**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 05 - House Sitting – Week 1**

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**DAY 1**

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The big day finally arrived and we headed to the airport feeling as excited as a little kid on their birthday.

One thing that we both wanted from the flight out was to become members of the mile high club. We thought about how we could achieve that without getting into any trouble. Using the toilet on the plane was out of the question because it was a short flight and the toilets aren’t really big enough for one person, never mind two. We had to do it on the seats; and knowing that the seats are in groups of threes made it more difficult. In the end we decided that somehow, and for some reason, I’d have to sit on Ryan’s lap and have a dress that had enough material to cover what was going on underneath.

In the end we decided that I’d have to pretend to be a little girl that wanted to sit on her father’s lap. We came up with the reason that I was scared of flying and needed the comfort of my father.

We went and bought a cheap kid’s pinafore dress that was quite full in the skirt. Before we left home I put my hair up in pigtails then put the dress on. I felt quite stupid wearing it on the trip to the airport, but hoped that it would be all worth-while.

When we boarded the plane Ryan took the window seat and I took the middle of the row of three, and we waited to see who would take the aisle seat. It turned out to be an elderly gentleman. As soon as he sat down I started talking to Ryan as if he was my father, and in my best little girl voice. I asked Ryan all sorts of questions that little kids ask. When the doors shut I grabbed Ryan’s hand and said (loudly),

“I’m scared daddy.”

Ryan comforted me and the old man even joined in telling me not to worry and that everything would be alright.

Once we were up to cruising height and the seat belts light went out I asked ‘daddy’ if I could sit on his lap so that he could hold me. The old man smiled at me as I stood up and held my dress wide so that Ryan could shuffle his shorts down. When he was ready ‘daddy’ pulled me back, lifting the back of my dress so that my pussy could meet his cock with nothing in between.

Ryan guided me down and I impaled myself and joined the club.

I sat there, impaled on Ryan’s cock, and adjusted my dress so that everything was covered. Then I put my head on his shoulder and whispered how good it felt.

We’d done it, and no one knew.

After a while the old man even asked me how I was feeling. Sucking my thumb I said that I was okay.

When the cabin crew came round the old man even told them that I was scared of flying. The girl asked Ryan if I needed anything. I whispered to Ryan,

“To bounce up and down.”

After a while Ryan’s hands got a little restless and he discovered that he could slide one of his hands under my dress and tease my clit without anyone seeing. Needless to say that he brought me to a wonderful orgasm at 30,000+ feet. Our only regret was that Ryan didn’t manage to cum.

The rest of the flight went quickly and I managed to get off Ryan and get him decent, without anyone realising.

The heat was wonderful when the aircraft door opened at Palma airport and we were soon heading west on a bus for the 15 odd mile journey to Magaluf. We took a taxi to the villa where the agent was waiting.

The agent showed us around and reminded us of a few conditions, then left us to enjoy our holiday.

We both stripped naked and ran to the pool.

After a bit of swimming and kissing we looked around and saw that the pool area was only closely overlooked by the villa on one side. The only other places that we could see were about half a mile away on a bit of a hill; far enough for us to ignore them.

We got out and had another look round the place. We decided that we were in heaven and that the only times that we needed to worry about clothes was when we went out. We went out the back and christened one of the sun loungers.

We were in for 2 weeks of sun and sex.

When we got hungry we went and looked in the fridge. We reckoned that there was enough food in there to feed us for a couple of days so we didn’t plan going anywhere until it ran out. We did make two exceptions to that, on the evening we went for a walk and on a morning we’d go to the shop for fresh food.

When we went for a walk that evening and asked Ryan what I should wear he said,

“Nothing.”

I laughed and told him that I’d have to wear something so he went and got me his blue string vest. I laughed again and told him that I’d get locked up if I went out wearing just that. Off he went again and when he came back he told me that what he had in his hand was the only other thing that I could wear underneath the vest. Because it was screwed up in his hand I assumed that it was the little yellow thong that I had packed – just in case; so I said,

“Okay.”

