything. As we went down I told Lizzy that I had a few things to show her in the leisure centre.

Lizzy was still quite nervous as we walked into the leisure centre. I asked her what her AF was and she said it was about a 6. I told her that mine was an 8 because I knew what was coming.

“Oh Hi Tanya, do you remember me? I was working here the last time that you were here. Is your father here with you this time?” The leisure centre receptionist asked.

“He’ll be along later; he’s got some business to sort out. This is my friend Lizzy; she’s not been to a leisure centre before.”

“Well hello Lizzy. I’m sure that you’ll have a great time here. If there’s anything that I can help you with just ask, okay!”

“Err yes, thank you.”

“Oh, while we’re here, can we book some massages with Jacob please; one for each of us, this afternoon, tomorrow and again on Sunday please Sophie?” I said, reading her name badge; I didn’t remember her.

“And can they be one after the other; we want to go there together.”

“Of course, I’m sure that I can arrange that for our famous hero.”

I grabbed Lizzy’s hand and pulled her away.

“See, that wasn’t too bad was it? I’ll show you around the place then we can decide what we’re going to do first. Relax girl, or I’ll go back up to our room and turn that egg up to full.”

“No, please don’t do that; that would be ‘death by orgasm’.” Lizzy replied.

We went to the workout room first because it was the nearest.

“Is that a swimming pool through those windows?” Lizzy asked.

I said that it was just as I saw George; he had his back to us and was adjusting something on a machine. As we walked over to him Lizzy said,

“They’re all looking at us.”

I whispered back,

“Yes, good isn’t it?”

“Hi George.” I said.

George turned around, saw me, and said,

“Oh hi there Tanya, I heard that you were coming, oh sorry, I should have said that differently; here, let me have a look at you.”

He picked-up my hands the stepped back so that our arms were straight. Slowly looking me up and down and said,

“You’re even more beautiful than the last time I saw you, but you haven’t grown at all.”

I pulled my hands back then put them on my tiny tits, squeezed them then pulled my nipples out as far as they would go.

“Not even these George?”

“Nope, but I love then just the way they are.”

“Hmm, so do I.”

As I said that I rolled both nipples between index fingers and thumbs; my AF going up to a 9.

George turned to Lizzy, did the same thing with his hands; and while he was looking her up and down he said,

“And who’s this gorgeous young lady?”

“George, this is Lizzy; she’s my 15 year-old friend. I’m 14 now by the way.” I added.

“I’m so pleased to meet you Lizzy; you are just as gorgeous as Tanya even if you are bigger.”

Lizzy put her hands on the bottom part of her tits, wobbled them up and down a bit then pulled and rolled her nipples. She’d obviously been watching when I did that.

“No, I was referring to your height, but I have to admit, those are very cute; not big and ……. Oops, I shouldn’t talk about female parts like that; sorry.”

Lizzy blushed again and I thought that she was going to cum.

“George, leave her alone.” I said; “we’re both here to have FUN.”

“Does your daddy still make you put that thing inside you?”

“George, you shouldn’t ask a lady such things; but yes, and Lizzy has got one as well; and I’ve got a little something on the outside as well.”

“I can’t see anything different.”

“If you’re lucky you may see it later, and maybe even touch it.”

George’s eyes lit up and the tent in his shorts got bigger.

“Can I be your personal trainer during your stay please?”

I looked at Lizzy, she was blushing and her nipps looked as hard as mine felt.

“Yes of course George but I’ve got some stretching exercises that I want to show Lizzy; perhaps you could help us.”

“Whenever you’re ready Tanya, just shout.”

“Thanks George, I’m just going to show Lizzy round the rest of the place then we’ll be back.”

As we walked out and down the corridor Lizzy said,

“I’m getting close to a 10 Tanya; that was sooo cool; all those men looking at me, and George, I nearly orgasmed when he touched my hands never mind him talking about my tits.”

“Wait until he touches your pussy. I think that we’d better go to the sauna next, there’s something that I need to take care of.” I told Lizzy.

Lizzy looked a bit shocked when we went into the sauna, there were 2 men and 1 girl there; she was naked and clearly masturbating while the 2 men watched. I think that she might have been a bit pissed when 2 naked young girls walked in.

I climbed up to one corner and sat with my feet on different levels and I nodded my head for Lizzy to do the same. Automatically, my hand went to my pussy and quickly gave me the relief that I needed. Lizzy had followed my lead and she too came quite quickly; both of us before the other girl who had lost the attention of the 2 men. I looked down at her and when she looked up to me I said,

“Sorry.”

She smiled then turned her head back forward, her right hand still busy at her pussy.

Both Lizzy and I sat there idly rubbing our clits until I thought that Lizzy was getting too hot. I kicked her foot and nodded towards the door. We climbed down and went to the shower; both of us going into the same cubicle.

“Ever been in one of those before? I asked.

“No; never.”

“I thought not. I had to get carried out of there the first time that I went in. Just don’t be afraid to admit that you’ve had enough.”

“Is that what girls are supposed to do in saunas then?” Lizzy asked; “and what about the men? Are they supposed to wank as well? Those 2 men were just looking at us?” Lizzy asked, then I replied,

“Not always, it depends on the sauna; some are good like that, others are not. I can tell you some really good stories about saunas.”

“Go on then; will they make me cum again?”

“Both of us; come on then; let’s go to where we can talk.”

I turned the shower off then led Lizzy to the sun loungers. I lay back, bent my knees and parted them about a foot. Lizzy did the same and then I started telling her some of the good times that I’d had in the sauna and on those very sun loungers the last time that I was there.

While I was talking we both got interrupted a couple of time when our vibes got the better of us. Also when people walked passed us going to and from the sauna. One of the men quickly came back out of the sauna and went and sat opposite us and stared at our pussies for the rest of the time that we were there. He never spoke a word so I don’t know if he could understand what we were saying; but I didn’t care; I just wanted to cum again.

Our desire to cum in front of that man got interrupted by Sophie; she came and told us that it was time for our massages.

Sophie introduced us to Jacob; he’s probably in his late teens or early twenties and quite cute, nice and slim with black hair. His English was perfect and he had a London accent so he’d obviously grown-up in London.

On the way there Lizzy had told me that she was nervous so I told her that I’d go first and that she could just watch.

Jacob got me on the table, on my stomach and gave me a long, slow massage from head to foot. I orgasmed when he did my thighs and he just stood and watched until I stopped shaking.

When he asked me to turn over I looked to Lizzy; she was sat there with her right hand between her legs. Without thinking, I spread my legs to the edges of the table as soon as I was on my back; even though Jacob started on my head and shoulders.

I came again as he worked on my tiny tits; this time though, he kept on going right through it; which of course prolonged my pleasure. As he worked down to my stomach what Carrie had said about his index finger was causing my pussy to gush so much that I was starting to feel like I was laid in a puddle.

I was slightly disappointed when his hands left my stomach and went to my feet. One at a time he lifted them up and massaged them. My eyes were closed but I could just feel his eyes burning my pussy.

His hands worked up my left leg and I moaned as he lightly touched my pussy before starting on my right leg. This time when he touched my pussy I had another orgasm. As I calmed down I prayed that he wouldn’t stop because I’d just cum.

I lay there for an eternity not daring to open my eyes just in case I saw Jacob walking away from me. It got to the point where I was convinced that my heart was still pounding, not because I’d just cum, but with the hopeful anticipation of what I hoped was still to come.

I gasped and had a slight after-shock as I felt something lightly touch my throbbing clit. I felt it again, sighed and exhaled, letting all the tension go out of me.

Within a minute I had decided that I just had to get Ryan to do that to me; Jacob’s touch was just so light.

My next orgasm built so slowly, but so beautifully. I felt like my whole body was tingling. It slowly built up until I finally exploded. My butt must have risen about a foot before crashing down as I jerked all over the place.

As my high started to subside Jacob’s middle 2 fingers easily slid inside me and bent up searching for my g-spot. They found it and I was instantly back up there; his hand keeping up with my bodies movements.

Jacob kept those fingers working for a life-time before pulling them out. I lay there, gasping for breath as my body continued jerking about. In amongst the usual noises that I normally make I realised that I was giggling and I couldn’t stop myself.

Jacob had backed-off and was just watching my body slowly get back to normal.

When Jacob finally told me that I could get off the table I sat up, swung my legs round then just sat there for a few seconds as my head got used to being higher than my body again.

Jacob asked if it was okay if he took 5 minutes before the next massage and I nodded. He went out of the room leaving just Lizzy and I.

“I’ve no need to ask if that was good Tanya, the look on your face tells it all.”

Just then I heard Jacob talking. I turned to see if the 5 minutes was up but Jacob hadn’t come back into the room. He hadn’t closed the door properly and it had drifted open about a foot.

“Hey man, had any good hotties in there lately?” I heard an unknown man say.

“You should see 2 that I’ve got in there at the moment Liam; both as naked as they can be. I’ve just done one that looks about 12 or 13 and she cums like a pro.”

“Are you taking the piss Jacob?”

“What’s more she had a vibrator up her cunt and it was switched on.”

“You’re having me on.”

“No I’m not. When I go back in I’ll leave the door open for a couple of seconds and you can have a look.”

“If you’re right you are one hell of a lucky bastard Jacob. I think that I should have become a massage therapist instead of an electrician.”

“It’s not all good Liam; imagine having to massage a 20 stone ugly pensioner with so many rolls of fat that you have trouble find her jungle covered pussy.”

“Oh fuck; give over, you’re gonna make me puke. Maybe you can keep your job. I’m out of here.”

I quickly told Lizzy to come and stand next to me facing the door. I wanted to see what Liam was like; and let him see us.

Jacob came back in, apologising for taking so long. He left the door wide open then pretended that it was by accident and turned round to shut it. For a couple of seconds I saw Liam; and he was looking at us; well our bodies.

“Okay, Lizzy isn’t it; you’re on next; hop up. Are you okay Tanya, you still look a little flushed.”

I nodded my head and sat where Lizzy had been.

I sat and watched Jacob give Lizzy the same treatment as he’d given me except that he had more to work with on her chest. Her pussy was leaking as much as mine was. I know that because I compared the size of the wet patches on the sheets that covered the table.

Her final orgasm was as lively and loud as mine was – I think; I’ve never watched myself in a mirror; maybe I should get Ryan to video us when we come back for round 2.

Jacob gave Lizzy a few minutes to relax before we left him, telling him that we’d be back for more the next day.

As we walked out of the massage room I suggested that we go to the workout room for me to show Lizzy some of the stretching exercises that I’d mentioned to George. He was still there when we got there and we went to the open area and I started showing Lizzy a couple of the exercises that I do at the gym I town.

I told her that I’d start with an easy one and got into the crab position and walked round a bit. When I got up Lizzy said,

“I can do that, we used to do it at school, but all those men are looking; they got a good look at your clit ring.”

“Isn’t that the idea; we are here have some flashing fun.”

“Yeah, but that’s just so obvious.”

“Exactly.”

“Well, okay, but don’t blame me if I cum and collapse in a heap. I’m back up to a 9 already.”

“I hope that you do; then I’ll have to make myself cum to keep the count equal.” I said.

“You’re counting!” Lizzy asked; I lost count ages ago.

I showed Lizzy another couple of exercises then decided to do the splits. When I got down I called George over and asked him to check to see if I was completely down. He promptly got down on his hands and knees in front of me and looked at my pussy.

“Looks good to me.” George said.

“No silly, that’s not how you check; slide your hand under.”

George looked up at my face, smiled then slid his hand under my pussy; palm up.

“That’s it; that’s how to do it George.”

I said as George was finger fucking me.

I lifted myself up an inch or so then lowered myself again a couple of times then got to my feet.

“That’s how to do it George; you’re learning.”

“What is that on your clitoris Tanya, and is it vibrating?” George asked.

“Err yes; it’s a little ring that daddy put on me, He says that it’s to remind me that I’m his daughter.”

“Wow, can I have a closer look at it?”

“Later George, later; now it’s Lizzy’s turn to do the splits.”

Lizzy struggled a bit but the thought of George finger fucking her must have convinced her joints to go that extra bit. As George slid his hand under her pussy and presumably finger fucked her Lizzy suddenly said,

“Ten!” and promptly fell backwards.

George; myself and 3 or 4 of the other gym users watched as Lizzy’s body jerked about for a few minutes before she looked up and her face went even redder. She quickly got to her feet and said,

“Sorry…. I couldn’t help myself.”

“No need to say sorry Lizzy;” George said, “It was a wonderful sight and I can’t see anyone complaining, can you?”

Lizzy looked round the room then said,

“I need to get out of here.”

She grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the room.

“What was that Lizzy; I thought that you wanted cum with people watching you?”

“Yes, I do, it’s just that it was such a shock. It was a killer and I wasn’t expecting it to be that bad, I mean good. It was wonderful. I…. I want to go back and do it again.”

“Slow down there girl; let’s go and cool down a bit first. Let’s go and see what’s new in the swimming pool area.”

“Okay.”

As we walked in, a man saw us straight away and stared at us.

“So, is this the pool where you saved that Japanese girl?” Lizzy asked.

“Yeah, no big deal, it was easy, she was as small as me. Come on; race you to the other end of the pool.” I challenged.

“Err Tanya, I can’t swim.”

“You can’t swim, wow; didn’t they take you at school?”

“No, they only did it for year 5 and when I was in year 5 the local pool was closed for repairs.”

“Okay, how about I give you a quick lesson and see how you like it. Hang-on, I’ve got a better idea; how about I see if I can get a man to teach you. He’ll put his hands all over you.”

“That sounds like fun; just so long as they know what they’re doing.”

“Oh, they’ll know their way round a female body all right.”

“No, I mean know how to teach someone to swim.”

“I know, I was just joking; let’s go back to reception and see what they can do?”

Sophie was really helpful. I told her that Lizzy needed 2 instructors because Lizzy was so scared of the water. She phoned 3 guys and 2 were successful.

We couldn’t hear both sides of Sophie’s phone calls but each one started with,

“We’ve got a naked girl down here that needs a swimming lesson.”

Closely followed by,

“14 or 15.”

“Yes, naked, she’s with another naked girl who can swim.”

“13 or 14.”

Both guys promised to be there in 15 minutes. I told Sophie that we’d meet them at the jacuzzi.

As we were going there we had to stop for a lean on the wall while Lizzy had another one.

It was the first time that Lizzy had been in a jacuzzi and she loved the way that the bubbles tickled her pussy.

When the guys arrived they were brilliant; they talked Lizzy into the water and both promised to hold her as she practiced the strokes. It certainly wasn’t the way that I would have taught someone to swim, but there again, that wasn’t why they were there; they knew just as well as Lizzy and I knew that they were there to grope Lizzy.

They had Lizzy on her stomach while they held her up, one on each side of her. Each guy had one hand on a tit and the other under her thigh; right up at the top. Lizzy later told me that both her nipples were being played with all the time and she thought that they were taking it in turns playing with her pussy. When she asked them why they were holding her there, one of them told her that it was to relax her and take her mind off the danger. Then he’d told her that it was BREAST stroke that they were teaching her.

About 10 minutes after they started Lizzy told them to put her down and she stood with the water up to her neck. I could see her biting her lip and her face was all screwed-up.

While that was going on I was sat on one of the sun loungers with my feet on the floor either side; and the index finger of my right hand idly toying with my clit.

Lizzy had been in the water for about 20 minutes when Sophie appeared beside me. She told me that there was someone in reception asking for me.

Suspecting that it might be Ryan I quickly walked there. As I turned the last corner I saw him. I shouted ‘DADDY’ and ran to him. I jumped up onto his front putting my arms round his neck and my legs round his waist.

I started kissing all round his face. He in turn put his hands on my bare butt and held me up; the ends of his fingers on my pussy.

That was too much for me and I orgasmed right there in reception; burying my face on Ryan’s shoulder until it passed.

When I slid down Ryan’s front I looked behind Ryan and saw Carrie. She was still in her business suit.

“Carrie, this is Ryan; my DADDY.” I said winking at her. “Ryan, this is my amazing friend Carrie.”

“No Tanya,” Carrie said, “you are the amazing one; and we’ve never had a young lady who likes to ‘enjoy’ herself as much as you do.”

“Yes,” Ryan replied, “she does like exploit her good, youthful looks don’t you my love?”

“Hey,” I said, “I hope that you’re not saying that I’m an exhibitionist buster; and you Carrie, I’ve seen you having as much fun as I do.”

“Perhaps, but I don’t get the chance very often these days; this damn job is taking way too much of my time.”

“Oh, and I’ve just checked to see who we’ve got booked in over the weekend; we’ve got 2 football teams and Star Trek convention; so you should see a few weird outfits around the place.”

“More weird than this?” I said sliding my hands down my side.

“You are not weird Tanya; you have a beautiful body and don’t let anyone tell you anything different.”

“But you will find the time to join us in the sauna later won’t you?” I asked.

“I’ll do my best; I need some relaxation time. Ryan, Tanya will take you up to your room; I hope that it’s okay for you. And here’s another key card for you, Tanya and Lizzy have a problem with where to carry theirs.”

Ryan thanked Carrie and kissed her on her cheek then I led him to the lift. There were 3 men in suits waiting to get in as well and when we all got in I turned to Ryan and said,

“Daddy, will you come and help me with my swimming lessons, I like it when you hold me up, you know, with one hand on my chest and the other between my legs.”

Ryan smiled and said,

“Of course I will princess.”

As soon as the men got out of the lift I jumped up on him again and gave him a long proper kiss until we got to our floor. I practically dragged him along the corridor and started taking his clothes off just as soon as we were inside.

When he was naked I pushed him onto the bed and was about to jump on him when I remembered the vibe. I quickly squat down, squeezed it out and left it vibrating on the carpet as I impaled myself on Ryan’s gorgeous cock.

Thirty minutes later I washed the vibe, put it back where it belongs then went to find Lizzy; Ryan saying that he’d come looking for me when he was ready.

I found Lizzy relaxing on a sun lounger the same way that I had been. The only difference was that there was one of Lizzy’s swimming instructors sat at the bottom of the sun lounger between her legs. I wondered if she’d cum while he was sat there.

I was stood beside Lizzy with the man sat on the sun lounger making his head at about my pussy height. As his eyes went up and down me I automatically spread my feet a bit so that he’d get a better look.

A couple of minutes later he took the hint and excused himself.

I took the man’s place on Lizzy’s sun lounger and while we brought each other up to date I reached over and rubbed Lizzy’s pussy slowly.

Up to date on everything, I asked Lizzy if she was ready to go back to the workout room and spread her legs for the poor sods who were trying to work-out. She said that she was and that she wouldn’t freak-out this time so we went up there.

George smiled as we walked in and we were clocked by a couple of young guys just as soon as we walked through the door.

Lizzy was game to try a few more of the exercises that I do in the gym back home and both of us put our stretched pussies on display for an increasing number of guys that stopped to watch us.

We both had to stop at one point to have yet another orgasm.

When we stopped, George came over and asked if he could show us how any of the machines worked. I said not but asked him to adjust one of the exercise cycles for Lizzy. I asked him to set the saddle a bit too high so that Lizzy had to stretch her legs and slide from side to side to keep them on the pedals all the time.

George smiled and gave me that knowing look just as Lizzy said that she couldn’t ride a bike.

“It’s okay Lizzy,” I said, “you won’t fall off these bikes.”

George stayed and watched Lizzy as she pedalled and orgasmed; I orgasmed again too.

After that I think that George wanted to watch Lizzy’s tits bounce up and down because he suggested that we spend some time on a treadmill. As soon as he said that word I orgasmed again.

“Oh sorry Tanya,” George said; “I forgot about ‘that word’; it still works then?”

I nodded, trying to catch my breath. Lizzy just stared at me; she hadn’t a clue what was going on.

George started the treadmill for Lizzy then stepped back a bit so that he could watch her chest. As we jogged Lizzy asked about ‘that word’. I explained it then Lizzy said,

“So, what is that word Tanya?”

I tried nodding down to the treadmill but Lizzy didn’t get it; so I stopped running and then whispered,

“Treadmill.”

As I started to calm down Lizzy said,

“Did you say ‘treadmill’ Tanya; the music’s a bit loud.”

As I went up there again Lizzy realised what the trigger word was and I vaguely remember hearing her say that she was sorry.

Lizzy had got George to stop her treadmill by the time so that I could talk again and I told Lizzy that we were going to the pool area where we could talk.

Getting on two sun loungers, Lizzy spread her legs with her feet either side on the floor. I did that without realising and I wondered if Lizzy did the same because I sat like that or if she automatically exposed herself without thinking.

Anyway, without saying the word ‘treadmill’ I explained how Ryan and I had trained my brain to associate that word with orgasms. Lizzy loved the idea and said that she was going to try it herself. I asked her not use the same word, or if she was going to use the same word, to say it to herself for the rest of the weekend. She said that she’d whisper it to herself.

We lay there for a while, watching about 8 fit looking young men come in, stare at us, then dive into the pool. All of them kept looking over towards us.

About 20 minutes later Ryan arrived, wearing just his boxers. I again jumped up and ran to him shouting ‘DADDY, DADDY’ and jumping up on his chest. His fingers again found my pussy and my back was to the fit looking men that Lizzy and I had decided were from one of the football teams that Carrie had told us about.

Ryan was obviously getting a little excited and he carried me to the pool and jumped in, still holding me to his chest.

I wanted Ryan to fuck me but he wasn’t too keen on the idea, too many men watching him. What he did do was push me away and we started messing about like any parent and kid.

After a while Ryan said that he had an idea; he squat down so that only his head was out of the water then told me to get on his right shoulder. Then he explained he wanted me put my left butt cheek on his right shoulder facing the same way as him. He would use his right hand, palm up, under my butt to support me. He told me that once I was there he would stand up lifting me up out of the water using just his right arm.

I said that it probably wouldn’t work, but hey, I’ll have a go at anything.

The first attempt failed miserably with me slashing into the water. Most of the footballers were watching and as I surfaced they were cheering and giving Ryan tips on how to do it.

We tried again and this time Ryan got me up in the air. As I went up I felt Ryan’s thumb enter my vagina. What’s more, I spread my arms and legs to try to help me balance. Ryan started walking with me up there, going round in a circle.

As I looked down I realised that the footballers were getting a great view of Ryan’s thumb in my vagina. I orgasmed again, causing me to lose my balance and fall off Ryan’s hand.

Fortunately I’m used to getting dunked and I could feel myself shaking in the calm of being under water.

I slowly surfaced to hear one of the footballers say that he could hold me up there for a longer time. The other’s joined in, saying the same.

Ryan looked at me then said,

“Okay then, let’s see who can hold my daughter up in the air the longest.”

One of the footballers had a watch on and promised to time everyone.

Ryan swam out of the way and the footballers formed a big circle around me. After they sorted out who was going first the lucky guy swam to me and I climbed on.

Eight thumbs in my vagina and 3 more orgasm later; Ryan thanked the guys for looking after his daughter. One of the guys asked me if my friend would like a go. Lizzy had obviously been watching and listening because she said,

“No, No, I can’t swim.”

It took a few minutes but we all managed to persuade Lizzy to have a go. I think it helped when I reminded her that I’d already saved a girl’s life in that very pool.

Anyway, in she went and walked over to the smaller circle; the guys promising that they’d catch her if / when she fell. I think that she liked the idea of being man-handled by those cute, fit guys.

Lizzy was a bit nervous at first but she soon got into it. I guess that the thumbs and hands helped her to relax. By the time she’s been lifted 3 times she was virtually running to the next guy.

All the fun took time and by the time the footballers had finished it was time for them to get ready for dinner. One of them did say that they’d be back later on if we fancied another round.

Lizzy just said,

“Maybe.”

Lizzy had got used to the water a bit by that time and she asked Ryan and me if we could help with her swimming lessons. I realised what she wanted and when Ryan and I got to her I told Ryan how we had to do it.

Ryan was quick on the uptake and I supported both her thighs while Ryan finger fucked her and we both played with her tits.

We were still pleasuring Lizzy when Carrie walked in. The meetings must have finished because she was as naked and I was.

“Come on guys, let’s go to the sauna, I need some relief and relaxation.”

As we entered the empty sauna Carrie said,

“I didn’t think that you’d be the shy type Ryan; are you going to please the 3 of us and get those shorts off?”

Ryan’s not the shy type around women and 5 seconds later the boxers were on the floor and 3 naked girls were staring at his semi.

By that time Carrie had got up into one corner Lizzy up to the other corner; I sat in between them and Ryan lay on his back on the bottom bench.

“I thought that you 3 might just enjoy me laying here.” Ryan said.

Both Carries and Lizzy smiled and their hands went to their spread pussies; and Ryan’s semi started getting harder.

“Do you want me to start wanking or does one of you want to take care of it? Ryan asked.

I had an idea,

“No lover, just lay there and watch us 3; let’s see how long it takes for you to cum without anyone, even you, touching it.”

“I like your ideas Tanya.” Carrie said.

Ryan’s eyes rotated round the pussies of the 3 masturbating girls and about 4 or 5 minutes later his cock jerked and his cum started squirting out.

“Oh fuck,” Ryan said as his cock jerked to get the last drop out. His cock started getting softer then before it got totally flaccid it started getting hard again. I guessed that the sight of the 3 masturbating girls was too much for him. I climbed down and gave him a blow job.

Afterwards Carrie told us that she’d expected me to mount him; and that she’d looked forward to seeing us fuck. I reminded her that I had my vibe in and that it would probably have hurt both Ryan and me if I’d impaled myself on him.

Then I invited Carrie to come up to our room and watch us fuck. Ryan added that she could join in if she wanted.

“Sounds nice, I might just take you up on that offer,” Carrie said.

“Come to think of it, there’s only 1 bed in our room; where am I going to sleep?” Lizzy said.

“Don’t be silly Lizzy, that bed’s big enough for all 4 of us; Ryan won’t know which way to turn.”

By that time both Lizzy and Carrie were close to cumming. Ryan was still watching them and he said,

“Maybe I can help you with that ladies.”

Both said,

“Maybe later.”

Carrie had to go and take care of some hotel business and the 3 of us went for a cold shower; we’d all been in the sauna for quite a time.

We lay on the sun loungers (Ryan having put his boxers back on); Lizzy and I both bringing our knees up for a while then Ryan asked if either of us was hungry. Both Lizzy and I said that we were so Ryan told us to stay there for a while then go to the bar; that we’d be able to get something there.

As Ryan got up I asked him to bring the controls for the vibes down with him; that I needed a rest.

Ryan laughed and said “Okay.”

Before we left the leisure centre both our vibes did their job; and 5 or 6 people walked passed it; the guys looking down at both our pussies.

We got a couple of strange looks as we walked into the bar and got a seat at a table but no one said anything; well not about us being naked, one guy came over to us and tried to hit on us but when I told him that I was only 13 he soon made his excuses.

Ryan arrived and I asked him to turn both vibes off before he went to the bar to order us some food and drinks. I hadn’t realised just how hungry I was.

Food and drink finished, Lizzy and I went to the ladies then we talked about what we were going to do next. Ryan wanted to let us girls go and do some more teasing and I have to admit that at that point in time I was quite happy to be with just Lizzy and flashing my pussy so we agreed to go our separate ways.

Outside the bar we spilt and as we walked away from Ryan he switched the vibes back on. After an initial gasp I shouted to Ryan,

“I hope that you’ve got some more batteries for these.”

Yes, we went back to the leisure centre; Lizzy said that one of the footballers had told her that they’d be there after they’d had dinner. I joked with her saying that she just wanted to get their thumbs back inside her. She laughed and said,

“And what’s wrong with that? A girl’s got to do what a girl’s got to do.”

I told her that if she played her cards right Ryan would fuck her later.

“You’d let him do that?”

“Of course, I know that it’ll be me that will be going home with him on Sunday; he loves me; so why not?”

Lizzy stopped me walking and gave me a big hug.

“You’re the best Tanya Turner; now let’s go and flash some guys.”

It was a bit quieter in the workout room; only 2 guys there. It looked like George’s shift had finished. I showed Lizzy some more of the stretching exercises that I do in the gym back home then had the idea of showing her part of ‘The English Roses’ routine like I’d done with the twins after the lord mayor’s parade.. Of course we couldn’t do all of it but 2 girls doing a synchronised routine that displays their pussies a lot is bound to attract the stares of men even if it wasn’t that good.

We spent the next 45 minutes or so practising and entertaining the 2, then 3 guys that were there. The entertainment included them watching us cum again; the vibes getting the better of us yet again.

Lizzy was a bit disappointed that the footballers hadn’t re-appeared but by that time we were both getting a bit tired. We decided that it was time to go and get some sleep.

Ryan was on his laptop when we got to our room but that soon got put away when I asked him to switch the vibes off. I squeezed mine out and Lizzy attempted to do the same but she just couldn’t do it. She looked at Ryan and said,

“Please!”

She collapsed on to the sofa and spread her legs wide as Ryan walked over to her and got down on his knees. I left them and went to have a shower. Shortly afterwards Ryan came and joined me, his cock pointing to the ceiling.

After I’d taken care of Ryan we got ourselves then shouted for Lizzy to come and join us. When she got there she said that she hadn’t wanted intrude on our privacy. I reached out for her hand and pulled her into the walk-in shower that was more than big enough for all 3 of us.

Lizzy had a happy look on her face as both Ryan and I soaped and shampooed ALL of her body; Ryan rising to the occasion but we all ignored that and concentrated on Lizzy. We dried her then Ryan carried her to the big bed.

It wasn’t long before both of us were on top of Ryan; Lizzy riding his cock and me with my pussy on his mouth and my hands on Lizzy’s tits.

We went to sleep with Ryan spooning Lizzy and me spooning him.

**Saturday**

**----------**

I woke up feeling Ryan finger fucking me. I was flat on my back and my legs were open. When I turned my head I saw Lizzy, on her back with Ryan’s head between her legs. I reached over and caressed one of her tits. When she looked over to me I smiled and blew her a kiss.

After Ryan had made Lizzy cum he swapped over to me and did the same to me.

When I’d cum he stood up and Lizzy looked at me and said,

“Can I?”

I smiled and nodded; Lizzy pulled Ryan down onto the bed and tried to swallow his cock while I gave him a long, passionate kiss.

A slightly crowded shower followed by Ryan getting dressed and us girls drying our hair. Knowing me very well, in the middle of me drying my hair, he pushed me back on the bed, got between my legs and pushed my remote vibe up my vagina. Switching it on, he turned to Lizzy and said,

“She needs that to get her turned-on a bit before we leave the room to avoid her feeling all embarrassed. Do you need yours putting in?”

“I’m not expecting to be embarrassed but you can put it in for me please. Have you put new batteries in it? I don’t want it going flat half way through the day.”

Lizzy jumped on the bed and spread her legs as Ryan got her egg and eased it in while I watched.

“They’ve both got new batteries in and they’re the long-life variety. With a bit of luck they’ll last but I’m going shopping later so I’ll get a good supply.”

We both winced a bit when Ryan switched the vibes on, but still managed to finish drying our hair ready to go for some breakfast. Lizzy decided to put hers in pigtails as well, saying that she wanted to look younger as well.

As we left our room I told Ryan and Lizzy that I was a bit nervous going to the restaurant totally naked. I told them that the last time that I’d been in there I’d worn my little robe. Ryan laughed and said that I may as well have been naked because it doesn’t really cover anything. He’s right but at least it’s something.

Anyway, no one took any notice of the 2 naked, young girls. That was until some of the footballers came in. They were obviously talking about us; and they kept looking at us. By that time the vibe had raised my AF to a level where, not only was I not embarrassed, but I quite liked being looked at. Lizzy obviously loved the attention and she turning to face them and was smiling at them.

When we got back to our room we found an envelope under the door. When Ryan opened it he found 3 tickets to the Star Trek convention. The previous day, after Carrie had told us about the convention I’d decided that we would just try and walk in but the tickets meant that we shouldn’t have any problems; apart from where to put the tickets.

We talked about what it might be like in there and Ryan said that we should pretend to be aliens. He suggested that if anyone said anything we should just say,

“We are from the planet Taresia; we have come here to observe you earthlings.”

Both Lizzy and I practiced saying it in an emotionless, toneless, robotic voice. When we both said it at the same time it sounded quite good.

Ryan also told us that we should walk and act in a sort of robotic way and whenever we stopped we should stand with our feet about shoulder width apart with our hands by our sides. If we had to talk we should not do any contraction of words, always use both words.

We practiced it a bit, trying not to laugh, and stopped when Lizzy’s vibe got the better of her and she collapsed onto the sofa.

Ryan headed off to the shops and Lizzy and I went down to the leisure centre. We figured that there wouldn’t be many people at the start of the star trek do so we’d go and flash a few men in the workout room and maybe the sauna.

George was there and managed to convince us to let him talk us through using some of the machines. The only one that Lizzy liked was the leg spreader and she giggled each time she spread her legs, letting George and the other 3 guys in there that had stopped to watch, have a good look before she closed them again.

Of course, I did exactly the same (without the giggling).

After that Lizzy had had enough of the machines but wanted a go on an exercise cycle, telling me that her AF was up to an 8 and she wanted to do something about it.

Lizzy asked George to adjust the height of the saddle and it took ages for him to get it to the height that she wanted it; she kept having to get off for another adjustment. Each time that she got on or off she did so like men do; lifting her leg over the back; probably because George was stood at the back of the cycle.

Meanwhile I’d adjusted my own saddle and pedalled myself to an orgasm before Lizzy even started. I pedalled to another one round about the time that Lizzy reached her first one.

As we slowed down Lizzy said,

“Let’s go on the treadmill and see how long it takes us to run a mile? Oh shit; I forgot; sorry Tanya.”

A couple of minutes later I was able to tell her not to worry about it; that I’d enjoyed it. So had George and the other guys in there; all of them watching our every move.

We did use the running machines but we gave up at half a mile.

After a short rest and a drink of water we went through the stretching exercises. By that time our audience had doubled and 2 of them followed us when we decided to go to the sauna where we both assumed the position in the top corners. When the 2 guys arrived both our clits were getting rubbed.

They watched us make ourselves cum whilst we watched the tents in their shorts get bigger.

After that Lizzy decided that it would be nice to have another swimming lesson so we went to the reception and asked if either of the swimming instructors were available. Unfortunately, neither of them was anywhere near the hotel and just as Sophie was giving us the bad new George walked by. I had an idea;

“George, what are you like at giving swimming lessons?” I asked.

“Tanya, you can swim; I’ve seen you; and you’re a lifesaver as well.”

“Yes, but Lizzy can’t swim and she wants a lesson. Sophie managed to get a couple of men yesterday but they’re not available today and I was wondering if you could give her a lesson.”

“I would have thought that you were better qualified to teach her than I am Tanya.”

“Maybe but Lizzy wants a man to teach her.”

“Hang on a minute,” George said; “I’ll just have a word with my boss and check that it’s okay.”

Lizzy and I stood around in the reception area and waited. As we did, a few more people arrived; all staring at us but not saying anything. Not even when Lizzy suddenly gripped my arm as her vibe got the better of her.

When George re-appeared he was already changed into some swimming shorts.

“I take it that it’s okay then?”

“Of course; I didn’t think that it wouldn’t but I just had to clear it with my boss; shall we go then?”

We followed George down to the pool and I dived in. When I surfaced both George and Lizzy were in the water; Lizzy hugging him with her legs round his waist.

“Please don’t let go of me George.” I heard her say.

I started doing some lengths and watched George slowly get Lizzy onto her stomach. It was obvious that he had one hand on one of her tits and I could see some of his fingers come up between her thighs; right next to her pussy.

I got out of the water and lay on a sun lounger in the usual way; and Lizzy getting pleasured by both George and her little egg.

After about 30 minutes they got out and came over to me; both had smiles on their faces. Lizzy lay on the next sun lounger and George squat down between the 2 sun loungers.

George tried to persuade us to go back to the workout room but we told him that we had other things to do. All the time that he was trying I watched his eyes. All the time they were going from our eyes to our tits to our pussies; and back to our eyes. This went on until he gave up trying to persuade us.

Lizzy and I lay there talking for a while before we decided that it was time for us to become aliens. We left the leisure centre and went up to our room. On the way we saw a group of people dressed in various star trek outfits; some of them looked really stupid. Most of them stared at Lizzy and I, 2 turning and watching us as we walked passed them.

Ryan wasn’t in our room so I assumed that he was still out shopping. We visited the bathroom and got ourselves looking as much like aliens as we could. All we could think of was using lipstick and eyeliner to put black and red circles round our areolas and an arrow from our belly buttons down to our pubic bones.

Not wanting to cum as soon as we got there I found the remote controls and turned them both up to full and left them there until we’d both cum. Then I turned them back to where they were.

Satisfied that we looked stupid, and that we weren’t going to cum again within the next 15 or 20 minutes, we picked-up 2 of the tickets and went looking for all the trekkies. As we went down in the lift we practiced talking in that emotionless, toneless, robotic voice.

At the table where we had to hand in the tickets, A Spock looked us up and down and said,

“So who have you 2 come as?”

We looked at each other then, in stereo, we said,

“We are from the planet Taresia; we have come here to observe you earthlings.”

Spock didn’t crack his face, but the guy in some Enterprise crew uniform next to him smiled.

The hotel had opened the sliding doors between the 2 biggest conference suites and there were a LOT of people in there. Just inside we stooped and I reminded Lizzy that we had to walk in a sort of ‘formal’ way and only talk in that stupid way; and to stand with our feet apart like Ryan said.

“What if, err, when I cum?” Lizzy asked.

“Just bite your lip and keep as quiet and as still as you can.”

“Easier said than done.” Lizzy replied.

“I know, I’ll be just as bad, or should I say, just as good, as you.”

We started slowly walking down one side of the big room. It didn’t take long before we got noticed and within the first 5 minutes we got asked 3 times which characters we were. Each time we came out with the agreed reply.

Again, it didn’t take long before someone wanted to take a selfie with us; news of the 2 Taresian females was spreading and it seemed like everyone wanted selfies with us. Each time we remembered to stand with our legs apart; I doubted that the photographs would show our wet pussies.

All those photographs took some time, and seeing the people who would have images of me naked, for ever, soon started turning me on. Well. I guess that the vibe helped. My AF was rising at a steady rate.

When my orgasm arrived I was stood between 2 geeky trekkers in different uniforms as a third one took a photo. As I returned to normal one of the geeks said,

“Have you just cum?”

“The word ‘cum’ is not in my database; please explain?” I said in my best Taresian voice.

“Err, err, it, it err means orgasm.” The geek replied as if he was embarrassed to say the word orgasm.

“In that case then, yes, I have just cum.”

I was looking at Lizzy as I said that and I saw a slight smile appear on her face.

We wandered around posing for lots of selfies and each of us cumming twice before I suddenly gasped and turned to look at Lizzy. She too had a startled look on her face. We were stood between 3 more male trekkies waiting for yet another photograph to be taken. In her best Taresian voice Lizzy said,

“I have just been turned up to full power.”

“So have I; our leader must want us to orgasm again.” I replied.

The trekkie taking the photograph had to take another one because the ones on either side of me turned to look at me with their mouths wide open.

As we walked on I told Lizzy that I thought that Ryan must me somewhere around; telling her that it was the sort of trick that he would do.

The next hour or so was tiring and it certainly would have been embarrassing for both of us if we hadn’t been so worked-up; and kept like that.

I lost count of the number of times that I had to say,

“Our leader has just made me orgasm;” in my best Taresian voice of course.

Eventually both Lizzy and I needed a rest and had got a stomach full of people in funny outfits. As we went to the exit there was Ryan, with a big grin on his face. As soon as I was close to him I asked him to turn the vibes down which he thankfully did. Then he asked us what time our massages were scheduled for. When I said 2 o’clock he told us that we had 15 minutes to get to the leisure centre.

“Wow!” I said; “we were in there longer than I thought.”

We rushed to the leisure centre and into the ladies changing room where we washed the makeup off. Ryan was waiting outside and he gave me his phone, asking me to take some photographs and videos of us getting our massages.

When we went into the massage room Jacob and that Liam guy (the electrician) were there. Jacob welcomed us, introduced Liam and asked if we’d mind if he stayed and helped, saying that Liam was his assistant.

I smiled then said that we didn’t mind just as long as they didn’t mind us taking photographs and videos.

I let Lizzy go first whilst I watched. Liam seemed reluctant to touch Lizzy’s naked flesh to start off with but as time went on his hands were going everywhere that Jacob’s were. I took a photograph of Lizzy’s face, her eyes closed and a very relaxed, satisfied expression beaming out.

I put the phone into video mode as the 2 guys took it in turns to massage her tits. That was too much for Lizzy and she orgasmed; as her body jerked about Liam backed off but Jacob kept massaging her tits and rolling her rock hard nipples between his index fingers and his thumbs.

Lizzy came again as Jacob worked his magic on her clit while Liam continued to massage her tits.

I got it all on video.

As I got on the table for my turn I passed Ryan’s phone to Lizzy and asked her to record it all.

