**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 19 – Ryan exposes me some more**

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**I become a boy**

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Ryan came home one evening and told me that he’d signed us up at a big leisure centre not far away. The thing was that he’d signed me up as a 13 year-old boy. We had a bit of an argument but as usual Ryan won. When I asked how I was going to get away with it he told me that we were going shopping for some boy’s clothes and some swimming shorts.

“But I haven’t got a cock or balls.” I argued, hoping that I’d found an escape.

“I’ve already thought of that; we’ll put a couple of golf balls in one of my socks and you can you can sew them into the shorts.”

“What about a cock?”

“Another sock rolled up; unless you want something like a carrot, in which case you’ll look like you’ve got a hard-on all the time.”

“You’ve got an answer for everything; haven’t you?”

“Yep!”

That weekend we went and bought the clothes and Ryan got me to put them on and practice acting like a teenage boy. Ryan put me right a few times and laughed when I asked how men walked about with lumps like that between their legs.

“No wonder,” I thought, “that men often sit with their legs spread.”

One of the things that Ryan bought me was a string vest; a smaller version of his. When I pointed out that my nipples would stick through the holes, all he said was,

“I hope so.”

Ryan told me that I’d have to leave my nipple jewellery at home but my clit jewellery could stay as I’d have boy shorts on most of the time. When I asked him what he meant by ‘most of the time’, he just laughed and told me not to worry; that I’d enjoy myself.

The next Tuesday evening we went to the leisure centre.

Wearing jeans felt weird; I hadn’t worn trousers of any sort for a few years. As we walked from the car I ruffled my short hair and decided that I didn’t like the golf balls between my legs. I was glad that I am a woman.

I was nervous as we checked-in but nothing was said and Ryan led me to the men’s changing room.

As we went in I could hear men talking and I got quite nervous. I walked behind Ryan but I couldn’t help but take a quick look at the men. They were all in various state of undress and three were naked and drying themselves. I was looking at three soft cocks. Ryan led me to a quiet part of the big room and whispered for me to put the shorts and the string vest on.

Thankfully the men didn’t look at me but I still quickly looked away as I felt my pussy get wet.

I remembered what Ryan had said and kept my back to the men and didn’t bend over. I didn’t want them looking at my pussy. I also remembered not to fold my clothes as I took them off; instead I just threw them into my bag.

I could feel my pussy tingling and getting even wetter as I got naked and delved into my bag for the shorts and string vest.

The shorts were tighter than the jeans and the balls pressed harder on my pussy.

Ryan was ready before me and joked saying,

“Come on bro, you don’t usually take this long. Tell you what; I’ll go and get the squash rackets and I’ll meet you at the courts.”

My brain was screaming,

“No, no, please don’t leave me.”

But he did. He left me to finish getting dressed and put our bags in a locker. As I turned to sit on the bench to put my trainers on I couldn’t help looking at a man walking out of the shower. He was totally naked and carrying his towel.

I quickly looked down and fastened my trainers.

As I stood up I could feel my hard nipples pushing their way through holes in the string vest.

Putting the bags in a locker I glanced at the men again and saw that two of them had man boobs bigger than my tiny tits.

As I walked to the door it burst open and three more men came in. All three totally ignored me.

There were quite a few people milling around on the way to the squash courts and I got a little more confident when none of them stared at me.

Ryan was waiting for me outside one of the squash courts; one that had a glass back so that people walking by or sitting on the seats could watch the play.

I sarcastically thanked Ryan for getting us a court with a glass back as we entered.

Ryan worked me hard and had me running around quite a lot. Those damn golf balls didn’t help me either. After about fifteen minutes Ryan stopped and took his shirt off.

“Come on bro, you too.”

I glared at Ryan but his face told me that he was serious; so I put the racket down and pulled the string vest off. I was topless on a squash court with the occasional person walking by.

I threw the vest towards Ryan’s shirt as he started play again.

Again, Ryan pushed me and it wasn’t long before I forgot that I was topless; but I couldn’t forget those damn balls. How do you men cope?

Finally, our time was up and two men were stood outside, watching and waiting for us to finish. Ryan picked up both tops and walked to the door. I was about to ask for the vest but stopped myself just in case my voice gave me away. I’d already decided that if possible, I wasn’t going to let anyone hear me talk; even if that meant people seeing me topless. At least that way I could probably get away with being the pretence.

