**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 15 – My Training Course continued**

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**Wednesday**

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Breakfast went as it did the previous day. I ate too much and felt a little bloated and rubbed my stomach as I walked back to the lift. The rubbing must have loosened the robe’s belt because it came undone as I walked. I couldn’t be bothered to fasten it again and fortunately I saw no one on the way.

The trip on the underground was horrible. When I got on the train I had to stand right in front of a sitting man. As more people poured on I was pushed right up to the man. My right foot was in between his legs. With my bag over my shoulder and that arm holding my books; my other hand was up holding a ceiling strap. I had to stretch to do this and I could see a big strip of bare flesh round my waist in the reflection in the window. I could also feel a man pressing against my back.

I smiled when I had the horrible thought of me being naked on that train.

As the train moved off a hand from the man behind me went to my butt. I looked at the reflection of him in the window and saw (and felt) him bend his knees as his hand slid down then back up under my skirt.

As the back of my skirt went up, so did the front. I looked at my reflection and saw that my pussy was exposed. I was getting exposed on 2 fronts; the man behind me was groping my bare butt (and pussy); and the man sat in front of me was inches from my exposed pussy.

Luckily, the man behind me was a lot taller than me so I was too low for him to really grope my pussy. He could touch it but not get in to it.

At the next station quite a few people got off, including the groper. My skirt fell back down and I breathed a sigh of relief.

The rest of my day went just about the same as the previous day and I returned to my hotel with my stomach still feeling full. No evening meal for me again.

As I walked through reception on the way to my room I heard someone say,

“Tanya Turner.”

“Strange.” I thought because I didn’t know anyone there.

It was a man receptionist and he told me that a package had been delivered for me. That was even stranger, but I took it and continued to the lift. Going up with 3 other people in there I opened the package. As soon as I saw what it was I blushed and pushed it back into the package.

Someone had sent me a vibrating butt plug with a big fake diamond on the end.

As soon as I got into my room I skyped Ryan, he asked me if I’d got the package. When I said that I had he told me to get the rest of my clothes off and put my new toy into my pussy.

There was already more than enough natural lubrication for the butt plug to slide straight in.

I looked at myself in the mirror and saw that I could only just see the diamond when I stood up straight. If I leaned back and thrust my hips forward the whole diamond was visible.

Ryan told me to take it out, which I reluctantly did, and he told me to work out how to switch in on. One press on the diamond and the vibe started running on low. Press again and it went to high. Press again and it switched off.

Ryan told me to wear my new vibe as soon as I got back from my massage and to keep it in until I got home; only taking it out to change the batteries. He said that I could choose when to switch it on and off.

“Even on the training course and when I go to bed?” I asked.

“Yes and yes. Remember that it doesn’t have to be switched on – apart from all evening that is.”

I thought about it and then told Ryan that I thought that I could do that; that it wouldn’t be too difficult. After all, if it got too much for me all I had to do was press the diamond once or twice and it go off.

Then he told me to change the camera on skype and to get ready for my massage.

I showered, shaved and did everything else that I had to do; then set off to find the masseur. I didn’t bother with clothes (apart from my jewellery) for 2 reasons, firstly Ryan had told me not to wear any, and secondly I would be naked on the table soon. I did carry a towel and my tablet which I switched on and started the skype call as I walked.

I knocked on the door and waited. It was opened by a man aged about 40, wearing white trousers and a white T-shirt.

“Tanya, come in.” he said with a Spanish accent.

I looked round the room and saw a table at the side of the room.

“Is it okay to leave these here?” I asked.

“Si, yes.” Manuel said.

I leaned the tablet against the wall hoping that I’d got the angle right for Ryan then turned back to Manuel. He patted the table indicating that I should climb on.

As I settled on my stomach Manuel asked me if I had any areas that I wanted him to pay particular attention to. I smiled and decided to say,

“My Pussy.”

But when my mouth opened, out came,

“No.”

I was disappointed with myself.

Manuel was good, just as good as the neck ache masseur. While he was doing the backs of my legs he just touched my pussy. It was electrifying; I let out a little moan, spread my legs wider and felt a little wet rush.

I was ready for Manuel to ask me to turn over and for him to start on my pussy but he kept working on my back and legs. Each time his hands accidentally touched my pussy it got wetter and wetter. I was aching for those fingers to be inside me.

Finally Manuel asked me to turn over. As I settled on my back I realised that I’d opened my legs quite wide. I thought about how wet my pussy felt but I didn’t care. I just wanted him to get on with it.

That man teased me something rotten. His hands massaged close to my nipples and pussy but didn’t touch them for what seemed like hours. By the time he finally touched my nipples they felt like they were going to burst.

Then he went back to my pussy, well, not in me, or my clit. He started the massaging all around it again, but this time he was pressing quite hard around my pussy, In particular he was pressing above my pubic bone. It was like he was trying to get to my g-spot from the outside. I must say that it felt like he had found it.

That went on for ages and my AF was rising quickly. Manuel brought me quite close to cumming quite a few times but he’s always back-off for a while.

When he did let me cum he changed his action. The middle 2 fingers on his right hand went inside me and pressed up while his thumb tickled my clit. Meanwhile his left hand was pressing down just above my pubic bone. It was like he was trying to feel the fingers of one hand with the fingers of the other.

I was the sandwich between his hands and I was cumming hard. I was trying to lift my butt off the table but he was holding me down.

On and on and on he went while I was cumming and cumming and cumming. I could feel the sweat pouring off me and my juices flooding out.

I have no idea how long it went for, or how many times I came.

Finally Manuel let go of me with his left hand and my butt went up in the air. From shoulder blades to ankles I was off the table while Manuel’s right hand kept torturing my pussy.

My head was going from side to side and obscenities were escaping my mouth. I was in heaven; one orgasm after another after another.

Manuel removed his hand but I still kept cumming for ages. When the big orgasms finally stopped I lay flat and started giggling. Every few seconds another mini orgasm would hit me and I’d jerk or spasm.

Manuel left me to relax for a while but I just lay there giggling and having the occasional after-shock of a mini orgasm. Manuel had to coax me to get on my feet. My legs just didn’t want to take my weight.

Eventually I managed to collect my towel and tablet and slowly head back to my room. By the time I got out of the lift I was able to skip along the corridor, still with a big grin on my face.

In my room I looked at myself in the mirror. I still had the grin on my face. I picked up my new toy and held it to my hole. As soon as contact was made I jumped and I started giggling again. As I pushed it in I started shaking. I was sooo close to cumming again.

I wanted to try the vibrating part but I didn’t dare; I didn’t know if I could take it so soon after Manuel.

It was then that I remembered Ryan and Skype. I turned the volume up and saw that the connection had dropped. I tried calling him back but there was no answer. I hoped that he’d seen most of my massage. I decided to call him back later.

I was still grinning as I set off back to the leisure centre, towel swinging round in the air. I was in a good mood and I wanted to get some exercise.

Going down in the lift I was joined by 2 middle-aged men. They stared at the naked me for ages before one of them said,

“Someone’s in a good mood.”

“Yes, I’ve just had a massage and I feel great.” I replied.

“You look a little young to be having massages.”

“My dad thought that I should start young.”

“It looks like your dad thinks that you should start a few things while you’re young.”

I assumed that he meant the jewellery and the fact that I was naked. When the doors opened the 2 men got out and I heard one of them say,

“I wish that I was still a teenager.”

I walked into the leisure centre again and the receptionist smiled at me. It was one of those ‘knowing’ smiles. I blushed a bit.

In the workout room I was met by George who asked me why I was so happy and I told him that I’d been for a massage and that Manuel had done a good job.

“Manuel!” George exclaimed; “aren’t you a little young for that sort of massage?”

“Oh no, my daddy says that I should start these things as soon as I want to.”

“Wow, your father is quite a man.”

“Yeah, can you show me some more of the machines please?”

“Sure; shall we start over there?”

George took me to a machine that strengthens your legs by you forcing them apart and then back together. As soon as George demonstrated it I knew that I was going to be embarrassed; but I was still in a good mood and I decided to go for it.

As soon as my legs parted George said,

“Wow Tanya, what’s that, has your father bought you some more jewellery?”

My legs were straining but my hands were free and I automatically touched the diamond. I didn’t realise how sensitive the switch was and the vibe burst into life. I lost it and my legs clamped together.

“Sorry!” I said, “Yes, daddy thought that I might like it. Do you like it?”

“Err yes, do you?”

“Yeah, I do, but I haven’t had time to get used to it yet. I think that I might like it more soon.”

With the vibe purring away inside me we managed to try 3 more machines before I told George that I’d had enough. I thought about having 10 minutes on an exercise cycle but there was no way that I could let my pussy slide from side to side with that diamond sticking out of my hole.

I had a quick shower, switched the vibe off then went for a swim.

Going through to the pool I saw Carrie and the 2 Japanese girls in the pool; the Japs were in the deep end, one was holding onto the rail round the side whilst the other was near the middle. She was frantically kicking, throwing her arms around and shouting something. I looked back to her friend or sister and saw that she wasn’t too happy.

I realised that the girl in the middle of the pool was in trouble so I dropped my towel and dived in. The girl was thrashing about and coughing so I swam behind her and surfaced really close to her back. Putting my right arm over her right shoulder I grabbed her left tit and started swimming backwards. It was hard work because the girl wouldn’t stop thrashing about.

It took a good minute to get her to the shallow end where I stood on the bottom. The girl was still thrashing about so I let go of her tit. As she started to go down she realised that she could touch the bottom. She stood up and continued coughing.

Her sister / friend worked her way round the side and came over to us. She hugged her sister / friend then turned and hugged me. She was going on about something but I didn’t have a clue what so I turned and swam off to the other end. I got out and went to the jacuzzi where I relaxed for a while. I’d forgotten about Carrie until she came and joined me.

“That was quite some feat that you just did; where did you learn to do that?”

I told her all about my swimming when I was at school. Carrie was impressed.

A middle-aged couple came and climbed in so we got out and went to relax on sun loungers. We’d been there, on sun loungers side by side, with our legs bent and knees apart for about 10 minutes when the 2 Jap girls appeared and stood at my feet. They were still naked, but standing with their feet together and their heads bowed down.

“WTF.” I thought and was about to get up and try to lose them when the old Japanese man walked up and stood beside them.

Just as I was thinking, “This is weird.”

The old man said,

“Please, I would like to thank you for saving my daughter.” Only in broken English and with a terrible accent.

“Please allow my daughters to take care of you.”