I had a relaxing and wonderful time as the masseur and the electrician brought me to 2 amazing orgasms. As it came to an end I decided that Jacob is a worthy replacement for his father.

Ryan was waiting for us outside the sauna and when we went in I was exhausted and just lay there as Ryan and another man watched Lizzy bring herself to yet another orgasm.

After that it was back to our room. Ryan had decided that we were going to eat in the hotel’s restaurant that night and that both Lizzy and I were going there wearing just our shoes. Both of us girls were very nervous. Okay, I’ve eaten in cafés whilst naked before but not a posh restaurant; and the best that Lizzy had done was the previous night in the bar.

When I told Ryan that both of us were nervous and that I wasn’t sure that we should go there naked, he told us that he’d checked with Carrie and that she had said that it would be okay.

Lizzy and I took over an hour getting ready. Ryan couldn’t understand why it took that long, asking why because we didn’t have any clothes to choose or get ready. Men will never understand us girls.

Anyway, with Ryan looking very handsome in his suit with a naked girl on each arm; at least one being very nervous and sexually excited; we walked into the restaurant.

The Maître d didn’t even bat an eyelid as he organized a teenage girl to take us to our table. The same couldn’t be said for some of the other diners; we got quite a few stares and heard one old woman say, ‘sluts’; and a man say, ‘lucky bastard’, but I didn’t care, I was so turned-on that if Ryan had asked me to climb on a table and make myself cum I would have.

Just as our first course arrived we were joined by a naked Carrie; apparently she’d asked to be told when we got there. As it turned-out we had a great time and drank a few bottles of champagne. The restaurant was about empty when we left to go up to our room.

I asked Carrie if she’d like to join us but she declined saying that Ryan would have his hands full with both Lizzy and I. Looking at Ryan I think that she might have been right but I doubted that he would have admitted it.

The 3 of us had another enjoyable night but poor Ryan was worn-out.

The next morning Lizzy and I were up and finished in the bathroom before Ryan woke-up so I woke him up giving him a blowjob then riding him while Lizzy watched and played with herself.

We had to wait while Ryan had a shower before going to breakfast. Just as we were about to leave our room Ryan got our vibrators and told us to lay back on the bed. We both had grins on our faces as Ryan slid then in to us then turned them up to full.

There were only a few guests there when we got there and, although we got a couple of funny looks, no one said anything about the 2 naked girls and it was really difficult eating with those things working away inside us but we both managed to get back to our room before cumming. I wanted Ryan to fuck me again but he refused saying that he wanted us both to be worked-up before the day really got started.

There were about half a dozen men having a Sunday morning workout when we got to the leisure centre. Ryan went to the machines while Lizzy and I practiced out stretching exercises. It soon got to a point where Ryan had the choice of any of the machines because all the others were watching Lizzy and me.

When we got round to doing the splits I was so worked-up that I asked for a couple of volunteers to check that we’d got right down. Ryan had a big grin on his face as both Lizzy and I got finger fucked; both of us cumming again.

After that it was to the pool where Ryan gave Lizzy another swimming lesson while I watched from a sun lounger and idly played with my clit.

Our last massage was next, with Jacob (on his own) living up to the high standard of the previous 2 days while Ryan went and sorted out the room and our limited luggage.

Just after mid-day Lizzy and I went up to our room for a shower before putting some clothes on. Lizzy was looking so unhappy that I whispered to Ryan,

“Would you like to give her one last fuck?”

The bulge that appeared in the front of his trousers answered that question and I sat on the sofa and watched as Lizzy squeezed her little egg out on her own then climbed on Ryan’s hard cock.

We asked for Carrie when we went to check-out but were disappointed when we were told that she’d had to go out for some business meeting.

Both Lizzy and I were near to tears as we parted at the underground station; both of us promising to phone soon. Giving Lizzy the control for her little egg, Ryan told Lizzy that she had to get naked at home more often and to make sure that both her brothers and her father got used to seeing her naked and to maybe get all 3 of them to fuck her. Then he dared her to put her Kung Fu egg in and dangle something from the carabiner while she was naked at home.

Lizzy smiled and looked like she was thinking. Then she said to Ryan,

“Thank you so much for the vibe and the Kung Fu exerciser; they’re going to get used quite a lot, even at school. I’ve had an awesome time with both of you; thank you so much and I hope that we can do it again some time.

With that she turned and quickly walked off; her little skirt fluttering in the breeze and giving us flashes of her bare butt.

I slept on the train for most of the journey with my head on Ryan’s chest; thankfully, Ryan had seen how tired I was and had switched my vibe off. When I woke-up I discovered that he’d pulled my little skirt up so that most of one of my butt cheeks was on display. I didn’t ask him how long it’d been like that; I didn’t care.

In our own bed, after a long slow fuck, Ryan asked me what I thought of the idea of Darren getting all the girls at the gym one of the Vaginal Kung Fu eggs and a load of weights. We could then exercise our pussy muscles in front of all the men there. He added that Kieran could add a weights moving challenge to his obstacle course.

Being still on a high from the fucking, I thought that it was a wonderful idea. Ryan also got me to agree to try wearing the egg under my work skirts. Ryan agreed to help me check what I could hang from the carabiner and it not be seen whilst I was stood up.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 28 – Not Ryan’s fault at all**

**-------------------------------------**

**The gym**

**----------**

I’m still having lots of fun there.

Ryan easily managed to convince Darren to buy a Kung Fu vaginal muscle exerciser for each of the girls. In the workout room there is now a bench with 10 weights (1 through to 10 kg) on one end; all with rings on them so that we can hook our carabiners onto them and try to lift them from one end of the bench to the other.

The guys seem to like watching us, especially when we get to the point where we can’t do it and the marble eggs slide out and clunk onto the bench. So far there’s always been at least one guy who wants to put them back in for us.

I’m doing quite well; I guess that all my kegel exercises are now paying dividend; I can lift the 8 kg weight and get it to the other end of the bench.

Ryan is trying to talk me into wearing it to work and carry something heavy round all day. So far he hasn’t suggested something small enough to not hang below my skirts.

Kieran final got the wrestling off the drawing board. There was another obstacle course challenge which was followed by each of the 4 girls taking on a man in the wrestling ring.

Kieran has changed the wrestling rules a bit. They still have to pin their opponent’s shoulders down for a count of 3 and there’s still the no hurting rule; but the rules now say that if a girl wins she can do whatever she wants to her opponent for a full 2 minutes. If the man wins he has to put the girl over his lap and spank her butt for the 2 minutes.

None of the 4 men chosen to take on the girls had a spanking fetish so they all chose to lose their match and let the girls take advantage of them.

One of the girls chose to sit on top of her loser and rub her pussy into his face while wanking him with her hands.

A second girl chose to make her loser eat her pussy whilst she gave him a blowjob. The other 2 chose to ride their loser cowgirl style, one in reverse.

All this was whist they had an audience of about 30 people.

I went in that big room one day during the school holidays and found the twins wrestling in the ring. I watched them for about 5 minutes before they ended up in the 69 position. I left them to it but Kieran was there and he loved every minute of it.

Ryan wants me to enter the next challenge.

**Lizzy (from our recent Trip to London)**

**---------------------------------------------**

Lizzy and I have been phoning each other. We became great friends when we were caught masturbating in that big store in Oxford Street and were made to do all sorts of fun thing; then having naked fun at Carrie’s hotel. I wrote all about our trip in part 27 but a couple of sites that I post on have restrictions on what can be posted so a dramatically cut-down version had to be posted. If you missed out on our awesome fun and want to read all about it just use your favourite search engine and you will find it quite easily.

Lizzy has followed Ryan’s instructions, (well that’s what he thinks, I know that she would have done it anyway) and started being naked at home most of the time. Her brothers drool over her body and she’s sure that she’s become what they think about when they’re wanking.

Her father was a bit more of a challenge. With him being away from home quite a lot she got her brother’s used to seeing her without any clothes on before she exposed herself to her father. He was home for a weekend and when he got home on the Friday evening Lizzy was in the shower. Instead of putting some clothes on she just wrapped herself in a towel and went to greet him.

As they hugged, Lizzy un-tucked her towel so that when they broke contact the towel fell to the floor leaving her naked in front of him. Lizzy just stood there pretending to be shocked but not trying to cover herself.

“Wow Lizzy, you have grown up haven’t you?” her father said.

“Daddy, of course I have;” Lizzy said as she picked-up the towel and wrapped it around herself; “I’m not that little girl that used to share a bath with her brothers and you used to soap me all over anymore.”

“I can see that; you’ve grown into a beautiful young woman Lizzy.”

“Yes she has.” Dylan her brother added.

Lizzy then proceeded to get a meal ready for her father, still wearing only the towel, while her father went for a shower.

When he returned, Lizzy served the food, accidentally letting the towel drop a couple of times; each time she quickly put it back round herself. The third time it happened, Dylan was there talking to her father.

“I don’t know why you bother sis; it’ll only come off again.”

“Maybe,” Lizzy replied, “but I can’t have both of you seeing me naked.”

“Why not?” Dylan asked; “we’re all family and it’s not like we’re going to rape you or anything.”

“Well yes, but I can’t, it’s not right is it daddy?”

“Hey Lizzy,” her father said, “after a week inside that bloody lorries cab, the sight of a naked woman is just what I need, even if she is my daughter. As Dylan says, it’s not like we’re going to rape you.”

“So you wouldn’t mind if I don’t wear any clothes at home then?”

“Lizzy girl, this house is yours just as much as it is mine, as I’ve always said, ‘live and let live;’ you wear as much or as little as you want.”

Lizzy leant over and hugged her father; the towel falling off as she did so. Her brother was stood behind her and she got a tingle in her pussy as she heard him groan a little because of what he must have been able to see.

When she stood up her naked front and bald pussy were inches from her father’s face.

After that she did the washing-up in the nude then went and sat next to her father on the sofa to watch television and catch up with the bits of news that her father had.

She didn’t wear any clothes for the rest of the weekend before her father had to leave early on the Monday morning.

During the next week Lizzy started openly masturbating in front of her brothers, and at the end of the week a couple of Dylan friends had called round to see him. That was unusual so Lizzy guessed that Dylan had invited them to go and look at her so she put on a bit of a show for them.

When I could get a word in, I told Lizzy more about the gym and the obstacle challenge and the wrestling. Lizzy said that she’d love to have a go at that.

When I later told Ryan what Lizzy had said, he suggested that I invite her up to stay with us for a while; maybe during the school holidays.

If I didn’t know better I’d think that he just wanted another pussy to fuck – again.

When I phoned Lizzy after I got back from my trip to China (see below), she told me that her dad had fucked her. It was the school half-term holidays and she’d been at home on her own on the Tuesday; her brothers being out working, when her father arrived home. He’d been on what was supposed to be a week-long trip round Europe but something had happened and it had been cut short so his boss had sent him home for the rest of the day.

Anyway, when her father arrived home Lizzy was on the sofa, totally naked, and rubbing her pussy with one hand while fucking herself with a cucumber with her other hand.

Lizzy had just frozen but her father had told her to keep going. She did and she had a wonderful orgasm but when it subsided the embarrassment took over and she apologised to her father. He just laughed it off saying that it had been a long time since he’d seen a girl do that.

That evening her father got a phone call from his boss telling him that he had to go on a trip up to the top of Scotland. It would mean that he’d be away for a couple of nights, sleeping in the cab as he usually did. Lizzy had a crazy idea and asked him if she could go with him. He reminded her that they’d have to sleep in the cab and that they’d be in the middle of nowhere.

That was what Lizzy was hoping. When they left in the morning Lizzy was wearing only the white nurse’s skirt that Ryan had bought her, a skimpy see-through top and shoes. What’s more, she didn’t take any other clothes, or even a bag of any sorts.

Her father’s boss whistled at her when they went to pick-up the lorry.

When it came to park-up for the night Lizzy went for a walk. When she got back to the lorry her father was under the quilt trying to get to sleep. It was a good hour before he did get to sleep because Lizzy got naked and climbed in with him.

The inevitable happened and 2 happy people finally got to sleep; but not for long, they fucked again; and again before it was time to move on.

During the next day they had the predicted father / daughter talk about what they shouldn’t be doing and that Lizzy could never get pregnant but Lizzy’s lust had been released and there was no way that she was going to stop fucking her father.

The second night was just as much fun and when they got home Lizzy swore that she’d always sleep in her father’s bed when he was at home.

**China**

**-------**

Of course Ryan wanted me to go back to China; the thought of me having to spend 2 months working in a foreign country and be naked all the time really turned him on even though I told him that I might not have to be naked.

After spending those 2 days mulling it over, I told Tim (my boss) that I would go. He seemed quite happy and so did Mr Chang. When he came to our offices a couple of days later he made a point of coming over to see me and thank me for volunteering. I didn’t dare ask him if the traditions of the area that I was going to would require me to be naked all the time, or expose my pussy every time that I went into a room with men in it.

When I was talking to Tim about the trip the next day he told me that Mr Chang had asked him to tell me that I needn’t take many clothes with me. I asked Tim if that was because the weather was good or because I wouldn’t be allowed to wear them. Tim couldn’t answer that one. What he could tell me was that I’d be working at the Nuwa Corporation headquarters which is on a little island about a 2 hour boat trip from Hong Kong and that the Nuwa Corporation is the islands biggest employer with a factory and a big office complex. Tim told me that Mr Chang is a regular visitor there.

He also told me that most of the Nuwa Corporation’s staff from all over China, that were involved with trade with the UK, would be at the headquarters at some time during my visit and that I would be training them in the accounting practices that we use; similar to what I’d done on my last visit but on a much bigger scale.

The big day came and I found myself on a Cathay Pacific flight to Hong Kong after a tearful parting from Ryan at Heathrow airport. Ryan had put quite a few of my toys and a good supply of batteries into my suitcase. He said that I should be prepared for a couple of months without his cock, adding that it was alright with him if I found a substitute; after all, we’d both arranged for the twins to visit him at least twice a week to keep him from going crazy.

As I entered the ‘Meeters and Greeters’ hall at Hong Kong airport I saw a man holding a card up, with the name ‘Tanya Turner’ on it, and went over to him and he bowed and took my case from me. As we walked out into the open air I was pleased to see (feel) that the weather was good and that I wouldn’t need any warm clothing.

I was chauffeured through Hong Kong to a port where I was escorted onto a smallish ferry and told that I would be met at the other end.

The 2 hour boat ride was very relaxing; especially as I’d gone to the toilet and put a vibe inside me.

I was half expecting to be transported to my hotel on the back of a motorcycle but instead, the man led me to a pedal tricycle for the slow, 20 minute ride to the hotel. On the way I saw quite a few naked young women, and a few naked men; all walking about as if it was perfectly normal; which I guess it was for them. It was when I saw the first naked young woman that I guessed that I had brought lots of clothes for nothing.

The next even bigger surprise came when I checked-in at the hotel, Mr Chang was there. When I’d got over the surprise he asked me to join him for a drink. He took me over to an area with a few sofas and ordered a ‘cooling (herbal) tea’ for me.

As I drank the rather strange tasting tea Mr Chang explained the cultural and social things that I would have to observe whilst I was there, and what was expected of me at the Nuwa Corporation’s offices. He explained that the island observed the same cultural laws that applied in the place where I had been before; i.e. that all unmarried females, from when they reached puberty until they were 40, had to remain naked at all times.

I asked if that applied to visitors as well, hoping that I would be exempt. He said that there were no exceptions so I asked when I had to take my clothes off. He smiled and said,

“Now.”

I stood up, looked round and slowly took my top, then my skirt off. I’d got my barbells in but not the stirrups or chains. As my tiny tits got exposed I instinctively rolled then pulled my nipples getting them hard and causing my pussy to tingle.

After folding the clothes that I wouldn’t we wearing again for a couple of months, I sat down again and asked what else I needed to know.

“I see that you are still wearing the clitoris ring Tanya; is it still performing well?” Mr Chang asked.

“Oh, err yes Mr Chang, thank you so much for it; it was very generous of you.”

“My pleasure Tanya, you are a real asset to your company and your performance last time you were in China was superb.”

The next thing that he said really did surprise me. As a guest of the Nuwa Corporation I was entitled to have the services of a Courtesan girl or boy or both, for the duration of my stay. When I asked Mr Chang what the duties of a Courtesan girl or boy were he told me that their role was to provide for my every need; a bit like Japanese Geisha girls. He told me that after school they’d all spent 2 years in Courtesan College and had to pass a strict written and practical exam before they were allowed to be employed.

My mind was running wild as Mr Chang explained that being a Courtesan girl or boy is a respectable profession and a reasonably well paid one as well; that these girls and boys are expected to be with their Masters 24 x 7 for the duration of their stay on the island and that they would do whatever they were told to do.

Mr Chang clapped his hands and within seconds, 5 girls and 4 boys were stood in front of me. All were totally naked and hairless below their necks. All stood with their feet about shoulder width apart and their head bent down.

I looked at Mr Chang; was he really expecting me to choose one of those 9 young people to be my ‘slave’ for the next couple of months.

He was.

“Don’t worry my dear,” he said; “if you get bored with the first ones that you choose you can just tell reception and they’ll let you pick another one.”

I was shocked and a little turned-on. I WAS getting what could / would be a couple of sex slaves for 2 months. Then I realised that I had to choose right there and then. Did I pick a girl or a boy, 2 girls or 2 boys, or one of each?

“Get up and inspect them Tanya.” Mr Chang said.

I slowly stood up and walked over to them. I ‘inspected’ the girls first. All had tits only slightly bigger than mine, flat butts, were quite skinny and each pussy looked like that of a pre-pubescent girl.

The boys were skinny too. I stood in front of the 4 of them and looked at their penises. All were flaccid and smaller than Ryan’s and all 4 were circumcised. One started to get hard as I looked at them. It attracted my attention and I watched as it got harder and harder until it was pointing to the ceiling.

Just then the effects of my 2 vibrators got the better of me and I had an orgasm while I was stood looking at the boys. I don’t think that Mr Chang realised.

I turned to Mr Chang who smiled as I pointed to the hard cock.

“Do you want a second Courtesan Tanya?” Mr Chang asked.

“Err, I’m not sure.”

“Choose one Tanya, and if you subsequently decide that you only want the one boy, one you can dismiss the other.”

After a minute’s thought I picked one of the girls. My logic being that if there was another naked girl with me all the time she might take some of the attention off me.

“Don’t worry Tanya,” Mr Chang said; “they all have thorough medical exams after each assignment and they all take a daily herbal pill that keeps them sexually aroused all day; the equivalent of the west’s Viagra pills.”

He then said something in Chinese and all but the hard cock and the girl that I had chosen turned and walked away.

“One more thing Tanya,” Mr Chang continued, “all men are not equal here, you only have to assume the position in front of managers and council members, and only when they tell you to; so your pretty little knees should not get dirty very often. 969 and 132 here will explain anything else that you need to know when needed. I have to go now Tanya, an important meeting; I’ll see you at the office in the morning. 969 and 132 have to go and do something; they’ll be back in a minute and take you up to your room.”

He said something in Chinese and the 2 naked teenagers briskly walked away.

With that Mr Chang stood up and left. I was in a state of shock. I’d half expected to have to be without clothes but I had never seen the Courtesan thing coming. I took another sip of the strange tea and decided that I needed something stronger.

Looking up I saw the 2 naked teens walking back towards me, the cock on the boy waving about. When they were stood in front of me the girl said,

“May I get you anything madam?”

‘Madam’? Bloody hell, there was no way that I was going to let them call me that. I was also pleased that she spoke reasonable English.

“My name is Tanya; and that is what you will call me; what is your name?”

“My name is 132 Tanya.” The boy answered.

“And my name is 969 Tanya.” The girl answered.

“No; your proper names.”

“The numbers are the names that we were given when we graduated college and that is what we are to be known by whilst we are employed as a Courtesan Tanya.”

“Oh,,, alright then; 969 can you get me a drink, a vodka please?”

969 scurried off and I stared at the cock on 132. It was pointing to the ceiling with pre-cum leaking out of the tip.

132 returned with my vodka and I downed it in one.

“Take me to my room please; I need to freshen-up.” I said to neither of them in particular.

Standing up, I watched 969 pick up my clothes and handbag whilst 132 got my case. They led me to the lift, up to the third floor then to my room. 132 opened the door to let me go in. As he did so I asked him where my room key was.

“There are no locks on any of the doors in the hotel ma.. err Tanya; nothing ever gets stolen and nothing is private on this island.”

The room was bigger than I expected with a nice big bed and a proper bathroom and a proper toilet. There was a balcony with a great sea view too. I was going to enjoy staying there.

Deciding that I needed a shower I went into the bathroom and turned the shower on. 132 followed me in, and into the shower where he picked-up the soap saying,

“Let me wash you Tanya.”

I just stood there whilst his hands soaped all of my body; yes, all of it. He paid special attention to my pussy and before I realised what was happening he’d made me cum, his hard-on pressing on my thigh.

He even dried me with towels before I went and opened the balcony door then lay on the bed; grateful that the weather was warm and that I wouldn’t need my clothes.

“Can you disappear for an hour or so please, I need to have a nap.”

“Yes ma,, err Tanya. Please phone reception when you need us.” 969 said before they both left.

I squeezed the vibe out, lay on top of the bed and stared at the blue ocean. I tried to get some sleep but the events of the last hour were running wild in my head.

After about 15 minutes I gave-up trying to get some sleep and got up and went and opened my case. It was empty. Looking around I realised that 969 had put all my belonging into the wardrobe and drawers.

I found my tablet out and as soon as it was up and running it had found a Wi-Fi signal and connected me without a password so I skyped Ryan. The Wi-Fi speed was amazing and I got through in a couple of seconds. Ryan was just getting up and was about to get into the shower when I called. Soon after our greetings one of the twins walked behind Ryan; shouting ‘Hi Tanya’ as she passed; she too was naked.

“You didn’t waste any time getting them into your bed.” I said.

“Couldn’t help it TT; they knocked on my door at 8pm yesterday and asked to stay for the night; what was I supposed to do?”

“Exactly what you did my love; assuming that you fucked both of them. I’ve got some amazing news, I’ve got a naked young man to cater for my every need whilst I’m here, and he takes Viagra every day.”

“Kinell TT, you are going to have fun while you’re there aren’t you? Tell me all about it.”

I did, not missing out anything.

“So you’re going to get this 132 to fuck you every day then?”

“You don’t mind then?”

“Of course not; you make the most of it my randy little exhibitionist.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist; oh never mind.”

“Are you going to get them to fuck each other in front of you as well?”

“I don’t know yet.”

“Can you get them to do it with skype up and running? I want to watch.”

“Maybe.”

“Can you do it a bit later in the day so that I can let all the guys at work watch?”

“Ryan; you’re a perv.”

“Yeah, and you love it don’t you?”

“I guess so; I suppose the upload speed here is good enough.”

“Yeah, it is good; there’s no latency at all. I’ll be able to record it all quite easily; even the sessions with you getting fucked or making yourself cum. Can you do that for me now please TT?”

“God, you really are a perv at times.”

It didn’t take much for me to make myself cum because I was already playing with my clit. When the waves of pleasure had passed I asked Ryan if he had recorded it but he hadn’t; then he asked,

“Can you get your hands on some of those pills that 969 and 132 are taking TT? You said that they’re herbal so they should get through English Customs okay.”

“Why, do you want to be able fuck me non-stop all day?”

“Hell yes, and if you get sore I can go straight into the twins without stopping to get hard again.”

“Fuck Ryan, go and fuck Kate or Jude, or both, so that you can get sex out of your head for a bit.”

“No chance.”

Jude (well I think it was her) must have been close by because I saw her hand reach over and grab Ryan’s cock.

“I’ll leave you 3 to it lover; I’ll call you back later; bye everyone.”

I thought about what Ryan had said about getting some of those pills that 969 and 132 take and decided that I would ask them. Maybe they’d make me horny as hell all the time instead of having to use my vibes. Maybe I could use both and see what happens.

It was still the middle of the afternoon and I was feeling wide awake so I phoned reception and asked then to send 969 and 132 up. I just had time to slide one of my remote vibrators in before there was a knock on the door and I let the 2 teenagers in.

“How long will it take to have a tour of the island?” I asked.

“A quick tour can be done in about an hour, but it’s best to take a slow tour; you can see much more that way,” 132 replied; “there’s plenty of time for the slow tour before it gets dark Tanya.”

“Good, it’s the slow tour then; can you organise it please?”

“That’s easy; you can get a motor tricycle outside the front door madam.”

“It’s Tanya 132; and WE will get a tricycle; you 2 are coming as well, but first can you get me one of those pills that keep you all hard 132 and you all wet 969. I want to take one every day that I’m here, and take lots of them home with me; do you know where I can buy them?”

“I do Tanya,” 969 replied, “and you can get them shipped to England if you want.”

“Good 969; you can take me there tomorrow. Let’s go.”

I switched the vibe on to low and we went down to reception where 969 went and got me one of those pills, and another vodka. After downing them both, 3 naked people left the hotel and climbed onto a motor tricycle. 969 and I sat facing the front while 132 sat opposite, facing me and 969.

My eyes kept going from the scenery to 132’s cock then back to the scenery.

The village / town was typical of what I’d seen the last time that I was in China except that this place is by the sea. The tricycle trip went along the coast round the island and I saw a few beaches that would be great to sunbathe on. I presumed that the locals didn’t do that because the beaches were all deserted. The quieter ones would have been great for Ryan and me to swim and fuck on.

Perhaps I could get 132 to fuck me on one; or more. I got a wet rush with that thought and shortly afterwards the vibe got the better of me and I orgasmed. We were still bouncing along the road so I don’t think that 132 or 969 noticed.

The Nuwa Corporation headquarters is a 3 storey building; quite new, and when we passed it lots of people were leaving. I was pleased to see quite a few naked young women coming out with all the other people; at least I wouldn’t be the only naked woman there. The factory is behind the offices but I couldn’t see much of it.

I don’t know if it was my vibe, or the pill that 969 had got me, or the fact that I was on a naked tour of the village, or the vibrations of the motorbike; but my arousal stayed up at about an 8; roughly where it had been since Mr Chang had got me to take my clothes off .

It was still at an 8 when we got back to the hotel and I remembered that I’d left my bag at the hotel so I couldn’t pay the tricycle driver.

“132, can you run up to my room and get my bag please?” I asked.

“There’s no need Tanya;” 969 said, “all rides that you take whilst you’re here get charged to the Nuwa Corporation.”

I was about to ask how the drivers would know it was me but I remembered that I did look a little different to all the other naked girls.

Back in my room my mind was involuntary concentrating on my pussy so I decided to test the fucking situation. I sat on the edge of the bed, lay back, spread my legs, squeezed the vibe out; then said,

“132, my sexual tension need relief, will you fuck me please?”

He didn’t hesitate; his still hard cock entered me and started going in and out. Meanwhile, 969 had got on the bed and sat on her heels with her knees either side of my head. She leant forward and started massaging my tiny tits.

They brought me to a wonderful orgasm, 132 not stopping fucking me; when I coherent enough I told him to keep going; I wanted to cum again.

I did, that one being slightly stronger than the first.

“Stop!” I shouted just before I reached my peak.

132 pulled out of me and they both watched me go over the edge then slowly get back to normal. When I was able to think straight I realised that 132 hadn’t cum. He was just stood there, still with a hard-on.

Not caring about that, I closed my eyes and promptly fell asleep.

I woke-up probably an hour later with a mouth eating my pussy and another one teasing my nipples.

“Wake me up that way every day please.” I said as my conscious level increased.

“What time is it?” I asked.

Anticipating what I was going to say next, 969 said,

“7:30pm Tanya; the restaurant is about to open.”

“Good, I’m starving.” I replied.

I went to the bathroom to freshen-up, 132 and 969 following me. Sitting on the toilet (I’d half expected the toilets in the hotel to be the old-fashioned stand-up type), I pee’d then started to shit. As I sat there looking at 132 and 969 looking at me, I suddenly wondered if they were expecting to wipe my butt. I didn’t give them the chance; I got some toilet paper and did it myself without looking at them.

969 did however turn the shower on before I’d finished and when I stepped into the shower she paid particular attention to my butt and puss as she soaped me all over. She didn’t make me cum though.

Now I’ve been in restaurants before without any clothes on, but this was weird. For starters I had a teenage girl and a teenage boy (with an erection) following me. Then there was the fact that most of the rest of the diners were middle-aged men, most with a naked teenage girl or a naked boy next to them. The remaining 4 diners were women with naked teenage boys sat next to them; one of the women was also naked.

Everything just seemed weird.

As I was waiting to give my order I looked round and saw that none of the teenagers were eating; just watching their ‘Masters’. I asked 969 why that was and she told me that Courtesans only ate when they were excused, and only in the hotel staff room. She also told me that all Courtesans were on a strictly controlled diet designed to keep them slim and horny.

The waiters were obviously used to there being naked customers as they totally ignored us being naked, and 132’s hard-on.

It was a bit embarrassing being watched when eating; especially as my mind was thinking about 969, 132, the fun that I could have with them; and what it would be like at the Nuwa Corporation for the next couple of months.

After dinner I went for a walk, 132 and 969 following me. No one seemed to care that I was naked or that I had 2 naked teenagers following me.

It was only a short walk as the events of the day were catching up with me and we were soon back at the hotel. I passed the bar on the way to the lift and saw some of the men and women that I’d seen in the dining room. All had their naked Courtesans with them.

I lay on the bed, too tired to think about any sort of sex with either of the teenagers. Before I knew it I felt mouths on my pussy and tiny tits. Realising that the sun was shining, I opened my eyes to see 969 and 132 pleasuring me.

I just let it happen, a wonderful orgasm causing my butt to lift up off the bed as my body jerked about. As the waves receded I just said,

“Fuck me;” and 132 did; him not cumming as I reached my second orgasm then I told him to stop.

969 was sat on the bed caressing my tiny tits, and as I calmed down I reached over and found her wet pussy. As I rubbed it her body reacted, her breathing got faster and deeper and her pussy oozed. Before long she lost control and orgasmed; her body jerking a little.

I was pleased to see that the pills that they took didn’t stop girls from having orgasms.

“132 fuck 969.” I said. I wanted to watch them and see if 132 would cum.

He did; at the same time as 969 did. I wondered if Courtesan College trained them to be able to cum at the same time. 132 stopped thrusting only for a few seconds and I watched his scrotum contract like Ryan’s does when he cums. I also wondered if they trained boys to only cum on command, a bit like I can.

When 132 started thrusting again I told them to stop, wondering how long they would have kept going for.

My shower was ‘interesting’. 132 soaped and shampooed me then he insisted that he shaved me ALL over. He made me cum again as he worked around my pussy.

Down at breakfast it was a smaller version of the previous evening; the only real difference being that there was a little box waiting for me. When I opened it I saw a little blue, circular pill. 969 told me that it was one of the ones that she took every day. I swallowed it along with some mango juice.

Back in my room 969 put some toothpaste on my brush but I wouldn’t let her brush my teeth for me.

I couldn’t make up my mind about wearing one of my vibrators for my first day working at the Nuwa Corporation. After my fucking and 132 making me cum for the second time that day I was already quite aroused so I didn’t notice any effects from the little blue pill; well to start off with. I wanted to stay aroused, particularly for the first day, so that I wouldn’t feel embarrassed about being naked.

Not wanting to take the chance of the pill not working, I slid a vibe into my pussy and switched in to the ‘low’ setting just before leaving. 969 got me a motor tricycle and insisted that 132 (still with a hard-on) and her ride with me.

Five minutes later I was getting off the tricycle and telling 969 and 132 that I would see them back in the hotel.

As the tricycle disappeared I turned and looked at the Nuwa Corporation. There was a steady stream of people, about 50% being naked girls, walking in. Assuming that the majority would be going in through the main entrance, I followed them.

Inside there was a reception desk with a naked girl sat behind it. She smiled at me and said that I must be Tanya Turner, again in quite reasonable English. She got me to sign-in and then took me to a little office where she took a full-frontal photograph of me which quickly appeared on an ID card that she asked me to wear at all times. When I looked down at my naked body she apologised and got a card holder and lanyard for me.

I looked at the ID card; it was 3 times the size of the credit card sized ones that we use in the office back in England. There was a full frontal photograph of me taking up most of the card. As I looked at it I asked myself why I’d stood with my feet about 1 foot apart. I could clearly see all 3 barbells and my clit poking through my clit ring. It was going to be so embarrassing letting people look at it. I had a little chuckle thinking that it was a good job that we didn’t have ID cards like that back in England.

The receptionist then told me that the CEO of the company wanted to see me. She led me up the stairs to a big office. Just before she opened the door she told me that I needed to ‘present’ myself to the boss.

Before I had a chance to ask her if that meant I had to get on my knees and ‘assume the position’, she opened the door and ushered me in.

At the other side of the office was a big desk with an elderly gentlemen sat at it, writing away.

Gesturing me to go over to the desk, the receptionist turned and left.

I slowly walked over to the front of the desk then got down on my knees. Putting my bags down, I spread my knees, lay back and waited, and waited, and waited.

After what seemed like hours, during which my vibe was slowly getting the better of me, the CEO finally looked up, saw my head, then got up and walked round to the front of his desk.

He slowly walked round me, staring down and my very exposed body. After he’d stood between my legs for a couple of seconds, he said,

“You must be Tanya Turner; welcome to the Nuwa Corporation headquarters. I am Mr Nuwa, CEO of the Nuwa Corporation. Mr Chang informs me that you did an excellent job on your last visit to China, which is why you are here. He also tells me that you are an easily excited young woman and that you can get quite vocal at times. I do hope that you are going to honour our traditions like you did before. You may stand up now Tanya.”

I did, then replied,

“Thank you for giving me the opportunity to visit you wonderful country and your corporation. I will do my best to honour your culture and traditions and will willingly submit to any punishment if I dishonour you in any way Mr Nuwa.”

“Good, good;” Mr Nuwa said, “In light of your previous infringement of our culture’s rules, the first thing that you will do each morning when you get here, is to come to my office and release any built-up sexual tensions that you may have by getting down on the floor and masturbating to an orgasm. If you cannot manage that I will get someone to do the job for you. With a bit of luck that will negate the need for you to pleasure yourself during the day. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yes Mr Nuwa; each morning I am to come to your office, assume the position and masturbate in front of you.”

“That’s it Tanya, now let’s see you perform for me.”

Kinell; the man was as much a perv as Ryan is. Not wanting to upset him, I assumed the position again and started rubbing my pussy. It didn’t take long for me to start cumming and just as I did Mr Chang walked in. He and Mr Nuwa exchanged words as they both looked down on me as the waves of pleasure hit me then disappeared.

“Good morning Mr Chang.” I said when I was able.

“Good morning Tanya, Mr Nuwa has explained what is expected of you each morning. If he is not available you are to find another manager and perform for him. Let’s try to avoid another public humiliation for you. Right, come with me and I will show you where you will be working.”

Mr Chang led me to a small meeting room that had 5 PCs setup on the table. He told me that 4 people would join me each day and I could run through my training with them. When they were happy with using the system I was finished for the day and could do anything that I wanted.

That didn’t sound too bad; with a bit of luck I could get some beach time each day. I quickly got setup and checked that everything was okay. It was 30 minutes before the first 4 people were due so I decided that I would ‘release any built-up sexual tensions’ as Mr Nuwa had described it. My vibrators and the little blue pill that 969 had got me had raised my AF to an 8 and I didn’t want to cum in the middle of giving a lesson to 4 strangers.

I was sat on a chair with my legs wide open and rubbing my pussy when the door opened and a naked young girl walked in. She saw what I was doing but ignored that and asked me if I wanted a drink of coffee. I of course had stopped rubbing and clamped my legs together.

The moment was lost but I was still feeling horny. Fifteen minutes after the lesson started I just had to give the 2 men and 2 naked young girls something to do and escape to the toilet to ‘release any built-up sexual tensions’.

The rest of the lesson went well and as I was shutting down the computers Mr Chang arrived and asked me how it had gone. He then told me that as it was approaching 2pm he would take me to the Quality Control department.

As we walked I asked him why we were going there.

“Oh, Mr Nuwa didn’t tell you then; all naked girls have to go to the Quality Control department at 2pm every day. It is their duty to test some of the products that the company produces. We like to produce products that do what they are supposed to do; and for many years, and the only way that we can be sure that we are doing that is to run long-term tests of the products. The girls at head office test the products of our Feminine Care division. They spend one hour every day using the products and are closely monitored by members of our Quality Control department.”

Suddenly realising what was probably coming, I excused myself and went to the toilet where I squeezed out my vibrator; and had a pee. I didn’t want the embarrassment of having to do it in front of lots of people if my suspicions were correct and that I was going to get girls toys put inside me very soon.

Mr Chang introduced me to Mr Tay who is the head of the QC department; then he told me that he’d be back to collect me in about an hour. Mr Tay then told me that I would be joining the other un-married young girls who ‘volunteered’ to test the company’s latest products. I later found out that the girls didn’t get employed if they refused to volunteer.

Mr Tay opened the door into a big testing room. It’s quite big, and down one wall I could see 5 gynaecology chairs, complete with feet rests. Passed those were 10 stainless steel tables.

At the far end of the room I could see 5 sybians; all looked exactly like mine. I wondered if Ryan had got mine from the Nuwa Corporation.

On the other long wall were 3 different fucking machines, a treadmill, 2 mattresses (no beds, and 2 of them had fucking machines at one end), and a big space. Another thing that surprised me was that all down the middle of the room were cameras on tripods.

Just near the door that we’d just come through were a couple of the same, long stainless steel tables with lots of plastic boxes on them. Each one had a label on it with what turned out to be girl’s names on. Two men in white lab coats were un-stacking the boxes; presumably for the young girls when they arrived.

Mr Tay said something to one of the lab coats and he went and got a box without a label. While we were waiting for him to return Mr Tay told me, in broken English, that it was good to have a western girl in his lab. He said that western girls are a lot more vocal and active than Chinese girls when they are being pleasured. He told me that he knew that because they have a girl working there who has an American father.

When the lab coat returned he gave me a marker pen and a label and I wrote my name on it. While I was doing that I saw a brown paper covered box inside the plastic box.

A bell rang and about 20 naked young girls walked in, most talking amongst themselves. One of them had brown hair instead of black hair. Her breasts were much bigger than the other girls, probably a ‘B’ cup, and her butt was much more bubbly. All the girls went to the table with the plastic boxes and picked one up, presumably the one with their name on it, then went to stand at a chair or table or other place where they presumably had to test their item.

The lab coats then went to each girl in turn, got them into the required position, switched whatever on then inserted them into the girl’s pussy. At the sybians the girl just impaled themselves and waited for a lab coat to switch them on. The girl on the treadmill had a remote controlled vibe put inside her then she started walking on the treadmill. Seconds later her body jerked but she kept on walking.

Mr Tay took me over to the one place that was vacant, one of the mattresses, and told me to lie down.

As I got down I was feeling confident that I could cope with anything that they gave me. A lab coat came over to me and indicated that I should spread my legs wider than they already were. Picking up a tube of lube, he looked at my pussy then put the tube back in his pocket. I’d dried my pussy when I’d gone to the toilet a few minutes before but it was again soaking by the time that I lay down.

The lab coat got the brown paper covered box out of the plastic box and un-wrapped a metal egg with a wire coming out of it. On the other end of the wire was a little black control box. That had another wire coming out of it that went to plug that he pushed into a socket on the wall. I wondered why the metal egg couldn’t run on battery power.

As the lab coat eased the metal egg up my vagina I thought that it was going to be just like have one of my vibrators purring away inside me.

It was, well for the first couple of minutes. Then I got the shock of my life; literally. I screamed, not knowing what had happened, but when I got over the shock I realised that I’d had a shock; an electric shock; inside my pussy.

My pussy reacted by getting wetter and raising my AF.

The vibrations continued and after another couple of minutes I got another electric shock and my AF went up another notch.

Ten minutes later, a fourth electric shock took me over the edge and my body arched up then shook all over; my body expressing itself in a stream of loud expletives.

The process repeated itself over and over, the gaps between my orgasms got shorter and shorter as the vibrations alone made me cum until I was almost having one long continuous orgasm. I was sure that I was going to back-out; but I didn’t.

The vibrations finally stopped and I just lay there, covered in sweat and feeling totally knackered. After a few minutes a lab coat came over to me and I gasped and jerked as he slowly pulled the metal egg out of me.

I looked round and saw lots of other knackered looking girls; the American fathered girl on a sybian with her head hanging forward. I guessed that they too had been pleasured / tortured for the full hour as well. As my eyes reached the door I saw Mr Chang stood with Mr Tay; both were staring at me, smiling and talking.

I got onto my knees, not sure that my legs could hold me up. After a couple of minutes Mr Chang came over and held a hand out. I gripped it and pulled myself to my feet.

“You have done well Tanya; Mr Tay is pleased; apparently our Chinese girls black-out after about 20 minutes.

As I walked over to Mr Tay I saw one of the lab coats putting the shocking vibrator in to the plastic box with my name on it.

“Thank you Tanya,” Mr Tay said, “that was most interesting. We will repeat that for the next few days and see how the device stands up to its continued use.”

