**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 16 – The torment goes on**

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**My new Bicycle**

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I’m really getting myself fit with all this cycling. I can do it while I’m watching television. I tried surfing the internet on my tablet but I just couldn’t concentrate. Ryan’s made a space for the bike in front of the window so that I can get some fresh air while I’m cycling. Well that’s what he told me but I thought that maybe it was for Mr. Perv to watch my nude cycling exercise. He must know about the dildo sticking up through the saddle and fucking me as I peddle because he’ll have seen it when I’m not riding it.

Ryan drove us to his parent’s the other week and we came back with Ryan’s bike, in bits, in the back of the car. Ryan put it back together the next morning and we went for our first outdoor ride with me on my new bike.

Ryan hadn’t liked the idea of me wearing a longer skirt to stop people seeing the dildo go up and down under the saddle so he came up with the idea of a cover that clips onto the frame. After a bit of experimentation I managed make one out of old clothes. That cover and a strategically placed jacket hid the bikes ‘extra feature’ as we took it down the stairs. I didn’t want the neighbours seeing the dildo and asking awkward questions. Ryan said that he’ll be a lot happier when we get our house and I’ll be able to ride it straight out of the garage.

Anyway, I was wearing an ‘A’ line miniskirt and when I lifted my leg over the crossbar Ryan told me that he got a look at my pussy and accused me of being ‘wet with the anticipation of fucking myself in public’. He was right I was wet, but it was with the thought of the pleasure that I always get when exercising on the bike, not the fact that I would be doing it in public.

I eased myself down on the dildo and off we went; Ryan following me so that he could shout directions to me. I was happy with that because it meant less chance of anyone (other than Ryan) seeing my skirt blow up at the back and exposing my bare butt (the skirt was too short to partially sit on).

We didn’t get much further than the local park and we certainly got some funny looks; well I did. I’m not sure whether people were looking at my funny looking bike, my screwed-up face, or my legs; my skirt was bunched up round my waist and people could probably see my bald pubes.

I had to stop twice and lean against trees; there were too many people around for me to lift myself off the dildo; that would have been way too embarrassing. Those orgasms were wonderful but the third one was the best. There was nowhere to stop so I had to keep peddling. Ryan later told me that I was moaning and shouting ‘yes, yes’ as we peddled passed a few people out walking. I do hope that they didn’t realise what I was doing.

We got home and I’d just lifted myself off the dildo and was enjoying the pressure from the cold crossbar when a young man came round the corner behind me. He must have seen the dildo, and as he got passed me he turned and stared at me as he walked. He had a big grin on his face. Mine went all red with embarrassment. Ryan said that he bet that I had enjoyed him looking at me. Of course I told him that I hadn’t.

The next time that I took my bike out was on my own. Ryan was visiting a mate and I felt like some exercise and the feel of fresh air on my ‘interesting’ bits. I managed to get the bike down the stairs without anyone seeing me and set off. It was evening and it was starting to get dark so there wasn’t much chance of anyone realising what I was doing to myself.

I peddled along a couple of streets and through the park not getting close to anyone. When I had an orgasm I could shout at the top of my voice without anyone hearing me. My sexual high must have made me braver and less inhibited because I peddled out of the other side of the park towards a shopping area. The front of my skirt was up round my belly and the back was fluttering in the wind; and I didn’t care. The dildo was keeping me on a high.

I remember a couple of rude comments from some youths and a couple of car horns going but I just kept pedalling and cumming. I was in heaven.

I suddenly realised that I was getting to a very busy area so I turned down a side street and headed back to the park. As I peddled through the park I passed the kids play area and though about the ropes. I was torn between peddling with the dildo fucking me and the idea of sliding down the rope.

I kept peddling.

When I got back to our building I stopped and leant against a lamp post. I needed to get my breath back before climbing off and carrying the bike up the stairs. As I sat there I saw a couple walking towards me. As they got closer I pulled my skirt down at the front. Shit, it was our neighbours, Sandra and John.

“Hi Tanya,” Sandra said; “are you okay, you look a little flushed.”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I’ve just been on a long workout. I’ll be okay in a minute.”

“That bike looks as though it has some heavy attachments; would you like me to carry it up the stairs?” John asked. He had a grin on his face.

“NO! no,” I quickly replied. “It looks heavier than it actually is. I can manage; but thank you for the offer.”

“If you’re sure.” John added.

“Yeah, it’s no problem.” I replied as Sandra and John set off up the path and into the building.

It was then that I realised that I’d subconsciously started pedalling backwards while I was talking to Sandra and John. I’d been fucking myself with the dildo whilst talking to them. My face went redder, even though there was no one to see it.

I waited a couple of minutes and then slowly climbed off the bike. As I carried it up the stairs I half wished that I had let John carry it up the stairs; I was knackered.

Our next cycling adventure was a few weeks later. Ryan dismantled the bikes and loaded them into the car. We drove out to this big reservoir that has a path right round it. We’d been there before and walked along some of the paths, then snuck off into a wooded area and emulated the rabbits that we saw.

As Ryan assembled the bikes in the car park I got embarrassed as the dildo was out in the open. I tried to stand between it and the people who were looking at us as much as I could but I’m sure that some of them saw it. I wondered what they thought.

When Ryan had finished getting the bikes ready he held mine so that I could get on and impale myself whilst still in one place. I didn’t fancy getting on and impaling myself as I was going down the car park; there were too many people around.

I lowered myself onto the dildo then pedalled backwards a couple of times to get comfortable. Then I put one foot on the ground to wait for Ryan to get on his bike. My short skirt was just about covering my butt and pubes, but if the wind started up then who knows what people would be able to see.

I did get a couple of funny looks riding through the car park but thankfully, most people were too busy doing their own thing.

Off we went onto the path round the reservoir. It only took a few minutes for me to get aroused and to stop caring if anyone could tell what was happening. Ryan kept urging me to go faster and the saddle got wetter and wetter. It wasn’t long before my juices were running down the insides of my legs but the breeze stopped them going too far.

I told Ryan that I was getting close to cumming and wanted to stop but he kept urging me to keep going. I rode straight through both my first and second orgasm and I’m sure that one elderly couple that we passed as I was having my second thought I was some sort of nutter as I shouted,

“Yes, yes.”

As my third orgasm approached Ryan told me to stop and put a foot down. He came alongside me and got me to lean back a little. He reached over and flicked my clit as he kissed me.

“I love you, you horny little slut.” He said as he unfastened my little wrap skirt and pulled it off me.

“Right, let’s go.” Ryan said as he bundled the material in his hand and started pedalling.

What could I do? I looked round, saw no one close, and started pedalling again.

As the dildo fucked me I looked all around hoping not to see anyone. Fortunately there was no one around. I tried to pedal faster but it was too much for me. I’d found the speed that was the most that my pussy could cope with.

We went through a wooded area and as we emerged there was a group of young people walking towards us.

“Ryan!” I shouted, “my skirt.”

But Ryan ignored me. My face was scarlet and I was about to cum again as the group parted to let me through.

“Fucking hell!”

“What the….”

“Slut!”

“Did….”