I hadn’t a clue what he meant by that but whatever it was I didn’t want any part of it. I got up and went to the ladies changing room hoping that he wouldn’t follow me in there.

After about 5 minutes I went back out and lay next to Carrie again.

“What’s that sticking out of your hole?” Carrie asked.

“Oh, Ryan sent me a new vibe. He says that I have to wear it until I get home.”

“Won’t the battery run flat by then?”

“Thankfully I don’t have to have it on all the time, and I can take it out to change the batteries. Imagine what it would be like on my training course to have this thing purring away inside me all day. I’d never get any work done.”

“You’d probably have a big puddle under your chair as well.” Carrie joked (I think).

After a couple of seconds Carrie continued,

“Let’s go into the sauna, I want to have a closer look at that thing.”

There was a youngish man sat in the sauna with a towel round his waist.

“Not in here Carrie, let’s go to the changing room.”

“No, here will do just fine. I’m sure that this gentleman won’t mind.”

“I do.” I said.

“Come on, you’re not going to go all shy on me; get on your back on the bench and get those legs open.”

I could have ignored her and left, but I didn’t. I did just as she told me. All the time the man was watching us both. I guess that it was quite unusual for him to have 2 naked young girls so close to him while they ignored his presence.

Carrie came and squat down near my pussy. She looked closely at the diamond then pressed on the end.

“That’s the switch,” I said as I jumped a little, “press it once to turn it on low, twice to turn it up to high; and a third time to turn it off.”

“So I’ve now got another way to make you cum Tanya.”

“Well yes, but I’d prefer to be the one touching the diamond.” I said.

“Rubbish, it’s a lot more fun if someone else does it.” Carrie said then reached out and pressed it again.

The vibe went onto full speed and I gasped.

Carrie stood up and went and sat at the end near my head, the other side of the sauna to the man. She lifted one foot up and started masturbating.

“I’ve got somewhere for us to go after our fun here.” Carrie said, “Somewhere that you’ll like. Then later on we’ll come back here and have lots more fun. I wouldn’t plan on having an early night little Tanya.”

I lay there with my legs open, the vibe pushing my AF factor up, and the man watching both of us. I could see the towel round the man changing shape.

I was the first to cum, thanks to the vibe. After the previous time that I’d cum this one was a bit of an anti-climax; but still good. Just as I was calming down Carrie said,

“Treadmill.”

“No!” I said, but the deed was done; I went back up there and started twitching. I could feel my pussy gripping the vibe.

Just as I started to come down the man stood up and left. His towel was tented out and there was a big wet patch at the top of the tent.

I reached to my pussy and pressed the diamond – peace at last.

“Now look what you’ve done Carrie.” I said.

“I wasn’t the one having 2 orgasms in front of him.”

“True, but who made me have them?”

“Hehe,” Carrie said. “But you enjoyed them. Don’t you dare try and deny it my cute little 13 year old exhibitionist.”

“Wrong on both counts; and you know it.” I said.

“I may have taken 10 years off your age, but I wasn’t wrong about the other part.”

“Yes you were.”

“No I wasn’t. Anyway, did you go and see Manuel earlier?” Carrie asked.

“Oh yeeeesssss; you were right, that man certainly has got a talent. He takes women’s orgasms to another level. How many times has he done you?”

“I don’t know; I’ve lost count. Hey, there’s this sales seminar thing on in the hotel. We’re going to see them probably roundabout now; come on, let’s get a shower and go up there. ”

We got up and went for a shower. As we were rinsing off I said,

“I don’t know that I want to go with you Carrie. I’m guessing that it will be a room full of dirty old men and I don’t want them looking at me like this.”

“Don’t be silly; you’ll love every second of it. Besides we need to go to wet their appetites for later.” Carrie said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, I’m going to let some of them know that we’ll be back down here later. I can guarantee that some of them will turn up and that we’ll get them to wank for us. I haven’t seen a man cum for errrrr 24 hours. I’m missing it.”

“Well; I’m not going to fuck any of them.”

“Neither am I.” Carrie said. “Just let them cum on me; a sort of bukkake.”

“A what?” I asked.

“It’s where lots of men cum all over a naked girl.” Carrie relied.

“Oh yes, Ryan’s told me about that.”

By that time we’d both dried ourselves so Carrie led me out of the leisure centre and up to another of the big rooms. Waiting outside were some waiters; 3 young men a 3 young girls. They had a couple of trolleys with champagne bottles and glasses. Carrie spoke to one of the men then came to me and said,

“This lot is for them to congratulate themselves for a good year. We’re waiting for the word then this lot are going in to serve it. I’ve sent one of the guys and one of the girls away. You and I are going to take their places; okay?”

“No, I don’t want to do it.” I said.

No sooner than I had stopped talking, the door opened and a man came out. He looked at Carrie and me and smiled,

“Okay, we’re ready now.”

Carrie and the staff moved forward. I followed; my heart pounding.

Inside the trolleys stopped and the 2 young men started opening the bottles while Carrie and the other girl filled trays with glasses and started taking them to the tables.

I looked round the room; lots of eyes were on Carrie and me. Not wanting to draw even more attention to me I picked up a tray, filled it with glasses and took them to a nearby table. When I got back to the trolleys Carrie was there.

“Take a bottle and go and fill some glasses. While you’re there tell them that we’ll be in the leisure centre later.”

With that she was gone.

What could I do? I picked up a bottle and went and started pouring. Everyone was looking at me. I was in a bit of a trance and at first I didn’t hear what people were saying to me. Then I started to relax a bit and started to hear some of the comments. I heard: -

“I told you that this hotel would be interesting.”

“Wow, the staff get younger each time that I come here.”

“Hey darling, can I pull your chain?”

“Do your parents know that you’re here?”

“I thought that they had laws about child labour in this country.”

“What I wouldn’t give for a couple of hours with that.”

“What’s that between her legs?”

I also got my butt groped a couple of times.

Those comments and getting groped was what I expected from a group of men. What I didn’t expect was for me to start whispering to the men telling them to come and see us in the leisure centre later. Why the hell was I inviting them to come and see me get humiliated – which was what I just knew would happen.

As I started at the last table I realised that my nipples were rock hard and my pussy was all wet. I couldn’t really be enjoying it could I?

When everyone had got their champagne we left. Carrie had a word with the girl staff member then Carrie and I headed back to the leisure centre. In the lift Carrie asked me if she could borrow the remote controlled vibe that I had been using so we sent the lift back up to my floor and went for it.

In my room I washed the vibe, put new batteries in it and passed it to Carrie. She immediately squat down and pushed it home. No need for lubrication there.

When she was happy that it was right in she asked me to show her how the control worked. I did, making her jump and squeal when she first got zapped.

“Wow, this IS fun.” Carries said, “and it has other settings as well?”

I went through all the controls with Carrie squirming as I did so.

“Can I borrow the control as well please Tanya?”

With Carrie playing with the control we went back to the leisure centre. In the corridor we got a disgusted look from an old woman who looked as if she was going to a posh do somewhere with her husband. He just smiled and wished us a pleasant evening.

Carrie set the vibe on random zap, saying that she wanted to experience what I had for the past few days; then asked the receptionist girl to look after the control for her.

We decided to go to the jacuzzi where Carrie got me to tell her all about my massage. I tried to quiz her about her plans for later but she wouldn’t talk about them. Every so often Carrie would gasp then smile.

A while later the girl that had been serving the champagne with us came in and up to us.

“The sales seminar is ending Carrie.” She said.

“Okay Amber, you go and get changed, we’ll be in the sauna area.”

“What’s that all about?” I asked.

Carrie wouldn’t tell me but she pulled me up and told me that we were going to the sauna to get warmed up.

“Warmed up!” I thought, “I’m quite warm, we’ve been sitting in the jacuzzi for 20 odd minutes.”

We went to the sauna via reception where Carrie went behind the counter, did something then led me to our destination.

The sauna was empty so Carrie told me to sit at one end of the bench and put my leg up. As I did so I looked down at my pussy; the diamond was sparkling.

Carrie asked me if I was comfortable. When I said I was she leaned over and pressed the diamond. Next she went and sat at the other end of the bench, the same way as she had told me to.

If anyone coming in glanced left or right they would get an eyeful of our pussies

“Right, I hope that we don’t have to wait long.” Carrie said as she started idly rubbing her clit.

I wondered what we were waiting for, but didn’t say anything.

A couple of minutes later the door opened and in walked Amber. This time she was as naked as we were.

“Hi Amber!” Carrie said, and introduced me.

“Isn’t Tanya a little young for this?” Amber asked. “Oh, by the way Tanya, I like the jewellery, and how the hell is that diamond staying where it is?”

“Tanya’s okay,” Carrie relied, “she had a session with Manuel earlier tonight and she has this amazing skill.”

“Young for what?” I thought; “She couldn’t have been serious about that bukkake thing – could she?” I got a little worried.

“Think of the proper name of the running machines in the workout room, but don’t say it out loud.” Carrie said to Amber.

“No Carrie, please don’t do this.” I pleaded.

“Okay Amber, say the word.” Carrie said.

Amber looked puzzled but said,

“Treadmill.”

It happened; I started cumming. My hand went to my pussy. Why did I press the button once and not twice to switch it off before firmly holding my hand over my pussy?

When it started to subside I looked at Carrie and Amber. Carrie was grinning and Amber was just staring at me.

“That’s fucking amazing. How the fuck does that work?” Amber said.

Carrie explained for me while I pressed the diamond twice. I wanted a little reminder of the orgasm I’d just had.

Amber climbed up onto the top bench and sat with her knees bent and her feet up on the bench, about shoulder width apart. I could clearly see her bald pussy. It was open, I could see inside her hole. I guessed that she was already aroused.

Just then the door opened and a man wearing only a towel walked in. He looked round at the 3 exposed pussies, grinned and sat near Carrie.

“Hi there.” Carrie said. “Have you come to look at us?”

“Oh yes, and more too if you want to play.” The man said.

“Don’t get too excited yet, we need a lot more cock before we start.” Carrie added.

“Bloody hell,” I thought, “had Carrie organised a gang bang?”

I didn’t get time to think about it anymore because the door opened and 2 more men walked in. They too stopped, stared and then smiled. Then 3 more men came in. It was getting crowded in there.

Carrie stood up and shouted,

“Okay gentlemen; there are enough of you to get started. If you’d just make way for us ladies to climb down and go outside we’ll get ready for you to start.”

Now I was getting worried. It really did sound like Carrie had organised a gang bang.

“Can we cum anywhere on you?” One man asked.

“Anywhere other than inside our butts or pussies.” Carrie shouted.