I looked at Mr Tay then Mr Chang, undecided if I wanted to go through that again. Okay, the orgasms, the pleasure was un-real but to say the least, it WAS extreme. I couldn’t wait to tell Ryan.

Mr Chang led me out of the room; the air conditioning instantly reminding me that my nipples and pussy were uncovered.

“That’s it for today Tanya, you have the rest of the day free to enjoy as you wish. Your Courtesans should be waiting for you at the gate; use them as you wish.” Mr Chang said; then walked off leaving me just stood there.

The other girls were coming out of the room in dribs and drabs; all looked as knackered as I felt. The American’s daughter smiled at me as she walked by and I couldn’t help but notice her very prominent, hard nipples leading the way.

I slowly walked out of the building and to the gate where 969 and 132 were waiting for me, 132 still with a raging hard-on. 132 passed me a bottle of water which I readily accepted and drank half of it while 969 took my bags off me. We all just stood there until I felt a little energy return.

“Right,” I said, “let’s go to the beach; a swim will do me the world of good. Can one of you get a motor tricycle and get him to take us to that little cove that we saw yesterday; oh, tell him to go via the hotel and one of you can go up to my room and get my suntan lotion?”

“No need mad.. Tanya,” 969 said; “I have some here in my bag.”

I smiled at her as we climbed into the tricycle; 969 and I facing the front and 132 facing us again. I was still highly aroused and without thinking, I sat with my legs open. I caught 132 looking at my pussy; not only did I get even wetter, but I watched 132’s cock as precum formed at the tip.

It only took minutes to get to the beach. As I climbed out of the tricycle I looked round at the beautiful sandy beach, inviting sea and lovely blue sky. No one else was on the beach and I wished that Ryan was with me.

I walked straight over the beach and into the warm sea where I splashed about and swam for about 15 minutes before getting out. 132 and 969 were stood watching me, one of them having spread a towel for me to lie on.

I lay on my back, legs slightly open and soaked up the sun; it was so peaceful and relaxing.

After about 30 minutes I remembered that I hadn’t skyped Ryan or my boss, Tim. Feeling a little guilty I got my tablet out of my bag; I wasn’t expecting to get a Wi-Fi signal but at least I could say that I’d tried.

I was very surprised when I did get a signal, a strong one. My surprise must have shown because 132 said,

“There is free Wi-Fi all over the island; the Nuwa Corporation pays for it.”

Forgetting that I was naked and on a beautiful beach, I skyped Ryan. I got through in seconds; Ryan was in a meeting room with the rest of his 4 man team working out a strategy to do something or other.

At first I could see only Ryan and hear him and the other guys talking shop. Ryan plugged in his ear buds and I started telling him all about my day. After a couple of minutes Ryan asked me where I was, so I did a 360 with my tablet, letting him see the scenery. As the tablet passed 132 and 969 Ryan asked me to get them to fuck each other. Not being able to think of a good reason not to, I told 132 to get on his back and 969 to ride him.

They did, and after a couple of minutes Ryan asked me to put the tablet between my legs. Folding the tablet cover so that it stood-up on its own, I placed it on the towel and adjusted the position until Ryan could see my pussy and up my front to my tiny tits.

Not waiting to be asked, I started rubbing my wet pussy and teasing my nipples.

It was only after I’d cum and was calming down that I heard one of Ryan’s colleagues say,

“That was fucking amazing Tanya; I wish that I was there with you.”

Another voice said,

“Can you turn the camera so that we can see your slaves fucking please?”

It was then that Ryan told me that he wasn’t using his laptops built-in camera but a separate USB camera that he had set so that I could only see him but all his colleagues could see what my webcam was capturing.

I gave Ryan a few choice words, but didn’t move my tablet until the same voice asked me to point my laptop at 969 and 132 who were still fucking.

We all watched 969 ride 132 for ages. After wondering if Ryan would be able to stay hard as long as 132 could after he’d taken one of those little blue pills, I turned the tablet and put it back between my legs.

I let them look at my pussy for another minute then said,

“I’m going to cut you off now perverts; I’ll skype you again tomorrow Ryan.”

Without thinking about where the tablet was pointing, I skyped Tim. He too answered quite quickly and as soon as we got connected Tim said,

“Kinell Tanya; what’s going on?”

I suddenly realised that he was getting a screen full of my pussy so I picked-up the tablet.

“Sorry about that Tim, I was just talking to Ryan.”

“And letting him see what he’s missing.” Tim replied.

“Err yes, sorry.”

“Don’t be Tanya; I’ve told you before that Ryan’s a lucky man and I stick by that statement. Anyway; how’s it going, what’s the hotel like, what’s the Nuwa Corporation HQ like? I see that the weather is good; and the beach.”

I told Tim all about things so far; well not ALL about it. I missed out the bit about the product testing. When I told him about the Courtesan’s I turned the tablet so that Tim could see 969 still riding 132.

For a couple of seconds Tim was speechless; then he said,

“And you just told them to do that; out there on the beach?”

“Yeah, the place is deserted.”

I did another 360 with the tablet, but as it pointed to the end of the beach I (and Tim) could see 2 naked girls walking along the water’s edge.

“Bloody hell Tanya; I’ve got to wangle myself a trip there.”

I laughed then continued telling him about the business side of things.

As the conversation came to an end I turned the tablet to face the 2 girls again. They were only about 10 feet away by then and Tim must have had a great view. The 2 girls were watching 969 bounce up and down on 132 and had slight grins on their faces; obviously not at all upset at the sight.

I put my tablet back into my bag and told 969 to get off 132; then told them to rub some suntan lotion on me. I lay on my stomach and relaxed.

As masseurs, 969 and 132 aren’t bad; nowhere near as good as Jacob in the hotel in London (see the full version of part 27), but not bad at all.

When they asked me to turn over they brought me to a wonderful orgasm then left me to enjoy the sun.

When I woke-up the sun was starting to go down. I woke myself up with a quick swim then got 969 to get a tricycle. The first one to arrive was a pedal one and we had a slow ride back to the hotel.

That was my first 24 hours on that amazing island; it set the scene for the next 60 days. Below are the notable events of my stay.

**Daily masturbation in front of Mr Nuwa**

**---------------------------------------------**

Most of the days started with me being pleasured by 132 and 969 then masturbating in front of Mr Nuwa when I got to work. He was obviously enjoying the sight but he never tried to touch me.

If Mr Nuwa wasn’t there I had to find another manager to ‘perform’ for. Most just watched me but one of them got me to do it on his desk and he played with my tits and pussy, delaying me making myself cum. He wasn’t rough with me so I never complained to Mr Nuwa or Mr Chang (when he was there).

Unfortunately, he was the only manager that was there at that time of the day on 11 of the days so I got groped 11 times.

I never did work out if those masturbation sessions stopped me from cumming at inappropriate times or not.

**Those little blue pills**

**------------------------**

Every morning when I went down for breakfast there was a little blue pill waiting for me. Yes, just 1 per day does make me wet and horny all day. I found myself not needing to wear my vibrators very often. Those pills, my little clit vibe and the hour product testing each day were enough to keep me horny all day.

After work on the third day that I was there I got 132 and 969 to take me to the shop that sells the pills and I was surprised just how cheap they are. What’s more the shop sells them on eBay and accepts credit card payments. I got them to ship a thousand to Ryan immediately, and another thousand 4 weeks later. I also got a box of 50 to use whilst I was there (as well as those that 969 got me).

Whenever I took a second one I was so horny that I made use of 132’s hard-on 2 and sometimes 3 times that day. I’d taken all 50 by the time I flew home.

The first batch arrived in England about 3 weeks later. I guess that the UK customs accepted that they were only herbal. Ryan took one when he got home from work that night because the twins were going round to see him. The next morning when I skyped him he still had a hard-on and was wondering which suit to wear for work as he didn’t want everyone at work noticing the bulge.

The twins were still at our house and Kate (I think), thanked me for a wonderful previous evening.

**Passion Flower**

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The American man’s daughter was on the fifth training session that I gave. Her English is very good and we quickly got talking like friends.

After her training session, followed by the product testing session (see below), we met on the way out of the offices. I offered her a lift home in the tricycle and when she agreed I dismissed 969 and 132 and off we went, talking 19 to the dozen.

During the training session she’d told me what her Chinese name was but also added that it translated to English as Passion Flower, so that was what I called her.

When we got to her house I met her parents and her younger sister. Her father looked pleased to meet me, telling me that it was great to talk to someone in ‘proper’ English.

Of course Passion Flower’s sister was naked but I was surprised to see that her mother was naked too. When I asked Passion Flower (PF) why that was she told me that her parents had refused to get married just so that her mother could stay naked. Apparently quite a few couples are doing that these days. Her mother is 36 and they were planning to get married when she reaches 40 and has to start wearing clothes.

Another thing that PF told me was that young girls couldn’t wait to have to get naked. Some of them spent ages trying to convince their parents and teachers that their breasts or pubic hair were starting to grow so that they could strip off.

When a girl does reach puberty there is a little celebration in school where the girl has to take her clothes off in front of the whole school; then the whole school gets the rest of the day off.

PF’s sister was ‘curious’ about my 3 barbells and asked me the usual sort of questions that I get, but her last question was to ask me if they made me feel sexy. I’d not been asked that one before. When I opened my legs and showed her my little clit ring she asked me if it made me cum all the time.

While she was asking those questions the mother and father were right next to her; her father with a big grin on his face.

One time that I was at PF’s house her sister came home after getting into some trouble at school. The standard punishment for the 2 girls is a spanking; what’s more, if one got spanked then the other got spanked as well. Apparently it was to deter the other from committing the same crime.

Anyway PF’s father was waiting and as soon as the little sister came in, she was taken back outside and onto the street. PF’s mother followed then with a chair in her hand. PF followed with me close behind. There was a lot of talk in Chinese then PF’s father sat on the chair and the young girl proceeded to lie across his lap.

What followed was the quickest and hardest 20 swats that I have ever seen, or heard, or felt. The father is a big man and he looked like he could have administered 100 swats within a minute without breaking sweat.

What happened next was quite amazing; the mother poured some sort of lotion on the girl’s very red butt then the father rubbed it into her flesh. Okay, reasonable so far, but the girl spread her legs and the rubbing moved to her pussy and before I knew it the father was finger fucking his daughter. He kept going until she orgasmed and until she calmed down.

By that time some of the neighbours and people passing by had stopped to watch the spectacle.

The young girl got up and went to stand by her mother. Without being told, PF got over her father’s lap and the process was repeated.

I was still in a bit of a state of shock when PF got up and told me that I had to do the same.

I protested, but whilst I was doing that I moved over to the father and lay across his lap. The thing was I automatically spread my legs before the swats started. It was like I wanted the father to swat my pussy.

He didn’t, but he did give me a painful butt then made me cum, and it was a strong one.

When I got up the parents and audience just returned to doing whatever they were before it all started. I was left standing in the street with 2 other naked girls; and me wondering what the hell had just happened.

PF later told me that was the way that most girls got punished. The making the girl cum was supposed to stop the pain but I couldn’t help thinking that it might just make me be naughty more often.

The three of us went to the beach and I skyped Ryan them Tim. I showed Ryan, all our red butts.

Passion Flower and I spent many hours talking on the beach after work. She wanted to know all about England and found it hard to understand why girls wore clothes all the time.

Most times I got 969 and 132 to join us. PF, and her sister, were fascinated by 132’s hard-on. They’d seen their father’s quite often and knew that male Courtesans usually had hard-ons but she didn’t get to see them often. She loved it when I got 132 and 969 to fuck or give each other oral sex. After a couple of weeks PF asked if she could join in. The following day I send 969 to get some condoms and I suppose we had a few orgies on that usually deserted beach. It was a good job that 132 took those pills.

I used my time at the beach each day to skype Ryan and Tim. I know that Ryan let his work colleagues watch the little orgies that we had, even when 132 fucked me. Yes he was jealous, and I was jealous of him fucking the twins but our love is stronger than that; we both knew that after the 2 months we’d be back together and fucking non-stop for the first few days; especially if he took one of those little blue pills.

Tim got used to seeing me naked, not that he wasn’t before, and seeing the little orgies with me cumming at least once each day. I never asked if he was letting my work colleagues watch and I never saw them on Tim’s camera, but I was pretty sure that what Tim was seeing was also being seen by some of the people that I work with. Whenever the thought crossed my mind I just ignored it; I decided that I’d worry about it when I got back to England.

**Product Testing**

**------------------**

The product testing sessions took place every day. I was told that I would spend the hour with different products just about every day. I quickly realised that the girls, and me, were not allowed to use the devices on themselves. If constant holding or moving the device was required then it was a lab coat that did it. If the device had to be inserted in, or extracted from the girl’s vagina or anus then again, it was a lab coat that did it. That last fact alone often brought the girl, and me, to another orgasm.

When it was my turn to use the treadmill (no one called it that there), it was ‘different’. The lab coats put a remote control vibe inside me and got me to spend the hour jogging. Ask any girl that you know if it’s easy to run whilst you’re cumming. I was thrown off the back of the treadmill a couple of times and was grateful that there were rubber mats all around the machine.

One afternoon then I went into the product testing room I saw 2 men in blue overalls assembling something. I was allocated to one of the gyno chairs and one of the lab coats came and inserted some sort of vibrator inside me. He switched it on and moved on to the next girl.

As the vibe slowly raised my AF, I watched the 2 blue overalls assemble what looked to me like some sort of automatic spanking machine. It was ‘different’ because there were scaffold type poles all over the place. I kept watching as I had first one, then a second, then a third orgasm. After the third one, Mr Tay came over to me, switched the vibe off and asked me to follow him. A lab coat that had followed him retrieved the vibe from inside me then I got up and followed Mr Tay.

He led me across the room to where the blue overalls were working. As we watched them finish off Mr Tay told me that the Nuwa Corporation were expanding into the punishment market and that what we were looking at was their first product. I wasn’t sure what it was so I asked Mr Tay; he confirmed that it was a spanking machine.

I still couldn’t work out how it would work because of all the poles, so I asked Mr Tay.

“I’m glad that you asked that Tanya, we would like you to be the first girl to experience it.”

I’d walked into that one and couldn’t make up my mind if that was a good thing or a bad thing. My pussy obviously thought it was a good thing because it was dripping.

Anyway, when the blue overalls were ready I was told to go and bend over the end of a weird looking table. I got a little worried when the blue overalls restrained my wrists and ankles so that I couldn’t move.

I had to wait as the blue overalls made numerous adjustments that I couldn’t see; then I heard a motor run for a couple of seconds then a noise and almost instantly my butt hurt like hell. I screamed.

Then it happened again.

Mr Tay came over to me and told me that they had got the settings set to maximum pressure and that they were going to reduce it and use some of the different attachments.

Over the next 20 minutes my butt got swatted with different attachments, ranging from what I guessed to be a belt to a table tennis bat. I don’t know if it was the machine not swatting me so hard, or the attachment didn’t hurt as much, or what, but the pain got less and less. My pussy got wetter and wetter and I could feel my AF rising.

Just when I started thinking that I was going to cum soon, Mr Tay stopped the testing. I thought that it was over, especially as the other girls had left, but Mr Tay told me that we were moving on, to phase 2.

The blue overalls released me then motioned me to turn round. As I lay back on the table thing I saw Mr Tay and about 15 lab coats, all watching me.

The blue overalls lifted my arms above my head and restrained them, then moved to my ankles. Pulling my legs wide apart, they tied my ankles to the legs of the table. I was spread-eagled in front of lots of men, most of which I didn’t even know.

I could see what was going on by then and I got really scared as the business end of the machine got moved around so that it was alongside my chest. I correctly guessed that my tiny tits were going to get whipped.

I screamed again as a thin very flexible bamboo cane came down on my nipples. Fuck did that hurt; I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes. I could also feel the heat from my pussy on my legs and that really strong indescribable feeling inside my pussy.

My nipples were on fire as well and I could see a red line across then and my tits.

I was so busy assessing the damage to my tits that I missed hearing the motor wind-up the elastic band or whatever it was, and all of a sudden my nipples and tits were on fire again; but I didn’t scream. Instead I made a grunting noise.

“Good,” I heard Mr Tay say; “that obviously works well; can you try the other attachments now please?”

My tits got swatted with a table tennis bat with along handle, a broad leather belt and a tawse. When the belt landed I had an instant orgasm. My hips went up in the air and I let out a long, deep groan.

That didn’t seem to impress the blue overalls as they just continued loading the next attachment.

Mr Tay came over again and I was expecting him to say that my ordeal was over, but that wasn’t what he told me. He told me that there was just one more phase before I would be released.

The blue overalls moved the motor to above my stomach.

“No. No.” I shouted, realising what was coming next; but my pleas went un-answered and 2 minutes later I screamed again as that very flexible bamboo cane came down on my pussy.

When it came down again my hips again rose up but this time they stayed up as another orgasm hit me.

After that the blue overalls changed the bamboo cane for a wide strip of leather and again got the machine to bring it down hard on my pussy.

By that time my pussy was throbbing more than ever before, even when Ryan torments me with orgasm denial.

After one more orgasm, it was finally over. I was so relieved when I saw the machine being un-plugged from the wall socket.

Thankfully, Mr Tay left me alone for a few minutes so that I could get my breath back and compose myself. My butt, tits and pussy hurt like hell but I didn’t think that there was any permanent damage.

When the blue overalls released my restraints I stood up and looked down at my front. The 2 men were looking as well. Then Mr Tay told me to lift one foot up onto a chair so that they could look at my pussy.

“No blood;” Mr Tay said, “but I think that we need to reduce the pressure before we get the other girls on it. I don’t want any formal complaints.”

Mr Tay agreed then turned to me and told me that I could leave.

I walked to the front gate slowly, and when 969 and 132 saw me they both just stood there staring at my tits. I just said,

“Take me to the beach, quickly.”

Nothing was said as we rode in the tricycle or when we got off; I just walked straight over the beach and into the sea.

Naked swimming always makes me feel good and that time was no exception. Okay, I still had the red wheal marks and my pussy lips were still swollen, but apart from that I was good.

On the towel, both 132 and 969 rubbed lotion all over me front before asking me to turn over. I stayed on my hands and knees while they put lotion on my back and legs.

Meanwhile I got my tablet out skyped Ryan. All he got to see at first was my face as I told him about my day. It wasn’t until he asked to see my red marks that I picked up the tablet and showed him. I got 969 to hold the tablet behind me so that he could see my butt.

At first Ryan was annoyed and said that I should tell them that I wanted to come back to England but then I told him about the amazing orgasms that I’d had. It was then that he asked me how much one of those machines would cost.

“So, you want to pussy whip me do you?” I asked.

He said that he did and as he started to tell me how he’d do it and how he’d fuck me afterwards I realised that I wanted to be fucked right there and then. I was still on my hands and knees so I told 132 to fuck me.

It was a bit painful when he first entered me but I soon got over it. Ryan was grinning as 132 kept thrusting in to me.

I said bye to Ryan and tapped on Tim’s name. I was in mid-orgasm as Tim answered, and the first thing that Tim said was,

“Tanya, good to speak to you…….. Are you cumming?”

There was a silence until I was able to talk.

“Err yes Tim, sorry; it’s just that I’ve had a very unusual and tiring day and I really needed to get rid of some tension.”

“Yes, well err Tanya, never mind about that, how’s the training going?”

As I was telling him, Tim interrupted and said,

“Why are you rocking backwards and forwards Tanya.”

“Oh, err, nothing Tim; I’ve got to go, call you again tomorrow,”

With that I tapped on the disconnect button and put the tablet down.

Just as I reached another orgasm I saw PF and her sister walking over to us; both had big grins on their faces.

A short while later I showed my red marks to the sisters and explained how I’d got them. Strangely enough, both of them said that they wanted a go on that machine.

I got 132 and 969 to rub more lotion into my red bits when I went to bed. After they’d made me cum I fell asleep and the next thing that I knew 132 was on top of me fucking me, 969 was massaging my tits and the sun was shining through the window.

Nothing was said about my red marks that day but I noticed a few people looking at me and whispering.

When it came to product testing Mr Tay looked at my tits and butt and said that he’d turned the pressure down a bit so the marks shouldn’t last as long the next time.

Thankfully (I think), I wasn’t told to use that machine that day; no one used it. I was put in a gyno chair and had a lab coat pump a big rubber dildo in and out of me for the hour.

A couple of days later PF was put on that machine and I heard her shouting and screaming. On the beach later I saw her red marks; they were nowhere near as dark red as mine had been; and they’d gone 24 hours later.

For the rest of the time that I was there I only saw 4 girls use that machine; PF being one of them. The truly Chinese girls were nowhere as loud as PF and I were; they just lay there whimpering. I had to go on it twice more but the red marks always disappeared sometime the next day.

**The even more public exhibition**

**-------------------------------------**

The Nuwa Corporation has an ‘open day’ every year. According to PF it’s just an excuse for the company to push their dominance on the island and to have a big thank you party. As luck (maybe not) would have it, it happened during the fourth week that I was there.

One thing that they do put on is a display of all the products that the company produces in all their factories all over China. The Feminine Care division is no exception.

Usually they only manage to get one or two girls to volunteer to demonstrate the products, but this year they wanted to show off their new departure unto the female punishment market.

Mr Chang had suggested to Mr Nuwa that I would be the perfect person to demonstrate the new machine. Apparently he’d suggested me because I am less reserved than the average Chinese girl when it comes to showing my pleasure. Mr Nuwa had agreed but told him that they were going to setup both machines and he had to get Mr Tay to find a second volunteer. He’d asked around and the only volunteer was PF.

The big day arrived and I have to admit that I was nervous. It’s one thing walking around town naked, even working naked; but to be strapped to a machine and whipped on my tits, butt and pussy in a VERY public place with lots of people all around me is something else.

As we didn’t have to be there until 10am I asked PF to come to the hotel. She arrived whilst I was having breakfast and the receptionist brought her into the restaurant. I dismissed 969 and 132 and told them to come looking for me when the open day was over. PF was a little disappointed as she wanted to watch 132’s hard-on, and I suspect, get it inside her.

Anyway, PF admitted that she too was nervous, she was going to be strapped onto one of those machines and most of the town were going to be there and see her spread out, getting whipped and probably cumming. What’s more, her parents and little sister would be there and knowing him, her father would probably go up to her and finger fuck her.

I’d already taken the little blue pill that was on the table but I decided that it would help me to get through it if I was REALLY horny. I opened my bag and got another pill out and took it.

Thinking about PF, I got 2 more pills out and gave them to her. She took them, admitting that she’d never taken them before, although I had told her about them before when she asked how 132 managed to keep a hard-on all day.

I took my bag up to my room and then we set off, completely naked, not even shoes or a bag, for the 15 minute walk to the Nuwa Corporation offices. The open day was being held on some open ground just outside the gates.

As we walked, PF told me that she was getting horny.

When we got there the place was buzzing with activity. We walked round and saw the 2 machines; a couple of blue overalls were finishing setting them up and testing them. We both cringed as we saw, and heard, a test swat of a bamboo cane. I also felt a wet rush in my pussy.

“Kinell, anyone would think that I was looking forward to the public humiliation.” I thought.

We walked on, and a couple of minutes later we met Mr Tay. He told us to go over to the 2 machines. When we got there the machines looked ready for us but 2 of the lab coats had bowls of water and towels near the tables.

Mr Tay told us that he needed to make sure that our bodies were in the best possible state for the display. Not knowing what he meant by that I asked him and was told that we were going to be shaved before the display started.

I tried to tell him that I’d already been shaved that morning (by 132 and 969) and I couldn’t see any evidence that PF needed shaving but Mr Tay insisted. He told us to jump up on the tables and lay back.

We did and 2 of the lab coats proceeded to soap and then shave both of us.

Even though the little blue pills had got me quite aroused I still felt embarrassed, firstly at having my pussy shaved by a man that I didn’t know and secondly, we were out in public with strangers watching. What’s more, the end of the tables where our heads were was higher than the other end. We could see everything that was going on.

I looked over to PF and her face was red; she was taking deep breaths as well.

When it was over we slid off the tables and stood there. Mr Tay came over and I asked him what the plan was. After bit of thought he told me that one of us would be strapped on face up and the other face down. We’d stay like that for a couple of hours then swap over.

“Does that mean that our tits and pussies will get whipped for 2 hours solid then our butts for another 2 hours?” I asked; getting quite worried.

“No, no…. Well yes, but you won’t be whipped all the time. What we will do is give you 5 swats every 20 minutes, rotating round the different implements. In between swats we will allow the people to come and inspect the new marks on your body. Oh and don’t worry we’ve decreased the pressure so that the swats won’t be so hard.”

“Was that last bit supposed to make us feel better?” I asked PF.

“It didn’t work for me.” PF replied; can we back-out please?

“Don’t worry PF,” I replied; “think of all the orgasms you’ll have.”

“Well I am feeling VERY horny, it won’t take much.” PF replied.

I was feeling incredibly horny as well; I could feel my juices on the insides of my thighs and my pussy was really aching for attention.

“Okay girls,” Mr Tay said, “get into position.”

We did, PF opting to go face-up for the first half so I bent over the end of the table and spread my legs as the 2 blue overall moved in and fastened the ankle and wrist straps.

Just as they were finishing I saw 969 in front of me holding a bottle of suntan lotion.

“Well done 969, I’d forgotten about that.”

As she finished covering me I asked her to do PF as well.

“No need Tanya, 132 is doing her.” I turned my head and saw that he was, his hard-on pressing against the table; well he was rubbing her pussy so I assumed that he’d already done the rest of her.

We were then left for what seemed like ages, me bent forwards with my legs spread wide, and PF on her back with her legs spread wide. I could hear people talking behind me and I wondered how many of them were staring at my spread pussy.

Eventually, I heard the motor backing up the swat arm then I screamed. Then I heard PF scream.

“I thought that you’d reduced the pressure.” I said, but there was no one near enough to hear me. Then I felt hands on my butt.

“Bloody hell,” I thought, “Mr Tay wasn’t joking when he said that people would ‘inspect’ our bodies between swats.”

I felt hands spread my butt cheeks a bit more and fingers poking into both my holes. Someone was pulling my clit from one side to the other; I guessed that they were inspecting my clit ring; one set of fingers really finger fucked me. Then nothing; then the motor; then I screamed again.

The groping and the swats continued until I’d had the 5. I knew that I could rest for a while but my butt was on fire on the outside and my pussy was on fire on the inside. Behind me I could hear people talking and feel hands prodding, pulling, finger fucking and generally groping me. I wondered if PF was getting the same treatment.

Two fingers went in and out for a few seconds then they bent over and found my G spot. That was just too much for me and I started cumming, getting quite vocal and my body jerked about.

As I started to calm down, the voices of the people behind me sounded different; I got the impression that they’d enjoyed watching me cum.

More hands groped me for a while before things went a bit quieter then I heard the motor again.

This time it felt like I was swatted with a wide strip of leather, the pain was more spread and not as strong. I didn’t scream but I did groan.

More groping followed then the motor noise.

That went on until I’d had 5 from the leather strip. My butt was burning and my AF was an 8 or 9 but I didn’t cum. The hands groping me raise my AF a bit more but I didn’t cum again until I’d had 2 swats from what felt like a table tennis bat.

I was cumming as more hands started groping me again. My butt was getting quite tender and the groping was starting to hurt.

I had 5 swats from 2 more ‘things’, I couldn’t see what, lots more groping and poking and 2 more orgasms before Mr Tay finally came over and said that we could have 30 minutes rest before swapping over. The lab coats appeared and undid our restraints but I just lay there.

132 appeared and started rubbing some sort of cream on my butt, the tip of his hard-on occasionally touching my leg. I heard PF gasp, presumably because 969 was rubbing the cream on her pussy.

I stood up and looked at 969; the poor girl’s tits and pussy were bright red. I helped her up and asked 132 to get us some water.

The cream that 132 and 969 had used was working, and after about 5 minutes most of the pain had gone.

“It looks like you’ve had the worst bit.” I said.

PF looked at my butt and replied,

“I’m not so sure; you should see your butt.”

We both laughed and had another drink.

Ten minutes later, Mr Tay arrived and told us to get ready for part 2. As we got into position 132 and 969 moved in and rubbed more lotion on the exposed sides of our bodies. 969 was doing me and she paid special attention to the bits that were about to be abused. I don’t know if it was suntan lotion or something to help with the red marks or pain or what; all 3 I hoped.

I didn’t realise just how exposed PF had been; my legs were spread really wide. Because the table was angled, I could see all down the front of my body and to my clit hood barbell.

It was then that I realised that I would be able to see EVERYTHING that was going to happen to me. I had been lucky when it was my backside that was getting whipped.

It seemed to take for ever for the second half to start; it was as if Mr Tay was delaying it just to make us suffer the horrible anticipation. My pussy wasn’t suffering like my head was; the lust, the anticipation, the humiliation, the embarrassment, the desire to be fucked hard; even right there with hundreds of people watching was driving me crazy. I was sure that if the delay went on much longer I would just start cumming without anyone or anything touching me.

The machine was setup to whip my tiny tits first, and I could see the thin very flexible bamboo cane hovering above me.

Then it moved up and away from me.

I tensed up knowing that in a couple of seconds my tits would hurt like hell. For some strange reason I didn’t close my eyes, I just looked at my rock hard nipples.

I was expecting to see the very flexible bamboo cane hit my tits but I didn’t; it all happened way too quick for me. It was just a case of my tits suddenly hurting like hell. A red line going over both nipples suddenly appeared.

Before I really had time to get over the shock a few of the crowd moved in and started groping me. Stupidly, I had assumed that they would only go for my tits, but no, I felt a finger, no, 2 fingers invade my vagina.

I looked up and saw PF’s father attached to the fingers; and boy, did he know how to use those fingers; they found my G spot and I started to cum.

I didn’t really feel the hands that were groping me, nor the next swat with the bamboo cane, although that did bring me back to the real world.

Five times that bamboo came down on my tits and I got my tits and pussy mauled before we had a break. 132 and 969 moved in and rubbed cream on my tits and PF’s butt. Strangely, and unfortunately, PF’s father only made me cum after the first swat of that cane. I think that I would have preferred to have been in close, post orgasmic bliss when that cane hit my tits again.

After the short break it was 5 swats with the broad strip of leather. They didn’t hurt as much, and PF’s father did his trick with my G spot only after the first swat.

I don’t know why, but the third set of 5 swats to my tiny tits were with the same strip of leather. Again, PF’s father did his bit only after the first one.

By the time that the third set was over anyone could have done whatever they wanted to my tits and it wouldn’t have hurt; they were numb.

Whilst 132 was putting the cream on my tits I found the courage to look around. PF’s face was completely blank and I could see Mr Nuwa and another man looking at me and talking. I felt a little ashamed knowing that they were about to see my pussy get whipped. I have to admit that I felt a wet rush and a little of my juices run down to my butt at the same time.

The blue overalls finished moving the business end of the machine to directly above me and loaded the bamboo cane into it. Seeing them do that and knowing that the cane was about to come whizzing down and inflict pain on my pussy in a couple of seconds was not a nice feeling; although it was a bit arousing. My AF which had dropped down to about a 7 was rising again.

I made the mistake of tensing up as the motor burst into life and the cane reared up. There was silence for a second as I held my breath, then the next thing that knew was that my pussy hurt like hell and I was cumming.

I was still cumming as the public moved in and PF’s father’s fingers invaded my vagina again. My body was arched up and I was swearing like a trooper as those fingers kept me up on a high.

I never felt any hands on my tiny tits but I could see hands on them.

I wasn’t tensed-up for the next 4 swats, I wasn’t looking and I tried to concentrate on the noise from the crowd around us. By the time the rest period came I was thankful that I only had to endure 1 more set of 5 swats. 132 rubbed some more cream on my pussy but I didn’t know if it was helping or not.

The last 5 swats were similar to the previous 5; PF’s father again making me cum after the first one. By the time it was over, my tits were still numb, and my pussy had joined them; no pain, no feelings. I think that I was beyond that.

The blue overalls released us but I just lay there; I just didn’t want to move. Even after 132 had held a bottle of water to my mouth, I just lay there. I eventually started to find some energy and looked round. Mr Nuwa and the other man were still looking at me. People were no longer standing around, but were walking by and looking over towards us as they went.

Eventually I pushed myself up onto my elbows and 132 held a bottle of water so that I could drink again. My legs were still spread wide; subconsciously I think that I didn’t want to risk closing them in case it hurt. PF was stood up and I could see her red butt, but there didn’t look to be any blood or permanent damage. Her father had his arm round her and under her arm. I couldn’t see but I wondered if he was holding her tit.

As I slid off the table I had to stop my legs from crumpling under me, then I took a deep breathe at took stock. Okay, I was knackered, my butt, tits and pussy were starting to really hurt, but apart from that I was okay. I tied to do a quick mental count of the number of times that I’d cum but I soon lost count and gave up.

Then I heard Mr Nuwa talk,

“Tanya, we made the right choice asking you to demonstrate our new venture; you did a magnificent job, no one could have wished for more.”

I laughed to myself; I certainly wished for less pain.

“As a small token of our appreciation I have arranged for Mr Tay to fit you with the mark 3 version of your clitoris ring. It has improvements that I am sure will give you more pleasure. Don’t come to work tomorrow, then the day after go straight to Mr Tay. He will perform the procedure.”

With that he turned and walked off.

I had a quick flash vision of me spending a whole day on the beach doing absolutely nothing.

I turned to look for PF but she was gone. I guessed that her father was taking her home to rest.

132 and 969 were hovering close by so I told them to take me to the beach; I needed to be in the sea.

Swimming and floating in the sea was great; it seemed to take most of the pain that had appeared as the numbness subsided, away; and the cool water seemed to give me some energy. So did the lotion that 969 and 132 rubbed on my red bits.

I got them to take me back to the hotel and get some food sent up to my room. After I’d eaten I sent them away and went to bed.

I awoke to that lovely feeling of someone eating my pussy and the sun shining in through the open patio doors.

When I got out of bed I looked in a mirror and inspected my wounds. Actually, I was quite surprised how little all the red hurt; and it was red not purple. I decided that I’d got off quite lightly and wondered what PF was like.

After breakfast I decided to take Mr Nuwa up on his offer of a day off. I got 132 and 969 to get me some food and drink then drop me off at my favourite beach. A quiet day on the beach, on my own, was just what I needed.

I’d had one swim, a nap and a couple of chapters of my favourite Vanessa Evans erotic story, when I heard a familiar voice,

“I thought that we might fine you here Tanya.”

I looked up and saw, PF, her father and her little sister.

I stood up, hugged PF then backed away and inspected her body. She obligingly spread her legs so that I could check her pussy. She was in a similar state to me and told me that she only hurt a little.

We sat and talked whilst her father and little sister went for a walk. PF too had been given the day off, and a pay rise. She said that she’d happily do it all again if she could get another pay rise.

When the father and little sister got back I started talking to the father (Chuck). He said that it was good to talk to a westerner; especially a gorgeous naked one. I remember blushing a little. Then I asked him why he’d finger-fucked me and made me cum only on the first swat of each part of the whipping. He laughed and said,

“I wanted to give you something to think about instead of the next 4 swats. It’s okay, I did it to PF, as you call her, as well.”

“It worked for me.” PF added.

Little sister said something to Chuck in Chinese then PF translated it for me. Apparently she was jealous that PF had been finger fucked so many times and that she hadn’t. She was also complaining that her father still had his clothes on.

I laughed and told him that I didn’t mind if he took them off.

“Thank god for that, I hate clothes.” He replied; then stood up and took his clothes off.

As he stripped there were 3 girls waiting for his hard cock to spring free and I guessed that all 3 pussies got somewhat wet. I was quite surprised at his size; okay, be was a big man (height and weight) but his cock was slightly bigger than Ryan’s.

“Do you take those blue pills?” I asked.

“Hell no; I’ve got 3 naked women around me all the time that take care of all my needs; I don’t need those.”

“Lucky you, but I bet that you’re thinking about fucking one of those 3 right now aren’t you?”

“Hell yes girl, after seeing you perform yesterday, what man wouldn’t want to fuck you?”

“I was thinking more about your wife but if it’s me that you want to fuck, go ahead; I haven’t had a good fuck since I left England.”

As I said that I stretched my arm out and put my hand on his cock and said,

“What do you say big boy?”

“I thought that you were never going to ask Tanya, get on your hands and knees and brace yourself.”

I was glad that I’d leant back a bit because he really did ram his big cock into me. After he got a rhythm going I looked over to his daughters, both were staring at us with a smile on their faces and a hand on their pussies.

Chuck has lots of stamina and I’d cum twice before I felt him shoot his load deep inside me.

We both lay on our backs getting out breath back. As soon as Chuck was on his back both his daughters were at his side using their hands and mouths trying to get him hard again. When he was, they took it in turns to ride his cock. I watched as both daughters fucked their father. Both gave me the impression that they’d done it a few times before. I went for a swim and left them to it.

All 3 eventually came and joined me and we splashed and messed about for ages before getting out. PF insisted on putting suntan lotion all over me.

After about an hour of sunbathing PF and her family had to go leaving me to enjoy the peace and tranquillity of the deserted beach, sea and sun.

When I left the beach I had a nice, long, slow walk back to the hotel. A couple of tricycles stopped to offer me a lift but I wanted to walk. No one seemed interested in the naked girl walking along; after all, I wasn’t the only one.

Back in the hotel room I sat on the balcony and skyped Ryan then Tim. I told Ryan everything and showed him everything, probably some of his work colleagues as well knowing Ryan; but with Tim I kept it to business; except my role in the Nuwa Corporation’s open day. Of course Tim could see me naked, and probably my pussy as well because I’d setup the tablet on the table on the balcony. He didn’t ask about my red marks and I didn’t offer to tell him.

I had a pleasant evening without 969 and 132; the next time that I saw them was when they woke me up the next morning in the way that I’d asked them to.

**My 3rd Clit Ring**

**-----------------**

When I went to work I went straight to Mr Tay who smiled at me then told me to follow him. He led me to a little room that had a doctor’s type table in the middle. He told me to get up on it and wait for him. I did, automatically spreading my legs. He watched me climb on the table, saying that he was glad that most of the red marks had gone.”

Mr Tay went out of the room then came back a few minutes later with 2 lab coat men. One was carrying a little package and the other a small bottle with a cloth.

I have no idea what was in that little bottle but seconds after one of the lab coats dabbed some on my pussy I realised that I couldn’t feel anything around my pussy; it must have been some sort of anaesthetic.

I watched as Mr Tay and the lab coat were working on my pussy. I couldn’t see exactly what they were doing but I wanted to make sure that they didn’t perform some sort of FGM on me.

They didn’t, and after a few minutes Mr Tay told me that they were finished. I propped myself up on my elbows and looked at my pussy. My old clit ring had been replaced by one with a thicker ring; it must be nearly an inch in diameter.

Mr Tay gave me the box that it came in, that included the remote control and a set of instruction; thankfully, there was version in English.

As well as having an option for random zaps there is an option for random shocks; I couldn’t wait to try that one but it would have to wait. I only had 10 minutes before the training course.

On the beach that afternoon I read the instructions and gave myself a shock. It wasn’t that bad, but it still made me gasp and jump a bit. It certainly made my clit go even harder and start throbbing. I wondered how many times it could shock or zap me before the battery went flat.

The instructions say that the battery will last a week without excessive use and that it uses body heat and light to slowly charge the battery; yet another reason why I was glad that I don’t wear knickers and only wear short skirts. I decided to expose my clit to the sun as much as I could to see if it charged the battery enough so that I wouldn’t need to hold the charging pad over it. It must have worked because I didn’t have to charge it until 4 days after I got back to England.

**The Senior Management Dinner**

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About a week after my ordeal on the punishment machine I saw Mr Chang in the dining room at breakfast. After telling me that he’d just got back from England and that my boss and colleagues sent their regards, he told me that he’d heard that I was doing well and that Mr Nuwa was pleased. He also told me that all the senior management were descending on the island for a big meeting. He also told me that they were having a big dinner in the hotel that night.

When I said that I was sure that 132 or 969 would be able to take me elsewhere to eat he said,

“No, no Tanya; you don’t understand. You will be coming, you will be our honoured guest and star performer; you will be the only female there.”

I wasn’t sure what to make of that; what did he mean by ‘star performer’? I hoped that he called me that because of the work that I had already done.

As the training got underway I forgot all about what Mr Chang had said, but as I was leaving the product testing session Mr Chang was waiting for me. He told me to be in the hotel reception at 8 p.m. that evening.

I got the butterflies in my stomach and a tingling in my pussy. What was instore for me?

I went to the beach with 132 and 969 again, and whilst I was there I skyped Ryan and Tim. Tim hinted that he knew about what was going to happen at the dinner and told me that I was representing the company and should be proud of the opportunity. I was starting to get a little worried.

After a shower, in which 132 made me cum, they both pampered me and got me ready for whatever was instore for me.

At 8 p.m. they led me down to reception then left me with Mr Chang. As I walked up to him I could see quite a few elderly gentlemen, all in formal suits, walking down from their rooms and going to the big function room.