Ryan opened his hand and I was shocked to see that it did contain a thong, but it was the material-less bikini thong that I thought that I’d left back at home.

I asked him if I could swap it for the underwear thong, but he wouldn’t let me. After all, I had agreed.

I put it on and asked him if he could see my slit.

“Only when I look.” He said, which wasn’t a lot of help.

Thankfully it was starting to get a little dark so my modesty would be protected.

We walked to the end of the road and turned towards the sea. We passed a little shop and before we knew it we were on a lively street. We made a mental note of where we were then started walking.

Magaluf really is a teenager’s mecca. There were hundreds of them, and what’s more, most of the girls were wearing as little, if not less than I was. I needn’t have worried about getting embarrassed. Within the first 5 minutes I saw at least 3 girls who obviously didn’t have underwear on, although none of them were wearing a dress that was quite as see-through as a vest with thousands of holes big enough for my nipples to poke through.

We’d seen enough for now and decided to head back for some more of the part of sun and sex that you can do when the sun’s gone down.

**DAY 2**

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The next morning Ryan thought that it would be nice to have some fresh bread with our breakfast and he asked me to go and get him some. He threw the vest at me.

I was half way to the shop when I remembered that I hadn’t put anything on underneath. Thinking that it would probably be a girl serving in the shop I kept going.

It wasn’t a girl, it was a young man, and I had to stand in front of him while he slowly took my money and gave me my change. At one point he dropped the coins that he was giving me and I realised that he must be looking at my pussy.

I rushed back and told Ryan about my first embarrassing moment in Spain.

Ryan ran his finger along my slit, held it up and said.

“I think that you enjoyed that man looking at your pussy. I think that you definitely are an exhibitionist, don’t you?”

“NO I do not.” I said and went off to the kitchen.

While we were eating breakfast Ryan challenged me to prove that I wasn’t an exhibitionist. He told me that in the next couple of weeks I would, accidentally, or deliberately, let at least one other man see my naked pussy. He (Ryan) would check to see if I was wet. If I had been wet 10 times he’d have proved his point.

This was going to be easy I thought and took him up on his challenge. We then agreed that the loser had to walk back from the nearest beach totally naked. I laughed and told him to get ready to be humiliated.

“One to me.” Ryan said.

“What do you mean?” I said.

“You’ve just flashed your pussy to the man in the shop so that’s one to me.” Ryan said.

“You didn’t tell me that we’d already started,” I said, “but I’m so confident that I’ll give you that one.”

After breakfast we went for a swim and more sex, we lay out in the sun for a couple of hours. Later Ryan asked me if I wanted to go for a walk and get a proper look round the place.

Ryan asked me to wear my tennis skirt and lace top. I asked him if we were going jogging. He laughed then told me that we weren’t but he just thought that I looked cute in them. So I put them on. As soon as we got out on the street I knew why he wanted me to wear that skirt, it was windy and the skirt was so light that it kept blowing up. I had a hell of a job trying to keep it down and I know that I wasn’t always successful.

We wandered around looking at all the places there. One place that we saw was a bar that had one of those mechanical bulls. We stood outside and watched a couple of people get themselves thrown off. Ryan said that we must go there one night.

Another place that we saw was a club that advertised erotic dancing. I suggested that we go one night so see if we could learn anything.

There was a café next to that club and we stopped and had a drink and a big ice cream. As the waiter served us a gust of wing caught the front of my skirt and gave the waiter a view of my clit jewellery. After he had left us Ryan reached over and put his finger in me. Pulling it out and sucking it he said,

“That’s 2.” He said.

“Bastard.” I replied.

When we’d finished Ryan went to the toilet. He was ages and I got a bit worried. When he got back he said that he must have eaten something. We went back to the villa and lay by the pool.

**DAY 3**

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I think that it was the third day when we were there when the pool man came. It was mid-morning and we’d just finished having breakfast out by the pool. I was soaking up the sun sprawled out on a sun lounger (naked of course) when I suddenly heard a noise. I opened my eyes and there this man was, right in front of me.