In a way I felt relieved, but at the same time I was unhappy. Carrie had organised a bukkake.

Not wanting to be a party pooper I followed Carrie and Amber out. The sun loungers had been re-arranged. There were only 3 of them now, arranged so that the foot of each were close together in a sort of star.

Carrie and Amber went and lay on 2 of the sun loungers so I took the other one. They were all raised at the head so that we could see each other. I just lay there with my legs together, but when Carrie and Amber opened their legs wide, put their feet over the sides and started rubbing their pussies I automatically did the same. The vibe inside me was purring away and I was feeling horny.

The men that had followed us out came and stood round us, looking down at our goodies.

“Okay guys, ready when you are, let’s see those cocks.” Carrie said.

Towels were removed and I was looking up to 4 hard cocks with the owner’s hands wrapped round them.

My AF went up a notch then I heard,

“Treadmill!”

“Nooooo!” I said as I started cumming.

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I said as I lost control of my body.

My body started to spasm and my back arched up. My embarrassment was forgotten as the orgasm took control.

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.” I kept saying and someone kept saying the same. In the midst of my high I realised that it was a man’s voice saying,

“Treadmill; treadmill; treadmill.”

No, not man, men; some of the men were chanting it. Did or didn’t they realise what it was doing to me.

I have no idea how many orgasms I had but I was really glad when I finally started to come down. I was knackered.

I started to get my day-to-day senses back and saw that I still had 2 men wanking above me. I looked down at my body and saw that I was covered with male cum. What’s more I could taste it and there was some in my left eye.

The 2 men made their donation and I just lay there, the vibe gently reminding me of what I’d been through. Those 2 were the last of the men. I had mixed feelings about what had just happened.

“Hey Tanya,” I heard Carrie say, “was that good or was that good?”

I smiled and said,

“That was good Carrie.”

I looked over to Amber, she was covered in male cum just like Carrie and I. Amber was rubbing her clit.

“Come on Tanya, Amber hasn’t got anything inside her to make her happy; help me make her cum.”

As I slowly got up I thought,

“I’ve never done this, what do I do?”

I didn’t have to think, nature took over. Carrie sat on one side of Amber and me on the other. We gently caressed her tits, rubbing all that male cum all over them while our other hands played with her pussy. I rubbed her clit the same way as Ryan does to me.

Before long Amber started to cum. I stopped rubbing but Carrie told me to keep going. We kept going until Amber begged us to stop.

Then it was shower time for the 3 of us. I guess it was the fact that the vibe was still purring away that made me look at Carrie and Amber as they cleaned themselves, and I thought that they both looked good. I nearly had a lesbian thought.

Carrie and I decided to go and relax in the jacuzzi while Amber decided to go into the sauna. We just sat there, too tired to talk.

After a while I told Carrie that I was going to bed. We both got out and walked back to the sauna to let Amber know. When I opened the door we saw Amber sat on the bench, legs way up in the air, and George pounding into her.

I was about to say something but Carrie stopped me saying,

“Leave them; Amber’s earned a good fucking.”

I closed the door and we walked through the changing room to reception.

“Amber and George?” The receptionist asked.

Carrie just nodded as she collected the remote control and switched it off causing her to let out a long sigh.

“Fuck; that was good.”

“Hang on to it.” I said.

I left Carrie talking to the receptionist and went up to my room. A couple got into the lift when it stopped at the second floor but I was too tired to be embarrassed.

I skype Ryan and started to tell him everything that had happened that evening but I fell asleep half way through.

**Thursday**

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I woke up with the vibe very gently purring away; the battery was nearly flat. There was daylight coming through the window. Looking at the clock I discovered that I had woken up at my normal time. I breathed a sigh of relief as I realised that I wasn’t late.

I took the vibe out, put a new battery in it and went for the 3 S’s. Feeling refreshed I put the vibe back in and pressed the diamond once.

As I put just the robe on I realised that the belt had fallen out of the loops.

“Sod it.” I thought, “I’ll just hold it together when I have to.”

Breakfast went as normal, except that I needed both hands to hold my plates and one old man got quite a surprise when I walked passed him with my robe wide open.

Back in my room I skyped Ryan and apologised for falling asleep on him. He was in a bit of a rush and told me that I could tell him all about it later. The important thing to him was that I’d enjoyed myself.

While I was on the platform waiting for my train I saw the man that had groped me the previous morning. I tried to duck down behind someone else and hoped that he hadn’t seen me but when I got on the train he was right there behind me. It was crowded as usual and I was squashed between that man and another. He must have recognised me and remembered that I hadn’t screamed out when he groped me the day before so he grabbed my butt just as soon as the train started to move.

Terrifying as it was, it did feel good. His hand caressed me and quickly moved to my pussy, just like Ryan does. I think that he was a bit shocked to find something sticking out of my pussy because he suddenly stopped for a few seconds, then ran a finger round the diamond trying to work out what it was.

When he pressed on it I jumped a little as it burst into life. He tried to push the side of the diamond but his finger must have slipped and pressed on the diamond again. I gasped a little and tensed up as the vibe went on full blast.

The man must have felt the vibrations because he just stopped. My pussy was leaking my juices all over his hand.

I don’t think that the man had encountered anything like that before because he just stood there with his hand cupping my pussy as I filled his hand with my juices.

When we got to his stop he removed his hand and worked his way out. When he was on the platform he turned and stared at me.

I made a mental note to get a different train the next morning.

I felt quite self-conscious as I climbed the stairs going to the training room. I wasn’t sure if it was the fact that my skirt that day was a little shorter, and a little lighter, the fact that I had the diamond sticking out of my pussy, the fact that the vibe was still switched on full blast, or the fact that I had my juices running down the insides of my legs; or any combination of them.

What I did know was that I was squeezing my legs together as I walked up those stairs.

I went straight to the toilet, switched the vibe off and cleaned myself up.

Half way through the first session I suddenly realised that the instructor could probably see my diamond. On the Monday I’d decided that I was going to ignore the possibility / probability that he’d see my pussy and little tits a few times during the week and I decided just to ignore it; treat him like the Mr. Perv over the road; but this was different. What would he think of me with a vibe sticking out of my hole? Maybe he’d just think that it’s some sort of jewellery; yes, that’s what I’d say if he said anything.

I felt a little better and decided to concentrate on the course.

I caught him looking up my skirt a couple of times, and down my top but I just ignore him.

The train journey back to the hotel was worse. There weren’t many people in the carriage when I got on but at the next stop a crowd of teenage boys got on and came and stood all around me. I was sat down and 2 of them sat either side of me.

“Nice little tits.” One of them said.

That prompted the rest of them to look at me.

“Nice legs as well. I bet that they go all the way up to your cunt.” Another said.

“Show us your tits girly.” Another said.

I clamped my legs together and looked at the floor.

“Hey, don’t be so miserable, all we want is to see your tits.”

“And your pussy.” A voice in the background said.

I didn’t move a muscle.

“Hey slut, I said show us your tits; NOW.”

I was scared, very scared. There were lots of them and they could really hurt me. I decided to comply and started unbuttoning my blouse.

“Take it off.”

“No.”

“NOW.”

I did.

“Now stand up and take the skirt off.”

“Oh fuck,” I thought, “what would they say when they saw that I didn’t have any knickers on?”

The train pulled into a station and I breathed a sigh of relief. Someone was bound to get on. I looked to the doors to see that a couple of the youths were stood in the doorway stopping people coming in.

“Oh shit!” I thought and stood up and started unfastening my skirt.

The train moved off and I hoped that I could make it to the next station without getting raped.

I took my time but finally let it drop.

“Fucking hell; we’ve got a real slut here. I’m going to go first boys.” The first youth said.

He pushed me back onto the seat and spread my legs.”

“Fucking hell, what is THAT?”

He bent over and had a look at my diamond. He was still there when the train pulled into the next station.

I was sat there terrified and shaking when I hear one of them shout,

“COPS, RUN.”

And they did, they all ran and barged passed the 2 policeman that were at the door. They gave up trying to catch any of them and came to see me.

I was still in shock and hadn’t moved. As one of them told me that it was all over and that I’d be okay, the other picked up my skirt and laid it over my waist; then my blouse and laid it over my chest.

“How are you feeling miss? Do I need to call for an ambulance?”

I looked up at him, burst out crying and stood up and hugged him. In the process my clothed hit the floor again.

An arm went round me and I could feel his hand on my bare waist.

“It’s okay, you’re safe now.”

I kept hugging the policeman and crying on his shoulder while his colleague picked up my skirt and blouse.

The policeman I was hugging put his hands on both my shoulders and gently pushed be back.

“You need to get dressed miss.”

My crying started to stop and I looked at his face.

“Yes, yes, thank you so much I was so scared. I thought that they were going to …….”

“I know; do you need an ambulance?”

“No, no, I’m okay, well I will be in a few minutes.”

I took my blouse from the second policeman and put it on, then my skirt.

“I couldn’t find your knickers.” The second policeman said.

“I just need to sit down for a few minutes.” I said.

The train was still stopped in station and the policeman said,

“If you come with us we’ll get you a cup of tea and ask you a few question if that’s okay with you.”

“Yes, of course.”

We got off the train and the policemen took me to some office somewhere in the station.

The rest of that ‘incident’ isn’t worth describing here, and after about half an hour I was back on a train to my station. I never thought that I would be grateful for crowded trains. Better to be groped than raped.

Back in the hotel I plugged the charger into my tablet and skyped Ryan. I had already decided that I’d wait until I got home to tell him about that experience.

I did tell him everything else while he got me to turn the vibe on and slowly make myself cum while he watched.

After the call ended I had a shower and though about what I was going to do that evening.

Deciding that I needed some exercise I decided to go down to the leisure centre. I pressed the diamond once and set off. As I walked out of the door 2 women were walking along the corridor. They looked at the naked me, one of them looked daggers at me and the other just smiled.

At the leisure centre reception I signed in and picked up a towel just as the receptionist was returning to her station. She smiled and said,

“Carrie’s already here, I think that she’s in the pool.”

“Okay,” I said and went to the workout room where I saw 5 men and 2 women in there, all doing their own thing.

As soon as George saw me he came over.

“Hi Tanya; do you want to continue where you left off last night?”

My initial thought was that the last thing that I did in the leisure centre last night was Carrie’s bukkake. I smiled then thought that George probably meant the last thing that I did in the workout room.

“I’d like to try a couple of the ones that I did last night first if that’s okay with you.”

“Of course, just let me know when you need some help.”