Mr Chang took my arm and led me in to the function room. As we went in I could see over 20 middle-aged and elderly gentlemen all stood around talking; and a couple of young girls (naked) carrying trays of drinks.

Mr Chang walked me to the top table where someone shouted something then Mr Nuwa then all the others took their seats. Mr Chang took me to a seat between himself and Mr Nuwa.

Gawd, I was sat next to the main man. I didn’t know whether to be happy or nervous.

Mr Nuwa stood and started talking in Chinese. His talk went on for ages and at one point it became obvious that he was talking about me because he turned and looked down to me, and most of the other men were looking at me as well. He must have cracked a joke because everyone laughed whilst still looking at me.

I felt embarrassed.

Eventually, Mr Nuwa sat and the naked girls served the food. It must have been traditional Chinese food because I didn’t recognise any of it; nothing like the Chinese restaurants back in England. What’s more, I didn’t like most of it so I got very little to eat.

At the end of the meal, Mr Nuwa got up and talked some more. Again, I didn’t understand a word that he was saying but I did understand when Mr Chang told me to stand up go round all the tables. He told me that he wanted me to show everyone my new clit ring.

“You want me to go to each table and spread my pussy so that all of them can have a look at my most private parts! Are you serious?”

“It’s not your pussy that Mr Nuwa wants them all to see; it’s the mark 3 clitoris ring and the effect that it has on you. And it’s not every table; it’s every person. Mr Nuwa believes that all his senior managers should know how all the company’s products work. Start on that table over there Tanya.” Mr Chang said, pointing to a table at one side of the room.

When Mr Chang had started telling me what was expected of me I became terribly embarrassed at the thought of what was expected of me. I also got very wet and tingly; I felt my nipples and pussy start throbbing.

“OMG!” I said to myself as I slowly stood up and slowly walked to the first table.

“What was I supposed to do at each table?” I thought.

That was answered as I got there. Someone had arranged for a food trolley to be brought out and one of the men gestured for me to get on it. It was just big enough for me to perch my butt on one end and lay back on my elbows. Instinctively, I spread my legs so that my pussy; my dripping pussy, was on full display.

“Kinell!” I thought; and wished that Ryan would come and rescue me.

Just as I got settled into that obscene position, the mark 3 clit ring gave me an electric shock. I gasped, jerked a little and wished that I hadn’t spread my legs on the beach that afternoon; I wished that the battery was flat.

Slowly, the naked girl, that had brought the trolley out, pushed me all around the table, stopping at each man so that he could lean over my pussy and have a good look; and a feel.

Whoever had the remote control must have been close by because just as I moved to the next man I got another shock. The shock that I got when I arrived at the fourth man was enough to take me over the top and I started cumming.

I have no idea how long it took for that girl to push me round all the tables, or how many times I orgasmed, or how I stayed on the trolley, or how many electric shocks my clit got; but what I did know was that I was knackered by the time I’d gone round the last table. My pussy had been groped over 20 times.

The naked girl had to help me get off the trolley and back onto my seat between Mr Nuwa and Mr Chang who leaned over and whispered,

“They like the way your clitoris protrudes through the ring and then swells to what looks a bit like the end of a small penis. It looks very sensitive Tanya.” Mr Chang said.

“It is; especially as someone has a remote control for it and is constantly zapping and giving me electric shocks.” I replied.

“Are they? I’m sorry about that; but you certainly looked like you were enjoying it Tanya.” Mr Chang said. “Everyone loves the noise that you make and the way that your body reacts to your orgasms. Please Tanya, have a drink and relax.”

I did, and as I went to pick-up my glass I saw one of the clit ring remote controls on the table near Mr Nuwa. It must have been that dirty old sod who was zapping and shocking me.

The rest of the evening was quite boring for me; everyone was talking in Chinese and laughing, occasionally looking over to me. I didn’t really care; I was too knackered.

There was a sort of follow-up to that night; at the product testing the next day, some of the senior managers were there watching us girls. Mr Tay put me on the punishment machine. It was set so that it hurt like hell and I was strapped on, on my back. What’s more, one of the lab coats had pushed a vibrator (on full power) up my pussy before the first swat. The senior managers were treated to the sight of my naked body writhing about and screaming all sorts of expletives.

The sea, 132 and 969 soothed my red marks away on the beach afterwards; and afterwards I got 132 to hide his cock inside my still dripping pussy.

**Going Home**

**--------------**

My last day at the Nuwa Corporation started much like all the others. Mr Nuwa was at work that day and I went to his office and assumed the position. As usual, he kept me waiting for a couple of minutes before walking round his desk and standing in front of me between my legs.

“You may begin.” He finally said.

My right hand went to my pussy and started rubbing. As usual, the effects of the little blue pill at breakfast were already kicking in and it didn’t take long for me to start cumming. All the while Mr Nuwa was stood there watching me.

When the waves of pleasure subsided, I looked up at Mr Nuwa.

“Tanya,” He said, “This is your last day here and I have to say that you have done an excellent job, and you have provided amazing entertainment for me, my senior managers, and indeed, the whole town. I was wondering if you would be so kind as to go a little further and please this old man a little bit more?”

“I’m not sure what you mean Mr Nuwa, but I will be honoured to do anything that you wish.”

“Surely he couldn’t want to fuck me; maybe it was just a blowjob, or maybe it wasn’t anything sexual at all.” I thought; “those little blue pill were making me think about sex every minute of every day.”

I smiled to myself thinking that my pussy and Ryan’s cock are going to take one hell of a hammering just as soon as I got back home.”

“Tanya, one of my companies manufactures surveillance equipment; cameras so small that we can put them just about anywhere and they’ll never be noticed. Since the first day that you arrived, we’ve been videoing you all the time; even at this minute your wonderful performance has being recorded and will be stored on the company’s servers. I was wondering if you would agree to us using some of the videos for training and sales promotional purposes?”

“You mean that you’ve been videoing me EVERYWHERE!”

“Yes Tanya, even at the beach. Our media department have WiFi enabled cameras all round this building, the hotel, your room; even the beach. Your whole stay here is stored on the servers.”

“O.M.G!” I exclaimed.

“Don’t be embarrassed, or upset; you’ve done nothing illegal or to be ashamed of. Quite the reverse; you are a beautiful woman with a beautiful body; you should be proud of yourself. Now, will you sign this wavier please?”

My AF was still quite high, and with all the blue pills that I’d taken over that past couple of months I figured that I’d do absolutely anything that anyone asked of me. If someone had asked me to fuck them in the middle of the town square in the middle of the day, I would have done it. I soo wanted to be with Ryan.

Without even reading the document, I signed it and passed it back to Mr Nuwa.

The rest of the day went the same as all the others; even the product testing (I spent the hour on a sybian); then I met 969 and 132 and they took me to the Docks to catch the boat back to Hong Kong.

I was still naked when we arrived at the Docks and 969 had to remind me to put some clothes on; she’d already got one of my summer dresses and some shoes in a separate bag. For some strange reason I left the Nuwa Corporation ID card hanging round my neck.

It felt a bit strange wearing clothes; after all, the only thing that I’d worn for the past 2 months was that ID card. I was still wearing it when I went through security to catch the night flight to England.

Unfortunately, when I went through the metal detector the alarm went off. At first I hadn’t a clue what had caused the alarm, after all, I’d had to take my shoes off and the only thing that I was wearing was the dress and my plastic ID card.

As the guard told me to hold my arms up, I realised that my new clit ring must be the reason because I’d gone through metal detectors with my barbells and my old clit ring on before without any problems.

As the wand reached my pubic area, and buzzed, I moved my right hand to hold out my ID card. The guard looked puzzled so I spread my feet and lifted the front on my dress so that he could see my pussy and the ring.

He smiled, pointed to my pussy then the ID card and said,

“Nuwa Corporation.”

I wondered if Mr Nuwa had sent any other girls through Hong Kong wearing one of the rings.

I slept for most of the 12+ hour flight. Just as we were getting into London a noise woke me up. I found that I was covered in a blanket that I hadn’t put on me. I was leaning against the window with my butt facing the aisle, and the man next to me. The thing was, my dress was up around my waist (under the blanket). As I straightened myself out I wondered if my bare butt had been on display and one of the cabin crew had put the blanket on me. The lecherous look on the man’s face told me that he wouldn’t have covered me.

Ryan caught me as I jumped up onto him in the arrivals hall and we just stood there kissing for ages before I said,

“Take me home and fuck me hard lover.”

We made it as far as the carpark. Ryan had reverse parked (up to a wall) on the second floor of a multi-story. We went round the back of the car where Ryan loaded my case. As I leaned over to put my bag in Ryan moved behind me and before I knew it my dress was up over my head and on my out-stretched arms.

I spread my legs and let Ryan take me from behind as his hands grabbed my little tits. I nearly banged my head on the car as Ryan’s first thrust lifted me off my feet.

“Fuck that’s good Ryan;” I said, “you don’t know how much I needed that.”

“Even when that Yank, Chuck and that 132 kid were fucking you?” Ryan asked as he thrust in and out, lifting me up in the air each time.

“Hell yes, I was imagining that it was you fucking me. Did you take one of those blue pills this morning Ryan?”

“And another before I left home; I want to give you the best fucking ever.”

It must have been 15 or 20 minutes, and 2 orgasms from me, before Ryan finally shot his load deep inside me. During that time I’d heard a couple of people walking by, and 1 young man telling Ryan to give it to me hard; but I didn’t care; for once I was being an exhibitionist.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist no longer in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 29 – The Admission**

**-----------------------------**

Okay, I admit it, I AM and exhibitionist. After I stripped naked and fucked Ryan on the back of the car in the airport carpark when I got back from China, and stayed naked all the way home, then fucked Ryan again in the hallway with the front door still wide open; we went to bed and when Ryan fell asleep I started thinking.

I’d been living and working totally naked for 2 months in China and I’d loved every seconds of it (apart from when I thought about Ryan). The fact that people were looking at all of my body, all of the time, and that I’d orgasmed in public so many times; got me thinking that maybe I do like being naked and being seen by other people.

Those thoughts got me thinking about all the hundreds of times that Ryan had almost forced me to get naked, expose me to others, and do things to my pussy. Okay, at the time I’d put my excitement down to the fact that I was aroused (what girl wouldn’t have been?), but maybe I’d actually wanted Ryan to put me in those situations? Maybe my lack of serious objections to his requests hadn’t just been because I love him and would do anything for him. Maybe I’d secretly WANTED to do those things.

I was having trouble getting to sleep because of all the excitement, but the more that I thought about it, the more that I realised that I HAD wanted Ryan to expose me. Ryan hadn’t forced me to go to the Gym during my Flex-time off work; okay, if I’d discussed it with Ryan I’m sure that he’d have encouraged me to go, but, thinking back, I’d really wanted to go. I’d wanted to get naked in front of those men, I’d wanted to fuck myself on the dildo in front of them, I’d wanted to stretch my legs wide and put things into my pussy in front of them, I’d wanted to cum while they were watching me.

Was I a whore? Was I a slut? No; I didn’t (and never would) go around fucking any man who asked me, only the ones that Ryan wanted me to. I was just a girl who got off by being seen naked, exposing my pussy to people, and cumming in front of people. I was just one of about 10% of girls who love doing just that.

I realised that I was proud to be one of those 10% and wondered what was wrong with the other 90%. They just don’t know what they are missing.

Finally, and with a very wet pussy, I fell asleep; only to be woken-up in what seemed like 5 minutes, but was actually 6 hours, to the feeling of Ryan’s cock pounding in and out of my pussy. Two hours later we managed to get out of bed and go for a shower.

We made it through breakfast further orgasms, but we were soon on the sofa with Ryan closely inspecting my new, thicker clit ring. I got the control out of my bag and Ryan used it to make me cum twice more before I decided that we needed to go to the supermarket to get some food.

On the drive back I asked Ryan if the twins (Kate and Jude) had managed to keep him satisfied whilst I was away. I was sure that they would have, but Ryan was a true gentleman and told me that only I could truly satisfy him. As if on cue, when we got back home and I walked into the kitchen, I could hear girly moans, and seconds later, just after I’d taken my dress off, a totally naked pair of twins came bounding in and hugged and kissed me.

When their excitement subsided, Jude (I think – I still can’t tell the difference most of the time) said,

“We thought that you’d like to fuck Ryan’s brains out before we came over, but we couldn’t wait any longer.”

“Oh,” I replied, “I’ve done that a few times already; but what about you 2? Has he been keeping you satisfied?”

“He certainly has,” Kate (I think) replied, “apart from the last couple of days, he said that he wanted to save his energy for you.”

“Well, he was certainly full of energy when he fucked me on the car in the airport carpark.” I replied.

“On the car? Airport carpark?” Kate said. “Couldn’t he at least wait until you got into the car?”

“That was Tanya’s fault.” Ryan said. “She fucked me with all those people walking by and watching.”

“I’m not surprised;” Jude said, “You’re such an exhibitionist.”

I just smiled, remembering my thoughts from the previous night.

“I must talk to Ryan about that.” I also thought.

The 4 of us spent the next couple of hours in the bedroom doing lots of talking, interrupted by lots of pleasuring each other. Poor Ryan, he was exhausted by the time us girls got up to get some food ready.

**Work**

**------**

It felt strange putting some clothes on to go to work, especially as the weather wasn’t too bad and I’m sure that I could have survived the cooler English weather. The thought of everyone staring at me as I travelled about the streets naked got me all wet.

Everyone at work was really nice to me and they all wanted to know all about my trip. I didn’t have the chance to tell anyone anything because as soon as I’d switched my PC on, Tim, my boss, called me into his office.

“Welcome back Tanya;” Tim said, “I trust that the journey was okay. I can’t help but notice that you look really healthy; the weather must have been good.”

“I think that the lack of clothes helped as well.” I interrupted.

“Yes, well.”

“And it was good of you to organise the video calls Tim;” I again interrupted, “Ryan and I really appreciated being able to talk and see each other.”

“Yes Tanya, it was good to see you whilst we talked.”

“Yes, I enjoyed you, and the others seeing me when we talked.”

As I said that last sentence I wondered if Tim interpreted it to mean that I liked them seeing my naked body.

“Quite; Tanya, I went to a meeting at head office last Friday with my boss, Mr Nuwa and Mr Chang and we’ve agreed that I will setup a new department to work exclusively on the Nuwa Corporation contract. Mr Nuwa said that he was very happy with your knowledge and efforts whilst you were over there, and the way that you adapted to the Chinese culture. He’s asked that you head-up the new department.”

“Wow!” I replied, “I don’t know what to say. Is there really enough work for an exclusive department?”

“That was my reaction at first but Mr Nuwa continued to tell us that they were about to put a lot more work our way; so yes, I’m happy to setup a specialist ‘Nuwa’ department. Okay, we’d start out with just 2 or 3 people, but as the work-load increases we’ll increase the staff levels. What do you think?”

“And you’d want me to run the department?”

“Yes Tanya, you’ve proved that you’re capable and that you understand and appreciate the cultural ways of the Nuwa Corporation. Of course it would mean a promotion and a 50% pay increase for you.”

“Err Tim, the female staff at the Nuwa Corporation all work totally naked; would you expect me, and my staff to work the same way?”

As I said that I felt my pussy tingle and get wet.

“Well, Mr Nuwa did tell us that he’d expect the new department to embrace the Nuwa culture; so yes, working naked would be one of the desired requirements of the staff in the new department; its manager as well.”

“Oh, I don’t know;” I replied, “Is it even legal in this country? And I’m assuming that you’d only want women working in the department.”

“As long as it isn’t compulsory and the nudity is kept on company premises then we wouldn’t be breaking any laws. And yes, if we had a man working in there he wouldn’t be very productive would he? Chinese men may be able to ignore the fact that their female work colleagues are naked but English men would find it a big distraction.”

“Unless they were gay.” I replied.

“Hmm, let’s not even go there Tanya, Mr Nuwa requested females, so females it is.”

“But we’d have to share the same facilities, the break room, the conference rooms, the toilets and I’m guessing that I’d have to have regular meetings with you and the other managers in the company and I doubt that they’d want to all gather around my desk.”

“Well, I guess that you would; would that bother you Tanya?”

“Well, just about everyone here has seen me without my clothes on during some of the video calls whilst I was over in China; by the way, thanks for that Tim, I’m sure that some of the guys will have really appreciated that.”

“Did it bother you Tanya? I suppose that I should have asked you first but knowing you as well as I do, I didn’t think that you’d mind.”

“Relax Tim, I didn’t mind. After all, most of them see up my skirt or down my top just about every day, and most of them have seen me naked on more than one occasion. It’s a good job that I’m not some stuck-up prude.”

“I don’t think that you’ll ever be one of those Tanya.”

I smiled to myself as I felt my pussy get even wetter and thought that I was sure that he was right.

“And where would this new ‘Nuwa’ department be located Tim?”

“Well, I was thinking about that vacant office out by the landing.”

“I didn’t think that that room was part of our lease.” I replied.

“It isn’t, but I’m sure that the company would be prepared to expand into it. We could soon get it modified to meet our, your, requirement. What do you think Tanya?”

“It’s a bit public; I mean that there are people going up and down the stairs all day and the people in the other offices on this floor are always out on the landing. They’d be able to see us every time the door opened or one of us comes into the main office.”

“Don’t they use the lifts?”

“I’m sure that some of them do, but …...” I replied.

“So Tanya, can I assume that the fact that we’re talking about office space means that you’ll accept the offer?”

“Hmm, naked at work all day long, all my work colleagues seeing me naked, people going passed my office all the time and seeing me, having to attend meetings and presentation that are almost totally attended by men. I’m not sure Tim.”

“I thought that you’d jump at it Tanya, after all, you’re such an exhibitionist.”

“I’m not an ex………… Well I suppose that it is a promotion and you did say that I’d get a 50% pay rise. I’ll have to discuss it with Ryan. Can I give you my decision tomorrow?”

“Yes of course you can Tanya. I’m guessing Ryan will want you to go for it; after all, he’s persuaded you to get naked in public so many times and it’s obvious that you like it. Do you remember the time you and Ryan came to the party at my house and Ryan hypnotised you and you ended up naked and sitting on everyone’s lap?”

“No I don’t; that’s a bit of wishful thinking on your part Tim. Ryan just had me do a couple of stupid things.”

“Is that what he told you? Okay, maybe my memory isn’t that good.”

I’d got a big wet rush when Tim mentioned his party. I remember every detail, including Tim putting his golf balls (yes, actual GOLF balls) in my pussy and his long cock into my throat.

“Okay Tanya, we’ll talk again tomorrow.”

I had tons of work to get done that day but I didn’t get much done. What with Tim’s proposal and my clit ring torturing me, I just couldn’t concentrate.

Of course Ryan was happy when I told him. It wasn’t long before he was planning what we’d do with the extra money. He wants us to move to a bigger house with a secluded back garden. That idea sounded nice.

When I went to give Tim the good news the next day, my pussy was dripping, I wanted to get naked there and then but of course I couldn’t. I had to settle for turning my clit ring up and running the battery flat before I went home.

Tim was so confident that I’d take the job that he’d already told his boss that everything was going according to his plans. He told me that the building’s owners had agreed to us renting the extra space and that we could have the key later that day. Then Tim asked me about staff.

“Well,” I said, “I was thinking about Grace. She’s been working on the account for nearly a year now and she’s been to China. Having to work without any clothes over here shouldn’t be too much of a shock for her.”

“Good choice Tanya, any ideas about a second girl?”

“I was thinking maybe Emily; okay, she’s quite young and new to the company but she’s bright and picks things up quickly; and I’m sure that Mr Nuwa and Mr Chang will appreciate her shape. Yes, I know that that’s discrimination but those laws seem to have gone out of the window for my new team.”

“Hmm, Tanya’s Team, that sounds good; Emily eh? Do you think that she’ll cope with the nudity; she does appear to be a little mousey and shy; and I’ve heard that she still lives with her parents.” Tim replied.

“I think that I might just have the way to resolve any nudity issues and she’d just have to get used to getting undressed when she gets to work and dressed again when she leaves.” Tanya said.

“Okay, let’s leave it at just the 2 of them for now.” Tim said, “We can easily recruit more when the workload increases. Now, as for accommodation; I’ll get the key this afternoon; assuming that it’s habitable I think that we should get you moved in tomorrow then workout what needs changing. We can get that done along the line; assuming that you 3 will be able to work okay with few tradesmen in there for a while as well.

As Grace and Emily will be reporting to you Tanya, I’ll let you make the job offers to them this afternoon. If you get positive replies by tomorrow lunchtime I’ll call a big meeting in the conference room tomorrow afternoon and make the announcement. Does that give you enough time to prepare yourself for your new working situation?”

“Yes, sure, I was naked all the time in China so it won’t be a problem.”

“Actually, I meant working in your new office, but okay, it’ll be good to see all of you again Tanya. Oh, I don’t think that any of you should strip-off until the formal announcement. It might be good for company moral if the 3 of you strip-off during the announcement.”

“Sounds good to me Tim, can I have the use of your office to make the job offers, it might be a bit awkward with some of the guys listening?”

“Yeah, sure, just let me know when.”

“How about 2 o’clock?”

“Okay.”

At 2 o’clock I went and asked Grace to come with me to Tim’s office and as soon as the door was shut Grace started asking me what I got up to in China and had I been forced to do anything humiliating. I told her about the product testing and the time I was strapped down and whipped in the town square.

“Fuck Tanya, I wish that we both could have gone, I’d love to have done all that.” Grace said.

As she was listening to me I couldn’t help notice that she was squirming in her seat.

“This is going to be easier than I thought.” I thought; then said,

“Well Grace, an opportunity has arisen that I think might just appeal to you; and if you accept the offer that I’m about to make you your salary will increase by 50%”

“WHAT! Spill Tanya; spill.”

Grace’s face was a picture as I told her everything that Tim had told me. She squirmed about much more and had one hand pressing on her stomach. Her nipples were so hard that I could see them tenting her bra and blouse.

“So Grace, are you interested in becoming part of my team?”

“Hell yes, when do I start? When can I get naked?”

“Woah there, slow down; don’t you have to think about it, and don’t you have to talk it over with a boyfriend or someone?”

“Hell no, it’s my life and my body; I make the decisions and I want in.”

“Excellent Grace, you’re in, but can you keep it quiet for now. There’s going to be a big announcement about it tomorrow afternoon.”

“Okay, it will be difficult but I think I can manage that. Oh, will there be just the 2 of us?”

“I’m not sure yet; ask me again tomorrow.”

Grace went off to the toilet, probably to give herself some relief; and I went and got myself a coffee before asking Emily to join me in Tim’s office.

As I started to explain the situation to Emily it was clear that she was shocked; but at the same time her nipples told me that she was excited even though she too had a bra and a blouse on.

“Naked!” Emily exclaimed; “You’re going to be naked, here, every day, with all these men around?”

“Yes Emily, it’s the way things are at Nuwa HQ and we’re embracing their cultural ways.” I replied.

“So why are you telling me all this? I thought that announcements like that would come down to us either by email or some branch gathering.”

“Okay, crunch time.” I thought; then said,

“I’ve called you in here to tell you this personally Emily because I’d like to offer you a position in my department.”

Emily’s jaw dropped and she just sat there too shocked to speak. I let her digest the offer for a minute or so then added,

“Everyone in my department gets an immediate 50% pay rise.”

Emily just sat there.

After another couple of minutes her mouth closed, then opened again,

“I…. I…. I don’t know what to say, I’ve heard rumours that you sometimes take your clothes off at parties and I have noticed that you don’t wear knickers or a bra, so you I can maybe understand you, but me!? I don’t know that I could do that. I mean, I’ve been naked anywhere apart from my bedroom and the bathroom.”

”It won’t be just the 2 of us, there will be a third girl and maybe more later and we’ll be working in that vacant office near the stairs.”

“But we’d still have to come into the main office quite a bit with all these men there?”

“Yes, don’t forget the 50% pay rise and there will be plenty of opportunities to advance your career.”

“By being naked in front of all those men?” Emily asked.

“Emily, I can assure you that promotions and pay rises, apart from the 50% loading, will be based entirely on your work performance.”

“Good, that’s nice to hear.” Emily replied.

“So what do you think Emily? Are you interested in joining my team?”

“Can I think about it for a while?”

“Of course you can Emily; but by asking that question I’m assuming that you’re not ruling it out.”

“No, err no, it’s just that it’s a bit of a shock and I need to think about it.”

“I can understand that Emily, do you have a boyfriend or partner or maybe your parent that you can talk it over with?”

“No, I live on my own now. I’ve just rented a little flat not far from here and I could never tell my parents; they’d just die.”

“Tell you what Emily, I’m going to the gym after work tonight, do you fancy coming with me? It will give you the opportunity to ask any questions that you think of during the day.”

“Okay, I’ll have to go home first to get my kit, but yes, that would be nice.”

“Don’t worry about your gym kit Emily; the gym provides everything that you’ll need. Grace will probably be coming with us, although I haven’t asked her yet.”

“Does that mean that you’re going to ask Grace to be part of your team; she’ll be working naked as well? She was in here a while back, have you already asked her?”

“Yes Emily, Grace is going to be part of my team; do you have a problem with that?”

“No, no; I like Grace and we get on well together.”

“Would you like to take an hour or so and go for a walk to think about all this Emily; I know that it’s a lot to take in.”

“Err, yes, that would be nice, will Tim mind. Oh, does he know that you’re asking me to be naked all day, every day?”

“Yes he does, and he thinks that you are the ideal person for the job. He has every confidence in you.”

“Oh, err, yes; I’ll go for that walk.”

Emily slowly got to her feet and walked out. Tim must have been watching because he came straight in and said,

“I’m guessing that things didn’t go too well with Emily.”

“Oh, I don’t know; she wasn’t overly shocked and she hasn’t said ‘no’. I hope that you don’t mind, but I’ve told her to go for a walk to think about it.”

“Sure; no problem. By the look on Grace’s face I take it that she’s in?”

I laughed then said,

“Yes Tim, she’s in; it won’t be long before you’re looking at her naked body. That is if you didn’t when she was in China.”

“I err.” Tim started to say something.

“Don’t worry Tim; I understand what you men are like.”

“What are you going to do if Emily turns down the offer Tanya?”

“I’m not sure, I haven’t really thought about it yet because I haven’t given-up on her yet; I’ve got a plan.”

“Are you going to tell me about it?”

“No, it’s not a work-time plan so I’ll keep it between us girls for now.”

“Sound intriguing.”

“Fun actually, let me just call it a girly bonding plan.”

“Okay, let me know how you get on in the morning.”

“Will do; now I’ve got to have another word with Grace then get on with some work.”

I went and had a quiet word with Grace and she was up for an evening at a gym. When I told her that she didn’t need to take anything with her she said,

“We’re not going to that gym where the girls are naked are we? I should have known that you’d go there. You know, I’ve thought about looking for it but I’ve always chickened out.”

“Well tonight you’re going to go there, and I guarantee that you’ll enjoy yourself. Straight from work at 5 o’clock, okay Grace?”

“Try and stop me.” Grace replied. “I saw Emily go into Tim’s office earlier and you were in still in there; have you asked Emily to join your, sorry, our team?”

“Yes, but she’s thinking about it. I’ve invited her to the gym tonight but I haven’t told her what she’ll be wearing. She’s agreed to come with us but can you keep quiet about what we won’t be wearing?”

“Yeah sure, no prob boss.”

About an hour later, Emily walked back in. She still had a sort of ‘stunned’ look in her face so I went over to her and asked if she was okay and if she wanted to ask me anything.

“Oh hi Tanya, err yes, I suppose that I’m okay, I’m still a bit shell-shocked. Can we stop at a bar on the way to the gym? I need a stiff drink.”

“Yeah, sure, but only one, I need you to be thinking straight when we talk.”

At 5 o’clock the 3 of us met up and walked out to the bus stop. Grace was trying to quiz Emily about why she hadn’t said ‘yes’ straight away. She was still at it when we got to the pub just down the road from the gym.

Listening to Grace and Emily talking it became clear that Emily was worried about the embarrassment of being naked in public, and of what her parents might think. Although she wasn’t really against being naked, her mother had always taught her to be a ‘good little girl’ and that nudity was for only for the bedroom and bathroom.

When we were about half way through our drinks I told Emily, and Grace, just how bag my mother had been, that she’d made me wear industrial strength knickers and bras even though I had nothing on my chest that needed any kind of support.

By the time that we left the pub Emily was a bit more relaxed, and Grace was a bit more excited.

When we entered the gym Darren immediately got up and came round to greet me. He wanted me to tell him why I hadn’t been there for so long. I quickly told him that I’d been away on business then introduced Grace and Emily.

“They want the free membership option I presume?” Daren asked.

“How come it’s free?” Emily asked; “how do you make a profit?”

“Hundreds of male members that pay over the odds.” Darren replied; “hasn’t Tanya explained how it works here?”

“Explained what?” Emily asked.

I turned to Emily and said,

“Trust me Emily, I’m your boss and I know what’s best for you.”

“You’re not my boss yet, I haven’t said ‘yes’.

“You will in about an hour.” Grace said.

“Just fill-in that form like Grace is doing, it’ll all become clear in a few minutes.” I said.

Grace and Emily got busy while I looked at a smiling Darren. Neither of the girls saw the naked Lucy walk out of the changing room and disappear into the workout room.

“Tanya,” Darren said, “we’ve got a new piece of equipment in the workout room; it’s supposed to help you girls with those stupid heeled shoes that you all wear.”

Grace and Emily finished the paper work and Darren gave them their little black, plastic tubes.

“Sorry Tanya, I’ve run out of the eggs, I’ll let you have them as soon as the delivery arrives.” Darren said.

“What are these for?” Emily asked as the both followed me into the ladies changing room.

“Patience little one.” I replied, causing Grace to laugh.

“Tanya,” Grace said, “we’re both quite a bit taller than you, and both your tits would fit inside any one of ours.”

“Yeah, okay, pick a locker and put your clothes in it.” I replied.

“So where are the workout clothes for us to put on?” Emily asked as she took her top off.

“Patience little one.” Grace said.

When all 3 of us were naked I looked them both up and down and was pleased to see that both were fully shaved. Then I said,

“Right, we’re ready, let’s go ladies.”

“Go where?” Emily asked; “we need to put some clothes on.”

“No we don’t.” Grace replied and started following me towards the door.

“You mean? No, no, you can’t mean that. I can’t.”

“Yes you can Emily, come on. You did say that you trust me so come on girl, you’ll be fine. There will be lots of other naked girls out there.”

“And men.” Emily replied; “I can’t, they’ll see me.”

“Ladies, apart for getting some exercise, the men come here to look at naked girls, and the girls, especially me, come here because they like to be looked at. You’re perfectly safe here, if any man even touches you he will get beat-up by the other men and he’ll NEVER be allowed in again. Trust me Emily, you’ll soon realise what power you have over the men.”

“What? I…. I….” Emily stuttered.

Grace didn’t give Emily the chance to say anything else; she grabbed Emily’s hand and pulled her out of the changing room.

“See,” I said as a young man walked passed us, only giving us a quick look, “The world hasn’t come to an end and that guy looked at you. Put your hands down girl, or do you want us to hold one hand each?”

Darren was sat at his desk and watching us.

“Emily isn’t it?” Darren said, “They’re right; I can guarantee that the next time that I see you, you will be wishing that you’d found this place months ago.”

I mouthed ‘thank you’ to Darren and pulled on Emily’s hand. I led her, and Grace, to the workout room. We stood just inside the door while Grace and Emily took in what they were looking at. There were 5 other girls in there, all exercising, all with legs spread wide. Six guys were in there as well, all pretending to work-out, but all watching girl’s pussies either, for real, or on the big monitors.

“Fucking hell,” Emily said, “what the hell is this place, some sort of knocking shop?”

“No Emily, I’ve told you, deliberate physical contact is NOT allowed. This place is for everyone to work-out and for the girls to tease the men. Come on girls, let’s get on the exercise cycles before someone calls us voyeurs or something.”

As usual, I set the saddle way too high then told Emily to get off her cycle before raising her seat.

“What are you doing?” Emily asked. “Trust me girl. Try that.”

Emily got back on and peddled, her groin sliding from side to side.

“This is too high.” Emily said.

“No it’s not.” Grace replied. “Doesn’t it feel good?”

“I guess that it does; but my tits are bouncing all over the place.”

“Hey,” I said, “they look good.”

“Relax girl, enjoy the attention that you’re getting.” Grace said.

“Yes, the men are all looking at me. I guess that it’s kinda nice knowing that they want to look at me.” Emily replied.

“They want to do more than look at you Emily.” I replied; “every one of them wants to fuck your brains out and you could get every one of them to do whatever you want.”

“You think so.”

“I know so.” I replied.

After a few minutes Emily said,

“I’ve got to stop this Tanya; I’m starting to get turned-on.”

“That’s the idea,” I replied, “I’m about to cuuuuuuuum.”

“Did you really just have an orgasm Tanya?” Emily asked, a minute or so later.

“Yeah, and by the look on Grace’s face she’s having one right now.

“Can we stop now and maybe have a go on the treadmill?”

The inevitable happened and I started to cum again.

“Wow, twice in about the same number of minutes.” Emily said.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet girl.” I replied. “Forget the running machine, come and do some stretching with me.”

I led Emily to the floor mats and said,

“Do everything that I do Emily. Don’t think about it or think about the men watching; just do it!”

“Okay, okay; I might have to get used to taking orders from you Tanya.”

“So have you made up your mind yet Emily?”

“Maybe; I guess that I’m still on the fence. Hey, I can’t do that, I can see right into your hole.”

“I told you Emily, don’t think, just fucking do it girl; and relax.”

As I held my leg way up in the air and started to slowly hop round in a circle I realised that I was being a bit bossy with Emily. I looked at her and saw her bright red face. Then I looked down to her pussy. It was spread wide open like mine and just as wet as mine. Then I looked to my right and saw Grace doing the same. She had a big smile on her face and was looking at the guys looking at her.

Ten seconds later Emily collapsed onto the floor in a heap. As I lowered my leg and bent down it was obvious that Emily was cumming. Her body was jerking about and she was almost shouting, ‘YES, YES’.

“Relax guys,” I said to the half a dozen or so guys that had gathered around us; “she’s okay, she just needs a minute.”

Two minutes later, a relaxed Emily looked up at me and said,

“Oh shit Tanya; that was soo embarrassing. What the hell am I going to do?”

“Do it again, and again, and again; as often as you can.” I replied.

Emily smiled then lifted her hand up towards me. I reached for it and pulled her up to her feet. Giving her a big hug I said,

“Come on, I’ve got another probable first for you.”

I led Emily to the sauna, closely followed by Grace, opened the door and saw Liz up in one corner, legs wide open and rubbing her pussy. Three men were watching her. Emily just stopped dead in her tracks but Grace jumped up onto the bench below Liz and introduced herself.

“Up you go Emily,” I said, “and sit like Liz is.”

Emily looked at me with a face that looked like she was about to say,

“You’ve got to be joking.”

“Go on Emily.” I said.

Emily slowly climbed up and sat with both her legs up and facing Liz. I climbed up below her, sat with one foot on the same bench that my butt was on, and the other on the bench below. Then I reached up and grabbed Emily’s nearest foot. Pulling it down I got only a little resistance and soon there were 4 pussies on display.

Looking over to Liz I said,

“Oh, sorry, Liz, this is Grace and Emily from work. They’re new here and are about to start working on the same project as me.”

I looked up to Emily and saw that she was staring at Liz’s gaping vagina as her hand rubbed her clit. Grace had taken Liz masturbating to be a sign that it was okay to do that in there. It helped when I started doing it as well.

“Which project is that Tanya, the one between your legs?” Liz said, then asked me why she hadn’t seen me for so long. After that she said,

“So does ‘treadmill’ still work with you Tanya?”

“Ye………….” I started to say as the orgasm hit me.

When I calmed down I saw 2 men, with tents in their towels, getting up and leaving. That left just 1 man and he was staring at Liz’s pussy. That and her rubbing took Liz over the edge and everyone stared at her as she lost control then slowly regained it.

That was it for the man; he groaned then quickly got up and left.

As the door shut both Liz and I laughed and I said,

“Only 3 that time, next time we’ll have to stay outside until we see the place fill-up with men before we come in.”

“So is this some sort of game that you 2 are playing?” Emily asked.

“Well, yes and no. Okay, we love teasing the men and letting them see what they can’t have, but we also like getting-off in front of them as well. It feels sooo good.” Liz said. “I see that ‘treadmill’ still works Tanya.

“Stop it Liz.” I said when I was able.

“So what’s this about a treadmill?” Emily asked.

I explained it to Emily and Grace then asked them to promise not to say that word at work. Grace just smiled whilst Emily said,

“Sure thing boss.”

I looked up at Emily and smiled. I couldn’t help noticing that Emily’s right hand was a little busy.

A couple of minutes later Emily said,

“I’m too hot; I’ve got to get out of here.”

We all climbed down and I led Emily and Grace to the showers. Liz jumped in front of me, had a quick rinse then told me that she was going for a swim.

After the 3 of us had rinsed and cooled down, I led them to the sun loungers. There were only 4 of them out, 2 facing the other 2. One was occupied by and elderly man wearing only a towel and lying with his knees up and bent. I guessed that anyone sat on the lounger opposite would be able to see his junk so I quickly pointed sat on the lounger next to the man and told Grace to sit opposite me. That left Emily to sit opposite the old man.

I lay on the lounger as I always do, reclining and with my feet firmly on the floor either side of the lounger. Grace watched me then did the same. Emily was more reserved, she kept her feet on the lounger, but with her knees up and bent.

From where I was I could see her pussy; it looked all swollen and shiny.

“Hi ladies, it’s nice to see young girls enjoying facilities like this; most of the gyms that I’ve been to in the past were usually full of women older than me. I’m Harry by the way and I’ve just joined. Only just moved into the area actually, and no one told me what to expect here. I was only expecting to get a workout today but you 3 and the other girls have really made my day. Is this just a one-off, or are girls like you here all the time?”

“I’m Tanya, this is Emily and Grace; it’s their first time here too and I think that they’re enjoying the scenery too.”

I was looking at Emily and could see that she was looking up Harry’s towel. I wondered if he was hard.

Harry was the talkative type, a salesman he said, and I could imagine that he was a good one; he could talk for England; and he has the knack of getting the people that he was talking to, to talk to him.

As he talked and got Emily and Grace to talk, I noticed that Emily’s feet were slowly sliding apart. Before long her feet were on the floor and her pussy was as spread as Grace’s and mine.

“I sure do love this place, and where do they get those videos from; I want some of them.” Harry said.

That reminded me of the big monitors around the place.

“Oh, I forgot about those.” I said looking up at the one in front of me and seeing a girl on one of the leg spreader machines. “They’re not videos, they’re live; there’s cameras all over this place.”

That last comment got Emily and Grace to look up just as the display switched to a girl’s pussy as she lay on a sun lounger. Both girls gasped a little and Emily’s hand moved to cover her pussy. She sighed and looked like she wanted to say,

“Thank god it’s not mine.”

I lifted my butt up and thrust my pussy up towards the camera that I knew was opposite me.

“That’s me!” I said.

“But what’s that metal ring thing?” Harry said, “I haven’t seen one of those before, what is it?”

“It’s a little vibrator and it gives me little electric shocks.” I said.

“Wow girl, that must hurt, but how the hell do you charge it?”

“I sit on a pad.” I replied, then to Grace and Emily,

“It’s one of the Nuwa Corporation products; I might be able to get one for you.”

“Cool.” Grace said.

“Oh I don’t know,” Emily said, “I could never wear one of those.”

“How do you know; you’ve never tried one have you Emily?” I asked.

“Well no, but.”

“You’ve got to try one Emily; vibrators are a girl’s best friend.” Grace said.

Harry sat up and looked over to my pussy.

“Hell girl, that’s a vibrator; and it gives you little electric shocks as well. When I was your age the best we had was a baseball bat. Isn’t modern technology a wonderful thing? How do you switch it on and off?”

“It’s pre-programmed to come on at random intervals but it also has a remote control to over-ride it if you want.”

“Well I’ll be damned; so I could fuck you while that little thing is driving your clit crazy, and if it gave you an electric shock whist I was fucking you would I get a shock as well?”

“You could; but you’re not going to, on both counts.”

“Well no, of course not; a beautiful little thing like you wouldn’t be interested in an old codger like me. I was just thinking and dreaming.”

While I was saying that I looked over to Emily, then Grace, both their right hands had drifted to their pussies and they were slowly rubbing away.

Emily had obviously decided that it was time to ditch her inhibitions because her hand rubbed faster and faster. Soon, all 3 of us were treating Harry to the wonderful sight of 3 girls masturbating. I wished that I’d taken my charging pad to work and sat on it all afternoon but my right hand was well up to the job and I was soon cumming just like the others.

When things settle down, Emily asked me what the little plastic tubes were for. I asked her if she’d noticed Liz’s gaping hole.

“I did.” Harry said.

