**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 11 – More humiliation**

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**Impromptu Party**

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So there we were one Saturday evening, at home on our own. We’d decided to experiment with a bit of bondage and Ryan had ordered a couple of thing from the internet.

Early in the evening Ryan had stripped me and put the ankle cuffs on me and attached them to a spreader bar. He also put wrist cuffs on me and joined them behind my back. I was sat on the front edge of the sofa leaning back with Ryan teasing my nipples and pussy and slowly bringing to the edge then stopping, again and again. I was wearing my nipple barbells, but not my clit one, and Ryan kept pulling them. He’d been telling me that he’d like to leave me like that in a public park or beach and watch people’s reaction to seeing me. That got me scared, and excited. So did his threats to get some workmen round to fix something or other with me like that.

Anyway, after about an hour or so of me pleading for him to give me the release that I needed, the doorbell rang.

“Who the fuck is that?” I asked as Ryan stood up. “You’re not going to the door to find out – are you?”

I started to panic a bit because I just knew that Ryan would open the door to find out who it was. He has no problem with other people seeing me naked; even though I get terrible embarrassed by it.

As Ryan opened the door I heard him say,

“Oh hi Karen, Emma; what brings you here?”

“We decided to go to that pub just down the road from here and wondered if you two would like to join ……….. Fucking hell Ryan, what are you 2 up to?” Karen said as she walked in and saw me.

“Bloody hell Tanya; I guess that this confirms that you really did enjoy being wheeled around town with those plaster casts on and your legs spread wide.”

“How many times has Ryan made you cum with you like that?” Emma asked.

“He hasn’t yet; he’s been teasing me for the last hour or so. Ryan, can you cover me up please?” I said.

“Don’t cover her up because of us Ryan,” Karen said, “we’ve all seen that gorgeous body lots of times before.”

Ryan didn’t cover me; instead he came and sat next to me while Emma and Karen sat opposite me.

They both stared at my pussy for a while then Karen said,

“Nice and puffy and wet Tanya; just how I like them. So, what do you two think? Do you fancy coming to that pub with us; or how about I go and get us some beer and we have a quiet night looking at Tanya’s pussy?”

“Ryan, get me out of these things and I’ll go and get some clothes on so we can go out.” I said.

“No, no,” Ryan said, “I like the idea of a few beers here.”

Ryan got his wallet out and gave Karen some money and she stood up to leave.

“You can stay here if you like Emma, I can manage on my own. You’re not going to release her are you Ryan?”

“Hell no.” Ryan replied.

“RYAN!” I said, knowing full well that he’d leave me naked in front of our friends,

“At least cover me with something.” I pleaded.

“I’ll get something.” Emma said, and off she went.

I felt relieved, and grateful to Emma. While she was gone I again asked Ryan to free me, but he leaned over me, kissed me, ran a finger up my slit and said,

“You’ll enjoy those two watching and maybe teasing you.”

Emma came back and put a little face cloth over my belly button and said,

“There you are Tanya, all decent now.”

Both Emma and Ryan laughed then Ryan bent over me and folded the towel double so that my belly button was exposed; then said,

“That’s better, I like looking at you belly.”

“So Emma, you know what we’ve been doing for the last hour or so, what have you two been up to today? Ryan asked.

Emma stared at my pussy, which got even wetter, as she told us about their day; how they’d got asked to leave a clothes shop for coming out of the changing rooms and going to get some more clothes to try on whilst still naked.

I started to relax a bit as the conversation moved away from me and my pussy. A short while later the doorbell rang again. Emma opened the door and let Karen and the beers in.

“Bloody hell Karen, you’ve got enough beer for a long night.” Ryan said as he went and helped her carry them to the kitchen and loaded-up the fridge.

Ryan opened some bottles and they came and sat down again. Ryan had brought me a bottle and he kept holding it to my mouth to let me drink.

As we talked I kept noticing Karen looking at my pussy, which kept it quite wet.

After about 10 minutes the doorbell rang again.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I phoned a few friends and invited them here.” Karen said.

“WHAT! KAREN I’M NAKED.”

In walked 4 men and 2 girls. All of them stopped and stared at me as soon as they saw me. I felt my blush extend from my face to my chest. My nipples got so hard that they hurt and my pussy gushed.

“Blood hell Karen, you weren’t joking.” One of the guys (Gary) said. Gary is another guy that works with Karen and Ryan. I’d met him before, but he’d never seen me naked before – well apart from on skype from Greece.

I didn’t know the others but that soon changed as Karen insisted on introducing them to me. They all stood in front of me looking down at my naked body as I blushed and gushed.