Ryan led me to back to the reception area and then gave me his racket and the ball and told me to go and hand them in. I was still topless (so was Ryan) and I was nervous as hell as I walked up to the man. He looked up at me and asked which court. In my deepest voice I gave him the number and the rackets and ball. He just turned and walked to the racks.

Ryan had already told me that we’d go swimming next but he kept us in the reception area while he got a couple of cans out of the vending machine.

We stood there drinking as people walked in and out. Only one man stared at me for a few seconds before walking on. I wondered if he knew.

Drinks finished, Ryan took me back to the men’s changing room. I was happy to see that we were the only ones there.

“Right,” Ryan said, “let’s take the opportunity to have a quick, naked shower.”

“What if someone comes in?” I asked.

“Just face the wall and let the water roll over you.”

I stripped, grabbed my towel and rushed to the showers. I hung my towel on the hook nearest the first shower head and turned the water on.

It felt a bit naughty being there, but exciting at the same time. I was hoping that no one would come in and also hoping that someone would come in.

Then it happened; two men who I’d seen on one of the squash courts walked in. With my pubic bone almost glued to the wall, I kept taking quick glances over to the two of them. They were engrossed in some sort of business talk as they stripped and walked over to the shower. One had a short thick cock and the other had a long one that bounced as he walked.

They walked to the other end of the showers and continued talking as they showered.

Ryan looked at me and nodded, telling me that it was time to get out. I slid sideways to my towel and held it in front of my pussy as I walked back to our locker.

I was just pulling up my boy’s swimming shorts as two young men walked in. One looked at me and I saw that he had a puzzled look in his face. I wondered if I hadn’t been quick enough and he’d caught a glimpse of my pussy.

Ryan threw an insult at me and we left to go to the pool. I wanted to put my arms over my tiny tits but Ryan and I had had that conversation and I managed to resist the urge. As three youth walked towards us I felt my pussy tingle and my nipps ache. I so wanted to go somewhere quiet with Ryan and fuck his brains out.

In the pool I got my revenge on Ryan. I’m a better swimmer and I soon left him behind as we did some laps.

Swimming with those damn balls made me wonder if I’d chaffed the top of my legs.

After the laps we messed about a bit with Ryan picking me up and throwing me away. Each time my tiny tits came out of the water I looked around to see if anyone was looking.

A while later we got out and walked back to the changing rooms. On the way Ryan told me that he wanted to go to the workout room but I managed to persuade him that we should leave that for another time. I didn’t want to go anywhere near a running machine.

The showers were full when we got there. I whispered that we could shower at home but Ryan insisted that we shower there and told me to strip. I kept my back to everyone as I did so then held my towel in front of me as we waited for a couple of showers to become free.

As we waited I kept glancing into the showers to see some more cocks. I’d never seen so many naked men all at the same time. It made me horny and wet. I wanted Ryan’s cock inside me.

The men must have been in some sort of team and arrived back at the changing room at about the same time because they all finished showering at about the same time. When most of them came out Ryan started walking towards the showers. I followed, holding my hands in front of my pussy.

Keeping my back to the men that were still there I had a horrible thought, could those men see the little chain dangling between my legs? I squeezed my thighs together and hoped for the best.

We stayed in the shower until I thought that all the men had gone. I didn’t even shampoo my hair because I would have had to bend over to pick up the shampoo.

Ryan leaned over and told me that it was clear so I turned towards him and suddenly saw a man standing under the shower next to Ryan. What’s more he was facing me; and he had a semi.

I froze as I realised that he was seeing proof that I was a girl. Ryan was watching and while I was frozen he just walked out of the shower leaving the man and me facing each other.

The man’s semi started to turn into a full erection and I just stared at it as it grew. When it pointed to the ceiling I came back to earth and hurriedly went for my towel. The man kept watching me as I walked to Ryan and that big grin of his.

“Relax,” Ryan said, “there’s no one else here and he’s seen you now so you may as well get a good look at his hard cock.”

I couldn’t help myself; I just stared at his cock as I slowly got dry then dressed.

Thankfully, no one else came in before I’d got the jeans and T-shirt on. I giggled to myself as I wondered how he’d hide his hard-on from the newcomers.

On the way home Ryan easily got me to admit that I’d enjoyed the evening. I’d got away with showing my pussy to only one man and I’d seen at least a dozen cocks; one of them hard.

We went to bed early that night but it was late before we got to sleep.