I screamed and ran inside to Ryan. Ryan hugged me telling me to relax and that it was only the man come to clean the pool. He reminded me that the agent had told us that we could expect a visit once a week.

Ryan then put his finger in my pussy. When he pulled it out he put it in my mouth.

“That’s 3.” He said with a big grin on his face.

“Not fair,” I said, “I didn’t know that he was coming now.”

“Maybe not, but you still enjoyed it, didn’t you?” Ryan said.

“That doesn’t make me an exhibitionist.”

“When I’m up to 10 it does.” Ryan said.

“No chance!” I said.

Ryan put some shorts on and went out to talk to the guy. After a few minutes I went and put my bikini on and went back out to the sun lounger.

Why did I put the bottoms that have no material in them on? What was I thinking?

Ryan came over to me and pointed to my bikini bottoms.

“Told you!” he said.

I crossed my legs.

That afternoon we decided to go and check out the beach. Ryan persuaded me to wear my bikini, the bottoms with some material. He told me that there would be way too many people around for anyone to notice the little bulges made by my jewellery.

He was right too, the beach was crowded; thousands of young men and women all noisily having fun. What’s more, just about all the girls were topless and their bikini bottoms were as small as mine. Some were wearing thongs that only just covered their slits. I felt slightly over-dressed.

We finally found a space near the water’s edge and spread our towel. After a quick swim we lay out in the sun. After a while Ryan asked me to put some lotion on him. When I did his front I saw that he had a hard-on. I asked him what had caused it and he told me that it was all the girls that were wearing less than me. I was a little upset but carried on.

When I’d finished I asked him to do me. I was on my stomach so he started on my back. I reached round and untied my bikini top thinking that that would even things up a bit. When he told me to turn over I did, leaving my bikini top underneath me.

Ryan seemed to think that my rock hard nipples needed a lot more lotion than the rest of me and he spent lots of time rubbing them. It felt good.

When he moved down to my pubic region his hand went inside the front of my bikini and rubbed lots of lotion into my pussy. It felt sooo good. I didn’t notice it until about 30 minutes later, but Ryan had left the top of my bikini bottoms hooked under my clit hood stirrup. The front of my slit, clit hood and jewellery had been on display for about 30 minutes.

I bruised his arm after I’d covered myself. He just laughed and said,

I won’t check or count that one because we don’t know for sure that anyone noticed. I checked, and I was wet. Shit, could he be right and that I am an exhibitionist? No, no chance.

I didn’t feel at all exposed or out of place as we walked back to the villa. After all, there were quite a few topless girls around, all of them with bigger tits than me.

That night we went out for a drink. The bar was so crowded that no one noticed (I hope) when Ryan finger fucked me as we were stood drinking. When we left there were a couple of drunk girls laying on the pavement confirming that I wasn’t the only girl there without knickers on.

**DAY 4**

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The pool man came back the next day as well. That time there were 2 of them and they caught me by surprise again. Especially after the agent told us that he would only be there once a week. Ryan had gone to the shop to get us some fresh bread for breakfast and I had dozed off on one of the sun loungers. Before he left Ryan had finger fucked me and I still had my legs wide open and a very wet pussy.

I heard a noise, but thought I was dreaming and didn’t wake up. Then I heard another noise. I wasn’t sure whether I was dreaming or not so I opened one eye just a little and saw the men.

I couldn’t decide if I was going to scream and run into the villa again or play it cool and pretend to be asleep. I didn’t want to appear like a stupid little school girl and after all, I had toughed it out before, so I kept my eyes shut.

Then I remembered that my legs were wide open. Oh shit, I started to get that tingling.

The 2 men were talking to each other. I have no idea what because my schoolgirl Spanish couldn’t keep up with the speed that they were talking.

It seemed like hours before it went quiet. In that time my pussy had got really wet. I was glad that Ryan wasn’t there. I slowly opened my eyes and confirmed that I was alone.

Shit! Was I glad that it was over; but it wasn’t; I suddenly heard Ryan saying,

“You little minx! And you’re trying to tell me that you’re not an exhibitionist! Here, let me check.”