Ryan kept putting the beer bottles to my mouth and almost pouring it into me as everyone took it in turns to come and talk to us, and stare at me, my rock hard nipples and soaking pussy, I was sooo embarrassed.

Things got worse when Karen decided that I’d drunk enough. To stop me from having anymore she produced a ball-gag out of her bag and put it on me. I tried telling her not to but she ignored me.

“Something I was thinking about using on Emma later.” Karen said.

Everyone got a little drunk as I watched them watching me. After a while Emma brought a bottle of beer over to me and asked if I’d like some. I shook my head sideways and Emma said,

“I know where we’ll put it,” and she proceeded to push it into my hole as I shook my head pointlessly.

I was so wet that it didn’t take Emma long to get it so far in me that only the bottom inch was sticking out.

“That was easy.” Emma said loudly; attracting the attention of anyone who hadn’t noticed what she was doing.

“What else can we put in her?” Emma announced.

“What’s this about a little party trick that I’ve heard you’re good at Tanya? This is a party; how about you show us?” Karen said.

FIH had Ryan actually told Karen about the golf balls? I hoped not, but after a short pause Karen continued,

“Where’s the golf balls Ryan?”

“No, no, not here, not now.” I thought, and hoped, but Ryan stood up and walked towards the bedroom.

Ten seconds later he was back, with the bag of golf balls in his hand.

“Who wants to see how many they can get inside Tanya?” Ryan asked.

Of course all the guys did; and amazingly, all the girls did as well.

Karen grabbed the bag off Ryan and got down in front of me. I was shaking my head and trying to say, “No, no, please don’t do this,” but no one could understand the distorted sounds coming out of my stuffed mouth.

Karen pulled the beer bottle out of me and I felt my hole close (well nearly). Seconds later she held a golf ball to my hole and gently pushed. My hole opened wider and swallowed the ball, much to the cheers from most of the people watching.

Karen did the same with the second and third golf ball. Each time my pussy eagerly sucked the ball in.

“What about another Ryan?” Karen asked.

“Try it!” Ryan replied.

Karen did, and everyone watched as it disappeared inside me. Just as everyone was applauding I felt my hole open and the ball started coming out.

“Woah there Tanya, don’t push it out.” Karen said.

“We’ve never been able to keep the fourth one in.” Ryan said.

“How about if I try this?” Karen said as she pushed it back in and held it in with her finger.

Of course, with her finger in my hole the ball stayed put. She experimented by removing her finger a couple of times, but each time my pussy muscles started to eject the ball.

Karen held it in with one hand then started playing with my clit with the other hand.

“I wonder if it will still come out when she’s cumming?” Karen said.

“Oh no, please don’t make me cum in front of everyone.” I thought. My screams couldn’t get out and everyone was ignoring my head shaking.

I didn’t last long, and started to spasm and cum. My hips trust up and down as everyone just stared at me. Sometime in the midst of my orgasm Karen removed her finger and joined the other in just watching me. I could feel the ball coming out, and heard it drop to the floor.

As I calmed down I realised that everyone was clapping. I should have been happy that I had pleased everyone, but I was so ashamed, embarrassed and humiliated – and still horny. Why was I horny? I was ashamed of myself for being horny.

Things went quiet for a minute then Ryan said,

“Push them out Tanya.”

I did, and the applause started again.

I was so pleased that the ordeal was over. It is one thing being naked in front of friends and strangers but it’s so humiliating having things stuffed in my pussy and cumming as well. I wanted to crawl in a corner and die.

But my ordeal wasn’t over.

“Who else would like a go?” Ryan asked.

Everyone moved forward. My screams went unheard again and my head shaking was ignored as Ryan took charge and said that everyone could have a go and he called for Gary to go next.

Gary was obviously a little nervous at first because he took his time and only held the golf ball to my pussy. After a few seconds Ryan said,

“Gently push it Gary.”

Gary did and my hole opened and grabbed the ball.

“That’s amazing.” Gary said as he presented the second ball to my hole.

“Don’t be shy Gary, play with her clit.” Karen said.

I saw Gary’s eyes look over to Ryan. He nodded and I felt Gary’s fingers squeeze my clit.

As Gary squeezed, flicked and pulled my clit I felt the other balls go inside me.

I started to cum again.

The same thing happened with all the 6 guests (ha!). By the time I’d had 4 of the 6 orgasms I’d stopped trying to scream and object. I was getting tired. I was no longer able to squeeze the balls out and the last 3 (I think) people had to be content with just trying to get my pussy to keep the fourth one in. All failed as my pussy just wouldn’t accept it. The 2 unknown girls were the worst (or best); they really did punish my clit. When they had a hand free they tortured my nipples as well.