When we went to the leisure centre the next week it was later in the evening and there weren’t as many people about. We had a good workout on the squash court with Ryan getting me topless quite quickly. Before going swimming Ryan persuaded me to go to the workout room with him.

As we went in I saw the running machines but managed to stay away from them. I was pleased that Ryan didn’t try to get me to use one. I did a hundred sit-ups then went to one of the cycles. It was really painful sitting on the saddle with those two golf balls pressing on my pussy. One of them was right under my hole and I could feel my pussy opening and trying to swallow the ball but the sock was stopping it.

I only managed ten minutes on the bike; it was too painful; then I went to the rowing machines. Ryan was watching me as I started to ‘row’ back and forth. I’d been doing that for a few minutes when I looked at my crotch in the big mirror; those damn golf balls made me look stupid.

A while later Ryan called me over to the running machines. He was already on one and the one next to him was free. As I got close to him he said,

“Don’t worry TT; I won’t call it by its proper name.”

I gave him a filthy look then got on the machine and started it on slow.

About 10 minutes later a man came up to us and introduced himself as one of the Trainers. Thankfully Ryan did all the talking as the man asked if we needed any help or advice. When Ryan told him that we were just there to improve our general fitness the man said,

“Okay, the treadmill is a good place to start. If you need any help I won’t be far away.”

As the man walked away Ryan turned to look at me. My face was contorted and I was struggling to keep quiet as the orgasm had me shaking whilst I was still running.

Ryan took some sympathy with me and turned the machine off. When it had slowed and stopped I just stood there, bent over with my hands on my knees; trying to control myself.

Ryan was still feeling sympathetic and we left the workout room and went to get changed to have a swim.

In the men’s changing room Ryan quickly stripped and put his swimming shorts on. I was feeling tired and took much longer. I had sat on the bench when we’d got in there and was still sat there when Ryan said that he was off to the pool and for me to catch him up.

As Ryan went out of the door I took my trainers off then stood up to change my shorts. There was no one else in the changing room as I un-fastened the shorts and let them drop to the floor leaving me naked, facing the wall. I was rummaging in my bag for my boy’s swimming shorts when I heard the door open. Not thinking I just turned and looked to see who it was.

“Whoa there girly; I think that you’ve got the wrong changing room,” said one of the 3 men that were walking in.

I was so shocked that I just froze for a couple of seconds as the men stared at my pussy, complete with jewellery.

After the shock I managed to think quick and said,

“I’m with my daddy; he’ll be back in a minute.”

“Riiiight!” said one of the men as they walked to the other end of the room.

I pulled on the swimming shorts and quickly left to catch up with Ryan.

I dived into the pool and quickly caught Ryan. When I told Ryan he did what he usually does and laughed and asked me if I’d enjoyed flashing the men.

As we walked back to the changing room to get dressed Ryan told me that I may as well forget the pretence and just be the girl that I am. There were about half a dozen men in the changing room and another couple in the showers. I still kept my back to them all as I changed and showered. It was only when Ryan put some shampoo on my hair and said,

“Here princess, let me help you,” that I knew that Ryan was going to show my body to the men there.

As he rubbed the shampoo into my hair, he turned me round so that I was facing the men. I shut my eyes and pretended that no one else was there.

When I opened my eyes after Ryan had rinsed my hair I saw 2 men openly staring at me. Both had semi hard-ons.

“Come on princess, let’s get you dried.”

Ryan led me back to our bags and he slowly dried me all over. I just stood there, looking at the men who were looking at me. I saw 2 full hard-ons but managed to keep a straight face while I stared.

Ryan told me to spread my legs and he then rubbed my pussy with the towel. I nearly smiled as I said to myself,

“You’ll have to do something else to me there if you want me to get dry.”

“There you are, get dressed now.” Ryan said.

I did, and wondered what the men must be thinking as I put on the boys clothes.

As we walked to the car Ryan asked me if I’d enjoyed my flashing fun. Of course I said that I hadn’t and that I didn’t want to go again; but I just knew that he wouldn’t take any notice of me.

Ryan came home from work a few days later and told me that we wouldn’t be going back to the leisure centre because he’d found another gym. Apparently, one of the blokes at his work had told him about another gym; one that he guaranteed that both of us would enjoy going to. When I asked Ryan what his mate meant by that all he would say was that I could go as a girl and that it would be much like other gyms that I’d been to.