“Well,” I continued, “Liz is like that all the time and my boyfriend thought that it would be a good idea if all us girls could have gaping holes like her so he cut up some plumbing pipe and Darren gives them to all the girls. Come on, let’s go and put ours in then we can go back to the workout room and flash our insides to the guys as well.”

“I can’t.” Emily said.

“Yes you can; come on.” Grace said.

As we walked back to the changing rooms I told Emily that it was good to see her relaxing a little.

“Yeah,” Emily said, “I am starting to enjoy it here.”

When we all slid our little black tubes into our pussies Emily said that it felt like a dildo that was blowing air into her. She sat on a bench in front of a mirror and said that she could just about see her cervix.

“And so can all those men.” Grace said. “I wonder if there’s a camera somewhere that will be able to look right inside me?”

That gave me an idea. I decided that on another day I’d go round all the machines that have cameras pointed at the user’s pussy and wait until my pussy got displayed on all the big screens. If the camera was directly in-line with my vagina I’d ask Darren if he could get a little LED torch mounted next to the camera. I got a little wetter thinking that my insides would be all lit up on the monitors.

“Push it in a bit more Emily,” I said, “it’s best if the outer ring is just inside you. That way there’s less chance of it sliding out, especially as you walk around.”

“I’ve never walked around with a dildo half inside me before,” Emily said, “It feels a bit strange; nice, but strange and all exposed.”

“Isn’t that the whole idea?” Grace replied.

“Yep, come on girls; time to let some guys see inside us.” I said as I walked towards the door.

In the workout room Emily was still a little shy but she started to relax a bit when she got on one of the leg spreader machines and got a couple of compliment from a couple of the guys watching her. When her pussy got displayed on one of the monitors she said,

“That’s me!” she almost shouted, causing a couple of the guys to look up and smile.

She just stared at it for ages before closing her legs again. It was like she was examining herself. I remembered my idea about a bright light.

After about 20 minutes where both Grace and Emily really relaxed and enjoyed themselves teasing the guys, I told them that I was just going to remove my tube because I wanted to try the new machine that Darren had told us about.

When I got back I went over to one of the floor mounted dildos and did the splits and impaled myself, cumming as I bottomed out. Then I got up and looked at the new machine. It quickly became obvious how it worked, and I smiled as I read the notice on the wall next to it: -

***WARNING***

*Please ensure that you are not alone when you use this machine. There is a chance that the electric shocks could cause you to faint or even go unconscious with the obvious problems if that should occur.*

Basically, the machine is a knobbly, metal dildo on a metal pole. In front of where the pole is secured to the floor is a black metal box and either side of the pole are 2 feet rests. Each foot rest has a loop for your big toe and a big wedge under your heel. These wedges are about 6 inches tall so your feet are angled like when you are wearing 6 inch heels. The wedges are on springs and you can see a little contact switch in the middle of them. Pressing down on one of them I could see the switch presumably, turn on.

Coming out of the black box is a cable to a smaller control box with a lanyard so that obviously goes around your neck so that you can’t drop the control box.

The control box has 2 turn controls on it. One lowers and raised the dildo, and the other, presumably, increases and lowers the level of the electric shock that the metal dildo gives you.

I lowered the dildo then put my feet into the 2 foot rests. Transferring my weight from my heels to my toes, and back, was effortless and silent. I couldn’t tell if I had activated the switches or not.

Checking that the shock level was set to zero, I raised the dildo until it penetrated my vagina. The knobbly bits felt nice and I gyrated my hips and thought that I could easily make myself cum doing that.

Ignoring that, I transferred my weight to my toes then turned the shock level up; and waited, and waited.

I soon got bored and started gyrating my hips again. Then I bent my knees a little then straightened them over and over; effectively fucking myself on the dildo.

Without realising it, my weight had slowly gone back to being on my heels and all of a sudden I got an electric shock inside my pussy and I screamed and went back up onto my toes.

Grace and Emily, and 2 men who had been watching me, all jumped a bit, Emily stepping forward and putting her arms around me.

“Are you okay?” Emily asked.

“Yes, yes thank you.” I responded. “I was so not expecting that. I’ll be okay now that I know what to expect.”

And I was. I soon got back to fucking myself and even raising the dildo a bit more. When my feet gave way again, and I got shocked again, I froze and groaned, trying to suck up the pain for as long as I could before pushing up onto my toes again.

I repeated the process again, this time cumming when the shock hit me. The shock lasted longer as I couldn’t immediately control myself to push up onto my toes.

I turned-up the power of the shock and did it again, cumming again as soon as the increased electric shock hit me.

Then I did it again, and had yet another orgasm.

That was it for me, I was worried that I might faint if I got another shock like that, and I certainly didn’t want to collapse with that dildo inside me. I turned the shock level right down, relaxed on my heels and just stood there for a few seconds before lowering the dildo.

I got off the ‘heels’ and leaned against the wall, not saying anything for about 30 seconds, then I turned to Grace and Emily. Liz had appeared next to them as well. I said,

“That was fucking awesome; you 3 have just got to have a go.” I said.

“You’ve got to be joking.” Emily said.

“Maybe next time that I come here.” Grace said.

“Been there, done that and not sure that I want to suffer that again.” Liz said, then continued,

“You’re only the third girl that I’ve seen on there and you lasted a lot longer than the others; and me.”

“Aww, come on Liz,” I replied, “I don’t believe that you didn’t enjoy it.”

“I did, but I was scared that I might hurt myself.”

“Just get a couple of the guys to stand next to you so that they can grab you if it gets too much for you.”

“I suppose that it’s one way to get my tits groped.”

“Yes, and I’m sure that at least one of them will volunteer to kiss better the parts of you that got the electric shock.”

“Stop putting ideas in my head Tanya.”

Just then I felt 2 hands on my hips (from behind) and slowly slide up my body and squeeze my tiny tits.

“Hey pervert, get your hands off her.” Emily said.

I leant my head back and confirmed that it was Ryan that was squeezing my nipples then looked to Emily.

“It’s okay Emily; this is Ryan, my boyfriend. Ryan this is Emily, and I believe that you’ve met Grace before.”

“Oh yes,” Ryan replied; “Good to see you again, you were wearing some clothes the last time that I saw you. So are you 2 Tanya’s new team then? I guess that I’ll be seeing a lot more of you then.”

“I don’t think that there’s any more of us to see.” Grace replied.

“Err no.” Emily replied, sliding her hands to cover her nice bits.

“Relax Emily.” I said, “It’s only Ryan, he’s no different to the other men that you’ve been flaunting your body in front of.”

“I have not.”

“Come on Emily, you’ve been quite relaxed for the last hour or so. You’ve even cum in front of some of these guys. Ryan’s just another man; tease him like you did the others. You’re going to have to get used to Ryan seeing you now that you’re going to be working for me.”

“I guess so.” Emily replied, slowly relaxing and letting her arms drop down.

“Right girls;” Ryan said, “I need about 30 minutes to get my heart pounding before I take you home. My heart will pound even more if you 3 put on a little display for me while I get some exercise.”

And that’s what we did. I got Grace and Emily to follow my lead while I flashed my pussy to all the guys in there, having another couple of orgasms as I did so.

The next morning at work I told Tim that I needed his office for a few minutes then asked Emily to join me. She soon confirmed that she did want the new job, and the 50% pay rise, but she admitted that she was nervous as hell about having to get naked in front of all our work colleagues.

I lied and told her that I was too, but added that together we’d all get through it and soon be wondering what we were worried about.

Ten minutes later Tim told me that he’d only just got the key to the new office so we went and had a look inside. It’s big; very big. Three desks in there would only take up a small part of the office. Tim and I agreed that we’d setup at one end then Tim suggested that Mr Nuwa had an idea for the other end of the office. When he’d been told the size he said that he’d like to use the space for a display of his company’s product.

My thought immediately went back to the product testing room in China and I wondered, hoped that he’d replicate that here in England.

Tim went off and organised some Mr shifters to move our desks and a techie to move our phones and computers. When Grace followed her desk in she asked when we were going to get naked. I laughed and said that I didn’t know; that there was going to be a formal announcement that afternoon in the conference room.

At lunchtime I saw Mr Nuwa, Mr Chang and another Chinese man arrive. They went to Tim’s office shortly followed by one of our head office top guys; then 15 minutes later I got asked to join them.

The 3rd Chinese man got introduced as Dr Yang but no one told me why he was there. Mr Nuwa thanked me for accepting the new position then told me that he was sure that I was the right girl for the job. We then talked business for a while before Mr Chang told us that we were all going to a restaurant for lunch where we talked about more business issues.

When we got back we all went into the conference room, closely followed by everyone else. I wondered if I, and Grace and Emily, would have to get naked as soon as the announcement was made and my pussy got wet in anticipation.

The guy from our head office started and announced the reorganisation, my new position and who would be working for me. Then Mr Nuwa took over and talked about the exciting opportunities and how he was pleased that our company had decided to adopt the Chinese cultural ways of working. That statement got a few smiles and a few puzzled looks.

Mr Chang took over and the first thing that he said was that the Nuwa team would all be working wearing almost the same attire as the girls in the Nuwa Corporation headquarters do. He asked me to join him at the front then told everyone that I was about show everyone what he meant by that. He looked at me and told me to show everyone.

Kinell; what a rush. Okay, most of the people there had seen my tiny tits and bald pussy before, and some had even seen me totally naked before. A couple of them had even seen me perform the odd sex act that Ryan had got me to do, but this was different; I was about to get totally naked in front of the whole office, people who I’d worked with for a long time; and I was nervous and incredibly excited. My pussy was gushing and I just knew that it wouldn’t take much to make me cum. I didn’t want my clit ring to zap me at that moment, but at the same time I did.

There was total silence as I unbuttoned my blouse and took it off. My hard nipples started throbbing just as soon as they got exposed. Anticipating what I guessed was going to happen that day, I’d put my barbells and stirrups on my nipples but had left the rest of my intimate jewellery at home. I looked around and saw lots of faces staring at me, some smiling and some obviously thinking what they’d like to do to my body.

I unfastened my skirt and let it drop, leaving me naked apart from my 5 inch heels. I wondered if anyone could see my translucent grool (as Ryan has started to call it) running down the insides of my thighs. I was loving every second of it but I didn’t want everyone to know that, so I just stood there looking down at the carpet.

The silence didn’t last long because Mr Chang asked Grace to join me at the front. Grace didn’t wait to be told to strip. Her top was off in seconds revealing a very see-through bra which soon joined her top on the table.

As her skirt hit the floor everyone could see her very see-through thong. That too was soon on the table.

Then it was Emily’s turn. I looked at her and saw that her face was bright red and she looked as nervous as she could be. She slowly, almost shuffled, to the front, looking down to the floor all the time.

Emily came and stood in between Grace and I and I reached out and squeezed her hand. The silence in that room was deafening as Emily slowly un-buttoned her blouse and took it off revealing a boring white bra. It was like everyone knew how embarrassing that it was for Emily to strip in front of them. Her face got even redder when the bra came off revealing 2 very hard nipples.

I looked around the room and wondered if there was a cock in that room that wasn’t hard.

Slowly, Emily’s skirt hit the floor revealing a lacy, red pair of bikini knickers. There was a few seconds pause before Emily found the courage to slip her fingers inside the top of her knickers and slide them down.

“This ladies and gentlemen,” Mr Chang announced, “apart from the shoes, is how girls at the Nuwa headquarters work; and this is how the Nuwa team here will be working; and as a reward for their courage and dedication to their work, Mr Nuwa is pleased to present each of them one of our new, mark 4 clitoris rings.

As Tanya and Grace know, each new Nuwa Corporation girl has to undergo a medical examination on their first day. Dr Yang will perform that examination right here, today, and it will be repeated once per month to ensure that team members are medically fit enough to perform their duties. At the end of their examination, each girl will be fitted with her new clitoris ring. Tanya, please get up on the table and lay back.”

I had guessed what was coming but it was still so embarrassing, so humiliating, yet such a turn-on. I really did want to put my hand to my pussy and make myself cum right there on that big table.

Before the doctor stepped forward, Mr Nuwa continued,

“I like the shoes Tanya (I was wearing 5 inch heels); I think that all of the Nuwa team should wear shoes like that.” (Tim later told me that Mr Nuwa had told him to give each of us a £200 monthly shoe allowance).

Doctor Yang proceeded to give me a physical examination right there, in the conference room, in front of my 20+ work colleagues. He even got me to spread my legs while he gave me a gyno examination.

The first time that he touched my clit I lost it and orgasmed right in front of everyone. When I’d calmed down he just continued as if it hadn’t happened.

I’d forgotten what Mr Chang had said about the clit rings and when doctor Yang backed away from me I assumed that it was all over. I sat up and swung my legs over the side of the table ready to get down.

I looked to doctor Yang as he turned back to face me and saw his hands. In one was a clit ring and in the other was a syringe. When Mr Chang had said that the 3 of us were getting one of the mark 4 clitoris rings I hadn’t thought about how they were going to get put on us. I suddenly got all nervous as I saw the needle and wondered where he was going to inject me.

Doctor Yang motioned for me to lie back down and I automatically opened my legs. I soon discovered that the injection was going directly into my clitoris. I had another orgasm as I felt the needle go in. Then I started having this strange experience. In all the thousands of orgasms that I’ve had I could feel my pussy throbbing and the muscles around it contracting and relaxing. This orgasm started the same way but within a couple of seconds I could feel nothing between my legs yet the rest of my body was still having convulsions; so weird.

As my body relaxed I could see the doctor doing something to me but I couldn’t feel a thing. A few minutes later the doctor tapped my leg and said,

“Up; all done.”

As I got off the table the doctor gave me the box that the clit ring had come in. I looked into it and saw the charging mat to sit on and the remote control. I decided that I’d leave those at work. I could sit on the mat all day and leave the control on my desk. Maybe a visitor would play with it and drive me crazy.

The doctor only had to look at Grace for her to almost jump onto the table. Ten minutes and 2 orgasms later Grace was back stood next to me with her legs slightly apart.

Then it was Emily’s turn. It took 2 requests from the doctor before she slowly climbed onto the table. Her face was so red as the doctor probed and poked all of her body. When it came to the gyno part she looked over to me. Her face gave the impression that she was asking me if she really had to go through with it. I smiled at her, nodded and mouthed,

“It’s okay.”

She too orgasmed when the doctor touched her clit.

The look on Emily’s face when the doctor held up the syringe was priceless. She really did look as if she was about to shit herself. The doctor must have realised what she was thinking because he flicked her clit a couple of times causing her to cum again.

By the time she’d calmed down the ring was where it belonged and the doctor was indicating for her to get up.

As she walked back to Grace and me she whispered,

“I can’t feel a thing.”

It was Tim that spoke next.

“Right ladies and gentlemen; that’s it except to tell you that I expect every one of you to treat the ladies in the Nuwa team EXACTLY as you did before this meeting. Any form of sexual harassment will result in the offender immediately leaving the site and their P45 being put in the post that night.”

With that Mr Nuwa led the management party out of the room and the rest of the staff followed leaving Emily, Grace and myself just standing there.

“What the fuck does this thing on my clit do?” Emily asked.

“Torment you, tease you, please you, shock you; and generally drive you crazy; but you’ll love it. It’s just the latest version of the one you saw on me last night.” I replied.

“We’ll switch them on when we can feel out clits again. Right ladies; are you ready to face the world?”

“No.” Emily said.

“Hey,” Grace said, “you can do it. Just remember the gym last night. You’ll be having fun teasing all those cocks in no time; trust me.”

She was right, but I had slight concerns about how much our productivity would drop. I was pretty sure that mine would.

It did; so did Grace’s and Emily’s. We had a constant stream of visitors for all sorts of pointless reasons. Emily started to relax and by the end of the next day she didn’t think twice about going to ask someone a question or to get some prints from the printer that hadn’t yet been moved into our office.

Emily had got quite a shock when she switched her clit ring on; she’d never experienced anything like that before but she soon got used to it and then enjoy it. Before the end of the week she was sitting on the charging mat all day and experimenting with the control. She didn’t get much work done.

When Ryan and I went shopping on the Sunday, I bought 3 big boxes of tissues and took them to work on the Monday. Putting one on each of our desks I told Grace and Emily that it was okay to cum while they were sat at their desks; there was no need for them to keep running off to the toilet.

We had quite a bit of fun teasing the tradesmen who came to remodel the office. I think that the job took twice as long as they’d originally estimated. After they’d finished, the walls between our office and the main office, and the walls between our office and the stairs had been replaced with a glass ones. We were now on show to everyone in the main office and everyone using the stairs to get to and from their offices. When I told Ryan about that he laughed and said that the voyeurs would at least get a little healthier.

As I mentioned earlier, our new office is a lot bigger than it need be just for the 3 of us. That gave me a problem of where to put our desks in it. Originally they had been put at the end near our main office, and that gave our colleagues a great view of us, but I couldn’t help think that we might have been better off having our desks at the other end which would have meant that outsiders going up and down the stairs and into and out of their offices would have a better view of us. I decided to leave things as they were for a while, to get Emily and Grace more used to being on display. I also decided that I’d find excuses to go into the main office as much as I could at the times when the stairs were busy.

After a couple of weeks the whole situation was starting to settle down as people got used to having 3 naked girls around all the time. It was at that time that Mr Chang visited us again. After talking to Tim for a while he came to the Nuwa team’s office and I got up to welcome him. After looking around for a few seconds he told me that from then on, whenever he or anyone else from the Nuwa Corporation arrived he expected the 3 of us to show them the respect that is given to male superiors in China.

“You want us to present ourselves to them?” I asked.

“Yes, I do. Please demonstrate it to you team.” He replied.

I called Grace and Emily over to the large open area, explained what was required of us. I then got down onto my spread knees, sat back onto my heels and thrust my pussy up at Mr Chang while putting my hands behind my head.

I then told Grace and Emily to do the same.

Emily looked a little uncomfortable having her spread pussy on display like that.

Before Mr Chang left he told me that he was getting some Nuwa Corporation products sent over, along with some demonstration tables. My thoughts immediately went back to China and all the girls on the tables either making themselves cum or having someone make them cum. I wondered if he’d get Tim and our other colleagues to make us 3 cum, and if we’d be visible to the people going up and down the stairs. I nearly orgasmed right there and then while he was still telling me.

After Mr Chang had left I talked to Emily and told her to just imagine that she was at the gym and not to worry if she started to cum while she was like that. I told her that I’d cum when I was presenting myself to just about every one of the Nuwa Corporation’s senior management when I was in China.

I then asked her if she was coming to the gym with Grace and me straight after work. She replied saying that she had a few things that she wanted to get done that evening but she’d meet us in the pub.

“I hope that I don’t have to make these gyms trip compulsory.” I said.

“No, no; I want to come; I’m starting to enjoy myself more. I’m thinking of going there on a weekend as well.”

I squeezed her forearm and replied,

“Good girl, you’re learning quickly.”

**Shoe Allowance**

**-------------------**

This didn’t turn out like I expected it to. About a week after my department was officially started, the 3 of us got an email from Tim telling us to be at a shoe shop in town at 18:00 on the first Monday of each month.

Now that particular shoe shop is a bit ‘up-market’ for where I usually get my shoes, buy hey, the company was paying.

On the designated day, the 3 of us all left work together and headed to the shop. Grace and I had quickly got into the habit of just wearing a coat to travel to and from work because it made things so much simpler and quicker but Emily still undressed and then dressed when arriving and leaving work but I’ve got her into the habit of just putting her coat on when we go to the gym and I guess that we’ll be adding visits to the shoe shop to that small list now.

Anyway, when we got there the sign on the door said ‘closed’. I knocked and soon a young man in a suit came and opened the door. I could see him looking us up and down as he invited us in.

Once in, he told us that his name was Dave and I completed the introductions. Then he explained that he’d have to measure our feet then show us the range of shoes that we could select a pair from each month.

“Hmm, a free, new pair of expensive heels every month; that works for me.” I thought.

“Right ladies, in this store we measure our clients in a more sophisticated way than your average shoe shop, because we mainly sell high heeled shoes we have to measure the effect that each heel height has on the muscles in your legs. To do that we ask our clients to put on each different height heels then walk up and down in front of some laser cameras. They monitor your muscle movements and let us know if there will be any problems. Of course, to be successful your legs must not be covered when the cameras are working. I hope that your company asked you to bring some shorts with you.”

“We’ve brought what we usually wear for work, and that isn’t shorts, trousers or skirts.”

“Oh …….. okay; we also have to measure your feet in different height heels as well. We do that by getting you to put your heels on different sized blocks and let a computer scan your bare feet.”

“My bare everything.” I heard Grace whisper.

“Okay, who wants their feet measuring first?” Dave asked.

“I’ll go first.” I quickly replied, wanting to get naked in front of Dave as soon as possible.

“Okay Tanya, come over here and get yourself comfortable.”

As I followed Dave I unfastened my coat, took it off and when Dave turned around and saw me he said,

“OMG; when my boss told me that the fitting was for some naked ladies I didn’t believe him. I guess that I’ll have to apologise tomorrow.”

“Calm down Dave, all 3 of us are naked all day at work so it’s no big deal for us.”

But it was for Dave; the rapidly growing bulge his trousers told us that. Just the effect that I was hoping for.

“Hmm, okay Tanya, please can you stand on those footprints and then follow my instructions?”

“Sure thing Dave; relax, we won’t bite you, will we girls?”

“I might.” Grace said; Emily blushed.

The footprints were about a foot apart so when Dave knelt down in front of me to guide my feet to be actually on the footprints (naughty me), and he looked up, his nose was right in front of my pussy.

Dave stared for a couple of seconds then said,

“W.w.what is that? That thing on your ……”

“Oh that thing, it’s a clit ring, it’s a vibrator and it gives me electric shocks every few minutes. It makes me cum about a dozen times a day.” I replied.

“OH MY GOSH. I’ve never seen ………”

“That’s okay Dave, just try to ignore it.”

“I’m not sure that I can that, I mean, it’s so ……. so.”

“So hot? Yes I know, you’ll get used to seeing them Dave. We all have, and so have the guys that we work with.”

“You work with men around you?”

“Yes.”

“Are they naked as well?”

“No.”

“Wow; where is it that you work?”

“Relax Dave; it looks like you’ll see us once a month; and you may just have to measure our feet each time. Feet do change shape all the time don’t they?”

“No, err, I mean yes err, yes, I think that I’ll have to check them every month. We don’t want you to be uncomfortable do we?”

“No Dave, we don’t. So can you lift your head and look at my face and tell me what you want me to do?”

“Oh yes, sorry.”

“That’s okay Dave, we don’t mind you looking at us do we girls?”

When I said that, both Dave and I turned to look at Emily and Grace. Both had shed their coats and were as naked as I was.

“Oh my.” Dave slowly said.

Dave managed to compose himself and get on with the job. He had me lift my heels to different heights whilst the computer scanned my feet and legs. I saw 4 red lights move over my feet each time.

Then he went and got a few pairs of different height heeled shoes and asked me to go and walk along a white line that he pointed to. First on my bare feet then in some 2 inch heels then 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch and finally 6 inch heels. Each time I could see red lights presumably measuring my muscles as I walked.

Dave explained that the machine would tell him if it was not recommended to me wear heels above any height.

At the end of it he told me that he had all the measurements to get shoes made for me and that I would be okay wearing heels up to 6 inches high; which I already knew because I’ve got some.

Dave did the same with both Grace and Emily as well before we left after showing him the designs that we liked. We each left with a pair of 6 inch heels. They fitted okay but Dave told us that our next pairs would be more comfortable. He also told us that he was looking forward to our next meeting.

As we walked down the street I said to Emily,

“You fancied him didn’t you Emily?”

“He is quite cute isn’t he?” Emily replied.

“I guess that he is,” Grace replied, “why don’t you ask him out?”

“Oh I couldn’t.”

“Yes you can.” Both Grace and I said.

**Monthly Check-ups**

**-----------------------**

At the end of our first full month, I got an email from Tim telling me that there would be a meeting of all employees in the conference room where I was to present my departments progress, and then the 3 of us would submit to our first monthly check-up. I told Grace and Emily about it and started compiling my presentation. Emily was a bit nervous, saying that she didn’t really want all her co-workers seeing her examined so intimately by a doctor again. I reminded her that she was quite happy to spread her legs for all the guys at the gym to have a good look at her.

“But this is different,” Emily said, “these are the guys that I work with; they see me every day.”

“Yes, but they are still men; and of course a few girls, and they’ve all seen your pussy close-up before Emily. Just pretend that they are all your lovers and that you want them to see you.”

Emily was still a bit unsure so I reminded her about her 50% salary increase.

At the meeting, Tim conducted all the company’s other business and news, then there was a short break as we waited for Mr Chang to arrive. I’d expected him to bring the same doctor with him and was looking forward to being spread and intimately examined, and hopefully cum, in front of all my colleagues again.

What I hadn’t expected was a different doctor and a photographer.

As they walked in, us 3 naked girls got down on our knees and ‘presented’ ourselves to Mr Chang. This, of course, went down well with our male colleagues, especially as Mr Chang took his time telling us to get up.

The 3 of us then stood by the white wall whilst I gave my short presentation. As I was doing so, I saw My Chang get out one of the clit ring remote controls and I soon realised that it was one that covered the frequency of all 3 of our rings. All 3 of us were squirming and trying not to cum as our rings tortured our clits.

I managed to get through to the end without cumming and I’m pretty sure that Grace and Emily did as well.

After I’d finished, Mr Chang switched our clit rings off then stood up and thanked me. Then he said,

“As I said a month ago, each member of the Nuwa team would be subject to a monthly medical examination. Those examinations will commence in a minute. On a completely different subject, if Tanya remembers, each Nuwa Corporation employee has to carry an ID card all the time that they are on Nuwa Corporation property. Tim has agreed to that rule be extended to the Nuwa team hear in England. With that in mind, after the medical examinations, each girl will have photographs taken for their new ID card. They will be issued with a lanyard and they will carry their ID card with them at all times. These ID cards will conform to the latest Nuwa standard that is being introduced at all Nuwa locations this week. To get the desired photographs we will require the services of a number of men. I do hope that enough of you will volunteer to help us.”

Four male colleagues immediately put their hands up to volunteer, even though Mr Chang hadn’t yet asked for volunteers, and they didn’t know what they were volunteering for.

“Don’t get excited yet gentlemen,” Mr Chang continued, “let us get the medical examinations out of the way first, our photographer, Mr Wang will be photographing the examinations.”

Then came the part that I was really looking forward to; Mr Chang waved me up onto the table, the coffee cups that were on it rapidly being removed by everyone around the big table.

The examination that followed, went very much the same as the first one the previous month, except for 2 things, firstly, Mr Wang’s camera was clicking away nearly all the time. The doctor even getting out of the way at times so that Mr Wang could get really close to my pussy take photographs, even of my insides as the speculum spread my vagina so wide that it started to hurt. That speculum must have been a special one that can spread vaginas really wide.

The second difference was that Mr Chang was playing with a remote control all the time. It must have been a different control because I didn’t see Grace or Emily orgasming like I was. Four times I came before the doctor finally said that I was finished.

I, of course, loved every second of it and was disappointed when it was over.

Grace was next and she too looked to be really enjoying the experience.

At first, Emily didn’t look to be enjoying herself, but after Mr Chang made her cum with the remote controlled clit ring the first time, she relaxed and she too didn’t look like she wanted it to finish.

After the 3 examinations were complete, Mr Chang spoke to Tim then Tim announced that there would be a 15 minute break then he wanted 6 men to come back to the conference room to help with the ID card photographs. He didn’t tell them how they would be helping, and during the break, Grace, Emily and myself wondered what was going on.

With 6 men waiting outside the room, and probably still not knowing what they’d volunteered for, the photographer lined each of the 3 of us up against the white wall and started taking photographs of each of us from all 4 sides.

All 3 of us automatically posed with our feet about a foot apart.

When that was complete, the photographer told us 3 girls to perch on the edge of one corner (each) of the table and to lie back so that we were lying alongside the edge of the table with our butts just on the edge. Then we were told to close our eyes, and keep them closed, and open our mouths, my imagination ran wild and my pussy tingled and flooded.

It was then that the 6 men were called in and they found out how lucky they were. Tim told everyone that our new ID cards were to include close-up photos of cum leaking out of our open vaginas and of our cum-covered faces.

I heard Emily gasp a little but then she went silent as I felt my pussy get another big wet rush.

The 6 guys probably couldn’t believe their luck and at first there was just silence until Tim told them to get on with it.

I turned my head ready to receive a cock and waited for 2 of my holes to welcome an invader. I didn’t have to wait long as 2 cock, attached to guys that I knew well, but couldn’t see who they were, invaded me. As they both started pumping, I wondered 2 things, firstly what Ryan would say when I told him that part of my new job was to get fucked by male work colleagues; and secondly, what Grace and Emily were thinking. Was this gong a bit too far for Emily? Although I couldn’t hear any protests from either of them.

It didn’t take long for me to cum, nor the 2 cocks pounding in to me; and before long I felt the cock in my mouth pull out then warm cum splash onto my face, and get deposited inside my pussy. Then I heard few camera clicks above me then from the direction of Grace and Emily.

As I heard 6 zips closing I had an idea. I guessed that we were expected to keep our legs spread so that the cum would slowly leak out of us and Mr Wang could get some good photographs, but what if I could use my pussy muscles to stop the cum leaking out of me? Would Mr Chang get Tim to get another guy to fuck me so that there was more to leak out? Would he get Tim to fuck me? Would he fuck me himself?

I squeezed my pussy muscles, happy that I still did my Kegel exercises.

I still squeezed as I heard camera clicks from the direction of Emily then Grace and guessed that their pussies were leaking. Then they were told that they could go and get cleaned up.

Tim, Mr Chang and Mr Wang were obviously stood close to me and as I felt the cum on my face start to dry then Mr Wang say,

“Maybe we should get someone to put some more inside her?”

Mr Chang then said,

“Tim.”

“What me?” Tim replied.

“Unless you’d rather get someone else? You do have sex with the more beautiful members of your staff don’t you? And you do punish them whenever you want to don’t you? All the managers in China do.”

I was still laid there; eyes closed and clenched pussy muscles as I heard another trouser zip open. Then I felt another cock at my vagina entrance.

I relaxed as I felt what I guessed was probably Tim’s cock enter me. I came again as the cock pounded my pussy until I got another load of sperm deposited inside me.

This time I decided to relax and let nature take its course and a few minutes later I heard camera clicks.

When Tim told me that I could go and get cleaned-up I opened my eyes and looked at the 3 men. The 2 Chinese men had stern looks on their faces and Tim had a straight face as well.

In the ladies room, as I cleaned myself, I thought,

“Who were the 2 guys that first fucked my pussy and mouth? And was it Tim or Mr Chang or Mr Wang who fucked me when we were alone? And had Mr Chang just told Tim that he expected him to fuck me and punish me; and maybe Grace and Emily too? Wow; what a morning I’d (we’d) had.”

I went back to the conference room but it was empty and only Tim was in his office; Mr Chang and Mr Wang had left.

“So when do we get our new ID cards Tim?” I asked.

“I’ve just emailed the photos to the printers; our printers can’t cope with cards this big. We should get them tomorrow or the day afterwards.” Tim said.

“Did I hear things right Tim?” I asked. ”Does Mr Chang expect you punish me and to fuck me, or Grace or Emily, on a regular basis? And what form would that punishment take? Spanking? The Nuwa Corporation sells a spanking machine, it’s quite big but there would be room for it in our office; or maybe they do a small portable version that I didn’t see.”

“Well, he certainly implied that I should be fucking the beautiful girls Tanya; and as we have 3 beautiful girls in your team I guess that he expects me to fuck all 3 of you. Did you see any evidence of that going on when you were over in China?”

“No I didn’t, but I guess that I’d better clear some space in the stationery cupboard for you to fuck us, or will you be doing it in the open in our office? That could be fun. Do you want to work out a rota of who you will fuck and when, or shall I?”

“Won’t Ryan complain?”

“I doubt it; he’ll probably ask me to setup a webcam in there.”

“Err yes, okay, I’ll let you know. Oh, I’ve copied all the photographs onto the Shared Drive, to a folder called ‘Nuwa staff photos’.

“The drive that everyone has access to Tim?”

“Oh yes; I’ll move them to your encrypted drive.”

“Don’t bother Tim; it isn’t as if we have anything to hide anymore and 6 lucky ones got to fuck us; and I’ll bet that most of the rest of them were watching on the video cams.”

“Hmm, I guess that nothings a secret anymore Tanya.”

“If you do get a spanking machine and put it in our office, would you time the punishments so that a lot of the other people in the building watch us as they leave to go home?”

“Wow Tanya; I’m starting to think that you’d like that. What happened to you in China? Did something change you? Before you always gave the impression that you didn’t like to be exposed and only did what Ryan told you to do. Now you seem to be wanting to be naked in public, and to get your ass whipped in public by the sound of it. Does that mean that you’d take responsibility for every mistake that your staff make, and take all the punishments?”

“You always told me that a good manager is responsible for everything that their staff do Tim. Have you changed your mind?”

“Well no, but I mean, to get your naked ass whipped, and in public Tanya? That really is taking one for the team.”

“My responsibility boss.” I replied.

Two days later, 3 6x4 ID cards arrived and got passed around the office before they were given to us. Each has a full frontal photograph on it, along with one of our cum covered faces and one of our cum leaking pussies. Emily went all bright red when she saw hers and Grace smiled. I nearly orgasmed when I saw mine and Ryan jumped on me when he saw it.

Oh, I was right about what Ryan would say when I told him that I had to get fucked at work. He did ask if we’d got a camera in the stationery room and one wherever becomes our spanking place.

**My Admission to Ryan**

**--------------------------**

I’ve spent years denying that I am an exhibitionist and Ryan has spent those years persuading me to expose myself. I now really do thank Ryan for knowing me better than I knew myself and I now need to talk to Ryan to see if / how he can help me to expose myself even more. Even though Ryan will lose what must have been the excitement of almost forcing me to expose myself, I’m confident that he will continue to help me even though I have lost the reluctance that I stupidly had. I LOVE THAT MAN, and I must talk to him about it.

One night about a week after I got back from China, we were in bed having post orgasm talks, I got round to admitting that I was an exhibitionist. All Ryan could do was grin and say,

“Told you.”

I asked him if he would help me expose myself and if he’d miss having to persuade me to do things.

“Hell no, perhaps now we can get you doing a lot more risky things and I’ll be able to watch you and the almost forced voyeurs more.”

“How about we have another party? It’s the twins 16th birthday coming up soon, and it’ll be Halloween soon. We could use those as an excuse to make it a Halloween Full Face Mask party with all us girls being naked. You could invite all your work colleagues and I could invite some of mine. How about inviting Karen and Emma?”

“They’re lesbians.” Ryan interrupted.

“So what? They like fucking guys as well, and if / when the fucking starts no one will know who they’re fucking, especially if we all swap masks every 30 minutes or so.”

“All the guys will know if it’s you they are fucking Tanya.”

“How? I’ll be wearing a mask as well.”

“You’re a lot shorter than all the other girls TT and those gorgeous, tiny little tits are pretty unique; and your clit ring sort of gives it away. And what about your body jewellery?”

“Grace and Emily have for clit rings as well, but your right, I am a bit different to most girls. But hey, I’d want everyone who fucked me to know that it was me. That’s assuming that you wouldn’t mind other men fucking me.”

“Of course not, it’s your body and you can do what you want with it; besides, I’ve already fucked the twins lots of times and it’ll be good to fuck your new staff members. That Emily has a really nice body. I might even get to fuck Karen or Emma. I’ve know them all these years and never yet got inside their cunts. And it’ll be nice to watch you getting fucked.” Ryan replied.

“Karen’s and Emma’s pussies do look nice and inviting don’t they? They taste nice as well.” I said, jokingly trying to make him jealous that I’d already 69’d both of them.

We went to sleep with Ryan’s cock still inside me.

**Kegel Exercises**

**-------------------**

I’ve been doing these for years now, and I do believe that they work. My pussy always feels tight whenever anything (and everything) goes in to it and I can grip Ryan’s cock and even stop him shooting his load into me if I try hard. Anyway, about a week or so after I got back from China, I got home one night to find that a package had been delivered for me. I hadn’t ordered anything so I guessed that Ryan was responsible.

I opened it and was surprised to see something called a Kegel8 Pelvic Floor Toner, complete with something that looked like a gauge and what turned out to be 4 different vaginal probes.

Ryan and I had quite a bit of fun playing with it that evening, and a few times since. It’s really encouraged me to work my muscles, even at work when I’m just sat there.

I can’t use any of the probes at work because they and the cables to the power-pack would be seen so I use them when I have to wear a skirt and I hide the power-pack on a hook inside my skirt waistband.

I’ve worn it when we’ve gone to the supermarket and into town quite a few times. I usually end up with wet inner thighs, but that’s quite common for me, especially if I’m wearing a vibrator.

I’ve been practicing a lot and I think that I can now make myself cum just by working my muscles. It’s either that or the clit ring kicking-in.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist no longer in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 30 – Living with my Admission**

**------------------------------------------**

**Naked at Work 1**

**--------------------**

Work is going great. I’d never thought about it before but there are quite a lot of people working in our building and the number of them that use the stairs appears to be increasing on a daily basis.

Of course, I just love that and I quite often arrange things so that I’m walking about at busy pedestrian traffic times of the day. I’ve also discovered that it’s a great time to go and stand next to Grace or Emily and bend over to show them something.

After I got back from China the only body jewellery that I wore for the first few weeks was my nipple barbells; after my second monthly check up (again in front of all the other members of our branch), I decided that I’d put my clit hood barbell and stirrup back in and go back to having a little chain dangling from it. This got quite a few comments (good ones) from the guys at work and Tim suggested that I put the stirrups back on my nipple barbells, so the next morning I did.

About a week later, one of the guys asked me if his memory was right and that I also had little chains for my nipples, so I’ve started wearing them as well. I couldn’t remember if any of the guys had seen the chain that links my nipples to my clit hood. I hoped not because if I start wearing that at work I risk catching it on something and a sharp tug on that would be very painful.

Tim has started taking one us 3 girls into the stationery cupboard just about every day, and yes, he is fucking us. He prefers it doggy style. The first time that he called Emily to go there she was a little reluctant, but she had a big smile on her face when she came back.

At our third monthly meeting, and after each of us had had our medical check-up Tim announced that it is now current practice at the Nuwa HQ in China for girls who do not meet their monthly targets to get a spanking. If they miss their target 2 months in a row the spanking is administered in the public square.

When Tim said that, I got flash-backs to the public spanking that I got from that big Nuwa spanking machine. I also got a big wet rush and a strong tingling feeling in my pussy.

Tim went on to say that he was introducing a similar system for us although he was going to have to do all the spankings on company property. He got a bit of a laugh when he said that he would have liked to do the public ones outside the town hall but he didn’t believe that he’d get away with it. He said that he’d have to settle for administering them in our offices and that anyone was welcome to come and watch. The glass walls were the nearest that he could get to them being in public.

I got another wet rush when I thought about all the people going up and down the stairs and looking in and seeing me getting spanked.

**The Workwear Party**

**------------------------**

The party that I mentioned in the last part of my story happened just after that monthly meeting and on the Friday evening nearest to Halloween. Ryan invited quite a few of his work colleagues telling them that it was a Halloween-cum-Work Wear party and that everyone had to wear full face masks. Karen asked him if I was going to be naked and when he said that I was she said,

“Excellent, I’ll make sure that Emma is too.”

When I invited the twins I told them that it was their 16th Birthday-cum-Halloween party and that they just might get lucky. They arrived with identical Baby Spice face masks so there was no helping identifying who was who.

Grace was up for it but Emily wasn’t too sure. When I told her to get a full face mask she seemed a little happier knowing that her face would be covered. Even though she’s displayed her body to dozens of men at work and the gym, she still seems a bit shy at times. I’m not sure if she realised that her clit ring would let everyone know that she worked with me and I was sure that Ryan would have told all his colleagues about what was happening at my work.

Anyway, the party went well. Some of Ryan’s colleagues instantly knew that it was me wearing the Miley Cyrus mask and they guessed that it was Emma wearing the Ellen DeGeneres mask; but none of them recognised Emily (Britney Spears) and Grace (Emma Watson) (when they were stood with their legs closed); or Kate and Jude. I think that a couple of them realised that it was Karen’s friend Emma under the Lindsay Lohan mask because most of them had seen her naked before.

After the pleasant shock of partying with 7 naked girls, the guys soon settled down and it was a typical party until the alcohol started taking control of people’s brains. Somehow, the topic got round to our work situation, that the 3 of us worked naked and how we were going to get spanked if we didn’t meet our targets. I can always reply on Ryan to tell everyone about me being naked.

Ryan thought it was a good idea when one of the guys suggested that they have a trial run of the spankings. Of course that idea went down well with everyone except Emily. She’d had a bit to drink and it didn’t take long for everyone to persuade her that it would be good practice for her and that her next spanking at work wouldn’t be so bad.