The only person that didn’t push those balls into my hole and make me cum was Ryan. He just watched with a big grin on his face and a big bulge in his trousers.

When they’d all had their turn I was totally knackered. I just lay there (not that I could go anywhere). Everyone started talking to each other and Ryan came and sat next to me and put his arm round my shoulder. I still had 3 of the golf balls inside me as Ryan told me that he was really proud of me; that he loved me so much.

Most of my ordeal was over. With my head on his shoulder I soon went to sleep.

I awoke about an hour (I think) later and realised that I only had 1 golf ball still inside me. I looked for Ryan and saw him talking to one of the girls. A couple of people had slices of pizza in their hand.

“Where did that come from?” I thought – then I went back to sleep.

The next time that I woke there was only Emma, Karen and Ryan there. Emma was getting undressed and Ryan was freeing me for my ordeal. I really wanted to tell him that I was really annoyed with him but after the pleasure that I’d experienced I just couldn’t do that.

“Come on gorgeous, Emma and Karen need the sofa.” Ryan said.

“I need a shower.” I mumbled as Ryan lifted me to my feet.

“Can I have that last golf ball please TT; I’m not going to fuck you with that still inside you.”

I opened my legs and squeezed. Seconds later there was a thump as the golf ball hit the floor. I didn’t even look at it as Ryan half carried me to the shower.

Ryan joined me in the shower and he helped me wash all the sweat and my bodily juices off me; but we didn’t have sex in the shower. After he’d towelled me and put me into our bed Ryan spooned me and I fell asleep with him inside me.

The next morning I staggered to the kitchen and made some coffee. As I took some back to bed I saw Karen and Emma on the sofa, and accidentally stubbed a toe on one of the golf balls.

A couple of hours later I woke again and put a robe on. Ryan was cooking breakfast and Karen was standing at the window (naked), looking to see if she could see if mister perv was watching us. I guess that she wanted to tease him.

Over breakfast Karen embarrassed me - again, by telling me that they’d ordered pizzas the night before and when the middle-aged Asian guy had delivered them they’d invited him in and let him have a good look at me as I slept. He’d been amazed when 1 of the golf balls came out of me while he watched.

**Fancy Dress Party**

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We had another party at our place. Ryan decided that it was going to be a fancy dress party, and that people would only be allowed in if they were in fancy dress.

I kept suggesting outfits that I could wear but Ryan kept telling me not to worry, and that he’d sort something out for me. He even said that the night before the party, and I was starting to get a bit worried.

Anyway, a couple of hours before we expected the first people to arrive he disappeared then came back with this large cardboard box. It was the size of a coffin and I joked about it being a coffin.

I got a little worried when he said,

“Sort of.”

He stood it on its end and went and got a pair of scissors and some sellotape then started cutting a hole in the top.

I got more worried when he told me to go and have a shower and come back without getting dressed.

The box was on its side when I got back and Ryan told me to slide into it.

When I was in Ryan folded the flaps round my neck so that only my head was out of the box.

“I’m not going to have much of a party like this.” I joked.

“I promise you that you’ll have a fantastic party; one that you’ll remember for the rest of your life.” Ryan replied.

I got a little more worried.

Ryan checked where my feet were then made some adjustments before sealing that end of the box. It was like I was in a coffin, but with my head out.

What Ryan did next really did worry me. He cut a hole about 6 inches in diameter right above my pussy; and a slot about 12 inches by 6 above my little tits.

Then he rolled the box over and cut another 6 inch diameter hole above my butt.

Next, he lifted the box up so that I was stood on my feet. I was stuck; all I could do was to move my head sideways. The only other thing that I could do, but didn’t want to do, was to lean on one side so that I fell over.

“Okay Ryan, fun over, can you let me out please? I need to get ready for the party.” I asked.

“You are ready for the party my love. That’s your fancy dress.”

“You’re joking; I’m in a bloody box. The only part of me that’s visible is my head, and my …… oh no..”

It dawned on me; Ryan wanted (was expecting) me to get groped through the holes in the box.

“Ryan please don’t do this to me;” I pleaded, “I’ll get embarrassed and humiliated.”

“And extra horny;” Ryan said, “I bet that you’ll be begging people to make you cum.”

“I will NOT.”

“Of course you will,“ Ryan said; “you love it when people see you naked and touch you.”

“Only you.”

“Liar,” Ryan said, “how many times have you cum while you’re naked in front of strangers, and when they’re touching you?”

“Hundreds.” I whispered.

“Right then, a few more times tonight then. You’ll love it”

And he was right. Okay I love the orgasms, but it’s still embarrassing and humiliating.

Just then the doorbell rang.

“Hang on a minute.” Ryan shouted.