He dipped his finger, held it up, sucked it and said,

“That’s 4.” That’s the wettest you’ve been all day.

“Bastard.” I said, Okay, you got me with that one, but to be fair, I didn’t know that they were coming.”

“So what? It was your choice to let them stare at you.

I gave up.

We decided to have a quiet day at the villa soaking up the sun.

**DAY 5**

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That day we decided to hire a couple of bikes and ride along the coast a bit. The rental shop was busy when we got there and by they only had men’s and kid’s bikes left. There was no way that I was going to ride a stupid Cinderella bike so I chose a man’s bike.

That damn man insisted on me getting on the bike so that he could make any adjustments. I held out as long as I could, but in the end I had to lift my leg over to be able to get on. I’m pretty sure that I managed it without letting him see my pussy.

I sat on the seat and peddled backwards (Ryan was holding the bike). Good, I thought, a bit too high, rub rub time; but the man had other ideas. He insisted on lowering it. For him to do that I had to get off the saddle.

He motioned for me to slide forward off the saddle. I did and could feel the cold steel of the cross-bar on my pussy. I looked back to see what the man was doing and saw a wet patch on the saddle. The man was looking at it too.

“Oops sorry.” I said and wiped it with my hand.

The man muttered something then got on with lowering the saddle. When he’d finished he motioned for me to get back on the seat. My ride wasn’t going to be as interesting.

When we got out onto the road Ryan had a look at the bike but he didn’t have the tools that he would need to put the seat back to where it had been.

Ryan wanted to stay behind me so that he could watch the back of my skirt blowing up as we peddled. He said that he wanted to get the same view that other road users were getting.

We peddled out of Magaluf along the coast road and then down a track to the coast. We found a little café near a small beach and decided to stay there for a while. There was only one other family there, a man and a woman and 2 kids, both about 11 or 12 – both girls. They were happily playing in the sand and water with no clothes on. Shortly after we arrived one of the girls was sent to the café to get 2 ice creams.

When we’d got there we both stripped off and sunbathed naked. So when Ryan saw the little girl go to the café without putting any clothes on he dared me to do the same. I told him that it was different for me; for a start I was 21 not 12; and I had 3 piercings that had jewellery in. Ryan kept saying that it didn’t make any difference and that he thought that no one would even notice the jewellery.

In the end I gave in and said that I’d do it.

I got the money and walked over. When I went in to the café I was the only customer. There was a teenage girl at the counter and a middle-aged man working in a corner with his back to me. As I walked up to the girl she looked at me and I saw her eyebrows rise. Then she said something in Spanish and the man turned and came over.

“Shit!” I thought; I was going to get thrown out, or worse.

The girl said,

“Si.”

So I asked for the ice-creams. She served me as the older man just watched me. As I walked out of the door I looked back and saw that they were both still watching me.

When I got back to Ryan and sat down he put his finger in my pussy, lifted it up and put it to my mouth. I sucked it and Ryan said,

“That’s 5.”

“You tricked me. You knew that going there would make me wet.” I said.

“Yes I did, but you keep telling me that you won’t get turned on, and then you do. Face it TT. You are one.”

“No I’m not.”

We ate the ice-creams, swam, sunbathed, swam some more, fucked in the sea, then peddled back to Magaluf.

I remembered to wipe the seat before handing the bike back.

During the walk back to the villa we decided to stop and get something to eat. We stopped at a café and sat a table outside by the street, right next to the hordes of people walking up and down. We sat facing each other, Ryan facing one way down the street and me facing the other way. The table was between us and the café. After eating we relaxed in the chairs to finish our drinks.

Ryan lifted a foot and parted my legs with it. Then he moved his foot up between my thighs and rubbed his big toe up and down my pussy. I was telling him to stop and enjoying the feeling when I saw that a couple of young men had stopped behind Ryan and were watching what he was doing to me.

I clamped my legs together and Ryan cursed.

“What did you do that for?” he asked.

