**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 the 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 suppress 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 gang banged 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 youths 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.