I don’t know why but I went to the leg spreader machine. I must have realised that I’d have to spread my legs wide and that everyone in the room would be able to see my pussy and the diamond. What would they think?

I set the machine to easy and as my legs spread I looked round. Two of the men had stopped what they were doing and were staring straight at my pussy. I felt a little bit embarrassed but the vibe’s gentle purring had dulled my sensitivity.

I closed my legs then opened them again. The men were still staring.

I did it twice more before deciding to move on. I‘d never been on a rowing machine before and decided that I’d like to try it. There were 3 rowing machines facing a mirrored wall and men on the outside ones. I looked at the men to see what they were doing then went to the middle one. As I walked over both men were looking at me in the mirrors.

“This looks relatively easy.” I thought as I sat down and started pulling and pushing.

I looked up into the mirror and saw that the 2 men were still staring at me. Then I looked directly in front of me. As I pulled on the rope and my butt went forward, my legs opened wide. The men were looking at my pussy and the diamond.

“What the hell; they’ve seen it now.” I thought and continued rowing.

The 2 men’s rowing speed seemed to slow down, or maybe I was getting faster.

Five minutes later I got up and saw George behind me.

“I saw you fucking Amber last night.” I said.

“Of shit, was that you? Sorry, little girls shouldn’t see things like that. Will you forgive me?” George said.

“Of course, it isn’t as if I haven’t seen people doing it before. I saw my dad fucking his girlfriend last week.”

“Wow, err ……………… would you like to do some bench lifts?”

“Okay, if you spot me I’ll spot you when you do some.”

We went over to the bench and I lay down, with my feet either side of the bench, while George took some of the weights off the bar.

George moved in to get ready to grab the bar and I started lifting. As I lifted I looked up and saw that I could see up the leg of George’s shorts. OMG, he wasn’t wearing underwear. I could see the end of his cock hanging down. I felt a little wet rush in my pussy. I wondered if I was leaking juices round the diamond. I became more aware of the vibe purring away.

I liked what I could see and decided to do as many lifts as I could. After the third I saw George’s cock end move. During the next 3 lifts his cock went from soft to hard and the end disappeared as it swivelled round to point up. I was left looking at his balls.

I did one more lift then told George that it was his turn.

We swapped places and I smiled when I saw the tent in George’s shorts as he lay down.

When George was ready I moved in, knowing full well that his face was inches from my pussy. My legs were about shoulder width apart so he was having a great view. The vibe really was dulling my embarrassment and modesty.

Five lifts (which must have been easy because he didn’t add any weights) later George said that he’d done enough. I wondered if he was getting close to creaming his shorts. I could see a little wet spot on them.

George got up and I looked at the exercise cycles and regretted wearing that vibe. Sliding from side to side on the saddle with that diamond there would have been a real problem.

I looked round (avoiding looking at the running machines) to see if I fancied a go on any other machines. I didn’t fancy any of them so I turned to George, thanked him for his help and told him that I was going for a swim.

I didn’t see Carrie as I walked alongside the pool to the jacuzzi. As I settled I pressed the diamond. I wanted the vibe to get me off while I relaxed in the warm bubbles.

I was just getting ‘happy’ when this middle-aged man, wearing swimming shorts, came and climbed in. He smiled at me then settled opposite me.

Thirty seconds later 2 completely naked girls about my real age came over and climbed in, one either side of him. I closed my eyes and let the vibe take control.

Over the next 5 minutes the vibe slowly brought me to a wonderful climax. I was moaning and shaking but the bubbled covered the sound and the vision.

When I calmed down and opened my eyes one of the girls was sat on the man’s lap and it was obvious what they were doing. I didn’t care; I was still enjoying the after-glow of my own orgasm.

They were still at it when I decided to switch the vibe off, get out and go and see if I could find Carrie. As I walked to the swimming pool I dived in and swam to the other end, got out and continued my journey.

When I went into the sauna there was a naked man on his back on the bench and Carrie wasn’t there. The man’s cock was soft and I wondered how long it would stay like that as I sat on the bench near his feet and brought one leg up so that my pussy and the diamond was exposed.

I stared at the man’s cock while he stared at my pussy. The inevitable happened and he slowly got hard; his cock slowly going from pointing at me to pointing at the ceiling somewhere behind his head. While I watched I compared what I was watching to what I’d seen Ryan’s cock do hundreds of times. They were quite similar; hardly surprising really.

Just then Carrie came in. In true Carrie style she said,

“Tanya, did you do that to this poor man? Are you trying to take my job?”

That was it for the man; he got up and held his towel in front of him as he went out. As soon as the door shut both Carrie and I laughed.

“Good one Tanya.” Carrie said.

I told Carrie about my bench lifts; how I’d seen George’s cock and how his face had been inches from my pussy. Carrie said that she was real proud of me and then spoilt it a bit by telling me that she’d done the same to George a few times and that she still did it to any new faces that she fancied.

Carrie told me that there was another sales seminar happening in the hotel the following evening; that it was going to be better than the previous one and that I just had to be there; but she wouldn’t tell me why it was different or why I had to be there. I told her that I was booked on the 8:15 pm train and that I couldn’t miss it. I didn’t really have time to come back to the hotel.

We went and had a cold shower then went back in.

Carrie went on and on about how I’d regret it if I didn’t come back to the hotel. I was worried about missing my train and I so wanted to get back to Ryan. She kept on and on, and finally I gave in. Carrie told me that I could leave my case with reception and to meet her there, in the sauna as soon as I could.

During all the time that Carrie had been persuading me a couple of men had come into the sauna. Okay, we’d been idly slowly rubbing our clits, but apart from that we’d been ignoring the men. That didn’t stop them from getting hard-ons and we both giggled when they left with tents in their towels.

After another cold shower and a rest on the sun loungers we decided on one last session in the sauna with Carrie hoping that a man or two would come in.

A man did come in shortly after; George stuck his head round the door and my hand stopped moving and covered my pussy; Carrie kept on rubbing her pussy.

“Either of you seen Amber?” George asked.

“Are you wanting to jump her bones again George?” Carries asked.

“Are you volunteering to take her place Carrie?” George asked.

“Goodbye George.” Carrie said.

Two minutes later a couple of teenage girls came in and looked a little surprised to see Carrie and I sat there, pussies on display and gently rubbing our clits.

“Oh, it’s alright to take our bikinis off in here then?” One of them asked.

“You can go naked anywhere in the hotel if you like; we do.” Carrie replied.

“That sounds like fun.” One of them said.

The 2 teenage girls, looked at each other, giggled and left. A couple of minutes later they were back, as naked as we were, and bald in the same places that we are. But they didn’t sit the same way that we were; they kept their legs together.

Just as we decided that we’d had enough and got down to leave, the door opened and a man, wearing only a towel, walked in. When we got to the showers Carrie said,

“I wonder how those 2 will cope with that man? Do you think that they’ll tease him like we would?”

“You mean like you would.” I replied.

“Hey girl, you’re just as bad as me; we don’t get many exhibitionists like you in this place.”

“I’m not an exhibitionist.” I said.

“Yeah, right.” Carrie said.

After the shower Carrie said that we should go for a wander round the hotel to see if there was anything going on that would let her tease a few men. We towelled dry and left the leisure centre.

We wandered around with Carrie not caring one little bit that she was naked. I on the other hand, did get embarrassed whenever we saw anyone. The vibe wasn’t switched on so there was nothing to distract me from being embarrassed.

Carrie decided that we’d go to the hotel’s reception to look at the board that tells everyone what functions were taking place. I told Carrie that I’d get too embarrassed.

“I know what will fix that.” She said; and turned to face me. She stood right in front of me and leant forwards and kissed me full on the lips. It wasn’t a quick kiss either. As she probed my mouth with her tongue her right hand went to my pussy and pressed the diamond twice.

I gasped, broke away from her, and said (with a grin on my face),

“You little bitch.”

Carrie grabbed my hand and pulled me along as we started walking.

“That’ll take care of that problem.” Carries said as we walked into the main reception.

None of the staff there took any notice of us but a few of the customers did. I could hear one old lady complaining to her husband as we looked at the board.

“Nothing interesting here;” Carrie said, “oh wait a minute; look at them.”

I turned to look the way that Carrie’s head was pointing and saw 4 young men walking in. They weren’t being very observant and hadn’t seen us as they walked towards the bar.

“Come on Tanya.” Carrie said as she locked her elbow round mine and dragged me after the young men.

“I can’t go in there; I haven’t got any clothes on.” I said.

“You’re wearing more than I am.” Carrie replied.

“But, but, I’ll get embarrassed.”

“You’ll love every minute Tanya, come on, don’t be a wus girl.”

“But, but.”

It was too late; we were right behind them at the bar where they were waited to get served. One of them must have seen us in the mirror behind the bar because he turned round and looked directly at us.

I looked round and was pleased to see that there was only one other couple in the bar, and they were pre-occupied with something other than us.

“Well hello girls; what have we got here?” One of the young men said.

That prompted the other 3 to turn round and look at us. I was stood there totally naked except for the 3 barbells and chains; and the vibe purring away on full throttle. I could feel the embarrassment creeping down from my bright red face. My nipples were rock hard and throbbing and so was my pussy. I could feel my juices leaking round the throbbing diamond.

I stood there fidgeting and squeezing my legs together; trying to put off what I knew was going to happen soon. Carrie was talking to the young men an I had no idea what she was saying, all I could see was 4 pairs of male eyes looking up and down me as the pending orgasm got closer and closer.

The inevitable happened and I started shaking and moaning out loud.

It’s funny how I can manage to pick out a few words when I’m in the middle of an orgasm; and I managed to hear Carrie saying,

“Please excuse my friend here, she’s just cumming. She’ll be okay in a minute.”

The 4 pairs of male eyes just stared at me until I started to calm down.

Carrie turned and stood in front of me, facing me, and asked me if I was okay. What she also did in the space between us, and out of sight of the 4 men, was to reach down and press the diamond.

Relief at last; but I was still naked in front of the men; and the barman.

“Sorry,” one of the men said, “did you just say that this kid was having an orgasm? And what the hell are you 2 doing without any clothes on; not that I’m complaining; in fact I quite like both of your outfits.”

“It’s like this guys,” Carrie said, “we both like being dressed like this and Tanya here’s father is quite happy for her to be here; He knows that she’ll be safe here so don’t go getting any perverted ideas okay?”

After a pause Carrie continued,

“So who’s going to buy us a drink? I’d offer, but as you can see we haven’t got our bags with us.”

“Err, sure,” one of the guys said, “what would you like?”

“We’ll both have a Leg Spreader please.”