Anyway, one of the guys said that he couldn’t tell who my 2 work colleagues were so he said that all the girls should get spanked. Kate and Jude were happy to go along with that and Karen volunteered Emma but refused to join in herself.

So, 5 minutes later there were 6 naked girls lying over the laps of 6 of the guys and 6 butts getting red. As none of the girls were really complaining, the guys took the opportunity to let their hands wander and I’m sure that all 6 pussies got finger fucked. I know that mine did, and I orgasmed when Ryan (not one of the 6 with a girl on their laps), bent over me and whispered,

“Treadmill.”

Of course, the couple of guys who hadn’t done any spanking wanted their turn so Grace, Emily and I had to have a second spanking; all 3 of us orgasmed that time as we again got finger fucked and our clits rubbed.

Meanwhile, one of the twins had gone into the garage and returned with the sybian. Needless to say that all the guys wanted to see all of the girls take their turn using it. After a bit of discussion amongst the guys, everyone agreed to a competition to see which girl would cum the quickest. Ryan got all girls to agree not to fake anything. He also announced that it was time to take the face masks off which pleased me because I was getting a little hot in there.

While I setup the sybian Ryan acted as a bookmaker and took bets on who would win.

I cheated a bit because just before it was my turn I went to our bedroom and turned my clit ring on and up to full blast. I lasted only a couple of minutes before screaming,

“Oh fuck; I’m cuuuuuuuuuuuming,” and my body jerked all over the place. All the other girls orgasmed in around the 5 or 6 minute mark. I guess that the spankings and the nudity had got them all aroused.

Next it was a competition to see who could stay on the sybian the longest with it turned up to full blast. That competition took quite a while as each of us was determined to win. Emma won in the end, but by that time most of the girls were giving blowjobs while the guys watched the girl on the sybian.

I don’t remember much after that but the next morning there were 5 naked girls and 5 nearly naked guys sprawled out in our lounge.

As people gradually came back to life they all wanted to have a replay the next weekend.

**Naked at Work 2**

**--------------------**

Our shoe allowance scheme is going well. I can easily see that I’ll have a good collection of expensive and very comfortable shoes quite soon. Emily has dated Dave a couple of times but she didn’t want to invite him to the party. She thought that he might get frightened off if anyone started talking about the gym and what she gets up to there. Oh, the 3 of us are still going to the gym every Monday evening and Emily is really starting to relax and enjoy herself.

Just before the next monthly meeting the Nuwa Corporation moved a whole load of their product into the end of our office and they sent someone to put it all on display. In the sex toys section were a whole load of vibrators including one of the clit rings that Emily, Grace and me wear. There were also 4 stainless steel eggs which were a bit of a surprise because there was only one of everything else. Unfortunately, all the packaging and instructions were in Chinese so we couldn’t work-out what was so special about them that they needed to display 4 of them.

One other thing that surprised us a bit was some sort of metal framework with a motor on it about 3 feet from the floor. I joked that it could be part of a spanking machine because there were some similarities to the one that I’d seen in China. Poor Emily looked horrified when I said that.

“You mean that I might get spanked by a machine?” Emily asked.

“If that is a spanking machine then yes, you will. Don’t worry; Tim might set it so that it doesn’t draw blood.” I replied.

“WHAT!” Poor Emily exclaimed.

“Relax Em,” I replied; “I’m only joking; I hope.”

At the next monthly meeting; and after our monthly medical check-ups by yet another doctor, Tim produced 3 of the stainless steel eggs and put them on the table in front of us. With them was a leaflet in English; it was headed ‘The Ultimate Girl’s Best Friend’.

Tim then told us 3 girls to perch on the edge of the big table, lean back and spread our legs wide. I was expecting him to push one of the eggs up each of our vaginas but no, he called out the names of our 3 youngest members of staff (one was a girl, Daisy) then told them to do the deed. All 3 of us had cum during our medical examinations and the eggs went in quite easily.

Then Tim surprised us all. He produced a control box then told everyone that he could switch the eggs on and off from it. When he switched them on I felt a little jolt then nothing. Tim continued talking saying the eggs had taken over a year in development and that they could now detect the wearers arousal level. Once it got to a certain level a motor would kick-in and raise the wearer’s arousal level to just below an orgasm then switch off. One of the guys interrupted Tim,

“So the clit ring can easily get the girl aroused then the egg will kick-in and torment her by taking her to the edge, over and over again?”

“Yes that’s right Aiden. Each egg has its own controller but this one controls the eggs and the clit rings; either individually or all together.”

“Wow Tim, you’re going to have a lot of fun with that.” Aiden replied.

“So are the girls.” Damen added; which got a few laughs, from me as well.

“Don’t worry girls, I’m not going to torture you all day every day; I need you to do a bit of work too.

“I can see that we’re going to be very tired by the end of the day.” I replied.

“And happy,” Damen added.”

“Two more things ladies;” Tim said, “Firstly, the egg’s batteries charge from the same mats that you sit on; and secondly, that metal frame thing in your office, is a portable spanking machine. If any of you don’t reach your targets for the next month, Mr Chang will attend the monthly meeting and he’ll be bringing the Paddle and the Cane that weren’t delivered with the rest of the machine.”

I could see Emily’s face and she looked a little shocked. Grace’s face was expressionless and I had smile on my face and a tingle in my pussy. I was sure that I was going to get spanked with lots of people watching again. I felt a little jolt from the egg inside me then a constant vibration with the occasional little electric shock.

“This is going to be fun.” I thought.

The rest of the staff were dismissed leaving just Tim and us 3 girls; then Tim said,

“What I’m going to do girls is to switch your clit rings on first thing each day then when I’m ready I’ll switch 2 of your rings off and the same 2 girls eggs on. The girl who doesn’t feel her egg burst into life knows that it’s her lucky day and she will go and remove her egg and meet me in the stationery cupboard. Bring your egg with you and I’ll put it back in before you leave.”

“Wow Tim, you’ve got it all planned out haven’t you?” I interjected.

“I think so.” Tim continued, “I’ll switch the eggs off at the end of the day. You can either take them out and leave them here, or take them home with you and have some fun with your boyfriends. It’s up to you.

If one of you is on holiday or taking Flextime, the stationery cupboard sessions will continue. Oh, and don’t think about pinching this controller will give you any relief; there’s an App version that I’ve got loaded on my phone. Anyone got any questions?”

“Will I be able to wear the eggs when I go to the gym or I go swimming?” Emily asked.

“Yes, they’re totally waterproof; but don’t go trying to squeeze it out and let it drop on the floor, we don’t know how shock-proof they are yet.”

There was another surprise for us when we got back to our desks. We quickly realised that each of our desks had had a camera screwed under the middle of it when we’d been in the meeting. From the way that they were pointing it was obvious that whoever was on the other end would be looking directly at our pussies. For a split second I was mad; then I got a little electric shock from my clit ring and thought about the cameras at the gym. Then I said to Grace and Emily,

“Nothing different to what we’ve got at the gym then. I’ll go and see Tim and find out what’s going on.”

I walked straight to Tim’s office and plonked myself down on a chair.

“What’s with these camera’s then Tim? You’re spying on us now are you?”

“Not just me, they’re webcams, and anyone, anywhere in the world can view the feed; if they’ve got the IP address, username and password.”

“So who’s got those details then?”

“Mr Nuwa, Mr Chang and me; that’s all – as far as I know.”

“And me too please Tim. I want access.”

“Okay, I can’t see that being a problem.” Tim replied and typed the detail into an email; then clicked on ‘send’.

“So what can you see right now Tim?”

Tim clicked on a few button then swivelled his monitor round. The program scrolled round each of the cameras, pausing for about 5 seconds on each one. Two were showing pussies, one with a finger working away. One was showing a desk chair and the glass wall behind my desk; the fourth was showing the other end of our office.

“That’s where the spanking machine is going to get setup I take it?”

“Yes Tanya, I thought that you’d want it where all the people passing by could see.”

Just then the egg started vibrating a little faster, I got a little electric shock and I thought that I was about to cum. But I didn’t; the egg suddenly went into standby mode.

“Did you just cum Tanya?” Tim asked.

“No, no, but nearly, if that’s what these eggs are going to do to us then I’m going to need some extra staff, and soon.”

Tim got his phone out of his pocket and tapped a few times.

“Yes, this is telling me that you just got to the edge then it switched off. Grace is getting close as well. Now I know which video feed belongs to each of you. Look, if I tap here we can see Grace’s busy hand.”

I did, and he was right.

“Wow, isn’t technology wonderful?” I said; and thinking that Ryan was going to love it. All I had to do was get the App for his phone.

That part was easy; Tim had left the .apk file to the Nuwa shared drive and I copied it to a memory stick before I went home. Ryan loved it and after he’d filled my pussy he installed it and entered the setup details. We could see the same 4 video feeds that I’d seen on Tim’s monitor except that Grace and Emily had gone home too.

It didn’t take long for the 3 of us, and Tim, to get into a routine. We’ve discovered that if we really concentrate on our work we can get quite a bit done, but all that it needs is some small thing to make us think about sex and the egg will detect it and start to torture us. Being naked all day makes it very difficult for that small thing not to happen.

I could say that the rest of that month was quiet but how can a workplace with 3 naked girls who wear eggs that torment them to a point where it could easily be called torture; and who get screwed by their boss on average once every 3 days; possibly be called normal?

Anyway, at the next monthly meeting I presented my department’s report and it wasn’t that good; none of us had met our targets. Mr Chang had arrived with yet another doctor carrying a long package; and the 3 of us immediately dropped to presentation position. He quickly motioned for us to get up and the meeting continued.

After all the usual business was complete it was time for our medical check-ups. All 3 of us were wearing our eggs, not having thought to take them out; and the doctor was a little surprised when his finger first probed my pussy. After a few words in Chinese to Mr Chang, Tim was charged with getting the eggs removed.

He told Grace and Emily to get up on the table as well then he got 2 male and 1 female members of staff to delve into our pussies and remove them. Emily must have been quite aroused because she orgasmed as the fingers groped her insides.

The medical continued but this doctor seemed to concentrate on how sensitive our clits are. He didn’t stop toying with our clits until each of us had cum 3 times; not that it took long.

After the doctor had finished Tim announced that we had failed to meet our targets and that, as described at the last monthly meeting, each of us was going to get spanked. While Tim was arranging for the spanking machine to be carried in and setup, Mr Chang spoke to me. After asking me how I was, he told me that he was pleased with how well things were going and how well we were adapting to the Nuwa Corporation way of working. He also asked me if we were going to have any problems with tha latest addition to that way of working.

I wasn’t sure if he was talking about the fuckings by Tim, the eggs, or the spankings. I wanted to tell him that we’d had a not so dry run of the spankings at a party, but instead I just said that each of us was prepared to comply with the regulations.

It hadn’t taken Tim long to get the machine ready, and to attach the 4 inch wide, very flexible plastic paddle. As the team manager I volunteered to be the first and, on Mr Chang’s command, I bent over the table and spread my legs.

It was Mr Chang that made the final adjustments to the machine, showing Tim how to go it, and he pressed the button for it to administer the first swat.

“Oooow!” I exclaimed as that first swat landed and pushed my pubic bone against the edge of the table. It wasn’t as painful as I remembered from that machine in China.

The first 5 or 6 swats hurt, but then my butt seemed to go a bit numb. By the time I’d received the 8th I could feel my stomach tingling and my pussy getting wetter. The 9th and 10th swats made me tingle more and I wished that my egg or clit ring had been switched on and wondered how many more swats I was going to get.

As it turned out, it was only the 10; and I was told to stand up.

Grace was next, and she grunted each time that the paddle landed. I wondered if my butt was as red as hers.

Emily wasn’t as tough, she almost screamed when the first swat landed and by the 4th or 5th I could hear her crying and begging for it to stop. Of course it didn’t, and when it came for her to stand up I could see her mascara running down her face. I really did want to hug and comfort her but I thought it best not to; I’d do that when we were in the ladies room.

I was expecting Tim or Mr Chang to say a few words then the meeting to end; but instead, Mr Chang told everyone that in China, team supervisors get a more severe punishment when all their team fails to reach their targets. As he said that my eyes opened wide; what was he talking about? How could he punish me more?

I soon found out when Tim told me to get back bent over the table. I could hear something going on behind me then I heard the machine start up.

Then I felt it. It hurt more than the previous swats; something was different.

More swats landed on my butt and it hurt like hell; but there was no way that I was going to cry. Instead I settled for deep grunts as each swat landed. Well, for about half of them.

Then the pain started going and the tingling started again. Then I realised that I was about to cum. When the next swat landed, a really strong orgasm hit me. My fingers spread wide, my feet lifted off the ground and my whole body started shaking. If I’d let my mouth say anything it would have been screams of ‘YES! YES! YES!”

I never felt the rest of the swats and when I started to recognise my surroundings again there was only Tim, Grace and Emily in the room; I’d missed the closing of the meeting.

“Are you okay Tanya?” I heard Tim ask. Then he repeated himself.

“Err yes, I think so.” I managed to reply.

Then Grace said,

“We’ll look after her Tim.”

I looked that the spanking machine and saw that the paddle had been replaced with a cane, well I call it a cane but it’s more like a fibre-glass rod. No wonder it hurt so much.

“Is my skin broken? Is there any blood?” I asked.

“No, just dark red lines.” Grace replied, “Your ass will look great again in a couple of days.”

“That thing really made you cum didn’t it? I don’t know if it would me.” Emily said.

“I’m sure that I can arrange for us to find out Emily.”

“Err no thank you. I’m going to work extra hard this month.”

“Can you walk to the ladies room Tanya?” Grace asked.

“Yeah, of course I can, I just need to take it slow so that I can get used to walking with my butt hurting.” I replied.

“Good,” Emily said, “then I’ll get you cleaned up and put some lotion on your butt.”

“Don’t rub it too much; you’ll make me cum again.”

Back in our office I slowly sat down then asked Grace and Emily what they’d thought about their spankings. Grace said that it had been quite nice and Emily said that it wasn’t as bad as she’d expected. Both admitted that they’d started to get turned on by it.

I told them that I didn’t want my butt to hurt that much very often even though the ‘distraction’ was great.

Emily asked if we should use the flexitime system to get lots of work done before the others, Tim in particular, arrived. I said that it was a good idea and that it meant that we could leave early and go to the gym more often. Both girls liked that idea. I also told them that I was going to talk to Tim about getting someone else to help us; maybe one of the young ones who isn’t a qualified accountant yet. Emily asked if it could be a girl because she didn’t want a man staring at her all the time.

“So you’d be happy with Daisy or Olivia then?” Grace asked Emily; “Olivia’s a lesbian and she might stare at your cute boobs and pussy all day; and she’s a bit fat. We don’t want a fatty in here.”

“A lesbian, I didn’t know.” Emily replied. “I don’t mind girls staring at me; they’re not intimidating like men are.”

“You like that Dave from the shoe shop staring at you when you’re dressed like you are now.” Grace said.

“That’s different, he’s cute.” Emily replied.

“Are we still going to the Darren’s gym tonight Tanya? I want to show my red bits to all those guys.” Grace asked.

“Of course,” I replied, “I want those guys to look at my red butt too. It’s a shame that I didn’t get my pussy thrashed.”

“You’ve had your pussy spanked?” Emily asked. “I bet that hurt.”

“Yes it did; you think that rubbing your clit is good, try getting it caned. Now that’s one hell of an experience.”

“I’m not sure that I want to try that.” Emily replied.

I did talk to Tim about getting another person in my team, explaining that I didn’t want my team to suffer the humiliation of being spanked in front of everyone again and that we had to make the targets more realistic. If they couldn’t change the targets then I told him that I needed an extra person, a junior who could do most of the simpler tasks.

Tim agreed that a female junior would be best. I’m not sure if he agreed from a professional or personal point of view. Maybe he just wanted another pussy to look at and fuck.

**Hypnotism**

**-------------**

One night when I met Ryan after work and we went for a drink and a meal before going home, the subject of hypnotism came up. Ryan started bragging about how he’d hypnotised me one time and got me to do a couple of crazy things in front of his mates. I didn’t want to upset him by telling him that it hadn’t worked and that I knew exactly what he’d got me to do, so I just played along with him.

Then Ryan said,

“Now that you’ve come out and admitted that you just love flashing that cute little cunt of yours, let’s try and think of ways that we can get you exposed in public.”

“But if I’m hypnotised I won’t remember being naked in public; that wouldn’t be any fun for me.”

“Hmm, good point…. What if I were to pretend to hypnotise you and you go along with it? Then I could tell you to strip off and do whatever we can think of?”

“Interesting,” I replied, “but we’d have to be careful what you told me to do, I don’t want to get arrested for flashing my little bits.”

“They might be little bits but they’re all girl.” Ryan replied as he reached over, slid a hand inside my coat and squeezed my right nipple.

“Here’s a question for you Ryan, would I be legally responsible if I were to walk down the high street total naked whilst hypnotised? I mean, I could say that I was fully clothed and that my boyfriend had just told me to go for a walk; and would the same apply if you sent me to rob a bank?”

“Good question, I don’t know, but it would be a good excuse. Maybe the cops would get so confused that they’d just tell you to go away. But anyway, if you were to walk down the street stark naked people would think that you were just a kid messing about. You’ve done that before and got away with it. Remember those holidays around the Mediterranean, and at my uncle’s holiday home. You were naked out in public for days and no one took any notice; you even got a ride on that cop’s quad bike back to the holiday site.”

“Yes but I wasn’t wearing any jewellery on those occasions and besides, those places were at the seaside where people expect to see girls wearing very little.”

“Yeah TT; for once I think that you could have more fun if you were taller and had bigger tits.”

“No thanks, I’m quite happy with my body as it is.”

“So am I.” Ryan said as he slid a finger up my wet slit (I was wearing just a coat and heels to work that day and hadn’t any other clothes to put on, and the front of the coat was open up to my pussy; and as I never cross my legs he had easy access to me). “I guess that we’ll just have to think of other ways for you to get some extra kicks. Maybe more orgasms in public; if you wear that new egg that you’ve got and we turn your clit ring up to full you should be up there and going over the edge all the time.”

“Yeah, that would be great but it would have to be for short periods at a time. I don’t want to be knackered all the time. I’d be falling asleep as soon as my head hits the pillow.”

“I could always fuck you while you sleep or I could invite the twins to stay at our place.”

“Don’t you do both of those anyway?”

“Well yes but….”

“Relax lover; I’m not complaining.”

“Good, I prefer fucking you when you’re responding anyway.”

“I’m pleased to hear that.” I said as Ryan slid a finger along my wet slit again.

“How about you spread your legs a bit more and bring yourself off right here and now?” Ryan said.

“Can I finish my steak first please?” I replied.

“Talking about the seaside,” Ryan continued, “I think that we should start thinking about our next holiday. I want to see you walking around naked in public all day again.”

“So do I, I miss the weather and the lack of clothes like when I was in China and Spain. Can we go somewhere where there are lots of men to see me naked all the time?” I replied.

“It might have to be Spain again because the Spanish are more liberated when it comes to female nudity.”

“Yeah, you’re right; there are lots of nice places around the Med. Oh, and I don’t want to go to a nudist resort. I don’t want there to be lots of naked girls around.”

“Yeah, okay, on a different subject, how about we go shopping this weekend?” Ryan asked. “We could get you some more skirts, ones that are so tight that they ride up when you walk, and ones that bounce up as you walk, and light weight ones that will blow up when it’s windy?”

“All so short that they only cover my butt and pussy when I’m just stood still you mean?” I added.

“Is there any other type?” Ryan replied. “And you could put on a bit of a show for me and anyone else who happens to be outside the changing rooms.”

“That’s if I go into the changing rooms to try them on,” I replied; “I might just strip off out in the middle of the shop.”

“Nice. Perhaps we should try to find a nice little women’s clothes shop that wouldn’t mind you getting naked in the middle of their shop. Perhaps you could offer to be a mannequin for them.”

“You mean a mannequin that hasn’t got any clothes on?”

“Of course; then I could come and stand in the street and just stare at you or maybe have the remote control for your clit ring or a vibrator and make you cum over and over again while you just stand there in the windows trying to keep still.”

“Yeah, you would torture me like that wouldn’t you?”

“Of course; and you’d love every second of it.”

“Yes I would.”

“On the subject of cumming whilst you’re being watched; I know that you cum when everyone is watching you have your medical exams at work; but have you thought about cumming in front of that new camera that’s under your desk?”

“Been there, done that.” I replied.

“Good girl, but have you practiced your kegel exercises for the camera? I’m sure that Tim, Chang and that Nuwa guy would love to see your pussy muscles at work. Maybe the sight would get them to cum in their pants.”

“Hmm; there’s a thought. I must remember that tomorrow.” I replied.

I did, and it’s become a regular thing for me to sit at my desk, legs spread and my pussy muscles contracting then relaxing. I can do it subconsciously now and Ryan tells me that it looks good on the webcam. I wonder what Tim and any of the management in China think.

“There’s another couple of things that I’d like to do but I’d need your help to arrange them for me.” I continued.

“Okay, if I can, I will; you know that TT.”

“Yes, that’s one of the reasons why I love you. The first thing that I want is to be tied down and be made to cum dozens of times by lots of men; and for them to keep going even if I pass out. You do know that a girl can orgasm when she’s unconscious don’t you? I want them to continue making me cum until I’ve cum 100 times.”

“Wow, what’s the second thing?”

“I want to be the only one naked in a very public place.”

“Right, okay, I might be able to fix something up at the Rugby club; a guys only night.”

“The same Rugby club where I got gang-banged?”

“Yes why?”

Can I be their little fairy on top of their Christmas tree again this year?”

“Maybe, and I’m sure that they’d be up for another gang-bang, do you think that some of the other girls will be interested?”

“I’m sure that the twins will want a repeat performance.”

“Okay, I’ll talk to the Mike and see if he can organise a men only night where you can be tied down and played with. After that we’ll see about another gang-bang.”

“Ow goody; I’ll enjoy it more than the last time; it’ll be different this time.”

“How?”

“Because last time I only did it because you wanted me to do it. This time it’ll be because I want to.”

“You’re not going to try to tell me that you didn’t enjoy it the last time are you?

“Fuck no, I loved it; but this time it will be different.”

“I’m not sure that I understand the logic in that but never mind. I’ll see what I can arrange.”

“How many players in a game of poker Ryan?”

“What! Err half a dozen or so, why?”

“I was thinking that you could invite half a dozen mates over; I could serve them with drinks and snacks, naked of course, and then you could start to lose and then bet my body on the last game. Of course you’d lose and then all the guys could gang-bang me on the dining room table or outside on that stainless steel table out in the back garden.”

“I like that idea and it would be easy to set up. What about the being naked in public part? You’ve done that before too.”

“Hmm, okay, stand up and take your coat off.”

“What? Here? Now?”

I looked round and reminded myself that the restaurant was quite busy. Then I stood up, unbuttoned the 2 buttons fastening my coat and shrugged it off my shoulder. I was naked in a restaurant.

A man on a nearby table said,

“Nice!”

Another,

“Cute!”

And one of a table of 4 young women,

“Try it again when you’ve got some proper tits.”

I laughed to myself as I thought,

“I certainly wouldn’t call those melons proper tits.”

Then I sat back down, on my coat.

“There,” Ryan said, “that’s number 2 taken care of.”

“No, no, that, this isn’t what I meant; I meant a really public place with hundreds of people there.”

“Like a football stadium.”

“Yes, that’s the sort of thing that I mean; like Janet Jackson at the Super Bowl but fully naked and not just a quick flash of one of my tits.”

“Hmm; that room full of car salesmen in that hotel in London or at that Star Trek convention wasn’t good enough for you?”

“Well yes it was, it was great but again, I was only doing that because you wanted me to do it.”

“I didn’t even know about either of those exhibitions of yours until after you’d done them so how could I have asked you to do them?”

“But you would have asked me to do them if you’d known, wouldn’t you?”

“Well yes, but the point is that you did them without me asking, regardless of what I may have asked you.”

“Well yes but…”

“Okay sexy little lady, put that coat back on and we’ll go home.”

We never did find an answer about people doing things when they are hypnotised, but there was one time a couple of weeks later when I met Ryan in the pub with a few of his work mates and he pretended to hypnotise me then got me to hike my tiny skirt up and sit on one of the guys cocks. The poor guy didn’t last long and I was soon feeling his cum squirt deep inside me while I just sat there talking to the other guys.

When Ryan realised that his mate had just cum inside me he asked if anyone else wanted me to sit on their lap. Three more of them shot their load inside me before we left. Unfortunately, with them being static fucks I didn’t cum but Ryan turned on my clit ring when we got on the bus, and as we rode home I came twice and left a big puddle of the guys cum on the seat.

Another time when we again met some of his workmates in another pub, Ryan again pretended to hypnotise me and as the pub had a pool room Ryan told me to hop on it and let the guys try to shoot a ball right into my pussy. Of course they couldn’t but any guy who got the ball to hit me square on the pussy got to push it inside me then fish it out. Three of the guys made me cum as their fingers delved about inside me.

Of course, on both occasions when Ryan clicked his fingers I pretended to know nothing about what had just happened.

We’re going to play this game a lot more times.

**Darren’s gym**

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As you’ve gathered from the above, I’m still going to the gym, at least twice each week. One day, shortly after I got back from China, I realised that the sign outside the door had changed. It now reads: -

**Darren’s Gym**

**The place where Exercise is Fun**

“Ain’t that the truth;” I thought.

One time when I was there on my own I saw that old salesman again; the one who hadn’t realised what the girls don’t wear at that gym. He was relaxing on one of the sun loungers and wearing only a towel. When he said hello I went and sat on the sun lounger opposite him; with my legs spread wide of course.

After about 5 minutes the man’s knees went up and I could see everything that he’s got. As we kept talking I stared at his balls and hard-on.

I couldn’t help myself, (didn’t want to), my right hand slowly moved to my pussy and started rubbing. We both stopped talking as my climax got close and then arrived. After I’d calmed down the man thanked me then then said that he hoped to see me again. Then he got up and left. I assumed (hoped) that he meant that he hoped to see my pussy again.

Darren hasn’t added any more equipment but membership has increased; both men and girls. There are now quite a few girls that I don’t know.

Every time that I go there now I make sure that I do the splits down onto the dildo that sticks up from the floor, and I spend some time on the machine where you stand on your toes with a metal dildo inside you. When your feet relax and you heels go down you activate a switch and your pussy get an electric shock. I want to train myself to be able to take a lot bigger electric shock and for a longer period of time.

I’ve managed to get Grace to have a go on that machine but Emily is proving to be a challenge. The twins love that machine and I’ve had to wait for them a couple of times.

The other thing that both Emily and Grace are now enjoying is the ‘Vaginal Kung Fu’ challenge. Emily can carry 5 Kg hanging from her marble egg whereas Grace can only manage 3 Kg. I can easily manage 7 Kg which I put down to my kegel exercises. I’ve explained all about them to Grace and Emily and the both say that they’re going to do them.

Kieran’s still there, (why would he want to leave), and he’s still running the obstacle courses and the wresting. I’ve entered the obstacle course competition once since I’ve been back from China and I’m going to enter a wrestling match. I’m waiting for the biggest audience that I think will be there so that I can either cum (hopefully) when the man spanks me if I loose, or grind my pussy into his face until I cum if I win (he lets me). Either way I’ll enjoy the man hands all over me.

Kieran has also incorporated a ‘Vaginal Kung Fu’ (see part 27 of this story) section into the course. He’s given all us girls a handicap based on a trial run that he makes us do before the actual obstacle course. He takes all competitors to the workout room and starts us with the 10 Kg weight and then goes down 1 Kg at a time until we can’t carry the weigh the length of the bench. He then adds 1 Kg to get the weight that we have to carry on the obstacle course. To make it even more ‘interesting’ the distance that we have to carry the weight on the obstacle course is 4 times the length of the bench in the workout room.

Just after I first took Grace and Emily to Darren’s gym, Darren took on a receptionist’ she’s called Poppy. Darren advertised the job not mentioning that just about all girls there were naked. I’m also assuming that there was no way that a boy or a fat girl was ever going to get the job.

Apparently, Poppy was a little surprised when she saw some naked girls when Darren showed her around the place but she was desperate for a job and accepted Darren’s offer that included nudity as optional.

Darren’s told me that for the first week Poppy worked wearing a polo shirt and sweat pants, and she used the gym in her free time wearing those; but after watching the other girls have so much fun she decided to join in the fun.

She now sits at the front desk, often next to Darren, totally naked. Apparently the postman appreciates the new receptionist.

**Naked at Work 3**

**--------------------**

Tim gave me approval to offer a job to Daisy and when I made the offer to her in Tim’s office she was shocked. Even though she’d seen us 3 for months, watched our medical examinations and even played a small part in them she never imagined that she’d ever be one of us one day.

The poor girl was shocked and just didn’t know what to say. Well that’s not quite true, she kept saying that she couldn’t do it, that she’d be too embarrassed and that her parents would never approve; but she never actually said ‘no thank you’.

That fact, the look on her face and the fact that she kept squeezing her legs together made me think that maybe she did want the job but was too shy to say so.

“Tanya, what exactly would I be doing in this job?” Daisy finally asked.

“The same as what you’re doing now but just for the Nuwa Corporation.”

“What about my accountancy exams?”

“You can still take them Daisy.”

“And what about the medical examinations that you 3 have, they look so embarrassing and humiliating.”

“They are, but they’re fun and rewarding.”

“They don’t look it.”

“Girls shouldn’t always let men know what they’re thinking Daisy. Could you discuss this with your parents or perhaps a sister or brother?” I asked.

“Good grief no;” I just couldn’t.

“What about a friend, a boyfriend perhaps?”

“No, no. My boyfriend is always asking me to leave my underwear at home but I couldn’t; it’s just not right.”

“Why not Daisy?”

“Well my mum always used to say that good girls always wear underwear and that they never let anyone see it.”

“That’s a 19th century religious belief; did you know that women didn’t start wearing underwear until the end of the 18th century?”

“No, I didn’t know that.” Daisy replied.

“Yes, it’s true, google it. My mother was, is, like your mother, brainwashed by celibate priests who believed that if they couldn’t enjoy themselves then why should others; she also had me wearing industrial strength knickers and bras and look at me now.”

Daisy giggled a bit.

“You’re a big girl now Daisy, you need to make your own decisions and do what you want to do. If that means upsetting family and friends then that’s their problem not yours. We only have one short life so you need to enjoy it how YOU want to.”

“Tell you what, don’t give me your answer yet, think about it over the weekend and on Monday, and come to the gym that I know with us on Monday evening. Then give me your decision on Tuesday.”

“I’ve never been to a gym before, well, except for the school gym.”

“This gym is nothing like a school gym; well except for some of the equipment.”

“If I took the job I’d have to move out of my parent’s house. I just couldn’t live there anymore. They’d kill me if they found out.

“Don’t worry about that Daisy, a girl your age shouldn’t really be living with their parents. You need some independence. I’ll help you find somewhere to live.”

“Okay, thank you Tanya.”

When I was updating Ryan in bed on the Saturday morning he said that he wanted to see Daisy without her clothes on and that he hoped that she’d take the job. When I told him that she’d have to leave home he said,

“Well, I suppose that she could come and live with us until she found somewhere.” Ryan said.

For a split second I felt jealous, that he wanted a younger model. Then I remembered the twins and came to my senses. Ryan may look at and fuck other girls, and I may do the same with other guys, but Ryan and I are destined to be together forever.

I cornered Daisy late on the Monday morning,

“How are you Daisy?” I asked, “I’m guessing that you’ve done a fair bit of thinking about my offer; have you talked about it with anyone?”

“I tried to talk to my boyfriend about it but he went mad. He finished with me saying that he couldn’t go out with a girl who didn’t wear any clothes at work.”

“Well I’m sorry to hear that Daisy. Didn’t you say that he wanted you to go out without underwear?”

“Yes I did.”

“Bit of a dual standard wasn’t it? I guess that he was jealous that someone else would be looking at your body. Unfortunately there are lots of stupid men like that. Some even want their girlfriends to flash the flesh right up to them getting married; then they get upset when their wives wear a bikini. Why should any man think that he has the right to tell a girl what to wear? I think that you’re better off without him.”

“Maybe your right Tanya.”

“Stick up for your rights Daisy. Come to the gym with us tonight and we’ll empower you, let you see that you can control men and take charge of your body and life.”

“Wow; that sounds amazing. I’ve brought my school gym kit with me today, will that be okay?”

“Not really, but don’t worry, you’ll have to fill in a form when we get there but after that just do what we do and I can guarantee that you’ll enjoy yourself. Then we’ll talk again tomorrow morning.”

After work, the 4 of us went to the pub, had a couple of drinks then went to the gym. I’d asked Grace and Emily not to say anything about the gym before we arrived so it was a bit of a shock for Daisy to see the topless Poppy sat at the desk as soon as we went in. She was even more surprised when Poppy went to the cupboard to get a black tube and an egg for her and she saw that Poppy wasn’t just topless.

“So how does membership here cost?”

“Well,” Poppy replied, “assuming that you’ll be wearing the same as us 3 then nothing.”

“She will.” I said.

As we walked to the changing room Daisy asked me where she’d get some clothes from.

“You’ve already got the right suit.” Grace replied. Daisy looked confused.

Emily, Grace and I quickly got naked (it doesn’t take long to take off a coat and shoes) and we all watched Daisy undress.

“You’ll have to get rid of that.” Grace said, pointing to Daisy’s landing strip. Come on, we’ll take care of it for you.”

Grace and Emily pulled Daisy to the sinks, lifted her up onto the worktop, spread her legs and opened one of the new individually packed razors that Darren provides and started getting rid of the hair.

Poor Daisy just didn’t know what to say or do. She started to say,

“What? Why? …”

But she never really got the chance to finish what she was trying to say; the landing strip was gone. When she finally put a sentence together it was,

“So where do we get some clothes from and what’s this tube and lump of rock for?”

“Well Daisy, we’ll show you what the tube and egg are for later, but as for clothes, at this gym girls wear only their birthday suits.” I said. “Now come on, time for a workout.”

With that Grace and Emily each took one of Daisy’s hands and the 3 of them followed me out of the changing room.

“What are you doing?” Daisy asked; “this is crazy.”

“Yes it is.” I replied; “and you’re going to love it.”

When we walked into the workout room Daisy just stood there, obviously very shocked. Her hands were covering her bald pussy and tits.

Grace and Emily went and started some exercising while Daisy looked round the room. Two girls were on leg spreader machines, both with guys stood staring at them. One guy was on his back on a bench lifting weights with a girl spotting him with her legs either side of his face. One girl was doing the splits down onto the dildo. Another was trying to carry a weight hanging from the egg in her vagina; with a guy sat on the end of the bench watching her. And another was riding one of the exercise cycles with the seat set too high; and obviously in the middle of an orgasm.

That’s not including Grace, Emily and another girl who were on the mats stretching and doing yoga poses with their legs spread.

“Fucking hell Tanya, what is this place? Some sort of knocking shop?” Daisy said; then,

“And why is there porno films showing on those TV screens? And is that a swimming pool on the other side of that window? I can’t be in here.”

Daisy turned to leave so I grabbed her hand and led her out and to the relaxation room by the sauna, where it was quiet. I sat her down then said,

“Daisy, I’ve told you about your, our mothers having being brainwashed and then them trying to brainwash us. They didn’t want their daughters to enjoy themselves because they didn’t. This is the 21st century and girls are entitled to have some fun. With the help of my boyfriend I’m now having fun, lots of it; and there’s no reason why you shouldn’t as well. Do Grace and Emily look like they’re enjoying themselves; and those other girls in there, did they look happy? And I bet that most of their mothers would be horrified if they saw them.

The way I see it is that most girls have great bodies for about 25 years, providing that they look after them, until bits start sagging and the weight starts pouring on; so we’ve got to make the most of those years. We’ve got to have fun, cum thousands of times and control men as much as we can. We can get what we want out of life if we just use what we’ve got to get it; while we can.”

“Bloody hell Tanya; are you a member of some women’s lib organisation or something?”

“Hell no, most of them are idiots. I just want some fun and I’m having fun. Look at the way those men were drooling in front of those girls with their legs spread wide. I bet that if those girls asked those men for a thousand pounds they’d have given them it. Daisy, forget what your mother tried to brainwash you with and have some fun; use your body to have some fun. You’ll soon realise how much fun you can have.”

“Oh, and forget that prat of an ex-boyfriend; he’s the idiot, not you; you can do a lot better than that girl.”

“Wow Tanya; that was some speech, how long did you practise it?”

“I didn’t Daisy, I’ve never even thought about it until just now. The point is, you have a beautiful body and there’s nothing wrong with using it to have some fun, while you still can. There’s millions of old, fat women who now wish that they’d had more fun when they were younger; I don’t want you to turn into one of them.”

“You’re very convincing Tanya but its’ so embarrassing being naked with men looking at me, and I’d die if they saw my pussy.”

“No you won’t Grace; just do what other girls around you are doing and you’ll soon get used to it, and I bet that you’ll soon find that your pussy is tingling and wet. Just come back with me and try it. Okay, keep your legs closed to start with but just try and relax. Tell you what, you stay with me and try to relax and I’ll bet you £10 that you have at least 1 orgasm before you leave tonight.”

“Okay, I’ll take your money.” Daisy replied.

“And when you do cum you’ll tell me that you’ll take the job. Okay?”

Daisy though for a second then said,

“Okay, you’re on.” Daisy replied. “I just can’t imagine me having an orgasm tonight.”

“Yeah, right, new member of the team secured.” I thought then stood up and grabbed Daisy’s hand.

“Let’s go.” I said then led her back to the workout room.

“Just do as much of what I do as you want Daisy; okay?”

“Okay.”

I led Daisy to the exercise cycles, raised the seats on 2 of them then told Daisy to get on one.

“The seat’s too high Tanya.” Daisy said as we started pedalling. “I’ve got to slide from side to side.”

“No it isn’t, just pedal; trust me.” I replied.

A couple of minutes later Daisy said,

“This is nice.”

“Yes it is.” I replied, my pussy having started to get very wet and my arousal factor rising.

About 5 minutes later I was getting close and Daisy said,

“I’ve got to stop. It’s getting too much for me.”

“No, no; keep going Daisy.”

“I can’t, I’m going to cuuuuuuuuuuuum.”

And Daisy had her first orgasm closely followed by me. As we climbed off the cycles I said,

“I guess that you’ve got something to tell me Daisy.”

“Maybeee. I have to admit it; that was nice.”

“And you were watched by those men.”

Daisy turned and looked to where I was looking.

“Oh my gosh!” I didn’t see them.

“Did you see yourself on those big flat screens?” I replied and looked up.

“Oh shit!” Daisy said as she realised that the picture on the big screen was another girl’s pussy as she cycled another bike. “Is there a camera on the bike that I was on?”

“There’s one on just about every machine in here, and all over the rest of the place; even in the changing rooms.” I said.

“So when Grace and Emily were shaving me I was on one of those screens?”

“Probably; see, you’ve been flashing your pussy to all those men and the world hasn’t ended.”

“Oh my g……”

“How about we go and get those lumps of rock as you called them, stick them up our pussies and let’s see how strong your pussy muscles are Daisy.”

“Oh, err, I don’t want to do that, I’m err, err, a virgin.”

“Now it’s my turn to be surprised Daisy; I wasn’t expecting that. Okay, not a problem. We’ll just avoid anything going inside you tonight, but we’ll have to discuss that later. How about stretching your legs – sideways?”

“You mean on one of those?” Daisy said pointing to the leg spreaders. “I can’t, that’s too much, maybe next time.”

“So there’s going to be a next time is there?”

I asked, but Daisy didn’t answer so I continued,

“Have you ever been in a sauna Daisy?”

“No.”

I grabbed Daisy’s hand and led her down the corridor.

“It’s hot in there Daisy, very hot; don’t be frightened to admit that you can’t take any more. When you come out you can take a cool shower and just relax on one of the sun loungers.”

When I opened the door and went in I saw 2 familiar faces up in the 2 back corners. Bothe Kate and Jude said ‘Hi’ and kept rubbing their pussies. There were also 2 men in there, one looking at each pussy.

“Hi Kate, Jude (I got their names right because I could see Kate’s mole), this is Daisy, a friend from work.”

One male head turned and looked at Daisy and me, then back to the pussy. I told Daisy to go and sit on the bench below Kate and I sat on the bench below Jude and spread my legs. Daisy sat with her legs together.

After a minute or so Jude said,

“It’s okay to jill-off Daisy, all the girls do it in here.”

“That’s my sister;” Kate said, “always straight to the point.”

“Or clit.” I replied.

One of the men stood up, tent in shorts, and left.

Daisy’s right hand went to her pussy and her legs opened enough for her hand to get in.

“Go for it Daisy,” Jude said, “you’ve got to cum in here, it’s compulsory.”

That was enough for the second man and he too stood and left, leaving just us 4 girls.

“So,” Kate said, “I guess that this is your first time here Daisy; what do you think?”