Those were just the comments that I could make out. I daren’t look back at them but Ryan later told me that every one of them had stopped and were staring at me as we disappeared into the distance. At least they couldn’t actually see my pussy or my face.

Anyway, I was too busy cumming and trying to stay on the bike.

Eventually we made it back to the car park, but I had to ride bottomless right to the car. As soon as I got there I slowly got off the bike and lay it down on the ground. I squat down and waited for Ryan to open the car door. Way too many people had already seen me bottomless.

Ryan didn’t give me my skirt back until he parked the car at home.

Another time that we were both out cycling through built-up areas with Ryan following me; I noticed quite a few people looking at me. More than usual and some of them were pointing at me and had looks of shock on their faces. Okay, my skirt was up round my waist at the front but we weren’t going fast enough for the back of my skirt to be floating up.

When we finally stopped I saw why people were looking at me differently. The cover below the saddle had disappeared and people were seeing the dildo go up and down. They all knew that I was fucking myself in public.

It is one thing for me to be getting the pleasure from the dildo fucking me as I ride along in the fresh air, but it’s so embarrassing knowing that people can see the dildo fucking me.

I was so mad when Ryan held up the cover and said that it dropped off just after we’d left home. I had a right go at Ryan for not telling me, and for not stopping me to put the cover back on. All he would say was,

“You were obviously enjoying yourself, and I thought that you must have known the cover fell off. I assumed that you’d finally admitted to yourself that you are an exhibitionist.”

“NO I’M NOT AN EXHIBITIONIST!” I shouted at him, not caring who could hear me and I got back on my bike and rode home as quickly as I could. I was so mad that I didn’t care what people saw.”

We did have a good fuck just as soon as we got through the door at home.

**Kegel Exercises**

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What with the great, fun exercise on my bike, the dildo stuck to the stool in the kitchen and Ryan’s cock; my pussy seems to be permanently full these days. Ryan said something to the effect that it was getting like fucking the channel tunnel. That hurt, and we both agreed that something had to be done. Getting rid of the bike or the stool was out of the question so something else had to be found.

We both spent ages on the internet and Ryan came up with this thing called Kegel exercises. When I said that I didn’t have any urination problems Ryan told me that there were great side benefits, one of them was just what we were looking for.

He said that if I did these muscle exercises for 15 minutes 3 times every day I’d get better control of my pussy muscles; and he was right. In spite of all the time that I have the bike dildo going in and out of me, the time that I spend impaled on the stool in the kitchen, and all the time that Ryan’s fucking me; I’ve ended up with very tight pussy muscles.

Ryan tells me that if I keep up these exercises I’ll soon be able to stop him from cumming inside me. He says that me squeezing on his cock whilst it’s inside me will be like squeezing his cock in my hand when he’s trying to shoot his load.

He says that fucking me will be like what he imagines it would be like to fuck a very young pussy; like a girl the age that a lot of people mistake me for.

Ryan also says that he’s going to work on getting me to squirt better. I already squirt occasionally but Ryan wants me to be able to do it all the time. I’m not so sure that I want that because I get way too wet as it is. Besides, if he makes me cum in front of strangers again, squirting will be a double dose of embarrassment and humiliation. Another thing is that I don’t know how I would cope if I squirt when I cum at work.

Ryan says that I should be able to stop myself squirting at times if I really want to. I hope that he’s right.

Ryan’s been helping me by stimulating my G spot whist rubbing my clit. Those 2 together make my orgasms ‘out of this world’ and I have squirted a little so far; but all that has been in the privacy of our home so I’ve loved every second of it.

I’m trying to concentrate on the practise rather than what might happen if I do end up squirting every time that I cum. That combined with that running machine word could make my life very pleasurable, but terrible at the same time.

**My Clit Ring**

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No I’m not talking about the piercing in my clit hood, I’m talking about this little micro doughnut style ring that Ryan bought for me. When I first saw it I had to ask Ryan what it was; it was way too small to go on any of my fingers so I was at a loss as to where I was supposed to wear it. When Ryan told me it was for my clit I thought that he was joking. How the hell was my clit supposed to go through a hole that small?

Ryan told me that he’d read a story called ‘Tease to Please’ by someone calling themselves ‘[inkyscandal](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1055727&page=submissions)’. In that some crazy Japanese scientist had put a tiny ring on this intern girl’s clit and every so often it would vibrate and give her an orgasm. Ryan had searched the internet for hours looking for it, or something similar and he discovered what he presented me with.

I suppose you could call it a wonder of modern nano technology. It’s a miniature vibrator that only has 1 mode – random bursts of about 15 seconds. Its battery gets charged by it coming into contact with this pad that has a PP3 battery attached to it; a bit like these new mobile phone chargers. Ryan even bought me a pair of knickers that I can hold the charging pad in place with; a bit like wearing a panty liner with a PP3 battery in it. It’s uncomfortable and I don’t really like wearing it (nor panty liners), but it’s the only way that I can charge the clit ring so I endure it. Fortunately it only takes about an hour to fully charge the ring and it lasts for about a day. If Ryan had his way I’d carry the knickers, pad and battery in my handbag and wear them every time the clit ring goes flat; except that he won’t let me wear knickers of any sort when I go out.

Even when the battery is flat I’ve got this constant reminder that I’m wearing the ring; it re-shapes my clit so that it sticks out a bit more and feels ‘different’.

And the anticipation of when I’m going to get zapped again often keeps my AF simmering.

When the ring is charged up it’s amazing. I used to think that the random zap vibe was amazing (and embarrassing) but this is something else. I now know what it’s like for a girl suffering from ’Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder’. The first time that it zapped my clit was incredible. It was like Ryan had been giving me cunnilingus for half an hour. The second time it happened I was so horny (probably with anticipation) and I got so close to cumming that I got frustrated when it stopped. After that I came just about each time that I got zapped.

It’s so good to be zapped when Ryan’s actually fucking me. We can’t do that with any of my vibrators inside me.

Sorry, I’m getting a bit ahead of myself. To get the ring on my clit Ryan told me that he’d have to freeze my clit. That statement got me worried; and scared. Now Ryan’s put ice cubes on my clit and in my pussy before, and they felt great, but to freeze my clit! That didn’t sound like fun.

Then he told me that he wasn’t actually going to freeze it; just get it so cold that it shrank enough and lost all sensations so that it could be pushed through the ring without me cumming. He said that if I was all excited my clit would swell and I wouldn’t be able to keep still long enough for him to get the ring over the end; which was very true.

I was nervous and excited when Ryan went for the ice. I was lying on my back on a towel on the bed with my legs spread wide and the anticipation was horrible. Of course I jumped when the first ice cubes touched my clit. My AF started to rise and I reached for Ryan’s cock. He pushed me away (a first) and told me to concentrate on the job to hand.

Shit, that ice was cold. The cold was spreading all over my lower half before Ryan said that my clit had shrunk enough for him to try to get the ring on. At that point I couldn’t feel him moving my clit from side to side.

I couldn’t see what Ryan was doing to me as his fingers worked away. After a couple of minutes Ryan stood up and stepped back.

“Shit TT; that looks good, I can’t wait for you to thaw out and get that thing charged.”