“A what?”

“A Leg Spreader. It’s a cocktail; the barman knows what it is.” Carrie said.

The guy looked at me as if to say,

“For the kid?”

“Yeah, both of us;” answering his unasked question.

“Okay.” The guy said as he turned to face the barman.

One of the other guys started,

“Sorry, I wasn’t concentrating on what you said, what did you say you’re doing here like that?”

“Having a drink with you; but if you don’t want us to be here we’ll go.” Carrie said and turned as if to leave. I suddenly felt relief, but it was short lived as all 4 of the men said (in double stereo (or whatever it’s called)),

“NO!”

Carrie turned back and smiled as my heart dropped.

“No,” the guys who wasn’t listening earlier said, “what I meant was, why haven’t you got any clothes on?”

“Because we can; and besides, we like being naked in front of men don’t we Tanya?” Carrie said.

I opened my mouth to say, “No.” But before I could get it out Carrie continued,

“Tanya here’s the worst; she even likes to ‘dress up’ her nakedness with those chains; and you should see what she’s got up her pussy. For someone so young she really does like to show-off a lot.”

All 4 of the guys were looking at my pussy.

“Show them Tanya.” Carrie continued.

When I just stood there, wishing that I was at home with Ryan, and with throbbing nipples, that strong tingling in my pussy and my juices leaking out round the diamond; Carrie said,

“Come on Tanya, don’t pretend to be shy. Open those legs and thrust your pussy forward.”

And I did! I didn’t want to, but I did. All 4 of the guys were staring at my pussy and I felt another wet rush. I was sooo embarrassed.

“It’s a vibrator as well, but it’s not switched on at the moment.”

“Is that what made her cum a minute ago?”

“No, it was you guys looking at her. If you don’t stop staring at her she’ll cum again.”

“No Carrie, please don’t; once is once too many.” I pleaded, fearing what she was thinking of saying.

Thankfully Carrie didn’t say that word and I relaxed as the conversation got more ‘normal’.

We picked-up out drinks and went and sat round a table and, believe it or not, we had the usual sort of conversation that a group of guys have with a group of gals when they first meet. I say normal, and that includes the guys sneaking looks down the girl’s tops or trying to look up their skirts; but this was slightly different because the guys WERE staring at our uncovered tits. When I spoke to Carrie I saw that her nipples were just as hard as mine, and I guessed that they were throbbing as much as mine were. Carrie was sitting very upright and pushing her chest forward. She looked to be enjoying herself much more than I was.

The drinks that Carrie got the guys to buy us tasted nice, a bit like a fruit juice, but a few minutes after I’d had my first sip I started to feel happy and it wasn’t long before I realised that the taste was deceptive. I asked Carrie what was in it but all she would say was,

“It tastes nice doesn’t it? How about another round boys?”

Carrie’s request was granted as one of the guys got up and said that he’d get them. Carrie stood up too and went to the bar with him. As they walked the 3 remaining guys, and me, watched Carrie’s butt sexily walk to the bar.

“Shit, that’s one hell of an arse.” One of the guys said.

The other 2 agreed then looked back to me.

“So, how come your father lets you walk around hotels without any clothes on Tanya; and did he really pay for you have that piercing done? Another guy asked.

“Well;” I replied, “he doesn’t know that I’m naked in this hotel but he wouldn’t mind. He says that I have a great body and that I should be proud to let the world see it. As for the piercings, he took me to get them done and he often puts them in or takes them out for me. He likes to watch me get excited when he does it. He sometimes plays with my clit and makes me cum when he puts my clit chain in.”

That’s what I told them, not what I intended to tell them anything but the alcohol had made me feel a bit sexy and put me in a teasing mood. What’s more, Carrie and the other bloke were on the way back with another round. My looking at Carrie carrying the tray of drinks prompted the 3 guys with me to look up. One said,

“Thump me quick; I must be dreaming.”

Another said,

“What I wouldn’t do for an hour alone with her.”

I smiled and thought,

“What I wouldn’t do for an hour alone with Ryan right now.”

Carrie bent forward to put the tray of drinks on the table; her tits hanging down inches from 2 of the guys faces.

“There you are Tanya. Try that drink.” Carrie said.

I sipped it and it tasted just like one of those Mango and Apple drinks.

“Nice,” I said, “what is it?”

“It’s called a ‘Horny School Girl’; don’t worry, it won’t knock you out; much.” Carrie said.

We talked some more, nothing interesting, all the time the guys looking at our tits. After a few minutes Carrie said,

“Hey guys, I’m up here; not down here.”

Carrie put her hands on her tits and wobbled them a bit.

“Tell you what,” Carrie continued, “let’s go and play some pool. That way you won’t be looking at our tits all the time.”

I smiled a little and thought,

“Yeah, I bet that I know what you’ll be looking at.”

But I no longer cared; I was happy.

*The hotel bar has a pool table and darts board at one end. It’s sort of partitioned off from the rest of the bar. People can be playing pool and most of the people in the rest of the bar wouldn’t be able to see them.*

As we stood up and walked over to the pool table I looked round and saw a couple of middle-aged men staring at Carrie and me. I’d stopped caring and just smiled at them and kept walking.

Even though I told Carrie that I was no good at pool she insisted on her and me taking on 2 of the guys. Of course we lost but it was only towards the end of the game that I realised what I was showing every time that I bent over to take a shot. Up until then I just thought that the guys were standing behind me to give me some pointers on how to take the shot. Carrie was taking a shot when I realised. I saw the guys standing behind her. She was bent over with her legs spread. I quickly realised that she was doing it on purpose and that she’d set me up to do the same, I just smiled and got on with the game.

When Carrie admitted defeat she challenged the other 2 guys to a game. She said that we’d definitely win the second game. She said that she was so confident that if we lost she’d show them a game, using the pool balls and cues, that they’d never seen before but they would definitely enjoy. That got the guys interested and me scared. I tried to tell Carrie that I wasn’t happy and didn’t want to play but she dismissed me saying,

“Don’t worry Tanya, I promise that you’ll have lots of fun.”

The inevitable happened and we lost.

“Okay guys,” Carrie said, “you beat us fair and square so I guess that I’ve got to show you this game. Tanya, get on the table and sit at one end with your legs along the table.”

“What!” I said.

“Come on Tanya, don’t be a spoilsport, we lost so we have to pay-up. You’ll enjoy it, I promise.”

Reluctantly I climbed up and sat like Carrie had told me. All 4 guys were looking down at me. If it hadn’t been for the drink I would have been quite embarrassed.

“Right Tanya, open your legs wide.” Carrie ordered.

“No.” I replied.

“Tanya, we lost, you’ve drunk your Leg Spreader cocktail, so spread ‘em girl.”

I spread them wide.

“Wow, is that a real diamond?” One of the guys asked.

“Right guys,” Carrie said as she put a red pool ball equally between my feet; “I told you before that that thing sticking out of Tanya is a vibrator. To switch it on you just have to press the diamond; press once and it starts on ‘low’; press it again and it goes on to ‘high’; press it again and it goes off. The thing is, you can’t touch it with any part of your body, or anything touching your body. What you have to do is to shoot that red ball and hit the diamond so that the vibrator switches on. Hit the ball too hard and, not only will you hurt Tanya, but you might also smash the glass diamond; and that will ruin everything for all of us. So, who wants to go first?”

While Carrie was saying all this I was sat there giggling. I was high on the alcohol, the excitement of those 4 guys looking at the naked me, and thought of the vibe starting up. I never even considered the possibility of me getting hurt.

As the first picked-up a cue and lined up his shot, Carrie said,

“Remember, not too hard, we don’t want any damage to the vibrator or Tanya.”

The guy must have been nervous because when he hit the ball it was so soft that the ball never even reached my pussy.

The second guy moved in to have his go but before he bent down to take his shot he said,

“So what do I get if I turn it on?”

“Well,” Carrie said, “firstly you get to brag that you turned-on a vibrator that was in a girl’s pussy; and secondly, if two of you manage to hit the diamond at the right angle it will go to high and my little friend here will cum right in front of your eyes.”

I giggled again.

The second guy’s shot hit the diamond, but the angle wasn’t quite right and the vibe didn’t start. What did happen was that the little jolt made me gasp and I felt a little wet rush.

The third guy was luckier; the vibe burst into life. As it did so I moaned.

“It looks like we’ve got a strike.” Carrie said.

The guy straightened up with a satisfied grin on his face.

The fourth guy lined-up his shot.

“Here’s hoping.” He said as the cue went back then forward.

“Owww!” I said as the ball hit the top of my inner thigh.

“Sorry, can I kiss it better?”

“No.” Carrie said.

“Shall we have another round?” Carrie continued.

Guy 1 jumped up, obviously eager to try his luck again; or maybe he just wanted to get a closer look at my pussy. Anyway, he bodged it again and I breathed a sigh of relief. The vibe was gently purring away but I was a long way from cumming.

Guy 2 didn’t do any better. His shot was straight but not hard enough.

Guy 3 got me worried; he’d got it right on his first attempt so I was expecting him to switch the vibe onto full. I was lucky; he muffed it.

Guy 4 got it right and I gasped as the vibe went to full throttle. I knew that I couldn’t last long but Carrie had other ideas. She came over to me, bent down and whispered in my ear,

“Treadmill.”

I started cumming with the 5 of them just staring down at me. It was a strong one and I was shaking and moaning. My butt rose-up and I could feel my pussy muscles contracting and relaxing.

As I calmed down I heard one of the guys say,

“Fuck man, did you see her pussy? She’s going to be a right nympho when she gets older.”

When my heart rate dropped below 100 I turned to look at Carrie. Before I could say anything she said,

“Can I borrow your vibe; I want a go at that.”

“Err yeah, why not? Can we go to the ladies please?”

“What’s wrong with right here?” Carrie said as she reached over and got a grip on the side of the diamond.

“Not here Carrie.” I pleaded, but Carrie was already pulling the vibe out of me.

I didn’t dare look at the 4 young men.

There wasn’t a plop or anything like that when the vibe left my body, but there was the feeling of emptiness and a slight draught.

“Come on Tanya get off there and let me on.”

I slid off the side and when I turned round Carrie was already on the table with her legs spread and the vibe starting to disappear.

“Right guys, go for it.” Carrie said.

I stood there and watched the 4 guys try to hit the diamond. Guys 3 and 4 were successful and Carrie lay there letting the vibe do its job. It wasn’t long before Carrie got to the point of no return.