I’d been happy at first, but I soon got a little worried by Ryan’s last comment as I remembered the hotel gyms that I’d been to. I didn’t want to end up being the only one naked with all the guys staring at me again. When I told Ryan about my fears he just laughed and said,

“Don’t worry TT, the guys there will be checking-out all the girls there, not just you.”

“So there’ll be quite a few girls there then?”

“I’m told that there are usually about 10 or 12 girls there.” Ryan said.

“So we’re going there for you to check-out the other girls then?”

“Of course, but we both need the exercise and you’re the only girl for me. Now come here and climb on this.”

**The ‘other’ Gym**

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When we got there I was a little surprised at how old and run-down it looked. As we approached the reception desk the man behind the desk said,

“Sorry, this is an over 18 gym, the girl can’t come in.”

We then went through the same old routine of me getting my passport out and proving just how old I am. The man was full of apologies as both Ryan and I told him not to worry about it; that it was a common problem.

Anyway, as we talked to the man I saw a couple of girls that looked about 19 or 20 walk in. The thing was, they didn’t have a sports bag with them. They both picked-up towels and went into the ladies changing room.

Ryan got talking to the man (Darren), who told us that 6 months ago he’d been close to bankruptcy but with the help of his accountants (Pete and Lucy), he’d turned things around and was now working on a plan to refurbish and expand the place. As accountancy is my business I was curious as to what Darren’s accountant had done to get such a great turn-round.

“Well,” Darren said, “it was my idea really, but the credit has to go to my young female accountant; it was Lucy that made the idea work; and recruited some other girls to join her.”

“Join her in what?” I asked.

“Working-out in the nude.” Darren quickly replied with a smile on his face.

My eyes opened wide as I registered what Darren had said.

“I told you that you’d like it here.” Ryan said.

“You want me to workout naked as well? Are you serious?” I exclaimed.

“Yes of course I am.” Ryan replied, “You get free membership if you do. Isn’t that right Darren?”

“It certainly is. We’ve got about 25 young ladies with free memberships at the moment. That was 2 of them you just saw walking in.”

“Can we have a quick look round before we make up our minds please?” Ryan asked.

Just as Ryan said that the 2 girls that we’d seen a few minutes ago walked out of the changing room; both were completely naked.

“Liz;” Darren loudly said, “would you be a dear and show these 2 potential new members around please; I’m on my own at the moment and I don’t want to leave the reception un-manned.”

“Sure thing Darren, no problem.” Liz said; “would you come this way please?”

As we followed Liz I looked at Ryan; he was looking at Liz’s bare butt.

Liz gave us a tour of the place and its facilities. We saw 4 other naked girls there; one of them was ‘spotting’ a guy who was lying on a bench lifting weights; her bald, slightly spread pussy was inches from his face.

“You’re going to like it here.” Ryan said as we walked back to the reception.

“But I don’t want to workout without any clothes on.”

“Of course you do; you ride your bike naked at home and you complained about having to wear those shorts at the other gym.”

“That’s different.”

“No it’s not. By the time you’ve done 10 minutes in the workout room you’ll wonder why you had any reservations.”

“I don’t know.”

“Come on TT it’ll be no different to those hotel gyms; and I’ll be there with you.”

“I hope it is different; I don’t want to be in any more ‘promotional’ videos.”

“So it’s settled then; let’s get signed-up and get you naked.”

As usual, Ryan had got his way. Okay, the idea of working-out without any clothes on did appeal to me; but not with other people there.

I was a little nervous as we filled-in the forms and Ryan paid Darren. When we’d signed, Darren congratulated and thanked us. Then he told us that he was sure that we’d made the right decision. I hoped so.

Ryan passed me a towel and told me that we’d meet outside the workout room in a few minutes. As I took my clothes off I was still nervous and I wondered just what I was getting into.

I nervously walked out of the changing room, wanting to put my hands in front of my pussy and little tits but I knew that if I did I would attract attention to me, and that was the last thing that I wanted to do.

I got to the workout room to find that Ryan wasn’t there. Then I realised that I should have taken my time; it’s quicker for me to strip naked when I’m only wearing a skirt and top than it is for Ryan to get changed.

As I waited I looked into the room. There were 5 men and 2 girls in there; one of them was Liz, the girl who’d given us the guided tour. Both girls were naked and they looked quite happy. I guessed that they were born exhibitionists. I hoped that I never get like them.