By that time the 2 young men were on their way down the street. Instead of telling Ryan about the 2 young men I opened my legs enough to free his foot then told him that 2 young men had been behind him and watching me.

Ryan grinned then put his big toe back to my pussy. He waggled it about and said,

“Hmmmm, nice and wet, shall we count that one?”

“No, that’s not fair; they couldn’t have seen my pussy because your big toe was in the way. I said.

“Okay, I’ll let you have that one.” Ryan said.

That night we decided to go and have a drink in some of the bars. Ryan persuaded me to just wear just his vest saying that it was dark outside so no one would realise that I wasn’t wearing anything underneath it.

He was right as well. In the 3 bars that we went in I didn’t see anyone staring at me.

**DAY 6**

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While we were having breakfast we decided to go to the Western Water Park. We walked into Magaluf centre and caught the free bus to the park. Ryan wanted me to wear my bikini with the material-less bottoms but I insisted that I wear my swimming skirt.

Shortly after we got there we started seeing a few topless women and Ryan wanted me to take mine off. I refused at first, but after going down a few of the attractions and my top ending up round my neck I gave up and we went and put my top in our locker. A few people stared at my nipple jewellery and I was a bit embarrassed but there were other topless women there so I ignored them.

One thing that definitely was embarrassing was that some of the rides were scary, some terrifying. As a result I wasn’t able to hold my skirt in place. The other embarrassing part was that the pool at the bottom of most of the slides is quite small so I didn’t have much time to get my skirt back into place.

Another embarrassing thing was the queuing. It wasn’t a problem when we were on the flat; but most of the queues were up steps so I had to be careful who was behind and below us. I’m sure that the inevitable happened a few times, but I tried not to think about it.

When we went for some lunch there were so many people there that after queuing for ever we couldn’t find a table to sit at. We ended-up sitting on a little wall only a few inches high. I didn’t realise at first, but with me sat with my knees up so I could rest my food on them, my pussy was on display to anyone who looked. I saw 2 young men looking at me but didn’t realise what they could see.

Ryan realised what was going on and said,

“If you straighten your legs now you’ll have problems with your plate of food.”

“I know that, that’s why they’re bent.” I said.

“If you don’t straighten your legs those 2 men over there will be able to keep staring at your pussy.” Ryan said.

“Shit! What can I do? I have to do something.”

“Suck it up TT.” Ryan said. “Oh, you may like to eat a little faster.”

I ate my food a lot faster and then managed to straighten my legs. When I’d done, Ryan asked me if my pussy was wet. When I said that it was, Ryan said,

“That’s 6; and don’t try to tell me that you’re wet because of the water rides.”

“Okay, you got me this time;” I said, “but one time doesn’t make me an exhibitionists.”

“It’s not one time, it’s six – so far.”

“Shut up!”

Ryan laughed.

Later on we went on this long slide. It was in these over-grown rubber rings, big enough for 4 or 5 people. We went on with these 2 young men. We were sat on one side and them on the other. What I didn’t think about at the time was that we had to have our legs open a bit to fit in – too many feet all in the middle. Shortly after we got started I realised that my skirt had ridded up a bit and my pussy was exposed. I looked at the young man opposite and saw that he was looking at my pussy.

I couldn’t close my legs and I couldn’t push my skirt between my legs because my hands were hanging on to the handles on the sides to stop me bouncing out.

I looked at Ryan and saw that he’d realised my predicament, but he couldn’t do anything (not that he would have if he could have) because he was hanging on as well.

When we finally got to the bottom and off the rubber ring Ryan stood in front of me and slid a hand in between us to my pussy. Feeling that I was all wet he said,

“That’s 7, and don’t try to tell me that it’s the water from the ride. That’s definitely pussy juice.”

“Okay, you got me that time; but he was staring for so long.”

“I’m really looking forward to your little streak TT.” Ryan said.

Things weren’t looking good for me. Only day 6 and we’re up to 7 times. But I’m still not an exhibitionist.