“Ohhh; Arrrghhh, Ohhh, Arrrghhh, I’m cummmmmming.” Carrie said as her body started shaking and jerking. My eyes went from her face to her wobbling tits; her nipples were rock hard. The guys were just stood there staring. I looked at their trousers; all 4 were bulging and 2 of them had little wet spots at the appropriate place.

A couple of minutes later Carrie pressed the diamond and climbed off the table.

“That was fun; how about something slightly different this time; back on the table Tanya.”

And I did; without even thinking about it I climbed on and sat there with my legs wide open and laying back a little and resting on my elbows so that my pussy was totally visible.

“Right guys,” Carrie said, “this time I want you to try and hit Tanya’s jewellery.”

“What!” I exclaimed.

“Relax kiddo, Carrie said, “nothing to worry about.”

Then to the guys,

“Okay guys, not too hard, we don’t want to injure that young, sweet, little pussy; but I want the ball to hit her jewellery and her clit. Right, who’s first?”

I sat there with a big grin on my face; my embarrassment completely gone.

One of the guys lined up his shot and as I looked at him looking at my pussy, I got a wet rush and giggled a little wondering if he had seen it escape from me.

The shot wasn’t hard enough and it only just touched my pussy. Carrie retrieved the ball, flicking my clit as she did so.

“Hmmm,” I said, “that’s nice.” I said.

Guy 2 lined up his shot and he got it perfect. The top of the ball hit my clit.

“Ohhhhhhhh!” I said and sat up straight.

What I hadn’t realised was that when I did so the ball was right under my hole. The pressure on my vagina caused it to open and swallow the ball.

“Get back down Tanya; the next guy wants a go.” Carrie said.

I did so then the next guy said,

“Hey, where’s the ball gone?”

Everyone looked at my pussy as I started giggling. In between giggles I managed to say,

“Magic!”

“You haven’t; have you?” Carries asked.

“Haven’t what?” One of the guys asked.

“Where’s the bloody ball?” Another asked.

“Okay Tanya, give it back.” Carrie ordered.

I squeezed and out popped the ball.

“Fucking hell!” 2 of the guys said in stereo.

After a slight pause, another guy said,

“Can we see that again?”

“Yeah, why not, let’s change the game a bit guys,” Carrie said; “each of you get a ball and let’s see how many we can get inside Tanya’s hole.”

By that time the alcohol had really kicked in and I just sat there with my pussy getting wetter with the anticipation of what was about to happen.

One by one the guys came to me and held their pool ball to my pussy. One by one those pool balls disappeared; only the fourth one got his returned. Each time it re-appeared one of the guys would push it back in. I just sat there, reclined, and thinking,

“This is nice.”

“Treadmill, treadmill.” Carrie said.

I was already well on the way to having an orgasm and Carrie saying that word suddenly made it happen straight away. Probably because of the fact that I was on a pool table in a public bar, naked and being watched by 4 young men that I’d only met a few minutes ago; the orgasm was a strong one. It hit me hard and fast and as I started shaking I felt my butt rise up.

As my high started to recede my butt went back onto the table and my breathing slowed. So did my heart.

“Okay,” Carrie said, “I think that’s enough. Poor Tanya looks knackered. I think that it’s my turn now. Tanya can you push those balls out then get down off the table? I want to take your place.”

I did, much to the amazement of the 4 guys. When the first ball popped out and made a noise as it dropped to the table, 2 of the guys actually jumped a little.

I climbed down and went and sat on a chair near Carrie’s feet as she climbed onto the table and lay flat on her back then spread her legs wide. The 4 guys were stood 2 either side of her, eagerly looking down on her, each with a pool ball in their hand.

“Errr, what about that?” One of the guys said, pointing towards Carries pussy.

“Ooops, silly me, would one of you nice gentlemen care to take that out for me?”

Four hands immediately shot forward but only one got there first. Carrie moaned as the guy took his time getting hold of the diamond then slowly pulled.

Carrie moaned again as the vibe came free. The guy with my vibe in his hand held it up for all 4 of them to look at it as it glistened with Carries juices all over it.

“Please!” I said and held my hand out. The guy gave it to me then turned back to Carrie as she said,

“Come on guys, don’t keep a girl waiting. I hope that those balls are warm.”

The guys were handling their balls (pool balls) as I hid the vibe in the only place that I knew no one could see it – my pussy. I left it switched off; I was knackered.

One by one the 4 guys gently pressed their pool ball into Carrie’s pussy to lots of ‘ooows’ and ‘arrrgh’ from Carrie. She had the same problem keeping the fourth ball in and the guys took it in turns to push it back it.

I got up and went and stood near Carries head. When she saw me she reached out and held my hand.

“Rub her clit.” I said to the guy who was pushing the ball back in.

He did and a minute or so later the 5 of us watched her body spasm as it rose up off the table.

“Keep rubbing,” I said, “and play with her nipples as well.”

I leaned forward, kissed Carrie’s cheek and whispered,

“Enjoy.”

All 8 male hands were caressing Carrie’s body as she came again and again.

It was probably about 10 minutes later that Carrie started to relax and get back to normal. The guys just stood there and watched as her body slowed down.

“That was fun.” Carrie finally said. “Thank you guys, you’re so good with your hands. Here’s something else that you can put in them.”

With that Carrie squeezed out the 3 pool balls that were still inside her then she sat up and climbed off the table. Grabbing my hand Carrie pulled me away from the guys Carrie saying,

“Have fun playing with your balls guys.”

As we walked into the hotel’s reception I told Carrie that I really needed to go to my room and skype Ryan. I had a lot to tell him and I wanted to enjoy a skype sex session with him.

“Okay Tanya, and don’t forget that we’re meeting in the sauna just as soon as you can tomorrow evening. It’s very important that you’re there.”

I still didn’t understand why it was so important, but it would be nice to see Carrie again. We kissed and parted. As I went up in the lift I was joined by a middle-aged man who stared at me all the way up. I smiled at him and was pleased that I’d had those drinks earlier.

As soon as I got into my room I opened the curtains and looked out. There was a man looking my way in a room across the street. I waved at him then got my tablet out and started skype.

I spent ages telling Ryan all about my evening whilst we slowly masturbated for the cameras. Ryan was a bit worried that I’d miss my train but I assured him that Carrie had promised that I’d be at the station in time.

I showered the collapsed on top of the bed in full view of any Mr. Pervs that might have been looking. I was asleep in seconds

**Friday**

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When I got on the underground that morning I went further down the platform and got on in the middle of a group of women. I wasn’t taking any chances.

It was very windy going up the escalator to leave the station and I’m sure that the sight of my butt must have given a few people something to think about for a few seconds. I hoped that no one was upset.

I’d been hoping that the course would finish early but it didn’t and I got back to the hotel about the same time as the previous days. Down in the leisure centre I stripped naked and went through to the sauna. Carrie wasn’t there so I went through to the pool. She was swimming lengths. When she saw me she invited me in, saying that we had the time.

Ten short lengths later we got out and went to the sauna. I’d just got sat down when Carrie said,

“Treadmill.”

As I started cumming my hand went to my pussy and pressed the diamond.

Just as I started to come down Carrie again said,

“Treadmill.”

I managed to get a “No” out before I was back up there, moaning and jerking.

This time Carrie let me calm down and get back to normal.

“Sorry Tanya, but I had to do that; you need to have a rosy glow when we go upstairs.”

“Why?” I asked.

“You just do.” Was all I could get out of Carrie.

“I can’t stay for another bukkake session if that’s what you’re planning.”

“No, no, this will be much better; I promise.”

A couple of minutes later the sauna door opened and the receptionist girl stuck her head in and said,

“It’s time Carrie.”

“Come on Tanya, just time for a quick shower then we have to get up there.”

Suitably showered and dried Carrie and I went and got the lift up to the fourth floor.

When we arrived outside the room I saw that it was being used by a big Japanese motor corporation. Also waiting outside was one of the staff girls holding a dress / suit travel bag. Carrie went and talked to her.

A few minutes later the door opened and a man told us that they were ready for us. I turned to look at Carrie and saw that she was slipping a little black dress and heels on.

“WTF Carrie, what’s going on?”

“Tonight is for you Tanya, I don’t want to take the spotlight off you; you’re the star here.” Carrie said.

“What are you on about Carrie?”

Carrie didn’t answer; instead she came over to me, pressed the diamond and grabbed my hand. She pulled me into the room as the vibe started to purr.

I looked round the room. There must have been a hundred people in there, all looking at me.

Carrie led me to the stage that had been setup at one end of the room. I looked up there and saw the old Japanese man and the 2 Japanese girls. The man was wearing a tux and the girls were in Kimonos, complete with their hair up.

“WTF is going on?” I thought.

Carrie led me up onto the stage and over to the old man. I looked out over the room. Absolutely everyone was looking at me. I felt numb and horrible. I was the only one naked, my hair was a mess and my 3 chains where hanging down. I remembered the purring in my pussy and wondered how many of the people looking up at me could see the diamond.

The old man started talking in broken English. I could just about work out what he was trying to say. He said that he was Mr. whatever (I couldn’t pronounce or spell it) and that he was the head of the whatever motor corporation. He looked at his daughters and started telling everyone about one of them nearly drowning on the Wednesday night.

“Oh fuck,” I thought, “he’s publically thanking me for saving his daughter. I don’t want this. He could at least have let me get dressed.”

Mr. whatever went on tell everyone what I’d done, and that his daughter owes her life to me.

I don’t think that any woman could be in a situation like that and not be blushing. It didn’t help that the vibe was raising my AF.

I looked over to the 2 girls and they both put their hands together as if praying, and bowed their heads.

Mr. whatever then said that he wanted to give me a gift.

I started shaking my head sideways.

“No, no, I don’t want anything.” I said.

Which was a lie; I wanted the hell out of there.

Mr. whatever asked me where I lived so I said the city name. He then asked for the representative from the dealership in that city to come forward.

A man just a few years older than me got up and came up onto the stage. His eyes were flitting from Mr. whatever to up and down me. I don’t think that I could blush any deeper red.

Mr. whatever gave both the man and me an envelope. I just held mine but the man opened his and then turned to me and said;

“It’s a car; Mr. whatever is giving you a car!”

My eyes opened wide and my head went back as if to say,

“What!”

Mr. whatever told me to take my letter to the dealership and the man would give me a car.

“What! But I can’t even drive.” I said.

I heard a few little laughs from the room.

Mr. whatever went on to say that the car was nothing compared to what I had given him and that he would always be in my debt.

I tried to tell him that it was no big deal; that I’d pulled people out of the water loads of times in training, but I could tell that he couldn’t understand so I faced him, waited a couple of seconds then bowed my head to him.

