**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**

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At the end of the January Ryan had to go on a one week training course on 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**

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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 though 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**

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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**

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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**

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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**

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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.