“Gobsmacked is about the best word that I can use.” Daisy replied.

“Yeah, it is amazing isn’t iiiiiiiiiiit.” Jude added as she started to cum.

“Concentrate on that cute little pussy of yours Daisy.” I said as I started to get close.

Kate was next to cum and the 3 of us watched Daisy as she slowly built up to an orgasm.

“Gotta get out of here; so hot.” Daisy said as she started to come down from her high.

She got to her feet, wobbled a bit, put her hand out to the wall and pushed on the door. I jumped up and put my arm round her and led her to the shower. After a cooling shower we went and sat on the sun loungers any lay back on the raised end. Me with my knees up and feet spread; Daisy, knees up and feet together. I wondered if she realised how much she was still showing.

“So Daisy, what do you really think of this place?”

“It’s err…… amazing; I never even thought about there being a place like this, never mind one actually existing, and being in this city. You girls are so, so open, so free, so unashamed about your bodies.”

“Yeah; Daisy, this is the 21st century; women do what they want and have fun. They tease men and the men love it. All this crap about being a good little girl, keeping everything covered-up and not having sex until your married is crazy. Have fun wherever and whenever you can; and you’ve got to do something about that virginity of yours; it’s stopping you from having fun.”

“Tanya, if I take the job will I have to have sex with Tim? We all know that you, Grace and Emily do.”

“Yes Daisy, letting Tim fuck you is part of the job description; so is letting him eat you, giving him blowjobs and getting spanked. If that frightens you I’m sure that my boyfriend will happily break you in gently if you want. He’ll be here later and you can decide then.”

It was only as I was saying that last bit that I realised that I was lining-up a virgin’s cherry for Ryan.

“Well, the money sounds good, and the shoes; and I’m starting to realise that there’s more to life that being ‘a good girl’ as my mother describes it. Perhaps I should take the plunge. You 3 and the other girls here certainly seem to be having fun. But I’ve still got the problem of my mother; living with my parents sort of restricts me a bit; a lot actually.”

It was then that a man walked through the room and looked down at our bodies. My right hand’s fingers were playing with my clit, and when I looked at Daisy’s knees I saw that they’d drifted apart and that her right hand was on her pussy.

“Daisy; that offer of a room for as long as you want still stands. I’m 100% sure that Ryan won’t mind. You can ask him when he gets here if you like. We’ll even come and collect you in the car so that you can bring anything that you want.”

The door opened and this time 2 men walked in. I don’t know if they’d planned to sit on the sun loungers opposite us, but they both looked down as us then sat opposite us. I saw Daisy’s hand press on her pussy so I whispered,

“Relax Daisy.”

And she did, before long I could see her fingers moving; and her feet had slid apart. She was putting on a show for the men.

“Good for you girl; you’re learning.”

I thought as my right hand worked a little harder. It didn’t take me long to cum but Daisy wasn’t there yet.

The door to the pool opened and Kate and Jude walked in, waved and went back into the sauna. The 2 men got up and followed them; I heard one of them say,

“Those twins always put on a good show.”

I smiled and thought,

“Yeah, I can believe that.”

I looked at Daisy and saw that her hand was still.

“Spoilt it for you did they? Never mind, I’m sure that there’ll be more opportunities later. Fancy a swim?”

Daisy nodded and we got up and did just that.

After a few lengths I stopped where I knew one of the windows to the workout room was and was treading water when Daisy swam over to me. She was doing the same as we talked for a minute then Daisy said,

“Is the workout room the other side of this wall?”

When I said that it was she ducked down and looked at the wall below the water level. When she surfaces she said,

“You stopped here on purpose didn’t you?”

“Yep; got to let the guys see what they can’t have.”

Daisy smiled and shook her head sideways; but she didn’t move away.

“It’s nice swimming without any clothes on isn’t it Tanya?”

“Yeah, so natural; and the water ruching passed you pussy feels goo doesn’t it?”

We got out of the pool and lay on 2 of the sun loungers that have the feet end at the edge of the pool. This time both of us lay with our knees flat, mine open nearly to the edge of the lounger; but Daisy’s were only open about half way.

We were the only people in the pool area so I suggested to Daisy that she finished what she’d started in the sauna room. She raised her head, looked around then started rubbing her pussy. I did too, smiling at the thought that Daisy didn’t realise that she was on camera.

About 5 minutes later a male head emerged from the water at Daisy’s feet. I saw that it was Ryan and I put my finger to my mouth telling him to be quiet. Daisy hadn’t heard or seen him (concentrating on what she was doing), and she kept going until she let out a deep moan then her body shook.

As she calmed down she opened her eyes and saw Ryan. Her legs quickly closed, almost squashing her hand. I looked at her now red face then down to Ryan; and winked.

“See Daisy; that was fun wasn’t it?” I said.

Daisy’s face went a shade redder but she didn’t say anything. Ryan pulled himself out of the pool and sat on the side of my sun lounger and put a hand on my bare hip as Daisy’s eyes opened wide, obviously wondering what was going on.

“Daisy,” I said, “this is my boyfriend Ryan; Ryan, Daisy; possibly my new recruit.”

Ryan put out his right hand to shake Daisy’s but her right hand stayed firmly over her pussy.

“No point in covering that beautiful pussy Daisy,” Ryan said, “I’ve just watched you make yourself cum, the most beautiful thing a woman can do for a man without actually touching.”

Daisy thought for a couple of seconds then slowly mover her right hand from her pussy, to Ryan’s still outstretched hand.

“Pleased to meet you Daisy; I look forward to seeing more of you.”

I laughed then said,

“Not much more of her to see is there?”

Daisy smiled and blushed – again.

“TT, have you looked at Daisy’s pussy, it’s like that of a 10 year old. It makes her look as young as yours makes you look.”

Daisy’s face went a deeper shade of red.

“Ryan,” I said, ignoring his comment about Daisy’s pussy, but having a look at it; he was right. “Daisy might be joining my team. If she does she’s going to have to move out of her parent’s house. I told her that she can have our spare room until she can find a place of her own. That is okay with you isn’t it?”

“Absolutely.” Ryan replied then turned to Daisy and continued. “Just so long as she observes the house rules about women and clothes.”

“And what may that be?” Daisy asked.

“That we don’t wear any.” I replied.

“Oh;” Daisy said, “I’m not sure about that.”

“Daisy,” Ryan said, “after I’ve just watched you orgasm, and the fact that you’ll be spending all day naked at work; will that really be a problem?”

Daisy laughed and shook her head sideways.

“Right, just let me know when and I’ll help you move.” Ryan said. “Okay, are you ready to leave yet?”

“Is it that time already,” I said, “give us 10 minutes. Have you seen Grace and Emily?”

“Yes, they were shining up ropes in the school gym when I looked in earlier. They’re in the showers now, look.” Ryan said, pointing up to one of the big screens.

“There’s a camera in the showers?” Daisy asked.

“The only place that I haven’t seen one is in the toilets.” I replied.

Fifteen minutes later, Ryan was driving Grace, Emily and Daisy home. No one asked Daisy what she was going to say at my meeting with her in the morning.

**The Rugby Club**

**-------------------**

Ryan was good to his word, the Friday evening 2 weeks after we’d talked about it, Ryan told me to get a shower then go with him.

I walked out to the car still naked and we drove off. When we pulled into the car park at the Rugby club there was only one other car there. We got out and walked in to see Mike sorting out a few things behind the bar.

“Oh good, she hasn’t chickened-out then Ryan.” Mike said when he saw us. “I’ve found some nice cotton rope and a little pillow. All we’ve got to do is put a couple of table together then cover you up.”

“Cover me up?” I asked; “what’s that all about?”

“I thought that it would be more of a surprise for the lads if you have a big sheet over you then when everyone’s here I can whip the sheet off and let them lose on you.” Mike replied.

“They’ll be able to tell that it’s a woman by the shape.” Ryan said. “Or a blow-up doll.”

“Thought of that mate; I’ll put a few beer crates under the sheet and they won’t have a clue. Is that okay with you Ryan?”

“What about me?”

“Oh sorry Tanya, of course, only if you’re happy.”

“Yes Mike, leave me with a drink and a straw and I’ll be happy. The anticipation will get me all worked-up.”

“So Ryan, give me a hand to join a couple of tables then up you get Tanya.”

They did, then Ryan went back to the car to get my box of toys, Mike went to get the rope and I went to the toilet. I didn’t want to need a pee for a few hours. Both Ryan and Mike were waiting when I got back and climbed on the tables and spread my legs.

“Ready?” Mike asked; “last chance to change your mind.”

I shook my head sideways then they got busy. Mike and Ryan tied my wrists and ankles to the corners of the tables, beer crates, my drink and straw appeared then the sheet covered me. It was a bit like being in a tent.

Everything was quiet for a while then I started to hear male voices. Males that I hoped would be abusing my body quite soon. I felt my pussy get wet.

My arousal rose as I heard more and more voices.

Then I heard Mike say,

“Right gentlemen, I think that we’re all here now; Pete, can you lock the door please. Okay, some of you may have been wondering what’s under that sheet, well it’s a naked woman.”

The anticipation was amazing, my heart was pounding, my pussy was tingling, a lot, and it was flooding. Then I heard cheers then Mike continued,

“She’s tied down and you are not to fuck her or stuff your tiny little dicks into any of her holes. What you can, and must do, is to make her cum with your fingers, your tongues, or one of the toys that are in a box under the sheet. None of you can go home until each of you has made her cum. That bit is important so make sure that each of you makes her cum at least once.

Another couple of things before I take the sheet off and let you look at her. Firstly, that thing on her clit is a clitoris ring, not a clit hood ring that some of you may have seen before. This clit ring gives her random vibrations and random little electric shocks. It won’t kill you if it goes off when you’ve got your finger or tongue on it. Don’t try to take it off.

Secondly, for the ignorant little morons amongst you, a woman can have an orgasm while she’s asleep or unconscious, so if she looks like she’s passed out just keep going. And no hurting her. Okay lads?”

There was more cheering but I managed to hear footsteps getting nearer, then the sheet was suddenly whisked off me. I quickly looked round and saw about 25 guys, all with smiles on their faces. Then Mike and Ryan started moving the beer crates and what was left of my drink away as some of the guys moved over to get a better look at my body.

It didn’t take long for a few hands to start exploring my body. As my clit got touched for the first time I orgasmed, the anticipation and all those men touching me was just too much.

Some of the hands backed-off and I heard a voice say,

“That was too quick, it doesn’t count. I’m doing it again.”

And he did, and so did more of them. My pussy was really getting hammered, and so were my little tits; and the count started rising quickly. I was glad that I’d taken all my jewellery off because I’m sure that my nipps and clit hood would have been stretched until they got damaged.

The orgasms kept coming and I hoped that Ryan was counting; I wasn’t capable.

The faces that I could see changed, some of them looked quite young and I guessed that they were the newer members of the team. I wondered if they’d seen me on top of the Christmas tree. I wondered if some of the younger ones had actually seen a naked woman before.

I seemed to go through phases of being more, or less sensitive. Maybe it was me or maybe it was more experienced guys working on me.

Tongues started caressing my nipples and pussy and I went to another level. It could easily be called heaven.

As I went over the top again I suddenly felt all dizzy then nothing. The next thing I became aware of was a nipple hurting and a tongue probing inside my vagina. Then I came again.

The orgasms got more intense and at times I realised that my body was shaking and rising up off the table. Well, from my shoulders down to my ankles.

The sweat was pouring off me.

On and on it went and I’m sure that I passed out at least one more time.

Finally, I was aware of a lack of hands or tongues on me. I opened my eyes and saw no one. I was too knackered to even lift my head up to look round the room.

Then I heard Ryan’s voice,

“Oh hi TT; back in the land of the living? I’ll get you a drink. You did good girl.”

After Ryan held my head and held the glass of water to my mouth I closed my eyes again and just felt movement at my ankles before going to sleep.

When I woke up I was in the home team’s shower, lying on the floor, shower on, with one of the younger team members slowly soaping me all over. Looking round I saw Ryan and Mike watching. Ryan said,

“Duncan here won the raffle to lean you up.”

I closed my eyes and went back to sleep.

When I woke up again I was at home, in bed with daylight coming through the window.

Doing a mental examination of my body I discovered that the only parts of me that were sore were the parts that I expected. I lifted the quilt and saw my red, swollen nipples. Touching one I decided not to do that again for a while.

I moved my hand to my pussy, spreading my legs as I did so. Then I moaned as my fingers touched my swollen vulva and clitoris.

“Not going to touch that again for a while as well.” I decided.

Ryan appeared and said,

“Good morning record breaker. How are you?”

“Sore.”

“I’ll get you a drink then we’ll decide what the plan for today is.”

Ryan lifted my head and I drank the whole glass of water. Then I went back to sleep.

That afternoon I managed to get out of bed and slowly went to find Ryan. He was sat on tha sofa with a naked Kate on one side and a naked Jude on the other.

“Hi Tanya;” Kate, or was it Jude, said, “So you had 26 orgasms last night did you; I want a go at that.”

“Hey.” I replied; “26 was it, I lost count. Move over, I need to sit down; and can someone get me some breakfast please?”

Ryan jumped up and disappeared into the kitchen. I flopped down and rested against one of the twins. The other twin said,

“I wonder if you should have had someone from the Guinness book of records there?”

“Naw,” I replied, “that can’t have been a world record.”

From the kitchen I heard,

“No it wasn’t, some woman in California managed 134 in one hour.”

“Fucking hell;” I said; “the poor woman. Did it kill her?”

“Don’t know; and that was in one hour.”

“I feel inadequate.” I said.

“Hey,” Ryan said from the kitchen, “you’re anything but inadequate TT. I guess that it all depends on what you count as an orgasm. You count everything that hits you once you’re up there as one orgasm whereas some girls count each pelvic contraction or each jolt as an orgasm. You can easily have 5 or 6 contractions or jolts each time that you’re up there so maybe we should multiple your 26 orgasms by 5 or 6.”

“I wonder how many I can have in an hour?” One of the twins said; “and what makes you such an expert on female orgasms Ryan?”

“Years of giving them and a gorgeous girlfriend who loves having them.”

“I bet that I can have more than you.” The other twin said.

“I guess that we’ll have to do a proper, timed competition sometime.” I said just as Ryan brought me a cold bacon butty and glass of mango juice.

**Naked at Work 4 - Decision time for Daisy**

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Half way through the Tuesday morning I asked Tim for the use of his office then called Daisy in.

“So Daisy, what do you think? Are you in?”

“Well, I want to say ‘yes’ but there’s a few things that are putting me off.”

“And what are those, maybe we can address those for you. What’s the first challenge?

”Well, last night at the gym ended-up as fun, but to get naked at work in front of all those people that I’ve known and worked with for about a year now will be so embarrassing and humiliating.”

“Okay, I can see that; but that embarrassment will only last for a few minutes, a ‘one-off’ hit just like you had last night. There’s only one guy out there who won’t look at you without either jealousy or lust, and that’s gay boy Joe; and even he will admire you for the way you look after your body. You’re a beautiful young lady with absolutely nothing to be ashamed of. Won’t those couple of minutes be worth it for the shoes and the extra money?”

“I guess that you’re right, it’s just the initial moment.”

“We’ll be stood next to you Daisy. It’ll be over in seconds. Okay, what’s next?”

“My virginity; I’m coming round to think that keeping it until I get married is a stupid idea. I think that I might not technically be a virgin anyway. I drew blood one time when I was experimenting with a marker pen. And I don’t really fancy doing it for the first time in a stationery cupboard.”

“Hmm, yes, I can understand that last bit. As far as I’m concerned, if you haven’t had a penis in your vagina then you are still a virgin. I’m sure that I can talk Tim into leaving you alone until you’ve found the right man to fuck you for the first time. Okay, what else is there?”

“My parents; they’ll be horrified when they find out. I just couldn’t keep it from them; they’d find out if I live at home.”

“You need to get a place of your own Daisy. Come and live with Ryan and me until you can find a place. It will be harder for them to find out if you’re not living there, and even if, or when they find out, if they can’t accept you making your own decision then that’s their problem, not yours.”

“Yeah you’re right. I am fed-up with mother always telling me what good girls can and can’t do. Are you sure that I can have one of your rooms? I’ll pay you.”

“Maybe you could earn your keep by doing the cooking or washing; but let’s not worry about that at the moment? What else is there? ”

“What about those monthly medical exams, will I have to have those?”

“Of course, but they’re no worse than your average gyno exam. You have had one of those haven’t you?”

“Yes, but there was only the doctor and me there that time. Yours are in front of all the people that you work with; and the doctor makes you cum.”

“Daisy, I’m sure that you’ll soon come to think that having an orgasm in front of all those people is the best part of the day.”

“Maybe, but what about those spankings?”

“If you don’t meet your targets you will get spanked.”

“Will I have to have one of those clit rings fitted?”

“Probably, I’ll have to check with Tim but it doesn’t hurt when it gets fitted and they give you a lot of pleasure.”

“When would I start and when would I have to get naked?”

“Well, I’d have to talk to Tim to see when you could be made available but I can’t see that taking long, maybe a day or so, maximum of a week I would say.”

“I guess that it’s crunch time Tanya, I’m still not sure; what would you do?”

“I can’t make a decision for you Daisy; it has to be what you want.”

“Well, after last night I was sure that I was going to say ‘yes’, but thinking about what we’ve talked about today I’m not so sure. I don’t know if I could cope with all the embarrassment.”

“Daisy, embarrassment is short lived. You were embarrassed when you first got naked at the gym, but soon passed didn’t it?”

“Not totally, but yes, it wasn’t half as bad when we left.”

“Even when Ryan saw you masturbating?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I can guarantee that your first day being naked will be just like your evening at the gym. By the time you leave to go home you won’t be hiding and you’ll be walking up to the men and standing there letting them look you up and down and thinking. ‘Yes, it’s a nice body isn’t it? I bet that you’d like to get your hands on it, but you can’t; not unless I want you to, so just drool sucker.’”

There was a full minute’s silence then Daisy said,

“Okay, I’m in. Do I strip now or what?”

“Err no Daisy, I guess that you’re a bit nervous, that’s understandable, as I said earlier it will take a few days to get things organised so until then you just go about your work as if nothing has changed. I’ll let you know when you start. Do you want to take me up on that offer of a room?”

“Oh, yes please, I’ll give my parents the good news, about moving out that is, tonight. Can I arrange things for the move this weekend?”

“Yes, sure, just let me know and Ryan and I will come round with the car to collect your things.”

Daisy and I hugged then she went back to work. I spoke to Tim and he started the ball rolling.

**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist no longer in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

*Before you read this part I strongly suggest that you read the earlier parts. They will give you the background that will make this part a lot more enjoyable.*

**Part 31 – Enjoying my new found liberation**

**---------------------------------------------------**

**Naked at Work**

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Work just gets better and better. Where else can a girl flaunt her naked body, get fucked and have countless orgasms; and get well paid for it as well?

Daisy was my next work challenge; she’d just agreed to join my team but there were a few obstacles to overcome before she transferred into my team. When I told Tim of her decision he’d agreed to delay her start until she was ready. I told Tim that she wanted to do the job and everything that goes with it but she was shy and nervous and wanted to take things one step at a time. I didn’t tell Tim that she was still a cock virgin.

Once I told Daisy that she would soon be a member of my team she said,

“OMG; I’ve done it, it’s going to happen, I’m going to be naked at work. Shit, I’m so nervous.”

I asked Tim for the use of his office and got Daisy a coffee.

“Right Daisy;” I said, “what’s the first thing that we have to organise?”

“I guess that it’s somewhere to live. As I’ve said, I just can’t still live with my parents. They just couldn’t cope with what is going to be my new lifestyle.”

“Have you told them that you are thinking of getting a place of your own?”

“Yes, they agreed that someone my age shouldn’t really be living with their parents.”

“So you can go home tonight and tell them that you’re moving out tomorrow evening?”

“Yes, I can’t see any reason why not.”

“Right then, write your address on a bit of paper, pack your stuff tonight and Ryan and I will be there at 7 pm tomorrow.”

“Thank you Tanya, I’ll pay you the going rate for a room.”

“No you won’t, I’d rather that you save your money towards a flat or a house of your own. You can earn your keep by doing housework. Now what’s the next challenge?”

I don’t want to lose my virginity to Tim in the stationery cupboard.”

“Yes, I can understand that and I can tell you that it will not happen. Trust me, it will not happen.”

“Thank you Tanya.”

I don’t know if Daisy thought that she’d remain a cock virgin or what. I has planning on Ryan taking that from her.

“Next challenge?”

“I guess that the only other thing is the initial embarrassment of getting naked in front of the people that I’ve worked with for so long; and those medical examinations.”

Daisy shivered as she said that last bit so I re-assured her saying that we’d take it slow and that Grace, Emily or I would be with her all the time for the first few weeks.

“Can I come to the gym with you again? That err ‘experience’ certainly helped.”

“Yes it did, by the end of the night you looked like you were enjoying yourself.”

“I was.”

“There you go then, this place will be just the same. Maybe we should force you to get naked in front of everyone here.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that.”

“Don’t worry Daisy, I can guarantee that in a couple of weeks you’ll want to rush to work each morning, get naked and walk all around the guys out there.”

“I hope so.”

“You will; now, anything else?”

“No, I guess not.”

“Right Daisy; back to work, relax and think of the future good time; and the money. I’ll let you know when anything changes.”

As Daisy left the room she said,

“I can’t believe that I’m doing this.”

Later that day I spoke to Tim and asked if the announcement about Daisy could happen at the next monthly meeting which was in 2 weeks.

“Will she be ready by then?” Tim asked.

“No, it will be a case of jumping in at the deep end. She’ll be mortified at the time but an hour later she’ll wonder what on earth she was worried about. ” I replied.

Tim smiled, probably realising what I was planning.

The following evening Ryan and I arrived at Daisy’s parent house and were introduced to them. I was wearing a coat so they couldn’t tell that I was naked underneath. I couldn’t help but compare them to my own parents that I haven’t now seen for quite a few years. We loaded Daisy’s cases into the car and set off.

“So Daisy, how does it feel to be escaping after all these years?” Ryan asked.

“Good and bad; I’m going to miss them but I think that I’m ready for my new life.”

“You’re bound to miss them, but you can go back and visit them you know. You don’t have to throw away all your clothes, only the ones that you’ll never wear again.”

“Like knickers and bras you mean Ryan.” Daisy replied.

“Yes, you won’t need those any more. Your breasts are young and a nice small size so you’ll never have to support them, and your pussy is beautiful so it would be a crime to hide it.”

“Stop it Ryan,” I said, “you’re making the poor girl blush.”

“No it’s okay Tanya,” Daisy replied, “I guess that I’ve got to get used to comments like that.”

“They weren’t comments, they were compliments Daisy.” Ryan said, “Has Tanya told you about our house rule?”

“No, what’s that?”

“That all females have to be naked at all times.”

“Shit, is there any grace period for new residents?”

“Nope, not even visitors, well, if their skin needs ironing they are exempt. Hey, it isn’t as if I haven’t seen your body before is it?”

“I guess not.”

“And you are going to keep going to the gym with Tanya aren’t you?”

“Yes she is,” I said, “that is one of the compulsory parts.”

We soon got home and got out of the car. Each of us carried one of the small cases into the house, me putting mine down as soon as I got through the door, and took my coat off.

Daisy put her case down and just stood there.

“I guess this is it, time to get naked.” Daisy said.

“Yep,” Ryan said, “come on, get ‘em off girl.” Ryan said.

Daisy just looked at us for a couple of seconds then slowly started taking her clothes off.

“No need to be embarrassed Daisy;” Ryan said, “we’ve both seen you naked before.”

Daisy continued but stopped when she got down to her bra and knickers; both of which could never be called ‘sexy’.

After a moments pause the bra came off and Daisy put her hands over her bare tits. I’m sure that Ryan was about to say something, but Daisy rubbed her nipples, then pulled them both before putting her hands into the top of her knickers and pushing them down.

“That wasn’t too bad was it Daisy?” Ryan asked.

“I guess not.” Daisy replied.

“Right, I’ll take these cases upstairs whilst you go and get the last case.”

“What! Go outside like this?”

“Yep!” Ryan said as he climbed the stairs.

“It’s okay Daisy” I said, “do you want me to come with you?”

“No, I’ve got to get used to it. I’m sure that I’ll be okay, after all, it’s dark out there.”

Literally seconds later, Daisy was back with the last case and I locked the car door using the remote.

Upstairs in Daisy’s room, I kicked Ryan out and Daisy and I sorted through her clothes. About 30 minutes later I was carrying a bin bag containing all Daisy’s underwear and all her trousers and shorts, downstairs.

“Charity shop?” Ryan asked.

I nodded, then got all of us a drink. Putting them on the coffee table I asked Ryan to select a movie for us all to watch.

Five minutes later, Daisy came downstairs and sat the other side of Ryan who responded by putting his other arm round Daisy’s shoulder.

“You 2 are going to have to feed my drink to me.” Ryan said.

“Maybe we’ll let you die of thirst.” I replied as I pressed ‘play’ on the remote control.

About half way through the movie, Ryan pressed the pause button then went upstairs. When he came back down he too was naked.

Sitting in between us girls again, Ryan looked at Daisy, saw her surprised look, and said,

“Get used to it girl, you’re going to get a lot of that thing.”

“Hey, stop calling you penis ‘that thing’;” I said, “it’s beautiful isn’t it Daisy?”

“Err, yes, I guess it is.”

“You can touch it whenever you like Daisy.” Ryan said, “TT won’t mind.”

Daisy looked at me and I nodded.

“Everything is shared in this house Daisy.” I said.

“Everything!” Ryan replied.

Daisy hesitated a little then slowly moved her hand to Ryan’s flaccid cock. At first she just touched it with her index finger then she slowly wrapped her hand round it. As it started to respond, Ryan pressed the ‘play’ button on the remote and the movie resumed.

For a good 5 minutes, Daisy just held Ryan’s hard cock then I noticed that she was looking at me. Guessing that she was looking for my approval, I smiled at her then nodded my head.

Ryan was obviously watching both of us because as soon as Daisy’s hand started going up and down he pulled both of us closed to him. My hand slowly moved over to Ryan’s balls and the movie was soon forgotten and both us girls gave Ryan a hand job.

I could see that Ryan wasn’t too far from cumming so I stopped playing with his balls and said,

“Daisy, stop doing that and climb on top of him. Fuck him please.”

I was expecting / hoping that she’d kneel either side of his legs, facing him, and lower herself down on to him but instead, she got up then sat back on to him with her back to him and waggled her butt over his cock until it slid in to her. She moaned and lowered herself until she bottomed-out on him.

No sooner than she was down she started shaking and said,

“Oh fuck, I’m cuuuuummmmingggggggggggg.”

Meanwhile, Ryan’s hands had found her tits and were massaging her tits and nipples. About a minute later, Daisy got her composure back and she turned to look at me and said,

“Sorry Tanya, I just couldn’t help myself; I hope that you don’t mind?”

“Daisy,” I replied, “I’ve told you, we share everything in this house. You can fuck Ryan whenever you like.”

Daisy smiled, but didn’t lift herself off Ryan’s cock; and Ryan said,

“Come on ladies, we’re missing the movie.”

I slapped Ryan’s leg then slid my hand back up to his balls. His cock had softened a little but soon got hard again as I played with those 2 wonderful balls. As I did so my hand deliberately wandered up to Daisy’s still spread pussy and I gently rubbed my fingers all around Ryan’s cock where it went inside her hole. I kept going to Daisy’s clit and rubbing that just to keep her aroused and Ryan hard.

After about 15 minutes of that, Daisy’s chest started rising and lowering a lot more, pushing Ryan’s hands up and down as he kept playing with her tits, and her breathing got a lot heavier.

Then she orgasmed again.

“Oh fuck!” Daisy said, and I felt Ryan’s cock jerk as he too came.

As she came down from her high Daisy said,

“Sorry Tanya.”

“If you don’t stop saying sorry,” Ryan said, “I’ll have to spank your bare bottom Daisy.”

“That’s a good idea Ryan,” I replied, “Daisy needs some spanking experience ready for when that machine spanks her at work.”

“Don’t remind me Tanya, that thought really scares me.”

“Daisy,” I said, “I’ve told you, nothing that happens to you at work will be bad; okay. It may hurt a bit a first but you WILL enjoy it, I promise you.”

“Tanya has some of her best orgasms when she’s being spanked, don’t you?” Ryan said.

“That and when I ride my sybian and when you fuck me lover.” I replied.

“What’s a sybian?” Daisy asked.

“You’ve never heard of a sybian Daisy?” Ryan asked.

“No, what is it?”

“I’ll show you, I’ve got one in the garage.” I said.

“Not tonight ladies, if you get started on that you’ll be late to bed, very late; leave it until tomorrow will you? I need to get some sleep. If you lift that pussy of yours off me I’ll go to the bathroom, then to bed.”

“Okay, I’ll join you. It’s a bit small for 3 of in there at once but you’re welcome to join us Daisy.”

“No, it’s okay, I’ll let you 2 get done first.”

We did, then Daisy went there. By the time Daisy was done Ryan and I were in bed, but as she came out Ryan shouted,

“Daisy, you can join us in here if you like.”

“Oh, err, if you don’t mind I’ll sleep on my own tonight, I’ve had a bit of a hectic day and evening and I could do with a good nights sleep.”

“Sure, no problem.” I said, “If you change your mind just push Ryan over to me and climb in.”

I woke-up, on my side, to Ryan thrusting in and out of my pussy from behind, and at first I was a little surprised to find an extra hand on my hip. As I became more awake I realised that it was Daisy that had joined us sometime in the night. I put my hand on top of hers and squeezed it as Ryan brought me to my first orgasm of the day.

“That was nice.” I said when I was able. Then continued, “come on, we don’t want to be late for work.”

“Yes, I need to get showered then dressed.” Daisy said.

“No Daisy, you’re going to work wearing just your shoes and coat.”

“Does that mean that I’m starting working for you today Tanya?”

“No, put your clothes in a bag and you can get dressed at work. We’re going to take it slow to start with; Naked here, naked at the gym and travelling to and from work in just a coat. I’ll let you know when I think that you’re ready to change desks and loose the clothes.”

“Hmm, okay, I like the idea of taking it slow; being naked in front of all those guys at work will be hard for me.”

“Not as much as it will be for the guys that you work with.” Ryan added, “they’ll be hard all the time as soon as they see that body of yours.”

“Stop it Ryan;” I said, “you’ll make her blush.”

Just before we left I heard Daisy shout,

“Tanya, where are all my underwear, I forgot that I’d need some to go to work.”

“No you won’t Daisy,” Ryan said, “let those guys see your nipples trying to burst through your blouse.”

“Well; okay then, I guess that it’s a good start.”

“This feels weird Tanya.” Daisy said as we sat down on the bus.

“That feeling will soon go Daisy, and you’ll soon be looking for chances to tease these strangers by flashing lots of skin to them.”

“Maybe.” Daisy replied.

The rest of the week was quite uneventful unless I tell you that Daisy abandoned her bed and ours got a little crowded. Also, I introduced Daisy to my sybian and, unsurprisingly, she loves it.

On the Saturday morning, just as we were having breakfast, the front door opened and the twins walked in. By the time they got to the kitchen, both girls were naked.

“Hi Tanya, Ryan, We’ve just come round to play in your garage. Oh hi Daisy, I didn’t know you were coming round as well. Shall we have a little competition?”

“Kate, Jude; Daisy is going to be living with us for a while until she can find a place of her own.” I announced.

“Okay,” Kate, or was it Jude answered; “welcome to the sexy mad house.”

“Hey you 2, this is NOT a mad house.” Ryan added.

“So you 2 have come here just to play on the sybian?” Daisy asked.

“That and the bike; and maybe that thing between Ryan’s legs.” Kate, or was it Jude, replied.

“Tell you what ladies,” Ryan announced, “Tanya and I have to go to the supermarket but when we get back how about we all go to the gym. I know how much you exhibitionists want to show-off your fit bodies and I hear that Darren has got those 2 exercise cycles with the dildos back from repair. You ladies really were hammering them.”

“Just like I’m going to hammer the one in your garage.” One of the twins replied.

“Hey Daisy, do you want to come with us?” I asked. “It’ll be good for you wandering around the supermarket in just a coat. You can unfasten some of the buttons and see how many men you can flash. No, I’ve got a better idea, we can just put a short dress on, we’ll only be outside for a couple of minutes, we won’t get too cold.”

“Are you sure Tanya, it looks cold out there.”

“Yes, we’ll be fine, come on.”

I dragged Daisy upstairs and picked out a dress for her. It’s a short one that buttons right down the front. Just after I’d got one of my short dresses on I picked-up a pair of scissors and bend down in front of Daisy.

“What are you doing Tanya?” Daisy asked.

“Just levelling the playing field.”

“What?”

“My dress is open up to my pussy so I’m making yours the same.”

“Oh, okay, I guess.”

“Tomorrow, the 3 of us are going shopping to get you some new dresses Daisy, all those in your wardrobe are way too long.” I said.

“Well, I suppose that I could do with some new clothes, and now that I don’t have to please my mother I guess that I can get some short ones; but not too short now that I haven’t got any knickers to wear.”

“The only dress or skirt that is too short Daisy, is one that doesn’t go below your neck.” Ryan said.

“I wish that that were true.” I added.

Ryan dropped us outside the front door of the supermarket and we rushed in with Daisy saying,

“Shit, that’s a cold breeze between my legs.”

“Nice isn’t it?” I replied.

We got a trolley and started shopping. I deliberately got Daisy to get the things from the bottom and top shelves hoping that someone would see her butt and pussy as her dress rode up. I saw 2 men looking at her and I hoped that there were others.

Not wanting to miss out on the fun, I got Daisy to pass everything to me and I bent over the handle to put them in the trolley. With a bit of luck someone was behind me each time that I did it and they got a good look.

Back at home we unloaded the car then dragged the twins off the machines in the garage and went to the gym.

As always, Darren was happy to see us and he warmly greeted us as the naked Poppy checked us in. We had the usual great time and each of us came at least 4 times. Daisy is now more relaxed and getting to enjoy the exposure as much as the other girls. She even ‘spotted’ a guy who was bench lifting and put her pussy right over his face. She now does the standing splits almost as good as I do now and she’s looking at the men that are staring at her gaping pussy as she does them.

The next couple of week went quickly with Daisy settling in at our house and getting used to travelling to and from work wearing only shoes and a coat. On the Friday morning I called Grace and Emily to go with me to the conference room. It was the monthly review meeting again.

As we all marched in I winked at Daisy. She had no idea what was about to happen.

The meeting went just the same as the previous ones with Grace, Emily and me having our medical examinations by yet another doctor that Mr Chang had brought with him, and only me getting spanked by the machine because Grace and Emily had met their targets. What no one knew was that I had being doing some of their work so that they’d meet their targets and I wouldn’t.

Just as everyone was expecting the meeting to wrap-up, Tim announced that Daisy was joining my team. I looked over to her, her head was down and she looked like she was trembling.

“Daisy, would you come over here please?” Tim said.

As she slowly walked over, Tim continued,

“Tanya, Emily, Grace, would you stand up and come over here as well please?”

Then he continued,

“Daisy, I know that you are very nervous and apprehensive about being naked for the first time, and that it’s usually best to just jump in at the deep end so we are going to help you do just that. Guys, would some of you like to remove Daisy’s clothes for her?”

There was nearly a stampede as about 8 of the guys stepped forwards and nearly knocked me over.

I knew that this was the best way for her to get over the embarrassment of being seen naked by her colleagues for the first time, but right at that moment I felt a little sorry for her.

A couple of the guys commented on her lack of underwear, and then again about her bald pubes. All the time Tim, Mr Chang and the doctor were just watching Daisy get stripped.

“Up on the table.” Tim said when Daisy was naked.

The guys lifted her up then lay her spread eagled on the table. Daisy just lay there and didn’t move as the guys backed away; all of them staring between her legs.

“Doctor,” Mr Chang said, “If you would please.”

The doctor stepped forward and gave Daisy a good check-up, although he did linger on her B cup tits for longer than I expected. The internal exam took a long time as well; and he made her cum twice as she lay there.

I think that all her inhibitions had disappeared when she was getting her tits examined because she never once started to close her legs.

The next thing that the doctor did surprised me a little because none of the previous doctors had probed up our butts; and Daisy looked as though she was about to cum again when his finger went in.

It didn’t last long, and Daisy lay there, still spread wide, as the doctor changed his latex gloves then opened his bag. I saw Daisy’s face cringe a little as the doctor produced a hypodermic needle and she closed her eyes as he injected the anaesthetic into her clit.

As it took effect, everyone watched as he got a clit ring out of a little box, and with the help of a pair of tweezers, he pulled on her clit and let the ring slide down the tweezers and onto her clit. Still pulling the tweezers with one hand, he used the other to push the ring down as far as it would go.

Releasing the tweezers, the doctor said,

“All done, you may like to try it to make sure that it works whilst she’s still numb. I don’t want to have to give her another injection if it doesn’t work.”

Mr Chang took the control out of the box and worked the buttons. Then he said,

“Tim, can you put your hand on it please; Daisy isn’t responding to anything. I’m hoping that it’s just the anaesthetic; I don’t want her to have no feelings there for the rest of the day.”

Tim put his hand on Daisy’s clit while Mr Chang played with the controls again.

After a couple of seconds Tim pulled his hand away quickly and said,

“Ouch; I don’t know how you girls stand that; and in such a sensitive part as well.”

“We don’t have a lot of choice do we Tim? But it is nice.” I said.

Daisy just lay there as Tim dismissed the meeting and as the last of our colleagues, Mr Chang and Tim left, one of the Mr Shifters that I’d seen before came in and said,

“All done, the new desk is in place and everything is connected up.”

As he was saying that I looked at his eyes and saw that they were staring at Daisy’s still spread pussy. I let him look for a few seconds, wishing that it was me up there on the table; then I thanked him, twice. It took the second one to wake him from his trance then he turned and left.

Turning to Daisy I said,

“Well Daisy, I decided as soon as you accepted the job that I’d have to throw you in at the deep end; you’re still alive and you don’t look embarrassed any more, especially as your legs are still spread wide, so I guess that you are now a fully fledged member of the team. How does it feel?”

“Not quite Tanya,” Grace said, “she hasn’t been fucked by Tim yet.”

“Oh don’t worry about that Grace, I’m sure that she’ll take that in her stride.”

“In her pussy you mean.” Grace replied.

“Yes Grace, thank you for that. I’m sure that she’ll be just fine. What say you Daisy?” I said.

“Daisy!” I repeated.

“Oh yes, bring it on. Can you ask him to fuck me this afternoon please?”

“There you go ladies; she’s as keen as you are to get Tim’s cock inside you.” I said, “Daisy, you can shut your legs now and let’s get back to work. You may not have heard, but we’ve got a desk for you in the goldfish bowl. I’ll come with you to your old desk to get your belongings.”

As we walked into the main office Daisy got a few compliments and congratulations from the guys. I was expecting her to be a little shy and embarrassed but she walked in head held high and nipples rock hard.

As we collected her belongings she turned and looked at the guys and said,

“Okay guys, who’s got my clothes, come on, give them to me.”

As her blouse and skirt appeared one of the guys said,

“Where’s your knickers Daisy, can I have them?”

“I haven’t won any knickers for days now, and you didn’t even notice; and didn’t you notice that I wasn’t wearing any when you guys stripped me?”

“We noticed your nipples Daisy but you didn’t flash your knickers to us like Tanya flashed her bald pussy.” Another of the guys said.

“I wasn’t quick enough to get to you when Tim asked for volunteers to strip you.” The guy who’d asked for her knickers said.

“Well,” Daisy replied, “I guess that you’re going to see a lot more of me from now on guys.”

“YES WE ARE.”

As we walked out and into Daisy’s new office I said,

“You handled that well Daisy, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m great. I think that your ‘in at the deep end’ method has killed-off all my inhibitions. Thank you Tanya, you’re looking at a new, liberated Daisy.”

“I like liberated girls Daisy.” I replied.

Just then Tim walked in with a camera in his hand.

“Daisy,” he said, “I heed to take some photographs of you for your ID card.”

After she’d posed for him he left, telling her that her card should be ready in a couple of days.

As Daisy started putting her things in and on her desk she suddenly said,

“Oh, no modesty board.”

Looking around she then said,

“None of the desks have one, I didn’t notice that before; and are those cameras screwed under the desks?”

“Yes they are, just ignore them for now, I’ll explain everything later.”

“Okay.”

Tim and Mr Chang went out for lunch and after Mr Chang had left I went to see Tim and asked him if he could fuck Daisy before the day was out. I told him that I wanted her to become a fully fledged member before she left to go home.

“Didn’t you say that she’s moved in with you and Ryan?” Tim asked.

“Yes, it’s only temporary until she can find a place of her own.”

“So she isn’t a virgin any more.”

“Tim, are you suggesting that I’d let my boyfriend fuck a member of my staff? Yes, of course Ryan has fucked her; and I’ve tasted her as well. Satisfied? …… You men.”