Ignoring my protests Ryan went and got a blindfold and ball gag and put them on me. I resigned myself to a humiliating evening but at least I wouldn’t be able to see my tormentors.

I heard voices, some I recognised and some that I didn’t. I felt my right nipple get squeezed and Karen said,

“This is going to be fun Tanya. I’m really glad that you decided to be the entertainment tonight.”

I wanted to protest and put her straight but there was no point. She wouldn’t be able to understand my garbled voice.

The doorbell rang again and I heard more voices. Some were talking about me and occasionally I felt a hands come through the holes in the box.

As time went on more and more hands came through the holes and the hands started getting more adventurous. My nipples were really getting abused and fingers invaded my wet pussy.

I think that it was a girl’s hand that was the first that I realised was trying to make me cum; and she was good at it. Just as I realised that I was going to cum, the hand disappeared. After a few seconds it came back and took me over the edge.

There were big cheers as someone told everyone that I was cumming. As I calmed down I heard Karen say,

“Right, who’s next?”

The next thing I felt was me falling. Fortunately someone caught me and stood me up again. Ryan asked me if I was okay but all I could do was mumble.

More hands came into the holes and my body got tortured. Before long I was cumming, again and again. Someone removed the ball gag so that people could hear my moans and screams of pleasure; but the blindfold was left on. In a way I was glad that I couldn’t see who was pleasuring me; but at the same time, every time I saw one of our friends after that night I would be wondering if they had made me cum.

I don’t know how many orgasms I had, but eventually my legs started getting a bit weak. I felt the cardboard pressing on my neck. Somehow I managed to tell Ryan that it was hurting. He must have realised that I was serious because he stopped the people who were currently groping me and lowered the box onto the floor. Then he ripped the sellotape off the top of the box and freed my neck.

I was hoping that my torture and humiliation was over but it wasn’t. I heard Ryan say,

“Okay, you can continue now.”

The hands came back through the holes and I felt my legs spread as much as they could within the confines of the box.

I couldn’t fight it so I just lay there and took the pleasure that was being inflicted on me.

Eventually the hands and orgasms stopped and things went quiet. Then I went to sleep.

When I woke up Ryan was cutting the cardboard and freeing me. When the blindfold came off Ryan and I were alone.

Ryan helped me up and to the shower. All the time I kept repeating,

“You bastard; you bastard.”

When Ryan had dried me and put me on the bed the,

“You bastard” changed to “fuck me.”

He did.

I never did find out if anyone who came to the party wore fancy dress. Whenever I asked Ryan, Karen or Emma they just changed the subject.

When I next saw Karen and Emma they kept telling me how lucky I was to have someone like Ryan who always wanted me to have lots of sexual pleasure.

I know that they are right; it’s just that I’d like to have a bit more say in how I get that pleasure. But there again, if I knew beforehand would these ‘events’ be as pleasurable?

**They’re spying on me**

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One Saturday evening when we were out having a drink with Karen and Emma, Karen told me that she liked my new blue dress. After thanking her, I suddenly wondered when she’d seen it. I wasn’t wearing it that night and I’d only got it a couple of days before. I was confused and asked her when she’d seen me in it.

“Yesterday morning when you were trying on different outfits.”

“But yesterday was Friday, you were at work and I was at home on my own; how could you have seen me?”

“Ooops!” Karen said, and looked at Ryan.

“Thanks Karen.” Ryan said; then he turned to me.

“TT, do you remember me bringing those 2 webcams home a couple of weeks ago and trying to get them working?”

“Yeah, but you gave-up didn’t you?”

“Well no, I did get them working and then I hid them, one in our bedroom and the other in the lounge.”

“Switched on?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“So who have you given the IP address’ to? Who’s been spying on us?” I asked as I remembered a frigging session on the sofa after trying on various outfits the previous morning.

Both Emma and Karen put their hands up.

“Who else?”

“Just some of the guys at work.”

“Ryan! You’ve been letting your mates spy on me. How could you?”

“They haven’t seen anything that they haven’t seen before. Besides, now that you know I bet that you’ll get all excited when we go to bed tonight.”

“Well yeah, but that’s because of you.”

“I bet that you get extra turned on tonight because there might be some man watching you.”

I shut up then, Ryan was probably right but I wasn’t going to admit to it.

“Hey babe,” Karen said, “You look so cute laying there fast asleep without the covers over you. If it wasn’t for Emma and Ryan I’d be hitting on you.”

I said nothing and when we got home I switched the light off as I went into the bedroom to get undressed.

It wasn’t long before Ryan had cheered me up, and before I knew it I was riding Ryan; with the light on.