I sat up and dried myself then went and stood in front of the mirror. I could just see the shiny, silver coloured ring pushing my clit further out between my lips than normal. I thought about how embarrassing it was going to be if someone saw it and I’d have to explain what it was. I told Ryan that I wanted to start wearing knickers; or at least a thong.

“No way girl! One pair for charging and that’s it; and I don’t want you wearing them while we’re out.” was all that Ryan said.

I thawed out some more and saw that my clit was even more pronounced. The thought of it being seen like that was embarrassing me. Ryan saw my embarrassment and asked me what I was thinking. After I’d told him he was as sympathetic as usual,

“Oh you’ll soon get used to it; like you did with your other jewellery. Besides, your clit has always stuck out.”

“Not this far.” I replied.

He was right; I now thought no more of people seeing my clit hood and nipple jewellery than I thought of them seeing me totally naked. Not that I could ever get used to people seeing me totally naked. It’s VERY embarrassing.

I spent the next 30 minutes looking at my new pussy in the mirror and seeing how sensitive my new shaped clit was. I only managed doing it for 30 minutes before I got Ryan to fuck me. I didn’t get zapped that time Ryan fucked me but when we did it later that night the ring did zap me and I came right there and then – mid fuck. I decided that I want to be zapped every time that Ryan fucks me.

It was only when Ryan took me to the pub that night that I realised just how embarrassing my new clit ring was going to be. Just imaging me standing there in the middle of a group of strangers and having an orgasm without having any physical contact, sexual or not. I felt really sorry for the women that have PGAD.

The sex with Ryan that night was wonderful.

About a week after Ryan fitted the ring on my clit we’d arranged to go for a drink with some of Ryan’s workmates. I hadn’t seen some of them for quite a while so I was looking forward to catching-up. Also, I was hoping that Emma would be there with Karen because I was hoping to arrange a girly day shopping

I was a little concerned when Ryan had me charge up the ring before we left to meet everyone. I wasn’t looking forward to having to fight to conceal any orgasms that the ring might give me.

Ryan asked me to wear one of my nice little summer dresses and I felt good as we got the bus into town. Quite a few people were there when we got there and some of the guys took the opportunity to grab my butt through my thin skirt as the hugged me. That doesn’t bother me as I know them and they’re only being friendly.

When Karen hugged me, and squeezed my butt, she whispered,

“You’ve got to show me that ring thing that Ryan’s been going on about.”

I didn’t say anything but I blushed and thought,

“Thanks Ryan.”

The conversation was flowing and interesting the first couple of times that the ring zapped me and I managed avoid an embarrassing orgasm, but later when Karen brought me a drink she bent over and whispered,

“Is that thing giving you hell?”

I smiled and was saved from having to respond by one of the guys who said,

“No bra again Karen? I love it when you bend over like that.”

“In your dreams buster.” Karen replied.

“Yeah and they’re nice dreams too.”

Karen was stood up by then and her loose top had settled back to covering her breasts.

“Good wanking material are they?” Karen asked.

With that Karen lifted her top above her tits then shook them from side to side. After a few seconds she let her top drop and said,

“If you like to wank thinking about these then wait until you see Tanya’s newest piece of jewellery.”

I blushed and thought,

“Shut the fuck up Karen.”

Then I said,

“No chance mate, that’s for Ran’s eyes only.”

“So what is it?” Another of the guys asked.

“Nothing, it’s private.” I said.

“Ryan, what have you been getting your girl now?”

“Oh, it’s only a clit ring; do you want to see it?” Ryan asked.

I turned to Ryan and said,

“You’ve got to be joking; I’m not flashing my pussy in here.”

“I’m not asking you to give these guys a quick flash, I’m letting them see what I’ve bought you; a quick flash is nowhere near long enough. Come on Tanya, slide forward on your seat and spread ‘em.” Ryan replied.

The tone of Ryan’s voice was serious, but there was no way that I wanted to show everyone my pussy. The problem was that I know that Ryan always gets his way. My face went red and I felt a wet rush. I was going to have to do it.

“Please Ryan, not here, there’re way too many people around.” I pleaded.

“You’ll be fine Tanya, just do it.” Ryan said.

I looked around. There were about 7 of his male workmates there, all looking at me. So were Karen, Emma and a couple of girlfriends. My heart rate increased, I felt hot and my stomach felt horrible.

I gave one last pleading look to Ryan (which he ignored), then slowly slid forward and opened my legs. Emma slid sideways so that I could get my legs wide open.

Just doing that was enough to put my open pussy on display for everyone to see but I instinctively pulled the front of my skirt up passed my waist.

I heard one of the guys say,

“I can’t see anything.”

And another,

“Fuck, no knickers.”

And another,

“Bloody hell, she’s dripping.”

He was right; I’d been wet ever since getting out of the shower and that damn clit ring had kept me that way. When Ryan had first told me to show my ring my pussy had gushed; I didn’t want it to but I couldn’t stop it.

My clit was throbbing, my pussy was gushing, my AF was quickly rising and my face was hot and bright red.

Everyone in our group, except Ryan, was staring at my pussy and the guys were shuffling around trying to get a better look.

“Hey, don’t push guys,” Ryan said; “someone might get hurt or worse, some drinks might get spilt. I’m sure that Tanya will let you all have closer look; form a queue and take your time.”

I glared at Ryan to let him know that I wasn’t happy; but what could I do? I looked round the pub and was pleased to see that no one else was looking at me. I was well hidden by the rest of our group.

One at a time, the dozen or so people came and squat between my legs. The first couple just looked; their breathe tickling my clit.

Karen was next. She bent down, had a good look then put her index finger and thumb either side of my clit and moved it from side to side.

“And it doesn’t hurt?” She asked.

I shook my head sideways.

“It gives you a nice little nub to get hold of. I bet that it keeps you horny all the time. Poor Ryan, I bet that you’re fucking him all the time.”

If I could have blushed more I would have, but it was impossible.

Karen didn’t remove her fingers; instead she moved my clit round and round.

“STOP!” I shouted; “Please don’t do that Karen, you’ll make me cum.”

“Sorry Tanya, but what are you going to do when each of these guys does that to you.”

I turned to Ryan and mouthed,

“No, please no.”

But Ryan just smiled. Karen stood up and moved away. It was Pete next. He’d seen me naked before, but not like this.

“I hope that you don’t mind Tanya; I thought to bring my camera tonight, I suspected that Ryan would be practicing candaulism again.

As Pete held his camera in one hand his other was pushing my clit from side to side.

“Wow girl,” Pete said; “you’re really loving this aren’t you?”

“NO!”

“You’re pussy says otherwise.” Pete said.

“Enough, enough, get lost Pete.” I said.

Thankfully Pete moved away. The next to squat in front of me was one of the girlfriends.

“Relax Tanya,” she said; “I just want to look at it. Does it hurt?”

I shook my head sideways.

“Did it cost a lot?”

I shook my head up and down.

“Does it make you horny?”

“Just about all the time.” I quietly said.

“Wow, I’ll have to talk Ben into getting me one of those.”

With that she stood up and was replaced by another of Ryan’s male work-mates, phone camera flashing away. He too touched my clit. I didn’t know how much more I could take; my breathing was getting heavier. I just hoped that I could hold out until they’d all taken their turn.