He returned the compliment then the whole room started clapping. As that died down another man came over and started taking photographs of all combinations of Mr. whatever, the girls, the dealership man and me. The last photograph was of me on my own, still naked, and still blushing. Added to the embarrassment was the fact that the vibe was pushing my AF to a dangerous level.

The dealership man came back to me and gave me his business card saying,

“Come and see me, preferably like that, whenever you like and I’ll sort out the car for you.”

Carrie had been hovering quite close and she came over and said,

“You deserve that. I could never have done what you did. Now let’s go and put that envelope in your bag then have some fun before you’ve got to go. I’ve arranged a taxi to get you to the train station in time for your train.”

As we walked out of that room Carrie un-zipped her dress, let it drop to the floor and walked out of it almost in one action. Kicking her heels off we headed to the leisure centre where George was talking to the receptionist. The receptionist said,

“Hi” then George said,

“Oh hi Tanya; I hear that you’re a proper little hero. Congratulations of your reward, but what are you going to do with a car?”

“I guess that I’ll have to learn to drive.”

“But what are you going to do with the car for the next 4 years?”

“Drive it; I’ll start taking lessons next week.” I said.

“But you’re only 13, you can’t drive until you’re 17.”

“I haven’t been 13 for 10 years George; and no George, I didn’t lie about my age; you guessed that I was 12 or 13 and I didn’t correct you.”

“Why not? It would have been more interesting if I’d known your real age.”

“You mean that you’d have tried to hit on me; do to me what you were doing to Amber last night. That’s precisely why I let men think that I’m a lot younger than I am. How many men would try to hit on a 12 or 13 year old?” I replied.

“Okay, you got me there; yes; I would have tried. How about you and me go for a little walk to somewhere quieter?”

“No George.”

“You can’t blame a guy for trying.” George said with a disappointed look on his face.

I grabbed Carrie’s hand saying,

“Come on Carrie, I’ve got to get to somewhere more private.”

Carrie looked at me, smiled and said,

“Hey folks, Tanya’s about to cum, who wants to come and watch?”

“CARRIE!” I said as I dragged her away, through the changing rooms and out the other end. There was no one on the relaxation area so I lay on a sun lounger and let it happen.

Carrie stood there smiling and rubbing her clit with her right hand.

When I came down from my high I looked up and saw Carrie, George, the receptionist girl and another young man that I hadn’t seen before. My face went bright red and my legs clamped shut.

“What a beautiful sight.” George said.

“I need to leave now.” I said.

“You’ve just got time for a shower,” Carrie said as she put out her hand to help me get up.

Suitably cleaned and dressed I said my goodbyes, collected my belongings and went out to the waiting taxi.

On the way to the train station I phoned Ryan and told him that I was on my way and that I had an amazing surprise for him. He told me that he’d meet me at the train station.

On the train I relaxed, reflecting on the week that I’d had. I’d even learnt something on the training course. But it would be good to get home and into bed with Ryan.

I looked round, saw that no one was looking at me, lifted my skirt and pressed the diamond; I wanted to feel good.

**Back at home**

----------------

Ryan was waiting for me at the train station and I ran and jumped on him giving him a big hug and kiss. His hands held me up under my skirt, probably giving anyone behind me a great view of my bare butt, but I didn’t care, I was so happy to be back with Ryan.

The bus was reasonably quiet and we sat on our own at the back. Ryan had his hand on my pussy and was gently rubbing my clit as I asked him if he remembered me telling him about the Japanese girl in the pool.

“The one who’s tit you were playing with.”

“It wasn’t like that, and you know it.” I said.

“Hey, I don’t mind if you want to fondle other girl’s tits.”

“Ryan!” I said as I squeezed his cock through his trousers.

I then told him about Carrie taking me to the room full of car salesmen and me being the only one naked in front of all those people. As I was telling him that I could feel him pressing harder on my clit.

“You like me being naked and all embarrassed in front of lots of people don’t you?” I asked Ryan.

“Hell yes,” Ryan replied, “and you love it too.”

“No I don’t.”

“I bet that you were as wet then as you are right now.”

I blushed a bit and said,

“Yes I was.”

“Told you; you do enjoy it. Think what it would be like to be completely naked in front of an audience of hundreds of men and to be spanked until you cum.”

I was shocked; where had that come from?

“See, you like the idea; you’ve just got a lot wetter.”

And I had, my pussy had been tingling in anticipation of what we were going to do as soon as we got home, but all of a sudden that tingle had turned into a huge ache. What was wrong with me? What was I turning in to? I needed to change the subject so I got the envelope out of my bag and gave it to Ryan. He had to remove his hand from my pussy to open it and I smiled as I saw some of my juices go onto it as he opened it and read the card.

“Fucking hell Tanya! That’s amazing; I don’t know what to say.

“Don’t say anything yet, just let’s get home and let me fuck your brains out; then we can start re-planning the future.”

I had to go for a pee as soon as I got home and went to the bathroom. While I was there I removed the vibrator. I didn’t want that there when I fucked Ryan. I went to the bedroom and saw that Ryan was there waiting for me with a big hard-on.

It was morning when I woke up after only an hour or so of sleep. I went to put the kettle on and saw this cock shaped dildo, complete with rubber balls, stuck to the seat of the stool that I usually sit on while eating my breakfast. I made myself a coffee then impaled myself and waited for Ryan.

“I see that you’ve found my little present.” Ryan said as he emerged sporting his usual morning woody.

“Not so little, I feel full up. Am I right in assuming that you want me to eat breakfast sat here every morning?”

“Of course, it feels good doesn’t it?”

“Oh yes. Thank you dear.”

With coffee and breakfast (Ryan got that because I didn’t want to move) inside us; we sat there re-planning our finances and lives. We’d been saving for a car, and the deposit for a house. We decided that now that we’d got a car we would splash out on a bike for me so that we could get some exercise together (we’d go and get Ryan’s bike from his parent’s house in our car) and check with our bank to see if we had enough left for a deposit on a house.

I told Ryan that I only wanted an old bike but he insisted on getting a new one from the internet and he spent the next couple of days looking on the internet for the ‘right’ one. I just left him to it.

Neither of us told anyone at work about the car, and the following Saturday we went to the dealership to see the man that I’d met in London. Fortunately he was there and gave us a big welcome. He ushered us into his office and as he was going through all the options that we could choose from, Ryan nudged me and pointed to a big framed photograph on the wall. I blushed when I saw that it was one of the ones taken at the hotel in London. There I was, all naked with the man sat in front of us, and the old Japanese guy. What’s more I could easily make out my chains, and the diamond between my legs.

I suddenly realised why some of the staff were staring at us when we walked in; they’d all seen the photo of me naked.

I was feeling a little warm and wet as we finished making our choice and I naively thought that we could just get into our new car and get the hell out of there. I wasn’t too happy when the man told us that they’d have to get the car from another branch, that there was a lot of paperwork to sort out, and that they wanted to make a big thing of handing it over to me. The killer came when he said that he’d like me to be dressed the same way as I was in that room in London.

Of course Ryan agreed without us even discussing it and we left for home with me in a bit of a panic. There was no way that I wanted to be naked in that damn car showroom with lots of people watching; although the thought of sprawling naked over the bonnet of the car did appeal to me – not that I’d tell Ryan.

All the next week I kept asking Ryan to phone them and get them to deliver the car to us. Every time that I thought about it my heart would start racing and for some strange reason I would get wet and all tingly.

The Saturday came and Ryan helped me put my jewellery in. I wanted to leave the vibe at home but Ryan insisted that I be exactly like I was in London; except that he told me to wear heels and comb my hair. At least he let me wear a dress to go there.

As we left home Ryan pressed the diamond saying that I needed something to calm my nerves. The vibe did help my nervous; by the time we arrived the purring had relaxed me; I was feeling quite good when the man came and shook my hand.

“Okay,” he said, “I’ve arranged for the press to be here at eleven o’clock and some of the regional managers are over by the car waiting. I hope that you don’t mind but all the staff would like to be photographed with you. Would you like to come to my office and have a coffee and get changed while you wait for everyone to arrive?”

As we walked to his office I looked over to the end of the showroom and saw about 5 or 6 men in suits standing around talking. In spite of my AF being around 2 or 3 I was getting nervous again. In a few minutes I’d have to walk over there, stark naked, and pose for loads of photographs.

We drank our coffee in silence then Ryan held my hand indicating that it was time to get naked. I slowly stood up and Ryan unzipped my dress. I just stood there as the dress fell to the floor and I robotically stepped out of it and looked at Ryan with a pleading look on my face.

“Relax TT,” Ryan said, “Imaging that you’re at home with just me there and that all these people are Mr. Perv across the road.”

We left the office and walked with the man over to the small crowd that was waiting by the car. I was in a bit of a numb trance as the man told me where to stand and then I heard him formally thank me for what I did.

Then someone else took his place and started talking. I sort of ‘woke up’ a bit and saw that the man was the city’s Lord Mayor; complete with chain of office.

As he was rabbiting on about how proud of me his city was I wondered what it would be like to wear only his big chain all day. That thought lifted my mood a little and the next thing that I knew was he was reaching out to shake my hand. I held my hand out and all of a sudden my whole body was shaking a bit as he vigorously shook my hand.

Now that did wake me up and I looked round ad all the faces looking at me. Shit, I did feel embarrassed. I kept looking and saw Ryan. He had a big grin on his face and I’m sure that I could see a bulge in his trousers. He was enjoying my exposure.

Then the flash guns started I stood there as different people came and stood next to me to get their photograph taken with me. Their faces started to get to be a blur as I realised that my AF was getting dangerously high. I wished that I’d switched the vibe off.

“Why the fuck was I getting turned on by all this?” I thought.

It got worse as an orgasm hit me. I fought like hell to keep quiet and still. I think that I managed to get over it without anyone realising; except for Ryan; his grin was from ear to ear. He knew.

I started seeing faces again. Even the mechanics were there wanting to get their photographs taken with me. Soon after the first couple of photos I’d realised that it was because I was a naked girls in their showroom, nothing to do with what I’d done in London; but I’d just accepted that it was going to happen, and just stood there smiling.

It seemed like an eternity but eventually it was over. We watched some people open the big glass doors and our car was driven out. We followed it out and the man held the door open for me to get in. Just as Ryan was getting in the driver’s side one of the girls from the office came running out holding my dress. How the hell could I have forgotten that?

As we drove off I held my dress across my chest and said,

“I’m so pleased that it’s over; it was horrible; I was starting to wish that I’d let the damn girl drown.”