I woke up the next morning in a happier mood. Overnight I’d come to the conclusion that I didn’t care that Ryan’s mates were seeing me naked. After all, they’d all seen me naked before. It’s like mister perv over the road; I’ll just pretend that they’re not there.

I didn’t want to think about Ryan’s mates giving the IP address to any of their friends.

On the Monday afternoon after I got back from the shops I was feeling a little lonely and horny. After I’d put everything away I sat on the sofa and started thinking about Ryan. Before long I’d taken my top and skirt off and was having a slow frigging session thinking back to our holiday and the fun that we’d had.

I had just cum and was enjoying the calm after the storm when my mobile rang. I cursed at being interrupted. It was Karen and she told me that she was in meeting that had stopped because of me. She told me that she’d left a window on her laptop open and accidentally opened it when starting a presentation. Me frigging myself had suddenly been displayed on the projector screen and the 4 people there (not Ryan) had made her open the window again so that they could watch me.

Karen was phoning to thank me for the entertaining interruption.

I blushed, clamped my legs shut then ran to the bathroom. After getting over the initial shock I realised that I was still horny as hell and I went back to the sofa and did it again.

I have no idea if anyone was watching.

Sometimes when I’m walking around naked at home, or pleasuring myself, I do wonder if Ryan, or anyone else, is watching me. I have to admit that it does get me excited – not that I would ever admit it; probably not even to Ryan.

**One warmish Saturday night**

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One Saturday evening a while back, when the weather was reasonable, we decided to walk to a nice pub that we know. Ryan wanted me to wear just one of my floaty summer dresses; the one that is about mid-thigh long with the top scooped and loose fitting. If I bend forwards anyone who looks can see my tiny tits and nipples.

In the pub we’d been sat opposite each other and Ryan had eased his legs between mine. I wasn’t bothered about that because the dress is long enough and there’s enough material to fall between my legs and for me not to be showing anything. The other thing was that the noise in the pub was such that I had to lean forward to hear Ryan at times. Again, I wasn’t bothered that Ryan was able to see my tits. I even felt good when I noticed where his eyes were looking. I never caught any of the men stood near us looking down my top.

Anyway, we had a few to drink and were a bit ‘happy’ when we left. We decided to walk home via the park where I’ve had a bit of fun in the kids play area.

When we got there we sat on one of those wooded benches that were there for the parents to watch their kids from. After a couple of minutes we started kissing and I turned sideways and sat on Ryan’s lap so that we could still kiss and Ryan could have easy access to caress my tits and pussy. It was late at night, and although the street lights were on, the place was deserted – or so we thought.

After a few minutes Ryan had opened the buttons all the way down and my whole front was exposed.

When we broke a kiss I suddenly thought that I saw someone in the nearby bushes. I told Ryan but he dismissed it saying that no one would be out there at that time of night.

A bit later when Ryan was finger fucking me I definitely saw someone, a man, and he was in front of the bushes. Then I saw another man not far from the first man. I told Ryan who looked and said,

“Oh good; let’s put on a show for them.”

“What! I can’t do that.” I replied.

“Yes you can TT, just pretend that they aren’t there.”

I knew that it was pointless arguing so I resigned myself to the men seeing me naked, and probably more. At least we weren’t directly under one of the street lights. If I concentrated on what Ryan was doing to me perhaps I could just pretend that they weren’t there.

Ryan soon got me close to an orgasm, but he stopped and just kissed me for a while as I calmed down.

Then he did it again. This time as well as kissing me he eased my dress off me so that I was naked.

When he broke the kiss he told me to stand up with my back to him. The 2 men got a full frontal view of me. Ryan told me to open my legs and stand either side of his legs; then he pulled me down. I’d been busy looking at the men and hoping that the street light weren’t bright enough for them to see my bits too well; and not realised that Ryan had got his cock out. When he pulled me down his cock found its home.

I gasped, then relaxed. There was nothing that I could do except enjoy it and think of England.

As I was bouncing up and down the 2 men came a lot closer. So close that I could have reached out and touched them – if I’d wanted to – which I didn’t.

“She’s so young.” One of the men said.

“Yeah, doesn’t she make you want to give her one?” The other said as he rubbed the crotch if his trousers.

“Cum for daddy.” Ryan said.

“Fucking hell!” The first man said.

The second man unzipped his trousers and got his hard cock out.

“No touching her; okay.” Ryan said.

Both men nodded.

I couldn’t help myself; I didn’t really want to have an orgasm in front of those men but I’d lost control of myself. I got quite vocal as the spasms hit me. I stopped caring where I was and who was watching me.

Ryan kept me going up and down until another orgasm was starting to rise; then he stopped and held me tight as he shot his load inside me. We just sat there for a couple of minutes as we calmed down.