The next man started doing the same then another girlfriend. While she was looking she was asking me questions,

“Does it hurt?”

“Was it painful putting it on?”

“Does it keep me on a high?”

“Does it make sex better?”

“Do you like this? I know that I do.”

All the time that she was looking and talking she was rubbing the end of her index finger round the end of my clit. All that I was capable of doing was nodding or shaking my head.

Just as the next guy bent down I started to cum.

All I could see was camera flashes; the rest was a blur as I started shaking and moaning. I could feel my pussy convulsing.

The guy stepped back and said,

“Fucking hell; she just squirted at me.”

As I started to calm down I could see him showing his phone to everyone. As it came into my sight I could see some white, creamy liquid on his phone. I thought that I should apologise; until I watched him lick his phone.

Two more guys and another girl took their turn to look at my clit ring, each pushing my clit from side to side. When the next guy was pushing my clit the ring decided to zap me.

The guy backed off and said,

“Bloody hell; it’s vibrating.”

Then he put his finger back on my clit and smiled.

Well, that was it; I started to cum again.

When I calmed down Karen was knelt in front of me. She too was holding my clit and giving it a close inspection.

“Why do I have to cum like that just because people are looking at my pussy?” I asked Karen.

“Because you’re a woman and you have a clitoris. If you weren’t meant to cum you wouldn’t have a clitoris. Besides, you’re enjoying this Tanya.”

“No I’m not.”

“Your body says otherwise my horny little friend.” Karen said.

With that she patted my pussy and stood up.

“I’m the last darling, you can sit up now.”

I did, pulling my skirt down to cover me. I heard a couple of disappointed moans from the guys but I didn’t care. I didn’t even want to look them in the face.

“Drink this.” Emma said, passing me a shot which I quickly downed.

I stood up, grabbed Emma’s hand and pulled her up,

“Come to the ladies with me Em.”

As I peed and cleaned myself up I talked with Emma.

“You’re so brave Tanya, I couldn’t have done that.” Emma said.

“I didn’t want to do it but Ryan’s face told me that I had to.”

“But you loved every second of it Tanya; your face had that satisfied look on it; and you came twice so you must have enjoyed it.”

“Well…….. Yes, it’s always good when I cum but all those men looking at me; it’s so embarrassing.”

“That’s part of the pleasure Tanya. You’re brave enough to do it. I wish that I was.”

“Or stupid enough.” I said. I really do hope that none of the photos get onto the internet.

“Brave and beautiful.” Emma said as she pulled me to her and gave me a big hug.

We organised a ‘retail therapy’ day before going back to the others.

Pete was carrying some drinks over and as we got near him he said,

“That was amazing Tanya. Ryan’s a lucky man; I wish that my girlfriend was more like you.”

That made me feel a little better but it was still a few minutes, and another shot, before I could look the guys in the face. Ryan had given me a hug before I sat down which also made me feel a little better.

About half an hour later 2 more of Ryan’s mates (Dave and James) arrived and it wasn’t long before they found out about my little forced show.

I saw James and Dave looking over to me and smiling and shortly afterwards James worked his way over to Ryan and I.

“I hear that my favourite nudist has been showing off again.” James said; “so am I going to get a look at this juicy little doughnut then?”

“Of course mate,” Ryan said, “it wouldn’t be fair if you didn’t. Emma, can you shuffle over again please, Tanya’s going to put on another show for James and Dave.”

“Nooooo.” I pleaded to Ryan, but he took my drink off me then steered me onto the edge of the seat.

“Oh shit,” I thought, “I hope that I don’t cum again.”

I opened my legs then shut them again.

“There, satisfied.” I said.

“Tanya, that wasn’t fair,” Ryan said, “let them have a proper look like the others did.”

I slowly opened my legs wide and pulled my skirt up to my waist and felt my stomach tingle and my pussy get wetter.

As James squat down I could see the camera flashes start again and thought about all those pictures being passed around, sooo embarrassing for me.

“Wow,” James said, “doesn’t that hurt Tanya? It looks like it’s making you all swollen. Ah, you’re turned on by all this, you’re excited. That’d explain why you’re all shiny.”

“You can touch it if you like.” Ryan said.

“Really,” James said; “won’t Tanya mind?”

“Hey, how about asking me?” I butted in; “It’s my body, you should ask me.”

“She won’t mind, go on mate.” Ryan said.

James’ finger reached out and touched my clit, sending a shiver right through me and expelling more of my juices.

“Wow,” James said, “she’s so hot.”

“She’ll get hotter in a minute.” Ryan said.

James stood up and was replaced by Dave. He wasted no time in taking my clit between his finger and thumb.

“That thing does look painful.” Dave said, “It must hurt her.”

“No,” Ryan said, “It doesn’t hurt her but it does turn her into a randy little slut.”

As Dave stood up I wondered what Ryan was going to do. I wanted to close my legs and pull my skirt down, but before Ryan could do anything Karen butted in,

“Hey guys, has Ryan told you that he’s taught Tanya a new trick? What’s that word Ryan?”

“NO Ryan, please don’t tell them.” I pleaded

“You mean treadmill.” Ryan said.

I just managed to whisper,

“Oh fuck!”

Before I felt my body start to shake. My legs were still wide apart and I could just about make out all the faces watching me and see the camera flashes.

Just as I started to come down from my high I heard Pete say,

“Hang on a minute, Karen are saying that every time Ryan says the word treadmill, Tanya has an orgasm?”

I had another one and could just about make out Karen saying,

“That’s right Pete, it’s not just if Ryan says treadmill, it’s if anyone says it and she hears it. Try it; oh, you just did, and I did too, look at her, she’s in a different world.” Karen continued. “James, you say it.”

James did. I’d just started to come down when he did and I immediately went back up there, shaking and moaning and jerking about. My feet rose off the ground and my legs went straight out. I was in real danger of sliding off that seat.

I could vaguely make out everyone looking at me but there was nothing that I could do, I was way too far out of control.

About 4 or 5 minutes later I got to a state where I could talk again and managed to say,

“Please guys; don’t say that word again; I don’t know if I can take any more.”

As I was saying that I realised that my legs were still wide open. I quickly closed them and pulled my skirt down.

Some of the group had been too busy watching me and missed what Karen had said. Word spread and so did people saying THAT word.

No sooner than I’d pulled my skirt down than I heard,

“Treadmill” again.

I started again, my legs involuntarily drifting apart. I was knackered. When I was able I managed to ask everyone not to say THAT word, and thankfully they took pity on me; but I was still knackered.

Thankfully, normal conversation started again and the group seemed to loose interest in my clit ring and orgasms.

Ryan came and sat next to me and gave me a big kiss and a hug.

“Some of the guys are thinking of going to a club later, do you fancy going?” Ryan asked.

“Do you mind if we skips it,” I asked, “I’m knackered, and anyway, if I’d known I’d have worn something more ‘clubby’; and besides, I need you inside me. All the attention that you got your mates to give my pussy has made me so randy.”

“Don’t try to deny it TT, you loved every second of it.” Ryan replied. “Do you want some more? All I’ve got to do is say that word, or invite the guys to have another look at your dinky doughnut.”