“Does she taste nice Tanya, I might sample that later.”

“Yes Tim, she does.”

“Okay, let me get her camera, egg and her clit ring sorted out then I’ll switch the egg off when I’m ready.”

“So who’s got her egg?” I asked.

“Oh, yes, here it is, can you get her to insert it right away. I’ll sort that out first so that she’ll have a bit of time to get used to it before I switch it off.”

“Thanks Tim.”

I left and went back to my office and told Daisy to get up on her desk.

“Spread ’em girl, I’ve got another present for you.” I said, then gently pushed the egg into her.”

I then explained how the eggs and clit rings have 2 controls, one that I gave her, and another ‘master’ control that Tim can control from his PC or smart phone. I also pointed to the camera and told her who could be looking up her legs (well not everyone, I left out Ryan and whoever he’s given the App to). Then I explained what it means when your egg stops vibrating.

“So Tim will be fucking me this afternoon.”

“Probably, are you looking forward to it?”

“Well both Grace and Emily say that he’s good, so yes, I am. Oh, when do we go to the shoe shop? You 3 have some real nice shoes.”

Tim did fuck her in the middle of the afternoon, and while she was in the stationery cupboard Grace said,

“I hope that we’re not getting anyone else in the team, I’ve just gone down from getting fucked by Tim every third day to every fourth day.”

“Bloody hell Grace, if you’re that desperate come home with me and I’ll ask Ryan to fuck you.”

“Maybe you just need to get yourself some new toys or one of those sybian things or another type of fucking machine.” Emily added.

“Tanya, please can you ask Mr Chang if the Nuwa Corporation make any fucking machines, and if they do can do we get a staff discount on them?” Grace asked.

Daisy came back from the stationery cupboard with a big smile on her face and she said,

“I wish that I’d said that I wanted to start my new job just as soon as you offered it to me Tanya.”

Daisy sat at her desk and shortly after that she squealed a little as her egg burst into life.

At the end of the day Daisy put her clothes into her bag and said,

“I guess that I won’t be needing to bring these to work any more.”

“Yes,” I replied, “you’ve got to stick to the Nuwa Corporation dress code from now on.”

“What dress code?” Daisy asked.

“Birthday suits only whilst at work.”

“Oh that one; I guess that I’ll be saving on the clothes buying then.”

“And the shoe buying.”

“Do I have to get my nipples and clit hood pierced Tanya?”

“No you don’t have to, it’s entirely up to you Daisy.”

“Maybe later, I’m still getting used to working and being at your house in my birthday suit. I don’t want to start covering even tiny bits of it yet.”

**Ryan’s formal works Christmas dinner**

**---------------------------------------------**

Yes, Christmas was coming and we were going to his works Christmas bash. It was a very formal one with a few of Ryan’s bosses there from their head office. Ryan was up for a potential promotion and he really wanted to impress all of his bosses. I offered to go naked and to fuck all of them, but Ryan said not. What he said was that he wanted me to dress to impress, have some deliberate, accidental wardrobe malfunctions, and to tell them that I was Ryan’s one and only lover. He wanted me to give them the impression that I was ‘off-limits’ to them, but at the same time tease them with flashes of forbidden flesh.

That left me with the challenge of finding a dress that was, and wasn’t, very revealing.

We spent most of one day going round the shops looking for the right dress and enjoying a bit of flashing fun as we did so. I finally found the dress that I was looking for on the internet.

A couple of days later I got home to find a package had come through the letterbox. Not believing that a package that small could contain a dress I slowly opened it. When I saw something black I thought,

“The idiots have sent me a pair of black stockings by mistake.”

As I unfolded the material I realised that maybe it was a dress. The fabric was so thin that you could almost see through it even before I put it on, and it was like a long scarf; so thin. Puling it sideways I saw that it was stretchy and decided that ‘yes, it really was a dress.’

I decided to wait until Ryan got home to try it on and went to the kitchen to help Daisy start the meal.

When Ryan saw the dress on the table he said,

“Wow TT this is going to be interesting; is that really a dress?”

After we’d cleaned-up Ryan held up the dress waiting for me to try it on.

“You’d better take out all your jewellery first TT; we don’t want anything for it to snag on.”

After we’d eaten I did remove all my jewellery, but, of course, not my clit ring. It would take some anaesthetic or a lot of pain to remove that.

I gently spread the garment at the waist, stepped into it and slowly pulled it up my legs. As I was doing so, it became obvious that there were 2 thickness’ of material there; the top was thinner and consists of 2 very deep triangles going up from the waist. I twisted the dress round so that the triangles were at the front. I then pulled the triangle up over my breasts and Ryan fastened the strings behind my neck. The triangles of the backless top covered my small tits and would have left a lot of cleavage – if I’d had a cleavage.

Looking in the mirror I saw the material hugging my erect nipples, even showing some of the little bumps on my areolas; and I could easily see the shape of my tits and the different colours of my nipples, areolas and tits.

“That’s going to knock them dead.” Ryan said.

“Yes, perfect for the look that I want.”

Looking down to the skirt part I was a little disappointed that it wasn’t quite as see-though as the top, but it was extremely thin. If I shut my eyes the whole dress was so light that I felt that I had nothing on.

I twisted the waist part round so that it was properly in line with the top and the waist to ankle split was just where I wanted it to be, half way between my pussy and the front of my right leg.

Just standing there, my pussy was covered, but as soon as I moved my left leg forwards the gap opened up and anyone to my right would be able to see my bald pubes; just the look that I was after.

Sitting down, both sides of the dress fell away leaving my legs naked, right up to my waist. I stood up, held the front of the dress in place and sat down again. The dress didn’t fall as far apart, but more than enough for me to realise that I’d need to hold my purse in front of my pussy if I didn’t want to flash whoever was in front, and to my right, all night.

As I stood admiring myself in front of the mirror Ryan said,

“I’m always amazed just how a girl can go from being total naked to looking a million dollars just by putting on 2 shoes and a flimsy dress. That dress puts a whole new meaning on ‘that little black dress’ phrase TT.”

The big night came and we walked out to the taxi. I wasn’t paying too much attention to the dress until I saw the taxi drivers face. Looking down I saw that the dress was wide open right up to my waist.

“Hmm, I’ll have to watch that.” I thought.

For the rest of the walk to, and later, from the taxi, I held the left side of the skirt part with my right hand.

The dinner was at a big hotel, in a room reserved for Ryan’s company, and as we walked in I saw quite a few people looking over to me. We mingled with the other couples, with Ryan steering me to meet all of his bosses one by one.

I really felt quite naked walking around that room and whenever I got introduced to a couple I looked at their eyes to see just what part of me they were looking at. Most of the men weren’t looking above my neck. I could have pulled all sorts of faces at them and they wouldn’t have had a clue.

Of course, my nipples had been rock hard ever since we opened our front door, and with all those men staring at my body they were tingling as well.

Just before we were all going to sit down for the meal I went to the ladies room to dry my pussy and on the way back Ryan’s top boss stopped me and said that I was brave to go there in a totally see-through dress without any underwear.

I managed to blush and say,

“No it’s not, I checked myself in the mirror at home and I couldn’t see through it.”

“Maybe you didn’t have the lights on at home?” the man replied.

“Now that you mention it, my bedroom certainly isn’t as bright as it is in here. It’s not see-through is it?”

“Actually, it is. I can see everything.”

“OMG, I’ve got to find Ryan, I’ve got to go home and change.”

“No you don’t my dear, you look absolutely divine; and I’m sure that no one here will complain.”

“But everyone will be able to see me.”

“Don’t worry my dear; everyone has already seen your assets and no one has said anything have they? And if they do, you just come and tell me and I’ll shut them up.”

“Well, that’s very kind of you sir, but I should really go and change, it’s so embarrassing.”

“Nonsense my dear, you are staying here and that’s the end of it.”

“Well, if you’re sure?”

“I am; now go and find that man of yours and come and sit at my table. I want you to tell me what you do with all your time.”

I quickly found Ryan and as we walked over to the dining tables told Ryan what had happened.

“Excellent,” Ryan replied as we looked for the man and his wife. “Old Mr Moore has a reputation for the young women.”

As we walked up to the table Mr Moore steered me to the chair to his right with Ryan and Mrs Moore opposite us. Another of Ryan’s bosses, Mr Wilson, sat on my right with his wife opposite.

As I sat down I didn’t attempt to hold the dress to cover my legs and I was soon bare up to my waist. I put my handbag on my lap but as soon as Mr Moore saw it he said,

“Put your bag on the floor my dear; it will be safe there and it won’t get in the way.”

I did as I was told, wondering what my bag would get in the way of.

I didn’t have to wait long to find out. Even before the first course was served I felt Mr Moore’s right hand on my left thigh.

“Naught, naughty Mr Moore, I’m a good girl.” I whispered to him as I lifted his hand off my thigh.

Two minutes later, just as I was being served, the hand was back. As the waiter moved away I whispered,

“I’m a good girl Mr Moore.”

But I didn’t lift his hand off my thigh.

“I certainly hope so my dear.” Mr Moore whispered back.

I opened my serviette and covered his hand.

As we ate, drank and talked, and that hand kept returning to my thigh, getting higher and higher each time it came back. By the time we were well into the main course, Mr Moore’s right little finger had touched my pussy. When it first made contact with my clit ring, Mr Moore’s hand froze for a couple of seconds and he turned and looked at me. He smiled at me and without even thinking about it, I spread my legs enough for him to gain better access.

On my other side, it took until I had finished my main course for Mr Wilson’s left hand to find my thigh. He too froze for a second when he first touched my clit ring.

I don’t know if there was some sort of telepathy between Mr Moore and Mr Wilson, or they’d pre-planned their assault on my body, or they’d had lots of practice doing it to other young women; but, without even looking, one hand came up to the table as the other came down to my pussy. The net result was that my pussy had a hand pressing and rubbing it all the way through the meal.

I did have one orgasm, but fortunately I managed to have it without making a noise or shaking all over. Ryan noticed though, and he gave me that knowing grin of his.

During the meal I was asked about my job. I told them what I did, and that I’d been on 2 trips to China to learn more about the Nuwa Corporation and the culture there. I also told them that I had to wear a uniform at work, but I didn’t tell them what that uniform consisted of; nor did I tell them about the medical check-ups or the punishments if we fail to meet our targets.

When I mentioned the Nuwa Corporation, Mr Moore looked at me and smiled, but he didn’t say anything. I wondered if he knew anything about the Nuwa Corporation.

By the time that the meal was over, I’d stopped thinking about my dress. I still felt naked but I was used to that. The wine also stopped me thinking about my dress when I got up to dance with Ryan.

As we danced close, Ryan said,

“It’s nice dancing with a naked girl.”

I had to look down to check that I was still wearing the dress because I couldn’t feel it.

“You do know that Mr Moore wants to fuck me don’t you Ryan?” I asked.

“Yes, he’s made that quite clear, but are you happy with that TT?”

“If it will help you get that promotion I am.”

“If you’re happy to fuck him them I’m happy to let you. I just hope that he’s not expecting me to fuck his wife, she’s fat and ugly.”

“I’m sure that you’ll find a way of avoiding that lover boy.” I replied.

A couple of minutes later Mr Moore came over and asked to dance with me. Ryan stepped aside then disappeared, probably thinking of finding a way of avoiding Mrs Moore.

Mr Moore was quick to put his hands on me and they soon started wandering. I didn’t stop him and his hands were soon grabbing my butt.

“So you work on the Nuwa Corporation contract do you? I’ve heard about that company, they have some unusual ways of encouraging their female employees don’t they? “

“Well, if you mean that they pay well, then yes they do.”

“That wasn’t what I meant Tanya; I was thinking more about their unusual dress code and that ring that you’ve got on your clitoris. As soon as I felt it things began to fall in place. You’re used to being naked all the time aren’t you?”

“I don’t know what you could possibly mean Mr Moore.”

“I think that you do Tanya. I’ve been thinking about visiting your company to discuss some business collaboration, maybe I should do that quite soon. Would that be a problem for you Tanya?”

“Okay Mr Moore, you’ve got me, yes, the Nuwa Corporation demand that all females who work on their contracts work in the nude. So what, it’s no big deal; it’s the Chinese version of the Japanese Naked Mailgirls programme.”

“Maybe not for you my girl, but I’d love to get one of those programmes working in my company.”

“I don’t think that I can help you there.”

“Possibly not; but there’s something that you can help me with right now Tanya.”

“And what would that be Mr Moore?”

He put his hand in his jacket pocket and pulled out a room door lock card. Putting it in my hand he said,

“Five minutes, okay?”

“What about your wife Mr Moore?”

“Don’t worry about her, it’s a free bar so she’ll be happy trying to find a toy-boy for the night.”

With that he turned and walked off leaving me just standing there. As I collected my thought, I realised that the lights had been turned up. In fact there were spotlights moving around the room. When one came over me I looked down and could see the front of my slit. My dress was virtually invisible.

On the one hand I wanted to stay and let everyone see my body through the dress, but on the other hand I wanted to help Ryan by letting his boss fuck me.

Reluctantly, I chose to help Ryan and walked off the dance floor and out of the room.

When I got up to Mr Moore’s room I knocked and got no reply so I let myself in. I was puzzled, then I realised what was wrong. There was no luggage or clothes; the room was ready for new guests.

I was about to turn and go back downstairs when the door opened and Mr Moore walked in.

“What’s going on? I thought that this was your room.”

“It is, when I go to dinners like this I always book 2 rooms; just in case I get lucky.”

“Hmm; a bit presumptuous.” I thought, as Mr Moore unfastened my halter top and let the whole dress drop to the floor.

It turns out that Mr Moore likes it a bit rough. Before I knew it, I was face down on the bed and he was spanking my butt. He hit my butt hard and long; enough to make me cum. When he was done he flipped me over and looked down at me.

There was sweat all over his face as he stared at my pussy.

“Is that a Nuwa clit ring? Is it switched on?”

“Yes and no.” I managed to say before he put his fingers on it and tried to pull it off.

I screamed and he let go.

“So, the centre is quite small; how did they get it on you?”

“Anaesthetic and a doctor.” I replied.

“Is it as good as they say?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe we should get our girls to wear one.”

I smiled to myself, thinking about Karen.

“I thought that you got me up here to fuck me Mr Moore.”

He didn’t answer me; instead he flipped me over again and pulled me up onto my knees. It was a good job that my pussy was well self-lubricated as he dropped his trousers and thrust deep into me in one fast move.

I gasped and then felt his hands grabbing and squeezing my little tits.

About 10 thrusts later, he squeezed my tits so hard that they hurt like hell, as he shot his load in to me.

Then he rolled off me and landed flat on his back beside me. I lifted my head off the bed and looked at him; fast asleep. I laughed to myself and thought,

“I hope that Ryan has more stamina when he gets to your age buster.”

I got up, went to the bathroom and cleaned myself up. Then I put my dress back on and went back downstairs.

I quickly found Ryan who said,

“Thank goodness TT; that damn Moore woman keeps following me all around.”

“Maybe you should fuck her Ryan; her husband is done for the night.”

“Shit no, she’s fat and ugly. I’m going to hang on to you until it’s time to leave.”

We got another drink then went to dance. The spotlights reminded me just how see-through my dress was and a few of Ryan’s colleagues tried to butt-in but I declined the offer.

After a while we went and sat with Karen and Emma and they both complimented me on my dress.

“I hear that you’ve finally admitted the truth Tanya.” Karen said.

“Yes, I’m no longer the exhibitionist in denial.” I replied.

“So where are we going to take you Tanya so that we can show-off your cute little body?”

“Don’t take too long thinking of somewhere ladies, but please remember that it’s the middle of winter.” I said.

“And you both look good as well.” I continued, “Those dresses really suit you.”

We all got up to dance some more and we’d only been up for a couple of minutes when Mr Wilson came over and asked me to dance. I accepted and turned to dance with him thinking,

“I wonder if he’s got a second room as well?”

Mr Wilson is a lot more energetic than Mr Moore and he danced all around me, his hands wandering all over me. At one point he was behind me and pulling me back in to him with his left hand. His right hand was round me and under the split I my dress. He was caressing my bare stomach and the front of my slit as we danced.

When the tempo slowed Mr Wilson also handed me a room card key and whispered,

“Five minutes slut,” before walking off.

I found Ryan and as I whispered where I was going he grabbed my butt and squeezed it.

As I entered the room I saw Mr Wilson sat on the bed.

“Strip slut.” He commanded.

I did, and then just stood there completely naked looking at him.

“Nice; I see what Ryan sees in you, cute and young looking, very young looking; my 12 year old daughter looks older than you do; I bet that you’d look good in a schoolgirl uniform.”

“They tell me that I do Mr Wilson, especially one that has a skirt this short.” I said, holding my hand on my pussy.

“Are you sure that you’re not 12 or 13 Tanya, you look more like Ryan’s little sister or daughter.”

“I assure you Mr Wilson, I have been to university, I have got a degree, I have qualified as an accountant and I have been working for the last couple of years.”

“Good, so Tanya, do you want Ryan to get this promotion?”

“Yes, of course I do.”

“So what will you do to help him?”

“Anything Mr Wilson; absolutely anything.”

“Good, get on the bed and get those legs behind your shoulders.”

As I did as I was told I was glad that I went to the gym and got into all those revealing poses. They’d kept my body supple and I could easily do what I had been told to do even though it left me quite helpless.

As I lay there watching Mr Wilson get undressed I wondered what he was going to do to me and I made a mental note to get in to that position at the gym and then have to ask one of the guys to release me. Mr Wilson’s cock was hard and pretty average from what I’ve seen.

“Does your 12 year old daughter do this for you Mr Wilson?” I asked.

“I wish.”

“Maybe you should ask her. Little girls like to please their daddy.”

“Yes, she is quite cute. Her little tits are a bit bigger than yours.”

“Have you seen them Mr Wilson?”

“Not like I’ve just seen yours.”

“Maybe you should ask her to undress for you; give her a bath like you used to when she was a little girl. Rub her tits and her pussy; I’m sure that she’d like that. Would you like to do that Mr Wilson?”

“Yes I would, but right now I’m going to spank that pussy of yours Tanya, then stick this champagne bottle in it.”

“Is it still full Mr Wilson? Shouldn’t we drink it first?”

“I’ll drink it out of your pussy. I wonder how much it can hold.”

“I think that we’re about to find out.” I said.

Mr Wilson was stood there looking down at my pussy.

“So Tanya, that clit ring is from the Nuwa Corporation is it? So is that how people can tell that you’re a Nuwa girl?”

“Yes, I guess that it is.”

“I’ll have to get Ryan to tell me all about it.”

“Mr Moore knows all about Nuwa girls, he told me so earlier.”

“Maybe I should discuss a potential merger with Mr Moore then.”

As soon as he’d finished saying that Mr Wilson’s hand came down on my butt. He likes to hit hard and it hurt.

“Ouch!” I said.

Then his hand swung down again, and again, and again.

My butt hurt like hell for the first 6 or 7 swats but then it started to get numb and warm. I was starting to enjoy it. After 4 or 5 more swats I started to cum. My body wasn’t in any position that it could jerk about but Mr Wilson certainly knew that I was cumming.

“So you’re enjoying this are you Tanya, let’s see if you enjoy this.”

The swats changed from landing on my butt to landing on my pussy. It was on fire by then and although the swats hurt, they also intensified my next orgasm, and the next one.

“Fuck Tanya, you’re a real pain slut. Let’s see how how you like this.”

Mr Wilson took a swig from the champagne bottle then lay the bottle neck along my slit. In one swift move he tipped the bottle up and the top of it disappeared into my hole. Unfortunately, not quick enough to avoid some of the champagne spilling out and running down my front and back.

Mr Wilson fucked me with the bottle as it emptied inside me. I couldn’t see the level in the bottle decreasing, but I could feel my insides filling up. Just as I was beginning to think that I couldn’t take much more the pain stopped getting any worse but the fucking with the bottle didn’t stop. Mr Wilson was determined to get as much of that bottle inside me as he could.

As it went in and out the bottle gradually went further and further into me. Just after the widest part of the bottle started to disappear I screamed in pain. Thankfully, Mr Wilson stopped pushing but still fucked me with it until I started to cum again.

He realised that I was cumming and whipped the bottle out of me. As it came out some of the champagne came out in one quick squirt. It landed on Mr Wilson’s face because he was bending down to put his mouth over my pussy.

Glad that I can control my pussy muscles, I managed to not let any more out until the waves of pleasure receded then I released the champagne in a series of little small squirts. Some of it must have gone into Mr Wilson’s mouth but some leaked out and ran down my front and back.

I kept squirting until it was all out and Mr Wilson stood up.

“That was good Tanya; not many girls can control the release as good as you did. You must have been practicing.”

I smiled at him as he leaned over me and released my legs.

“On your hands and knees slut.”

No sooner than he was happy with my butt facing him, he rammed his cock into me.

I moaned, then said,

“I bet that you’d like to do that to your 12 year old daughter Mr Wilson?”

He rammed his cock into me even harder and kept going until his jism filled parts on me previously occupied by champagne. He just stood there until I felt his cock start to soften then he pulled out of me.

“You can go now slut.”

“I need a shower first, that champagne has made me all sticky.” I replied.

Mr Wilson lay back on the bed and I went into the bathroom.

I was pleased to find that the shower head was detachable from the mounting and I managed to shower without getting my hair wet. I held the shower head under my pussy and had another orgasm as I washed out the remains of the champagne and Mr Wilson’s jism.

Back in the room I saw a sleeping Mr Wilson so I put my dress and shoes on and left to go and find Ryan.

I found him still with the others. As I sat next to him he whispered,

“So have I got the promotion?”

“You better have, it’s cost me 2 fucks and a sore butt so far.” I whispered back. “Did you know that he’s got a thing for young girls?”

Before anyone else could say anything, one of Ryan’s colleagues came over and asked me to dance. As I turned to face him I realised that when I’d sat down I hadn’t held my dress in place and it was open right up to my waist.

“Nice.” Ryan’s colleague said as he looked down at me.

I looked down pretending not to know what he was talking about.

“Oops, sorry about that.” I said as I stood up.

“Don’t be Tanya, it isn’t as if I haven’t seen it, and more, before.

I looked up at his face and realised that he’d been to some of our parties and that he’d seen me having golf balls, and other things, pushed inside me.

As we danced he leaned down and said,

“Nice dress Tanya, you may as well be stark naked, I can see everything. Pity you didn’t wear any of your jewellery, it really draws peoples attention to your tits and pussy.”

I should have been annoyed at his comments but I wasn’t; I felt good. I was really pleased with my choice of dress.

“Thank you,” I replied. “I’m pleased that you like the dress. I wanted to wear my nipple jewellery but I was worried that I’d snag the dress, it’s so thin and delicate.”

I wanted to take the dress off and dance naked but I didn’t; it’s a posh hotel and there were a lot of Ryan’s colleagues and their partners there. Some of them may be prudes and could make life difficult for Ryan. Instead I found the man’s hands, pulled him close and put his hands on my butt.

“Nice and firm.” He whispered to me as he squeezed my cheeks.

When a slow number started, I pulled away, turned round and pulled his hands to my hips. We were right in front of, and facing the table with Ryan and Karen and Emily and no one else seemed to be looking at me so I moved his hands to my pubes and pulled the left side of my dress under his hand so that he had 2 hands on my flesh.

The man didn’t waste any time and as his left hand rubbed my stomach, his right index finger found my clit. I was in heaven as I watched Ryan, Karen and Emily watch one of their colleagues make me cum right in front of them.

When I’d calmed down I thanked the man and sat next to Ryan again. This time I sat with my knees apart and lay back in the chair.

“God I’m knackered.” I said as I picked up Ryan’s beer and finished the half pint in one go.

“I’m not surprised,” Ryan said, “It’s getting late and you’ve had a bit of a hectic night.”

“Hey Karen,” I said, “did you know that Mr Wilson likes little girls, he wants to fuck his 12 year old daughter.”

“Maybe I should start going to work dressed as a school girl.” Karen replied.

“I like the new, true you Tanya.” Emily said; “I think that I’ll have to organise somewhere for you to flash all your goodies to lots of people. Maybe another trip round town with plaster casts on all your arms and legs?”

“Yes, that was fun wasn’t it?”

“You didn’t think that at the time.” Emily replied.

“How stupid could I have been?” I said.

We all laughed then Ryan got up and said,

“Come on Tanya, time to get you home and to bed.”

“Your turn to fuck your girlfriend is it?”

“Karen, I didn’t know that you were like that.” Ryan said.

“I’m not, and you know that Ryan.” Karen replied.

“Yeah, I know, sorry about that Karen, but this young lady is knackered.”

“Go Ryan, take her home, put her to bed and fuck her while she sleeps.” Karen said.

“And be careful with that dress Ryan,” Emily added, “I’m sure that she’ll want to wear it again.”

Ryan did take the dress off me carefully, and he did fuck me after I went to sleep on him (so he tells me). The he woke me up the next morning by fucking me whilst Daisy watched. She later told me that she wanted to be woken up that way every day.

**The Rugby Club**

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I love my Ryan. One night in November he told me that he’d booked me to be the fairy on the top of the Rugby Club’s Christmas tree again. I squealed with delight and gave his cock a little squeeze. I squealed again when he told me that there was going to be a gang bang after the meal – again. I asked him how many girls Mike wanted as nude waitresses and then to take part in the gang bang. He said that 3 or 4 would be enough and we started suggesting names for 2 of them. It was a given that the twins would be 2 of them – again; but this time it would be legal as they’d recently turned 16.

Daisy over-heard us talking about it and asked if she could be one of the girls.

“Are you sure that you want to do it, it’s not just the naked waitressing, these dinners usually end with a gangbang. You’ve only been fucked by Ryan and Tim so far.” I asked.

“And what better way to put that right than a gangbang with lots of hunky men?” Daisy replied.

“Well, if you put it like that then you’re in. Now that leaves one other girl. Any suggestions?” I asked.

“How about whats-her-name?” Ryan asked, “the one with the permanently gaping hole.”

“You mean Ella; she helped us last time if you remember Ryan.”

“Oh yes, I remember; she was as bad as you for wanting the gangbang to go on all night.”

The next time that we were at the gym when she was there I asked her and she was up for it. I reminded her of the address and a time to be there.

“What shall I wear?” Ella asked.

“Nothing, me and the others will be arriving there naked so it’s up to you.”

“I’ll be there.” Ella replied.

The twins got a sleepover pass from their parents and the 5 of us, 4 naked girls and Ryan, piled into our car and drove to the rugby club.

When we arrived Mike smiled as he looked at the 4 naked girls.

“Ready for action I see girls; I remember you 2; that makes 3 of you who don’t look old enough to be here.” Mike said looking at the twins. Just how do I tell you 2 apart?”

“You have to look here.” Kate said as she spread her legs a bit. “I’m the one with a mole just below my pussy.”

“And you are?” Mike asked.

“I’m Kate and she’s Jude.”

“Okay, each time that one of you wants to talk to me you have to show me that part of your body, okay?”

Both Kate and Jude giggled a bit, then in stereo the said,

“Okay Mike.”

“And who is this gorgeous young woman?” Mike asked as he looked at Daisy.

“I’m Daisy, I’m new to all this being naked all the time thing so please excuse me if I get a little shy at times.”

“Don’t you worry about that Daisy, by the time you go home tonight being shy will be the last thing on your mind. Now, has Tanya told you that she’s going to be our fairy on the top of our Christmas tree? We have to get her ready. Come on, you 3 can help me.”

Mike led us to the ‘home team’s’ changing room where he’d got everything that we needed. He stood me on a big polythene sheet and gave me 2 little bits of cotton wool telling me to stuff them up my nose. Then in 10 second bursts he sprayed my face and neck with gold paint; allowing me to breathe between each burst.

“Going gold this year are we Mike?” I said.

“Yes, I really wanted gold paint a couple of years ago but I couldn’t get any then.”

“How do you get it off?” Daisy asked. “Do we have to get some big scrubbing brushes and scrub her all over?”

“You’re not taking big scrubbing brushes to my body.” I replied. “If it doesn’t wash off I’ll be going to work like this.”

“I can just see you walking into work covered in gold paint. Maybe you could travel to work like that then no one could say that you weren’t wearing anything.” Daisy said.

Mike told me to hold my arms out and he continued spraying me. As he got lower I stopped him and asked Ryan to get a tissue for me. When he got back I wiped my pussy telling everyone that I wanted the paint to stick to me.

As Mike got to nearly finishing me he told me to bend over and spread my legs. He then put the finishing touches on my pussy and between my butt cheeks.

“Right Tanya, don’t touch anything for 10 minutes.”

“Have you got a First Aid kit?” One of the twins asked.

“Yes, why?”

“Are there any circular plasters in there?”

“Probably, have you cut yourself?”

“No, can you go and get them please?”

A couple of minutes later Mike returned holding a handful of plasters. Giving them to the twins they quickly removed the backing and stuck them on their nipples.

“Can you spray our little tits please Mike?”

He did then one of the twins said,

We’ll remove the plasters in 10 minutes.

Mike laughed the said,

“And I thought that you were going to hide them from us.”

“Hell no, just make them stand out a bit more.”

While the paint was drying Mike showed everyone the rest of my outfit for the first part of the evening. The wings were the same ones as from a couple of years ago.

“Where’s my wand?” I asked.

“No wand this time Tanya, you’ll need your hands to hold on.”

“Hold on to what?” I asked.

“Don’t worry, it will become obvious later.”

Just then there was a banging on an outside door.

“That’s probably the food arriving.” Mike said; “Can you come and help get it in and into the ovens?”

“Not you Tanya, I don’t want to risk damaging your delicate outfit; but you can come and watch, I’m sure that the caterers will enjoy the sight.”

Judging by the looks on the 2 caterers faces they did enjoy the sight of 4 naked girls. Daisy and the twins listened as the 2 men explained what was what. Just as they finished a naked Ella walked in.

“Bloody hell, how many naked girls are going to be here? Maybe I should take up rugby.” One of the guys said.

“Thank you guys, the empty container collection is scheduled for noon tomorrow right?”

“That’s right.”

“Okay then see you tomorrow.”

The caterers left and Mike asked Ryan and me to follow him to the tree. I looked up at it and saw that on the top was a bigger dildo and above it, about 4 or 6 feet apart, were 2 small loops of rope.

“They’re for you to hang on to when you go up and down on the dildo and to stop you falling off when you loose control.”

“You mean when I cum Mike?”

“Yes, and I think that you’ll be cumming a bit more often this time. I’ve made a couple of minor changes.”

“I can see one of the changes, it’s bigger.”

“That’s not the only change. Come on, lets get you up there; we’ll bring your wings and tiara once you’re in place.”

Mike had left some big step ladders next to the tree and I climbed up and slowly got onto the first one, then both of the little platforms that were screwed to the wall.

I put my hands through the rope loops then said that I was ready.

“Do you want to impale yourself first?” Ryan asked.

“I’ll do that whilst Mike is getting my wings.”

And I did. Yes, the dildo was bigger but my lubrication was enough for me to take it easily, and while Mike carried my wings and tiara up I went up and down on the dildo a couple of times.

“This is nice.” I said as Mike put the tiara then my wings on me. “Did you say that there was another change Mike, I cant see anything.”

“You’ll feel it when I switch it on.”

“That sounds fun.”

“I’ll switch it on when the first people arrive. In the mean time, you relax, you’re going to be up there for about 90 minutes.”

Mike climbed down and moved the steps away while I slowly fucked myself on the dildo and watched Ryan smiling at me.

“Hey Ryan,” I said, “I’ve just had an idea.”

He came over to me and I told him to tell the girls to do some of the exercises that they do on the mats at the gym in between serving the courses; that they could do them on the little stage below me.

“Good idea TT,” Ryan replied; “that should improve some appetites. I’ll go and get the big box of condoms out of the car ready for later. Have fun up there lover.”

Ryan went and got the condoms and put the box at the bottom of the tree.

“Nice Christmas present for the guys.” I thought as I started going up and down again.

The girls came out to have a look at me and one of the twins asked Ryan if he’d brought his camera. He then took some photos of me and the girls lined-up on the stage. It was one of the twins ideas for the girls to spread their legs and thrust their pussies at the camera.

Just then Mike told the girls that the first people were arriving and that they should get back into the kitchen. He went behind the bar and poured drinks for the girls and Ryan while he greeted the arrivals.

It was 2 couples in their early twenties.

“I see that we’ve got our fairy back this year.” One of the young women said to Mike when they went up to the bar.

“Popular demand Tracey.” Mike replied.

“Isn’t that the girl that fucked half the team last time?” The woman asked.

“Her and and 5 others; and it was the guys that fucked them. All the girls did was provide a willing receptacle.” Mike replied.

“Yeah right,” The woman said; “I suppose that this evening is going to tun into a fuck fest as well?”

“Probably. You can get up there and join them if you like Tracey.” Mike said in a mocking voice.

“In your dreams mate.”

Just then the door opened as a lot more people arrived. The noise in the room got louder but not loud enough to drown my scream as Mike switched something on.

I’d had a quick electric shock from the dildo, much stronger than any I’d had from anything before; and the dildo was now vibrating as well. Mike was right, I would need those rope loops to hang on to. 90 minutes of that dildo would leave me totally knackered.

I vaguely remember hearing a couple of comments from people arriving but that dildo sent me to heaven in seconds. The vibrating was continuous and the electric shocks must been about a minute apart. The result was that I had orgasm after orgasm after orgasm.

My body was jerking about and I remember my hips rotating. I’m not sure if I was seeking relief or more pleasure. I also remember my legs turning to jelly and sliding off the little platforms that Mike had screwed to the wall. My whole weight was hanging on those 2 rope loops and the dildo had gone further in to me. I was glad that it had been a bit of a struggle to get my hands through the loops because I was hanging on by my wrists.

I vaguely remember seeing the naked girls on the stage spreading their legs and displaying their pussies to the audience like they do at the gym and I vaguely remember Daisy calling out my name; but I didn’t answer, I couldn’t.

Then the dildo stopped vibrating and stopped giving me electric shocks.

After a couple of minutes I saw Mike move the steps over to me then I got hit with a little after-shock orgasm.

“Tanya, Tanya, are you alright?” I heard Mike say.

My head was bent forwards, blankly staring into the audience, most of whom were talking and laughing amongst themselves.

“Tanya.” Mike almost shouted.

“What?”

“Are you okay?”

“Can you switch it on again please?”

“No Tanya; you need to lift your feet up and stand on the platforms.”

I looked at Mike blankly for a few seconds then I pulled up with my arms and lifted first one, then the other foot onto the platforms. Slowly, I transferred my weigh back onto my feet, lifting myself off the dildo.

“When you’re ready Tanya, I need you to stand up straight then get your left wrist out of the loop, then swing your left side round so that your left foot is next to your right foot.”

I did that then felt a little more ‘normal’.

“Okay Mike, I think that I’m okay now, you can climb down and I’ll slowly follow you.”

As soon as I was on the floor Ryan gave me a pint glass full of water. I downed it in one.

“I don’t know whether to count that as one 90 minute continuous orgasm, or about 60 or 70 different ones, sorry, but I lost count of the number of times that you went over the edge, and it didn’t help when your feet slipped off those platforms.” Ryan said.

“That’s okay Ryan, I certainly know that it was a record for me, and I doubt that I will ever beat it.” I replied.

“How about next year we leave you up there for 2 hours?” Ryan replied with a big grin on his face.

“Can we go and touch up the paint please, Some of it has come off where my juices were running down the insides of my legs.” I asked.

As Ryan helped me to the changing room I looked round and saw the naked girls wandering around the room and and getting into lots of poses that the prudes of the country would call obscene but the rugby club players and their partners certainly didn’t call obscene. They were cheering them, photographing them and reaching out and touching them.

It didn’t take Ryan and Mike to touch-up my gold paint and I had regained my energy (well most of it) by the time that we went out into the main room. I was about to join the other girls letting everyone have a close-up look at my pussy when Mike announced that there was a virgin in the room.

That of course, got lots of cheers then Mike asked the virgin, Oscar, to join him on the stage. To lots of raucous cheering, the embarrassed Oscar walked up and stood next to Mike.

By that time, all us naked girls were up on the stage and standing behind Mike and Oscar. Mike embarrassed Oscar with a couple of stories about times that Oscar had failed to lose his virginity; then he announced,

“Tonight is your lucky night Oscar. By the time you go home tonight you will have lost your virginity and fucked more girls than a lot of men fuck in their whole lives. Which of these lucky girls would you like to turn you into a man?”

Even though Oscar had obviously had a few drinks he was still a bit embarrassed as he turned round and looked at all us girls. After looking at us for a few seconds he said,

“The golden one.”

I was a bit surprised because I’d expected him to pick one of the younger girls, someone nearer his age which looked to be 17 or 18. Anyway, there were lots of cheers then Mike asked the girls to strip Oscar.

We pounce on him and as we stripped him I heard a man in the audience say,

“I bet he can’t manage more than one of them.”

Then another say,

“I bet that he will, I slipped a couple of viagra into his drink.”

As Oscar’s hard-on sprung out of his boxers there was some more cheers from the audience and one of the twins put her hand on it.

“Careful girls,” Mike said, “we don’t want it to end before it’s even started. Get him on the floor then let our golden fairy turn him into a man.”

Half a dozen girl’s hands pressed on Oscar until he was flat on his back. As he went down I steered him round so that his feet were facing the audience. I wanted the audience to get the best possible view of me taking that rock hard cock.

Ella got one of the condoms out of the big box and rolled it down his average sized cock as I straddled Oscar and squat down so that my pussy covered his face. I felt his tongue lick my pussy so I lifted up a bit so that his extended tongue just couldn’t reach my pussy then I tormented him by going up and down for a few seconds before going down his body and kneeling over his cock.

Holding his cock straight up, I teasing him some more by lowering myself until his cock was touching my pussy; then I went up a little. After I’d done that a few times I felt a girl’s hands on my back. Glancing over my shoulder I saw Ella lowering her gaping hole down onto his face.

Then I went straight down onto his cock all the way. I bottomed out for a couple of seconds before riding him, leaning back a little so that the audience got the best possible view of my pussy going up and down.

I rode Oscar until I had another orgasm. It didn’t take long because my pussy was still super sensitive from my time on the top of the Christmas tree.

All 5 of us girls took it in turn to tease Oscar’s face with our pussies then move down to ride his cock for a while. I guess that it was the viagra that was stopping him from cumming but we were half way through round 2 before he suddenly groaned then filled the condom that was inside one of the twins at the time.

The audience had realised that he’d cum and there was lots of raucous cheering.

From somewhere in the audience I heard a man shout,

“I’m still a virgin, can I have the same treatment.”

Mike answered,

“No Bob, you can’t, and I watched you fucking one of these girls a couple of years ago. Haven’t you had it since?

Oscar, can you hear me? Are you back in the land of the living yet?

Well Oscar, you’ve just become a real man but don’t you go believing that it’s going to be like that every time. There aren’t many places where you will find 5 girls to do what they did to you; well, not without you having to pay them a small fortune.

Bob, what you can do, is to grab a condom and start the gang bang. These girls can’t wait for you guys, and you girls, to get up there and start fucking them.”

Some of the guys didn’t need to be told again and there was nearly a few spilt drinks as a whole bunch of them got up and moved forwards.

Within seconds all 5 of us girls were getting taken in all all holes and in lot of different positions. Our bodies were getting put moved about like rag dolls.

I don’t know how long the gang bang went on for but I do know that I, for one, was knackered and a little sore; there were some ‘big’ cocks stretching my pussy.

When things finally came to an end there were 5 exhausted girls laying on their backs on the stage, all with their legs spread wide; and the guests were starting to leave. Mike appeared with a tray of shots and beers which soon disappeared then there were requests for some more.

We’d all sat up to have the drinks, and when I’d downed mine I looked up and saw Ryan looking down at me.

“Enjoy that lover?” Ryan asked.

“Pull me up and hug me please?” I replied.

“No chance, not until you’ve washed that paint off, then I’ll hug you and fuck you, without a condom.” Ryan said, putting his arm out to help me get up.

A few minutes later, and another round of drinks, 5 naked girls were in the communal showers with Mike and Ryan watching and holding some towels. The other 4 helped me get rid of all the paint then as we went to get the towels one of the twins said,

“Come on girls; these two haven’t had their turn yet.”

Mike and Ryan didn’t stand a chance and before long they were flat on their backs on 2 of the benches with their clothes scattered around and one of us trying to smother their mouths with our pussies and another one of us riding their cocks.

We took it in turns to fuck them and give them blowjobs until they got hard again, and kept going until all 5 of us had fucked each of them.

Then it was 7 of us in the showers.

Mike thanked us all for a very entertaining evening, and with a promise for a repeat in 12 months time, the twins got into Ella’s car and we all drove back to our house where we got a few hours sleep wherever we could. The only exception being that Ryan, Daisy and I were in our bed.

The next morning Ella gave the twins a lift home after Ryan got us all some breakfast. Neither Daisy or I got fucked before we got out of bed but we went back to bed later and made up for it.