I opened my eyes and saw the 2 men; they were both wanking as they stared at me.

“Poppet, isn’t this the playground where you said that the ropes had made you cum?” Ryan said.

I realised what Ryan was doing, and I’d already lost my inhibitions for the night.

“Yes daddy, but can I play on the climbing frame for a bit first?”

“Okay princess, but be careful.”

I lifted myself off Ryan’s cock and immediately felt our juices start to run down my inner thighs. Ignoring it and leaving my dress on the bench, I ran over to the climbing and started climbing.

I turned and looked back. The 2 men had followed me and 1 was climbing under the frame so that he could look up at me. I was glad that the street light weren’t as good as daylight.

I giggled a bit to myself as I realised that my pussy might be dripping onto the man.

I climbed all over that frame before Ryan said,

“Okay princess, show daddy how good you are at climbing the ropes.”

“Okay daddy.” I shouted as I got off the frame and ran to the ropes.

“Ooow, it’s cold.” I said as I jumped up one of the ropes and pressed my pussy onto it.

“Up you go.”

I easily climbed to the top then wrapped my legs tightly round the rope, pressing it against my pussy. My clit told me that it was enjoying the cold pressure.

“Slide down slowly Poppet.” Ryan said.

I loosened my grip, probably too much because I slid down quickly. I managed to stop myself after about 3 feet; just as my first orgasm (second of the night) arrived. I hung on for dear life as I screamed and shook.

Just as I started to get my composure back I looked down. Three men and 2 cocks were looking up at me. My grip automatically loosened and I slid down another 3 or 4 feet. This time the pressure on my clit felt REALLY good.

Another orgasm hit me.

I repeated this again before I lost my grip and fell to the ground. As it turned out I was only a couple of feet above the ground but I still fell flat on my back with my legs wide open. When I opened my eyes 2 cocks started shooting their load all over me. I got blobs of jism from my hair to my pussy, and Ryan was just stood there with a big grin on his face.

No sooner than they’d finished cumming, the 2 men were gone, leaving their calling card all over me.

Ryan helped me to my feet and gave me a tissue from his pocket. I’d gone out that evening without my bag so I didn’t have any more.

“You can use your dress to wipe the rest off.” Ryan said, but I couldn’t; we couldn’t find my dress; the bastards had stolen it. I was left naked in the park and still covered in strangers cum.

“Rub yourself on the grass.” Ryan said.

I did, well as best as I could. Then I started to panic a bit because I still had to get home. Ryan came to the rescue as best as he could; he was wearing a light jacket and he took it off and gave it to me. It only covered half my butt and not my pussy, but it was better than nothing.

Fortunately we made it home without any incident, although a couple of cars did beep their horns at us.

“We’ll have to do that again sometime.” Ryan said as we fucked in the shower before going to bed.

**Halloween Party**

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Karen and Emma had a Halloween party; but only people who got dressed-up could go. Ryan said that he’d sort out a costume for me - again, and that worried me - again. I just knew that he’d get something indecent.

I was right.

The top was black and see through and had a white skeleton on it. Fortunately the white skeleton covered my nipples.

The skirt was a black tutu one. It flared out and my butt and pussy felt as naked as they were. Underneath I wore a garter belt holding up black stockings that had the legs of the skeleton painted on.

Ryan wore a black shirt, black trousers and a black cape; and he got me to put some ‘ghost’ and fang makeup on his face.

I felt exposed and foolish going to Emma’s and Karen’s place. I was glad that, for once, Ryan followed me up the stairs on the double-decker bus.

I didn’t feel out of place when Emma opened their door; she was dressed very much like me. Karen wore a pair of heels; that’s it.

Everyone else there was in fancy dress but Karen stole the show. That was until someone pulled at my tutu and it ripped off. I was left virtually bottomless. The tutu was beyond quick repair and Emma, and the alcohol that I’d consumed, persuaded me to stop trying to fix it and continue bottomless.

The guys there seemed to enjoy me being like that nearly as much as they enjoyed Karen’s nakedness.

Some of the other girls there were wearing skimpy costumes as well. One was wearing just a black bikini on which she’d painted a couple of bones, and she had fake blood runs down her front. Another just had a few strategically placed bandages round her. They didn’t look too secure and as the night went on one of her breasts got exposed and she never bothered to cover it.

Anyway, after my tutu got ripped off I tried to spend a lot of time sitting down, that way at least my pussy would be covered. As people got tired, more and more of them wanted to sit down. I had to sit on Ryan’s lap and it wasn’t long before I felt his cock get hard. I decided to tease Ryan a bit by grinding my bare butt on him. That was a mistake because it wasn’t long before he carefully got his cock out of his trousers, gently and slowly lifted me up, then lowered me back down; impaling me on his cock. He did it so slowly that the first I knew of it was when I felt him go inside me.