The ring zapped me and I shuddered as I fought to not have another orgasm. I have no idea how many I’d had since we arrived at the pub and I didn’t want another one; not until Ryan was inside me.

Ryan squeezed my bare thigh and said,

“Been zapped?”

I nodded.

“Don’t fight it TT; let it happen, No one will mind.”

“I do; I’m knackered; can we go home please?”

“No, not yet,” Ryan said, “I need to talk to James about something and I thought that you said that you wanted to arrange a girly day with Emma.”

“I’ve already done that; next Saturday you’ll be home alone.”

“I suppose it will be a chance for me to watch all the videos of you cumming that the guys have sent me.” Ryan said.

“And then you’ll get the guys to delete them please.”

“Of course dear.”

But I knew that he wouldn’t. I just hoped that none of them would make it to the internet.

About 20 minutes later everyone decided to move on, to a club. Ryan said that I was too tired, to which there were a couple of,

“I’m not surprised” type of comments and we parted from the rest of the group.

On the way to the bus stop Ryan pulled me into an alley and lifted me up so that I could put my legs round his waist. We fucked until I had what seemed like my hundredth orgasm of the night.

There was another night shortly after the above event where Ryan phoned me when I was on the bus going home. He was in a pub with James and Pete and he asked me to join them. They’d left work early and gone to a pub to play pool.

When I got there the pub was a bit of a dingy dump but Ryan told me that the beer was good. The pool tables were in alcoves that sort of separated them from the rest of the pub. I’d taken a while to find them because they were hidden away in one corner.

All 3 were a little ‘happy’ when I arrived.

James got me a drink and I joined in the game. After a while I realised that both James and Pete were always standing behind me when I took a shot. When I could I whispered to Ryan that they were trying to look up my skirt. Ryan’s response shocked and embarrassed me; he said,

“You can’t blame them, you have got a cute little butt, why don’t you take your skirt off and let them have a proper look? It isn’t as if they haven’t seen it before.”

“Ryan! I can’t do that. It’s not right and I’d get all embarrassed; and besides we’re in a pub, other people will see me.”

“Maybe, but Pete and James want to see your bare butt.”

With that Ryan put his beer down and started to kiss me. As he did I felt his hand on my waist and the skirt fastened being undone. Before I knew it my skirt was round my feet and I was bottomless.

It was pointless arguing with Ryan; he always gets his way so I looked round to make sure that no one else could see us then stepped out of my skirt. James’ and Pete’s faces were a picture; amazement and lust all in one.

“Come on,” Ryan said, “whose go is it?”

James stepped forward, looking at me as he missed his shot.

Hardly surprising, Ryan and I won that game.

As soon as it was over Ryan lifted me up and sat me on the edge of the pool table.

“How about a different game boys?” Ryan said, “It’s called hit the ring. Tanya’s going to sit on the table with her legs open and you have to hit the ball from the other end of the table and hit her little doughnut. The first one to get 3 hits wins. Come on Tanya, get to the end of the table and spread ‘em.”

“What!” I protested. “No I won’t, and give me my skirt back.”

Again, it was pointless arguing as Ryan half lifted me from the side of the table to the end and sat me with my legs open and pussy spread. I could feel the air tickling my wet open pussy. If James and Pete hadn’t been there it would have been quite nice.

“Are you sure about this?” James asked Ryan as he placed the white ball in the semi-circle.

“Yeah, sure,” Ryan said, “remember to look at what you’re aiming at.”

Bloody hell, my boyfriend was telling one of his mates to stare at my spread pussy. I felt my face get warm and my pussy even warmer.

I looked at James. His eyes were glued on my pussy but his cue hand was shaking.

“Okay,” Ryan said, “maybe this wasn’t a good idea. I can see that you both look a bit worried by this. Tell you what, how about we change the game a bit. Tanya, please shuffle down the table to the middle then do the splits.”

“I can’t” I said, “I need a flat surface to slide my feet out.”

“Hmmm;” Ryan said, “How about you spread your legs as far as you can then we’ll hold them and lower you down.”

“No, Ryan, I don’t want to.” I said, but I was already shuffling down and spreading my legs.”

“Pete, James, grab a leg each while I hold her hands.” Ryan said.

I felt 3 pairs of hands holding me and lowering me so that I ended up doing the splits across the pool table. As Pete and James released me the sides of the table hurt my legs a bit. My pussy was hovering a couple of inches above the centre of the table.

“I can’t hold this Ryan it hurts my legs too much.” I pleaded.

“Okay TT lower yourself down and we’ll think of something else.” Ryan said.

“How about we go home, please!” I replied.

“Not yet my love….. Have you ever put your feet right up and behind your head?”

“What! ……. err yes, years ago, why?”

“Have a go now, please.”

“I’m in a pub Ryan; anyone could come round the corner and see me, and James and Pete are here.”

“Don’t worry about them, and the chances of anyone coming over here are quite remote. Besides, if they did they wouldn’t complain.”

“But I would. I don’t want any Tom, Dick or Harry seeing me like that. It’s bad enough with these 2 seeing me.”

“They don’t mind, do you guys.”

“No.”

“No.”

“Right then, lift those gorgeous legs.”

By that time I was sat in the middle of the table with my legs together; and for some stupid reason I lay back and lifted my legs. I got them right back to the sides of my face.

“I can’t get them any further.” I said.

“Here, let me help you.” Ryan said as he went round to my head and pressed down on my ankles. I could feel my big toes touching the table.

I looked at Pete and James. All 4 eyes were glued to my pussy; my wet pussy; the one that was throbbing and threatening to have an orgasm. I was really glad that the battery in the clit ring was flat.

“How are you dong TT?” Ryan asked.

“Okay I guess, it hurts a bit, but I’m okay. Can we go home now please?” I asked.

“Soon my love; there’s just one more thing that I’d like you to try. If I hold your legs a bit wider apart, can you try and get your arms in between your legs and hold your legs under your armpits?”

By then I was wondering if I could actually do it and not thinking about what I was showing. I spread my legs and Ryan helped me. Then I lifted my arms and put them over the back of my legs.

“Bend and push down on your legs with your arms.” Pete said.

My back hurt a bit but I managed it. My legs were under my armpits. I felt pleased with myself. That was until I saw that I had a little audience. Pete and James had been joined by 2 men and all 4 were staring at my pussy. I suddenly felt quite embarrassed and horny. I could feel my pussy get wetter and wetter.

“OMG, no,” I thought, “please don’t cum now.”

The more I tried to resist, the closer I got to cumming. I tried to release my legs so that I could sit up and hide my pussy, but I was stuck. I needed Ryan to release me. I looked to where Ryan was, but he had moved. I looked round and saw the phones and the flashes.

“No, no, please no.”

But it was too late. I felt myself lose control. My body couldn’t jerk, but my pussy could; and it was; and I could actually see that spasms and contractions. I’d only ever seen my pussy do that using a mirror.

James and Pete were just as guilty as the other men there, their phones were flashing as well. I just hoped that they’d keep those photos to themselves.

As Ryan was releasing me I had a couple of after-shocks and my body jerked.