“Come on TT; you know that you could never have done that. Besides, you loved it; you even came right in the middle of it. All those people looking at your tits and pussy; you loved every second.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Then why are you soaking wet and putting the first of many stains on that seat?”

“Oh fuck, why are you always right?”

“Only about your pussy;” Ryan said, “shall we find somewhere quiet and christen the back seat?”

“Yes please.”

We drove to a big park and parked in the corner of a big car park and did the deed.

That was my first fuck in the back of a car.

The embarrassment of the presentation was soon forgotten but only for a couple of days. When I went to work on the Tuesday morning everyone was waiting round the door and they clapped me in. I kept asking what was going on but no one would tell me. They were still clapping when I got to my desk and saw it. On the wall was a big photograph of me, in all my naked glory, getting presented with the car. I went bright red and asked how they’d found out and where they’d got the photograph from.

Someone produced a copy of the local newspaper, open on a page that had the heading: -

‘Local young woman rewarded for saving Japanese heiress.’

Under it were 2 photographs; the one that was on the wall and one of the ones of the old Japanese man presenting me with the envelope.

I sank down onto my chair and just stared at the newspaper. How was I going to live knowing that everyone that I worked with had seen, was looking at, that photograph? What was I going to do?

My little audience dispersed but soon afterwards my boss came and stood next to me.

“Tanya, can I have a word please, in my office.”

“Oh shit,” I thought, “I was just getting to enjoy my job and it was looking like I was going to be sacked for bringing the firm into disrepute or something.”

“Okay Tanya, I know that newspapers print a whole load of rubbish so would you like to tell me your version please?”

I stood there trembling and telling him what had actually happened; missing out the bits before and after I dived in and rescued the girl, and the fact that I had grabbed her breast.

“I’m impressed,” my boss said, “it looks like the paper got it right for once, but why were you naked? Where was your swimsuit?”

I told him that the hotel owner’s daughter had persuaded me to join her skinny dipping. He accepted that but then asked me why I was naked at the presentations.

I blamed the London presentation on Carrie, and the car showroom one on the manager there. Again, he seemed to accept my explanation.

“Well Tanya, you are quite a girl, quite an asset to the team; what do you think of us having a ‘naked at work day’? I’ve heard that they are great for productivity.”

“I…… I…… I’m not sure; I guess that if everyone else was taking part then I’d do it.” I said, hoping that it would never happen.

“Okay Tanya, that’s it; and well done, I’m proud of you.”

I turned and slowly walked out, thankful that he didn’t ask me about my jewellery.

Back at my desk I looked round. Everyone was working as normal and the photograph was still there on the wall. I so wanted to go and rip it down.

**My new Bicycle**

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When it finally arrived I was a little surprised that it was a man’s bikes. When I asked Ryan why he’d got me a man’s bike he said that it was because of the pleasure that I’d had riding his father’s bike when we’d stayed at his parent’s house.

I smiled, got a little wet rush, kissed him then thanked him for being so thoughtful.

A couple of days later another big cardboard box arrived. Ryan told me that it was to modify my bike to give me another way of getting pleasure out of it. I was a bit puzzled but he told me to trust him (which I do) and to leave him to.

The next Saturday I went shopping with Karen and when I got back I had a surprise waiting for me. He’d finished modifying my bike and I got really wet when I saw it.

Firstly there was a stand for the back wheel so that I could use it as an exercise cycle; but the best part was the extra bits that he’d bolted on. He’d replaced the saddle with one with a hole in the middle and it had a big dildo sticking through the hole. Ryan turned the pedals and the dildo went up and down.

I squealed and jumped up and down as I thought of the pleasure that I’d get while I exercised.

“And you can take it out on the road as well.” Ryan said.

“I don’t know about that.” I said. “Everyone will be able to see what I’m doing to myself.”

“Not if we get you a longer skirt.” Ryan replied.

“Can I try it now?”

“Of course.”

I stripped and climbed on; slowly lowering myself onto the dildo. With a long sigh I settled onto the saddle and slowly started pedalling.

“I’ll get tea ready; you stay there and have some fun.” Ryan said as he headed towards the kitchen.

I did have some fun; 2 orgasms worth before tea was ready.

**Tom brings one of his mates to visit**

--------------------------------------------

On evening Ryan got a phone call from Tom, his brother. He wanted to bring one of his mates over for the weekend because he too was considering going to university near us. Of course Ryan agreed and then told me. There was the problem of only one sofa but Tom agreed to bring a sleeping bag and sleep on the floor. As it turned out they both brought sleeping bags.

When I got home from work on the Friday they were waiting outside our door. Tom introduced Ben who vaguely looked familiar from when I stayed at Ryan’s parent’s house. I let us all in and went to get changed ready to cook a meal.

I was in a bit of a rush and didn’t think to shut our bedroom door (never do). I’d stripped and was looking for something to wear when I realised that someone was at the door. I turned and saw Tom looking at me and quickly moved my hands to cover my bits.

“Sorry Tanya, I was wondering if there was anything that we could do to help?”

“No it’s okay,” I said as I quickly pulled the first dress in the wardrobe out and slipped it on, “it won’t take me long.”

As I walked to the kitchen I realised that the dress that I’d put on was a very short, button up the front, summer dress, one that Ryan loves but I think is way too short.

I decided to ignore that and got on with getting the meal ready.

One thing about our home is that there is no door between the lounge and the kitchen and anyone sat on the sofa can easily see into the kitchen. As I was working away I noticed that both Tom and Ben were sat on the sofa looking at me. What’s more I’d been bending over to get things out of the cupboards and fridge. I blushed a bit but continued working.

Ryan arrived and the 3 boys got talking while I kept working. Ryan came to get 3 beers and while he was with me he said that he was pleased that I’d put that dress on. He asked me if I was putting on a show for Tom and Ben, saying that I liked to flash my bits.

“I do not.” I said.

Ryan smiled and as he walked away he said,

“Of course not my little exhibitionist.”

I thought about denying it but didn’t bother.

The guys decided to eat with their plates on their knees so I took them out to them and without thinking I bent over to give the plates to them. It was only when Ryan whispered, “nice view,” that I realised that when I’d bent over in front of Tom and Ben they would have been able to see down my top, and when I bent over in front of Ryan, Tom and Ben would have seen my butt and what’s between the cheeks.

I quickly stood up and left to get my plate. I sat at the table to eat mine; then waited for them to finish.

As I was waiting I saw my bike. I blushed and Ryan must have seen where my eyes were looking because he said,

“Oh, sorry guys, we should have covered the bike up before you got here. Tanya normally exercises on it on a Friday evening. I’ll get her to show you later if you like. Tom said that he was looking forward to it while Ben’s jaw just dropped; he was speechless.

“Dream on buster” I said as I collected the plates and cleaned up.

Afterwards I went and sat on Ryan’s knee while we all chatted before getting ready to go to the pub. Ryan wanted me to keep that dress on; he said that I looked good in it so when it was my turn in the bathroom I showered then put the dress back on. To make me feel a little better I put my barbells in.

We only went to the pub down the road and I think that I managed to be ladylike in the way I sat. I didn’t want any more accidental showings.

Unfortunately, that didn’t last. When we got back home the beer that I’d drunk had got the better of me and half way through getting beers for the guys I realised that my short dress was getting more like a top, and none of the guys had said anything. I pulled it down again.

When I got one for myself and went back to the others Ryan pulled me down onto his lap and put his hand high up on my thigh. Within seconds Ryan’s fingers were playing with my clit. Ryan was going to make me cum in front of his brother again; and his brother’s mate.

The alcohol had killed my inhibitions and I just let Ryan ease my legs open and get on with it. I tried to not think about who was watching and just let it happen.

A few minutes later I was cumming.

After that Ryan told Tom and Ben that we were going to bed.

I went to the bathroom first and was lying naked on top of the bed when Ryan came in. Nature took over and before long I was riding Ryan reverse cowboy.

Something made me look towards the door and I saw both Tom and Ben watching me (us). I was too far gone to care and just ignored them, cumming again soon afterwards.

When I woke the next morning I was alone on the bed. I say ON the bed because the quilt was nowhere to be seen, neither was Ryan. I was flat on my back with my legs open. That wasn’t the only thing that was open; the bedroom door was wide open. What had probably woken me was the sound of the bathroom door being opened. When I looked towards it there was Ben, stood there and looking at me. Well my pussy.

“Morning Tanya.” Ben said.

“Morning Ben; where’s Ryan?” I said closing my legs and turning on my side.

“Gone for some bacon.”

I closed my eyes and brought my legs up into the foetal position. I didn’t feel like going anywhere.

Sometime later I woke again and saw Ryan standing over me and smelt the bacon cooking. I felt much better and got up and went and showered then put a skirt and top on.

When I reached the lounge Tom and Ben were just leaving to go and look around. I said ‘bye’ and then had a bacon butty.

It was early evening when Tom and Ben returned; by then I’d got an evening meal ready. While they were eating I went and got ready to go out. Ryan had asked me to wear all my barbells and chains, and a dress that he’d pick-out for me. I was just putting that on when Ryan told me that they were all ready.

I’d forgotten just how see-through that dress is and I was embarrassed when I walked into the lounge. Both Tom and Ben were speechless; I don’t think that they’d seen a see-through dress on a woman without underwear.

Why did Ryan want me to wear a see-through dress? Didn’t he realise that both Tom and Ben would be staring at me all night? Why does Ryan always want people to see me naked when I keep telling him that I don’t like it; Okay, I’m slowly getting used to it but it’s still embarrassing and I don’t want to do it but Ryan keeps on persuading me to do it.

Anyway, we went to a pub near the nightclub that we intended to go to and had a couple of beers. The stares that I got from Tom, Ben and other strangers embarrassed me. There were times that I just stared at the ground.

I was happy when we got into the nightclub because it was a lot darker and hopefully no one would realise what I wasn’t wearing.

I enjoyed the nightclub, the dancing was fun and the attention that Ryan gave me was good; except for when he slid my dress up showing everyone my bare butt and pussy, although by that time the alcohol was dulling the embarrassment.

By the time that it came for us to leave I’d had too much to drink and I was quite sleepy. The next morning Ryan told me that they’d virtually carried me home with my dress up round my chest. Apparently I’d had a few comments about the chain dangling from my clit.

When we’d got home I’d taken my dress right off and walked (staggered) around completely naked before climbing on Ryan on the sofa and asked him to fuck me.

He hadn’t; instead he’d put me to bed.

I was still in bed when Tom and Ben left the next morning.