The girl who wasn’t Liz looked over to me and smiled; as she did so she waved for me to go in. I looked round to see if Ryan was on his way. He wasn’t so I nervously opened the door and walked in.

The girl came over to me and introduced herself as Mia. She told me that she loved it there,

“Great fun and a workout as well; and what’s more, I can just come here whenever I like; I never have to remember to bring any clothes to wear. They even supply decent shampoo in the showers. Oh, by the way, I like the chains.”

“Oh shit, I forgot about those;” I said, “I’ll just go and take them off.”

“No, no, they look great and the guys will love them as well.” Mia said; “they’ll love that you look so young as well.”

Just then Ryan appeared so I introduced Mia to him.

“I hope that you’re not the jealous type Ryan,” Mia said, “because the lovely Tanya here is going to be a big hit with the guys; but don’t worry, there’s a ‘look but don’t touch’ policy here. The guys understand that if they cross the line they’ll be out – for good.”

I was pleased to hear that but I didn’t get a chance to say so as Ryan said,

“Good, I’m pleased about that because my Tanya loves to tease the men and I love to watch her.”

My eyes and mouth went wide open and I was about to say something but Mia got there first,

“Yeah, all the girls here love the effect that we have on the men and the showers afterwards usually take a long time – if you know what I mean.”

“I can guess,” Ryan said, “but Tanya will be wanting to get me alone after her workouts.”

My eyes went wide open again; my boyfriend had just told a girl that we’d only met seconds earlier that I’d want to fuck him after each workout. He was right of course, but to tell a stranger that ……..

Ryan continued,

“Right girls, I’ll start my workout while you 2 get all girly and start flaunting your lovely naked bodies.”

“Hey buster, that’s not fair;” Mia said, “we girls get to have a workout as well.”

“Yeah, sorry about that, but you must admit that you enjoy the male attention as much as Tanya does or you wouldn’t be here.”

I really could have thumped Ryan but as he was talking I looked over to see Liz on the leg spreader machine. I could swear that I could see right up her hole; and so could the little male audience that she had.

“Of course we do,” Mia replied, “It’s good to have some power over men and watch them drool, isn’t that right Tanya?”

I smiled and thought that she was right, but why was it always me that’s getting naked? Am I doing something wrong I wondered?

“Okay, you win;” Ryan said, “have fun TT and get yourself a good workout. Oh Mia, be careful what you call the running machines; Tanya has a sort of ‘thing’ about their proper name.”

With that Ryan turned and walked over to the running machines.

“So Tanya;” Mia asked; “have you spent much time at a gym before? Do you need any help with any of the machines; and what’s this about the running machines?”

Before I could answer Mia one of the nearby guys said,

“Hi, I’m Lewis; it would be my pleasure to show you how to work any of these machines.”

I looked Lewis up and down. He has a quite toned body with muscles in all the right places.

“Err yes please,” I replied.

“So,” Lewis said, “is there any part of that gorgeous body that you’d like to concentrate on?”

I could feel Lewis’ eyes scanning up and down my body; and it was having an effect on me; my pussy started tingling.

“I’m Tanya by the way, and no, there isn’t any part that I want to concentrate on, just general fitness.”

Lewis put his hand out and we shook hands.

“Okay then Tanya, sounds like a little of everything is in order. Shall we start at that end and have a few minutes on each type of machine; just a quick try to see which machines you like.”

“Okay.”

Lewis took me to one end of the room and to the end machine. He got me settled on it and adjusted it so that I could manage to operate it. As I did I could feel his eyes staring at me; or should I say my little tits and pussy. I must admit that it was a bit of a turn-on.

As we moved from machine to machine I managed to keep my legs closed and I don’t think that anyone got to see my pussy. When we got to the leg spreader machine I told Lewis that I wanted to skip that one.

“Oh please Tanya;” Lewis said, “you’ve got to have a go on this one; all the other girls do and I want to see if you are the same as Liz.”

As I said ‘no’ I looked over to Ryan. As he peddled he was looking at me and he nodded, telling me to have a go. I mouthed ‘no’ to him and he got that lost little, pleading boy look that I’m a sucker for.

I turned to Lewis and said,

“Okay then, but you’ve got to promise not to look. It’s embarrassing enough being here without any clothes and I don’t want you looking at my pussy.”

Lewis put his right hand on his chest above his heart and said,

“I promise.”

I didn’t really believe him but I stepped in front of the machine and sat down.

“Lift your legs up.” Lewis asked.