“Wow!” was all James could say, but Pete was a little less dumbfounded,

“Thank you Tanya, you really do know how to keep a man and his friends happy. I just wish that my girlfriend was half as open and relaxed about her body as you are. Ryan, you are one hell of a lucky guy.”

Ryan smiled and lifted me off the table. I wanted to tell Pete that I’d hated every second of it but I didn’t. I just knew that Ryan would over-ride me and say that I loved every minute of it. In a way I had, but oh the embarrassment. Nothing can make me want all that.

The strangers had disappeared and James and Pete decided that they’d have to go. I had to ask Ryan for my skirt back and he wouldn’t let me have it until just before we left.

There was another notable occasion where the clit ring has caused me embarrassment. I was in a meeting at work one afternoon and the ring had been giving me hell all day. I was running through a few figures with the client and the damn ring decided to zap me. That final zap was enough to take me over the top and off I went.

Ask any girl if she can talk about a business matter while she’s having an orgasm and I’ll bet that less that 1 percent will say that they can do it without people noticing.

Well, I felt my face flush and my pussy start to throb; then it hit me. How I managed to keep my mouth shut I will never know. However, I didn’t manage to keep a straight face. My eyes shut and I could feel my face muscles moving all over the place.

Fortunately the client had just picked up his cup of tea and wasn’t really looking at me. By the time he’d had a drink, put his cup down and looked at me, the worst (best) was over and I just looked flushed. He asked me if I was okay to continue. Fortunately I was by then.

Straight after that meeting I vowed that if the ring was charged and I was due to go into a meeting, I’d go to the ladies room and bring myself off just before the meeting.

On a positive note, the clit ring has made cycling more pleasurable as well. My more exposed clit really feels good pressing on the saddle and when it zaps me with that dildo going in and out of me I’m amazed that I don’t fall off the bike.

It’s probably a good job that the battery charge only lasts for about 24 hours because any longer and I would never get anything done at work.

**Smear test**

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Women in England don’t normally get offered a Smear Test until they’re 25, but the medical people in our area were doing some sort of trial and I got a letter inviting me to go and have one. When I read the letter my first reaction was ‘no way’; I didn’t want the embarrassment and humiliation of some doctor or nurse poking things inside me unless it was absolutely necessary. I told Ryan that I was going to ignore the letter but he was adamant that I was going to go and have the test. He told me that it was important that I knew that I was healthy and not at risk.

I wasn’t happy but after a while I started to accept what Ryan said and resigned myself to having to endure the embarrassment and humiliation.

The evening before my appointment we had been fooling around and Ryan had got me to charge up the clit ring and we’d gone out and Ryan had enjoyed watching me trying to conceal cumming in the pub.

The next morning Ryan reminded me about my appointment. The clit ring was still randomly zapping me and I’d woken up a couple of times when my body had succumbed to the vibrations and I’d orgasmed. Each time I’d looked at Ryan as he slept and thought,

“It’s okay for you mate, you don’t have to put up with this.”

One time I’d thought about searching the internet for some sort of cock ring that could randomly make Ryan cum, but I’d gone back to sleep instead.

When Ryan reminded me about my appointment I told him that I couldn’t go because I’d be on a sexual high all day and the last thing that I wanted was to cum while some doctor or nurse was sticking something inside me.

Ryan was insistent; I was going.

My appointment at the doctor’s was straight after work. As soon as I got there I went straight to the toilet and cleaned myself up. That damn clit ring had been zapping me all day. I’d had some embarrassing moments and had wet thighs all day.

When I was called in I saw that the test was going to be done by a male doctor who looked to be not much older than me. After the usual greetings the doctor asked me to confirm my date of birth.

“Here we go again.” I thought.

I told him then asked if he wanted to see my passport (because of how young I look I usually carry my passport in my bag).

“No, no, that won’t be necessary.” The doctor replied. “I see that you only registered with the practice about a year ago and that this is the first time that you’ve visited us. That being the case, have you got the time for a full check-up? We like to make sure that we know about any problems that all our patients have.”

“Err yes I guess.” I said, fearing that it was going to be soo embarrassing.

The doctor went on to ask me loads of questions and I nearly forgot about me having to hitch my skirt up and let him poke something inside me. About half way through the questions the clit ring zapped me. My face must have screwed up a bit because the doctor went silent for a few seconds then asked me if I was okay.

“Yes, I’m fine, just a bit of indigestion.” I lied.

When the questions finished I heard the words I was dreading,

“Okay Tanya, we’ll move on to the physical part now. Normally I’d ask one of our nurses to be present but they’re all out on home visits. Would it be okay to continue without one here?”

“Fantastic.” I thought; a reason to escape and avoid the embarrassment.

“Yeah, sure, let’s get on with it.” I stupidly said.

What’s wrong with me? Why do I let say these things?

“Okay Tanya, would you undress and climb on to the examination couch?”

My face went bright red and I started shaking a bit. I’d only expected to have to lift my skirt, not strip naked. My hands had trouble undoing the buttons on my top. As it came off I remembered that I was wearing all my nipple and clit hood jewellery. I got more embarrassed and I wished that Ryan hadn’t got me to put them in when I got out of the shower that morning. A sudden thought crossed my mind,

“Had Ryan known about this? Was that why he’d got me to charge the ring and wear all my clit and nip jewellery?”

I made a mental note to ask him later.

When I was naked I climbed on, covered my breasts with one arm and kept my legs squeezed together. I looked down at the stirrups knowing that I was about to get soo humiliated.

“Okay Tanya, none of this is going to hurt, just try to relax.”

“Easy for you to say.” I thought.

The doctor started with my head, feeling around presumably for any anomalies, and asking me to move it in various directions.

“Good, good.” He kept saying as he progressed to my shoulders them my arms.

Nothing was said as he asked me to lift my arm off my tiny breasts. He put this stethoscope on my chest. It was cold and I flinched a bit.

“Sorry, I should have warmed it up.” The doctor said then asked me to take deep breaths. He was looking straight down at my tiny breasts and rock hard nipples.

“Do you have any discomfort or other problems with these?” He asked as he lifted one of the chains and gently tugged my nipples in different directions.

“Only if someone pulls them too hard.”

The doctor smiled a little and said,

“Well I guess that that’s to be expected.”

He then prodded and squeezed my tiny tits, presumably feeling for anything that shouldn’t be there.

“I know that it is very embarrassing for a woman your age to have such small breasts; if you like I could refer you to a specialist with a view to getting some implants.” The doctor suddenly said.

I thought for a moment, probably the surprise of him making such a statement, then said,

“No, no, it’s not a problem for me. Besides, it’s amazing what you can get away with looking like a 12 year-old.”

Why did I say that? He must think that I’m some sort of hooligan kid or something worse.

Then it was my abdomen. The doctor poked and prodded as I blushed knowing that he was looking down at my naked lower abdomen.

“Can you sit up please Tanya? I need to checkout your back.”

I sat up, bent forward and turned away from him, relieved that I was no longer exposed, and hoping that he’d forget about examining my privates any closer.

“Very good Tanya, no sign of any problems so far. Can you lie down on your back again please?”

I did so, disappointed that I’d have more to endure; my hands moving back to cover my privates.