**DAY 7**

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Day 7 was another day at the villa topping up our all-over tans. I was starting to get proud of mine. There was one time when my nipples and clit area started to get a bit painful. It was like I was getting burnt. When I mentioned it to Ryan he thought for a few seconds then asked me how long I’d been laid on my back. When I told him about 30 minutes he reached over and touched one of my nipple stirrups.

“Time to go for a swim,” he said pulling me up (not by the stirrup). “Those babies have been in the sun too long. The metal’s quite hot.”

I felt much better once I’d got in the water.

I got us some lunch and while we were eating it I told Ryan that I was starting to like being naked all the time, even in the back garden there. With the weather being so nice it just seemed so natural.

“I told you that you’re an exhibitionist.” Ryan said, but I managed to convince him that just because I liked being naked doesn’t mean that I’m an exhibitionist.

He had to agree, and told me that maybe I was a nudist as well as an exhibitionist.

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I said.

In the afternoon we decided to go for a walk. Ryan wanted me to wear just a skirt but I wore my bikini top as well. The shape of my nipple jewellery was visible – if you looked; I just hoped that no one would.

We walked quite a way towards Palma Nova and had to stop at a café for a drink. I didn’t realise at the time, but when I sat on the chair at the table I was quite lazy (and a bit tired) and sat on the front edge of the seat without crossing my legs.

After we’d been there for about 10 minutes Ryan told me that 3 young men sat in front of me had been looking up my skirt for the last 5 minutes. My immediate reaction was to cross my legs but Ryan stopped me. He told me that they wouldn’t see anything that they hadn’t been staring at for the last 5 minutes.

Ryan ordered us some ice creams and kept talking about my pussy and telling me what the 3 young men would be seeing. Without realising it I had let my knees part a bit. Ryan kept going on about how my pussy starts to get wet and swollen; and how I start getting all excited and randy.

In the end I did get all wet and had to confess that I was enjoying him talking about my pussy, and the 3 men looking at it.

“That’s 8.” Ryan said.

“Okay, okay; for once you’re right, but just one moment of pleasure doesn’t make me an exhibitionist.” I said.

After he’d got my confession we paid and left.

Towards the end of the long walk back we decided to walk along the water’s edge on the beach. We took out shoes off and walked in the sea. It was lovely.

Just before we had to turn off the beach we sat on the dry sand looking out to sea. Ryan sat first and sat with his knees up. When I sat next to him I sat the same way, completely forgetting that I didn’t have my bikini bottoms on under my skirt.

We were so engrossed in our conversation and looking at all the other people on the beach and in the water that I wasn’t taking any notice of the man lying in the shallow water in front of us looking up towards us. I’d seen him, but thought nothing of it. I’d actually looked at him a few times and wondered what he was looking at but didn’t put 2 and 2 together.

It was only when Ryan looked at the man and said,

“I bet that he daren’t stand up.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, with the view that he’s been getting for the last 10 minutes he must have a hard-on.” Ryan said.

I felt a sudden wet rush and tingle in my pussy. When Ryan asked me if I was wet I tried to deny it. Ryan obviously didn’t believe me because he leaned over to kiss me and quickly snuck one of his fingers to my pussy.

“Your little female lie detector says differently, so that’s 9.” Ryan said, “One more and you’ll be completely naked down here. Will that be today, tomorrow or the day after? I’m looking forward to this.”

“Not going to happen.” I said, and put my legs flat on the sand.

“You might want to straighten your skirt,” Ryan said, “I can see your jewellery.”

That night we decided to go to a nightclub Ryan wanted me to wear my 2 tube tops again. It was a good job that it was dark because as soon as we got outside Ryan eased my skirt up a bit. When I put my hand down to my pussy it made contact with my bare flesh. The skirt wasn’t even covering my pussy or my butt cheeks.

We had a great time, when the foam came Ryan fucked me standing on the dance floor with people all around; and none of them had the faintest idea.

On the way back to the villa Ryan carried me over his shoulder. My bare butt was there for everyone to see – not that there were many people around at 3 a.m.