We sat like that for ages as we talked to the people around us. Emma even got us some more drinks as we sat there. She didn’t look as if she knew what was going on.

At one point I had my head on Ryan’s shoulder and I whispered that I wanted to cum. I felt Ryan’s cock get harder but that was all, he was busy talking to a man about motor racing.

I got a bit disappointed when Ryan’s cock started going soft with neither of us having cum; but I guess there were just too many people around us.

As the people next to us got up Ryan took it as a diversion and he lifted me up long enough for him to quickly put his cock away without anyone noticing. Or so we thought.

“Have you 2 been fucking?” Karen loudly asked.

I went bright red and said,

“No.”

“You have. Why else would you blush like that?” Karen quickly came back.

“Hey everyone, this little skeleton has been boning her boyfriend on the sofa.” Karen announced to the world.

A couple of people started clapping and everyone turned and looked at me (and Ryan). I was still bottomless and I felt so embarrassed.

Fortunately everyone lost interest quite quickly and went back to whatever they were doing.

Ryan stood up and said,

“Thanks Karen; nothing like a good mate for embarrassing you.”

Karen leaned of to him, kissed him on the cheek and said,

“You’re welcome. You know she loves it; I bet she’s just got all wet.”

“Ryan’s embarrassed.” I thought, “what about me? I’ve just been fucked in front of strangers and you’re telling people that I loved it.”

I had actually; and those talking about it had caused me to have a little wet rush; but it was embarrassing with those people listening.

Ryan and I went into the kitchen and got another beer. I leant my side on him as we drank and we talked to a couple. Ryan’s spare hand found its way to my bare butt and gently caressed it. It felt good.

People started leaving and I suddenly realised that we had to leave as well; but I was bottomless. Emma came to my rescue, and after a bit of teasing, saying that I’d have to go home like that, she leant me one of her skirts.

We got an early morning bus home then got the relief that I needed while we were in the shower.

**Another Nude Modelling Job**

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Ryan got a phone call a couple of weeks ago; it was from Dan, the Art College teacher who I’d been a naked model for a couple of times. Dan had wanted to know if I’d be interested in a session modelling for someone to pose at an art exhibition; naked of course. Dan had told Ryan that I would be perfect for the job.

Of course Ryan had said that I would be interested, without even asking me. I would have said no because those modelling jobs are so humiliating. Having to pose naked, in such lewd positions is horrible. Okay, I sometimes get turned-on by them but the embarrassment is horrible. This job was probably going to be more embarrassing because there would be a lot more people there.

Anyway, the dreaded evening arrived and we walked into the art gallery. I looked round and saw lots of drawings of naked people. A gay sounding man came up to us.

“You must be Tanya; I’m Nigel; you’re late. Thank you so much for helping us out.” The obvious gay held out a very limp hand for us to shake.

“This is your boyfriend then Tanya?” Before I had chance to answer Nigel continued,

“I don’t know what Dan told you but I need girls to take part in some sexual activities during the display. I’ll re-shuffle the girls so that you’re not with one of the male models. I’ll put you on the stand where you will be on display on your own. Will that be okay with you?”

I was going to say “No,” but Ryan opened his mouth before I could, and said,

“Of course it will; Tanya has no inhibitions about her body.”

I wanted to kill Ryan.

“Good, good, if you follow me I’ll explain everything.”

As we walked Nigel was going on about some of the displays.

A totally naked man sporting a huge, erect cock walked in front of us,

“Excellent Trevor, just keep it like that for the rest of the evening. I’ll get to you later.” Nigel said.

I could see about half a dozen totally naked people around the place. All looked like they were about to indulge in some bondage and sex.

“Bloody hell.” I thought; “What have you got me into Ryan?”

Okay, there were loads of pictures around the place, and even some statues; but from what I’d heard and seen so far it looked like it was a sex show, not an erotic exhibition.

Then I saw a banner on one wall. It read,

“The Beauty of the Female Orgasm.”

I started to get worried.

Nigel led us to a table that was about 3 feet by 6 feet and 4 feet high. At each corner there were steel ‘D’ rings screwed onto the wood.

“Come on girl, hurry and get those rags off; the guests will be here in minutes. I thought you said that you weren’t shy about your body?”

“It’s Ryan that’s not shy about my body, but I am.” I thought but didn’t say.

I quickly took my top off, dropped my skirt and kicked my shoes off. Ryan picked them up as Nigel continued.

“Good, no horrible hair; everyone will want to see all of your girly bits. Put these on.”