“Okay Tanya, I’m going to lift each leg in turn and bend your joints. Please try and relax.”

I released the tension in my leg muscles but still cupped my pussy as he lifted first one then the other leg and moved my joints.

“Very good Tanya, can you lift your legs and put them on the stirrups please; we now need to do the internal examination.”

I felt my face get even redder as I slowly lifted and spread my legs and felt my lips open. It was time to expose my pussy and jewellery.

The doctor went and stood between my legs.

“That’s interesting,” The doctor said, “I’ve never seen one of those before; what’s it for? Is it just jewellery or does it have another purpose. I’m guessing that it will stimulate you; does it?”

“Yes!” I quietly and shyly said.

I felt his latex gloved fingers take hold of my clit ring and move it in all directions.

“It doesn’t appear to be causing any restrictions on circulation so I can’t see any reason to advise you to remove it.”

Yes it happened. As he was moving the ring from side to side the vibrator kicked in and I started cumming.

“Woah there!” The doctor said as he almost jumped back and watched as I spasmed and moaned.

As I calmed down the doctor said,

“Is that some sort of miniature vibrator?”

My embarrassment was horrible as I nodded my head.

“So how does it get charged? I can’t see any sort of connector.”

I told him.

“Isn’t technology wonderful?”

“It has its bad points.” I said as I realised that I was not as totally embarrassed as I had been.

“You mean like having an orgasm on a doctor’s examination table?”

I nodded as the doctor added,

“No need for embarrassment, it happens all the time. It’s just your body reacting to the circumstances.”

I suppose that made me feel a little better, but I still wanted to jump down and run like hell.

“Okay Tanya, your jewellery doesn’t appear to be causing any problems so let’s move on to the internal examination.”

I felt the doctor’s fingers probing inside me as I lay there looking at the ceiling trying, and failing to relax. I was so pleased when the doctor said that it was all over.

“You can get dressed now Tanya.” The doctor said as he walked away, “everything appears to be in good order.”

I didn’t need to be told twice but as I was putting my skirt on the doctor said,

“Oh, I nearly forgot the smear test; can you get back on the table please?”

My heart dropped with my skirt and I climbed back onto the table and spread my legs.

“Sorry about this; it won’t take long.”

Thankfully it didn’t, and my skirt was soon sliding up my legs. I looked over to the doctor expecting to see him typing away, but he wasn’t, he was looking at me getting dressed. He smiled then said,

“I see that you’ve opted for the healthy option. If there were more women like you this place wouldn’t be anywhere as busy as it is.”

I didn’t say anything as I finished and sat down.

“Okay Tanya, everything appears to be in good working order and we’ve got the sample that we need. You can go home now and I hope that I won’t see you back in here for a long time.”

I got up, thanked him and left. On the bus home I got wet as I recalled cumming as the doctor watched; but I did have to say that he’d been very professional about it all.

Ryan fingered me then fucked me as I told him all about my experience.

**Art College Model**

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Ryan came home from work one evening and while I was getting our evening meal ready he suddenly asked if I could still do the splits. I was a little surprised but said that I could. He immediately asked me to show him. So I did, right there in the kitchen. It wasn’t quite as easy as it was 5 years ago, but I got down okay and felt my naked pussy touching the floor.

“Good, good,” Ryan said, “I’ve booked you another evening at the Art College nude modelling.”

That statement prompted a bit of an argument because I thought that now that I’d got a full-time job I was done with all that. I argued that we were doing okay money-wise now and that I didn’t really have the time. I also added that I didn’t want to have to go through all the embarrassment and humiliation again.

Ryan was having nothing of it. He kept on saying that I’d enjoyed the previous sessions (which I denied) and that I really liked exposing myself to all those ‘artists’; which of course I adamantly denied, because I didn’t.

Anyway, as usual, Ryan got his way and I resigned myself to more embarrassment.

The evening finally came and I got the bus straight there from work. As I sat on the bus my clit ring reminded me that it was still charged. Shit, I didn’t want those ‘artists’ seeing me get aroused or having an orgasm; but it was too late; I was on my way there. I silently cursed Ryan for getting me to charge the ring the previous night.

I was met by Dan, the Art School teacher, who was full of thanks for me volunteering to help him out again. I really did have to stop myself from saying that I hadn’t volunteered and that I didn’t want to do it; but I knew that Ryan would be so pissed-off if I didn’t do it.

“Tanya, I don’t know if Ryan told you, but tonight’s theme is ‘Female Genitalia’; is that going to be a problem for you.”

“Of course it is; I don’t want all these strangers staring at my pussy.” I thought; then I opened my mouth.

“No, of course not Dan; anything to help.” I replied.

What was wrong with me? Why was I saying stupid things like that?

“As you can see, I’ve put a table at the side of the room. When you’re ready would you like to come over and we’ll get started.”

I looked round and saw lots of people, mainly men of all ages, but I saw 3 women, 1 was a girl about my age. There was a screen for me to change (strip) behind but what was the point? They were all going to see me naked in a couple of minutes.

I didn’t see anyone looking at me as I got undressed and walked over to the table where Dan was waiting for me.

“We’ve only got 3 poses for you this time; all involve your legs being as far apart as you can get them. Ryan tells me that you can easily do the splits so none of them should be painful. If you get up on the table I’ll talk you into the first pose.”

I looked around for a step or a chair to use to get up but there was nothing.

“Here, let me help you.” Dan said.

With that his hands went to my waist and lifted me up.

“Wow, you don’t weigh much.” Dan said.

I smiled a bit then got up onto my feet on the table. I looked round and saw that everyone was now looking at me. I felt my face flush and my pussy get a little wet. Two men and the young girl smiled at me when we made eye contact.

“Stop it!” I thought as I remembered that it was best to try to ignore everyone around me. I suddenly realised that Dan was talking to me.

“Err sorry Dan, I was miles away.” I said.

“Yes, I can see that it’s probably best to let your mind wander. For your first pose I’d like you to sit on the front edge of the table, lay back then spread and lift your legs so that you can hold your ankles as far apart as you can. Can you do that for us Tanya?”

“Oh shit, here goes nothing, or should I say everything.” I thought as I got into the pose. At least I’d be reasonably comfortable.

It was when I heard a couple of quiet gasps that I remembered my jewellery. I was wearing the 3 barbells and stirrups, but not the chains. Dan had seen my clit hood and nipple jewellery before but, apart from him, I hadn’t seen one face that I’d seen before so the jewellery was new to just about everyone there. No one there had seen my clit ring before. I suddenly got even more embarrassed and hot in the face. I put my head back onto the table and looked up at the ceiling. I didn’t want to see any faces.

As I lay there my mind drifted to previous times that I’d posed for Dan and his class. I remembered the outdoor session and smiled. I felt a wet rush and my mind came back to reality.

The silence was deafening until I heard the door open. I raised my head and saw 5 young men come in. All of them were no more than 6 feet from me and all were staring at my pussy. Dan went up to them and said something about the wrong room and I heard them leave. Bloody hell; I guessed that word would spread quickly and I half expected dozens of young men accidentally go into the ‘wrong room’ for a look at my pussy.

I heard the door open twice more before Dan finally came over to me and told me that I could take a 10 minute break.

In that session the clit ring had zapped me but I’d managed to hold back the orgasm that my body wanted so badly.

The second pose was more difficult. Dan wanted me to stand on one leg and hold the other leg with it pointing to the ceiling; effectively doing the splits whilst standing on one leg.

I told Dan that I didn’t think that I’d be able to hold it for long.

“Hmm; I think that I might just have a solution to that problem.” Dan said as he dashed out of the room. He was back within a couple of minutes and he was carrying some ropes.

I looked at him with surprise and shock. What the hell was he planning?

Dan looked up at the ceiling then moved the table a bit. I looked up then thought,

“Oh no, he’s going to suspend me from the hooks in the ceiling that I hadn’t noticed before.”

I hadn’t got it quite right. Dan got me to get back on the table and lift one foot as high as I could. Satisfied that he’d got the height of my ankle he told me to bring my leg down and wait for a minute. Dan then tied a rope to the hook on the ceiling above me and put a loop in the rope where my ankle would be.

I had to really stretch to get my ankle in that loop. I told Dan that I was uncomfortable and found it difficult to keep my body upright. Dan’s answer to that was to tie my upper wrist to the hook as well. Okay, that was better, but I was really stuck there. I started having visions of me being like that for hours; even after all the people there had gone home; and being found by the caretaker the next morning.

When I realised that I was being silly my mind wandered to my exposed pussy. I could feel my juices trickling down my leg.

The clit ring zapped me and my AF rose.

“No, not now.” I told myself; but the more I fought it the higher my AF went.

Shortly after that I started cumming. I could feel my pussy clenching and trying to suck in a penis that wasn’t there. I hoped that I wouldn’t squirt.

What must those ‘artists’ be seeing? I think that I managed to stifle the moans and screams but I’m not 100% sure, my mind wasn’t totally there.

Finally I heard the words,

“Thank you Tanya, I’ll release you now.”

I was so happy to get that leg down.

“Well Tanya, that was an entertaining pose, I wonder if you’ll entertain us as much with the next one?” Dan said.

My face went red(der), was he referring to me cumming and the spasms that my pussy had, my stifled moans, or did I squirt? I preferred not to think about it.

After the break where I wandered around to get the blood back into my leg, Dan said,

“Tanya, would you mind posing with a dildo sticking out of your vagina?” Dan asked.

My eyes opened wide. Had Dan really said what I thought that he’d said?

“Sorry, I was miles away; what did you say?”

“Would you mind posing with a dildo sticking out of your vagina?” Dan again asked.

I was shocked and, I have to admit, pleased. My pussy ached for something inside it, but a dildo, and in front of all these strangers. No way; there was no way that I could humiliate myself like that.

“Yes, of course Dan, but I haven’t got one with me.”

What the hell was I saying?

“That’s okay, I’m sure that we can find something somewhere. I’ll just go and look.” Dan replied.

Dan came back into the room carrying a baseball bat and my eyes glared at him. Was he really expecting me to put that monster into my pussy – in front of all those strangers?

The look on Dan’s face told me that he was serious. What the hell had I let myself in for? No, how could I get out of this?

“Okay Dan,” I said, “How would you like me?”

I’d done it again. Why can’t my mouth say what my brain’s thinking?

“Well, we need a pose that will give the best view for everyone, so how about you getting on your back then putting your legs and lower body up in the air. You can then support your body with your arms and spread your legs wide?”

“But how will I be able to put the bat in?”

“Oh, err…………. I could do that for you.” Dan said.

“WHAT!” I said in a rather surprised tone, “You mean you want me to let you fuck me with that monster? OMG!”

“Sorry Tanya, is that asking too much?”

“Of course it is; there’s only 1 man that fucks me and it sure as hell isn’t you,” my brain thought. Then my mouth opened,

“Okay Dan that would work.”

I climbed back onto the table and lay on my back. As I lifted my legs and lower torso I thought,

“WTF am I doing? Why am I doing this? I don’t need to do this. Stop being so stupid Tanya.”

I opened my legs as wide as I could and said,

“Okay Dan, go for it.”

I jerked a bit as the cold bat came into contact with my hot pussy. The cold started to go away and I felt my pussy open as Dan put a little pressure on the bat.

Oh, it felt good, but why oh why was I letting this man put that monster in my pussy? What was I thinking?

Deeper and deeper that bat went until I gasped in pain.

“Stop!” I said, “I can’t take any more.”

“That’s okay Tanya,” Dan replied, “it’s gone in a lot further than I thought it would. I’m going to let go now, please try and keep it pointing straight up.”

My weight was on the top half of my back, my legs were spread wide, my arms were supporting my hips, and I had this monster baseball bat sticking out of my pussy. It was heavy and I had to squeeze to grip it and hold it upright. I was glad that I was doing those kegel exercises.

As I started to get used to it (a little), my mind started to think about what those ‘artists’ could see. I hate to admit it, but I started to get turned-on. The more I tried not to, the more my AF rose. That damn bat was making me feel good.

After a few minutes the inevitable happened and I started to cum. I felt my pussy muscles contract then relax; the bat was waving backwards and forwards.

“OMG, stop it Tanya,” I thought, but I couldn’t. Through my stifled moans and convulsions I saw the bat wave back and forwards then fall out. My pussy had ejected it. Then, horror of horrors, I saw myself squirt; little blobs of my juices were shooting up in the air, only a few inches, then falling back down onto my thighs and stomach.

I had no control over my body as I kept cumming and cumming. It didn’t help that the clit ring chose that moment to zap me.

After what seemed like forever I started to get control back. My whole pussy area was covered with my juices and my whole body was wet with sweat.

Then I heard Dan say,

“Excellent show Tanya, just what I was hoping for. Ryan was right you do put on a wonderful show when you orgasm in the right situation. I’m sure that all these budding artists will have some wonderful interpretations of your display. As soon as you’re able we’ll go round the room and have a look.”

I suddenly remembered that I was still on my back with my pussy pointing to the ceiling and my legs spread wide. I quickly closed my legs and lay flat on the table. As soon as I was able I got off the table and onto my feet. At least standing up people couldn’t see how wet and swollen my pussy was.

“Is that it Dan?” I asked.

“Yes, thank you so much Tanya, you’ve provided excellent subject matter for the students.”

Before Dan could say anything else I was walking over to my clothes and into my skirt. When I turned round Dan was stood there with an envelope in his hand. He thanked me again and I stupidly said,

“You’re welcome, any time.”

I almost ran out of there and to the bus stop.

As soon as I opened our front door I was stripping and shouting for Ryan. I needed his cock.

**Learning to Drive**

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On a less orgasmic front, I’m taking lessons and they’re going well. With a bit of luck I’ll soon be able to drive my own car. My instructor is an elderly man. When we first met he looked me up and down and then said something about adjusting the seat. My first impression of him was that he was a dirty old man but after our first lesson I decided that he’s really a proper gentleman and I’ve not once caught him looking at my bare legs even though my skirts usually ride up leaving me showing most of my bare thighs.

Fortunately, I haven’t gone for a lesson when my clit ring has been charged so I haven’t had to cope with an orgasm whilst driving. I don’t know how I’d cope with that.