I don’t know where Nigel produced them from but he handed me 4 velcro ankle or wrist cuffs. Each had a ‘D’ ring.

“Quickly please sweety.” Nigel said.

With Ryan’s help I quickly did as I was told.

“Climb up then.”

Ryan helped me.

“Right girl, on your back, we’ll start with the basic spread position.” Nigel ordered as he got some short lengths of rope from out of a box.

He threw 2 pieces to Ryan, telling him to try my wrists to the ‘D’ rings; at the same time as he pulled my legs apart and tied them to the corners. I was spread-eagled and very exposed.

“Right young man, she looks a little dry, play with her and get her all wet before the quests start arriving.” Nigel said as he picked-up a box and put it on the table. Written on the side was,

‘PLEASE MAKE ME CUM’

I looked at Ryan who he had a big grin on his face.

“You’re in for a pleasurable evening.” He said.

“Please stop this Ryan. I’ll do anything you want, but please don’t let this happen to me.”

“Come on TT; you’ll love every second of it. Think of all those orgasms.”

Well yes, the orgasms would be great, but there would be lots of people watching me; and goodness only knows how many people giving me those orgasms. I was, and I wasn’t happy.

Ryan leant over and kissed me, a long, nice kiss on my mouth. As he was doing that his hand slid up and down my body, playing with my nipples and then my pussy. My fear faded as I started to get wet and then aroused.

Ryan continued to the point where I was close to cumming then he stopped.

Just as he stood up and took his hand off me I heard I heard Nigel shout,

“Right kiddies, the show starts now, Get ready for some fun.”

A couple of minutes later people were filling the room. It wasn’t long before a couple came over to me and read the sign.

“It will be my pleasure,” the man said and reached out and rubbed my nipples.

Soon a few people were standing around me and basically, groping me. It was nice, but horrible at the same time.

Then I heard Nigel,

“Hey people these might help you get her going.”

I looked at him as he tipped up the box telling people to make me cum. Three dildos and 2 vibrators fell out onto the table. I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

A woman picked up a dildo and gently pushed it into me before fucking me with it while a man was pulling and squeezing one of my nipples. I looked over to Ryan and saw a big smile and a big bulge.

Needless to say it wasn’t long before my body betrayed me and I felt my AF quickly climb. As I started to cum my body arched up and started shaking; and I got quite vocal.

As the pleasure started to recede the man and woman backed away and were replaced by 2 women. I looked at their faces and saw evil grins. I just knew that they were going to make me cum - again.

A hand pulled the dildo out of me and some fingers found my clit. That hand just knew what my clit needed and it gave it to me, over and over again. Multiple orgasms just seemed to merge into one never ending gigantic orgasm. After trying to fight it for ages, I just blacked out.

When I came round I saw Ryan and Nigel looking down at me.

“My my sweetie; that must have been a good one; I could hear your screams of pleasure from the other side of the room. Are you ready to move to the next position?” Nigel said.

Without waiting for an answer Nigel started un-tying the ropes attached to my ankles. He then told me lift my legs right up in the air. I was a little slow reacting to Nigel’s command and he said,

“Come on, we haven’t got all night; customers are waiting to play with your pussy thing.”

“PUSSY THING!” I thought; “that’s my pride and joy you’re talking about you little gay b………….”

My ankles were then tied to the same rings that my wrists were and pulled as tight as my body would allow; leaving my pussy stretched wide for everyone to see and play with. It wasn’t long before people (men and women) were using various dildos and vibrators on me.

That was just the second of four different positions that Nigel had me tied down in. Each one stretched my legs wide, and in each position people made me cum, numerous times; either with those toys or their fingers. I lost count of how many orgasms I’d had by the time Nigel finally released me. Thankfully (maybe not), I never blacked out again.

I lost sight of Ryan a couple of times. He later told me that he’d wandered round to see the other exhibits. He told me that he’d seen 5 or 6 women, all naked, and all being fucked by men with big cocks. There were a couple of women who were masturbating on tables with people watching them and one woman who was impaling herself on very large objects screwed down to a table.

I was totally knackered; and sore as well. Fortunately there was a shower in one of the back rooms but I had to wait in turn to use it. Ryan was hoping that he could join me but the queue was too long. The poor man’s balls must have been bursting.

When I was clean, dressed and slightly refreshed; we found Nigel, got paid and headed for the bus home. Fortunately, by the time we got home I was lively enough to enjoy Ryan getting his release, even if I was sore. I was still sore two days later, but I didn’t complain to Ryan.

The next morning as we discussed the evening over breakfast I had to admit that I’d enjoyed the experience. But I’d still been extremely embarrassed. The money had been good but I still wouldn’t admit to being an exhibitionist.