I did so, keeping them closed, as Lewis slid the sponge pads under my thighs.

“You’re going to have to open your legs Tanya and put them in between each set of pads.”

I knew what to do; I was just delaying the inevitable.

“Right Tanya, I’m going round the back and put some weights on. As the pressure increases use your muscles to keep the pads together.”

I could hear the clunking as Lewis put the weights on and the pressure increased. My thigh muscles started to strain and the inevitable happened. My legs opened wide letting Ryan, and the other guys that were watching, see my spread pussy.

Lewis came round the front, looked down and said,

“Fuck girl; why’d you want to hide that; it’s beautiful. It brings a whole new meaning to a clit ring.”

I felt my face start to burn.

“How the hell did you get that on there?” Lewis continued.

I didn’t answer; instead I pressed as hard as I could and managed to close my legs; but I knew that I couldn’t hold it for long.

“Hey guys; come and look at this.” Lewis said loudly.

Everyone except Ryan came and gathered round my feet.

“Please Lewis; please take some of the weights off.”

My thigh muscles were shaking and starting to give way. Within 10 seconds my legs were spread wide again and 6 or 7 men and 3 girls were staring at my pussy. It had been a little wet ever since I’d taken my clothes off but all those people staring at it made it get wetter; a lot wetter.

“Hey Ben,” one of the guys said, “get off that damn treadmill and come and look at this.”

That was it; I started cumming. I could feel the spasms as my pussy muscles tried to suck something in. What’s more, my clit ring chose that second to start vibrating.

“Bloody hell!” I heard one of the guys say, “even her clit’s wobbling.”

I was sooo embarrassed but I could do nothing about it.

As I started to come down from my high I realised that just about everyone was clapping their hands. My face got even redder as I started to squeeze my legs together.

Lewis must have taken pity on me because he took some of the weights off and it was suddenly a lot easier for me to close my legs.

“There you go Tanya,” Lewis said, “open and close your legs 4 more times and you’re done.”

I was surprised how much easier Lewis had made it and I quickly did the 4 reps. I lifted first one leg off then the other and stood up. My legs were a bit wobbly for a few seconds as I heard Lewis say that the gym was getting another machine that was for exercising the thigh muscles and that it was due to be delivered in a couple of days.

“Okay Tanya;” Lewis continued; “you can lie down on the job for the last 2 exercises for today. They’ll both tone your abs.”

Lewis took me over to the sponge floor mats and told me to lie on my back. He got this funny looking double ‘U’ tubular frame thing and slid a headrest on it under my head.

“Hold the frame that’s above your waist and sit up; then lay back and sit up again. Do that 30 times today. Oh, you’ll find it easier if you open your legs a bit.”

I did, and I did. Lewis was right; it was easier with my legs open a bit.

As I slowly did the reps I realised that I was no longer embarrassed by Lewis looking at my pussy. I was thinking about that and looking at Liz ‘spotting’ a guy; her legs slightly spread and her pussy inches from his face, when I realised that Lewis was saying something.

“Sorry, what did you say?”

“I said that you’re the fifth girl to have an orgasm on that machine – that I know of. I guess that exposing yourself like that is a real turn-on.”

Weirdly, I wasn’t embarrassed by Lewis saying that. I wondered if I was turning into some sort of exhibitionist. That thought scared me and I closed my knees.

“No, it wasn’t that; well yes it was, but; oh never mind.” I managed to say as I got close to the 30.

I lay there and relaxed, letting my feet slide so that my legs were flat on the mat. I should have been embarrassed but I wasn’t; for some weird reason I was actually enjoying being looked at.

“Okay Tanya, just one more exercise for today; we don’t want you to do too much today. Roll over and get up on your knees.”

As I did so I remembered Ryan taking me doggy style the night before and had a horrible vision of Lewis doing the same, right there and then. I giggled a bit and looked up. Lewis had squat down in front of me and was holding a small wheel with a bar through it.

“Use this crunch roller to roll back and forwards 30 times. It’s good for your stomach muscles.”

I did as told. About half way through I realised that my butt was sticking up and giving the guys behind me a great view of my pussy. For a split second I was embarrassed then I felt a wet rush and a tingling. What the fuck was happening to me?

When I’d finished the 30 I got to my feet and thanked Lewis. I told him that I’d had enough for the day and that I needed to relax.

“Try the sauna.” Lewis said.

I looked round for Ryan and found him on a rowing machine.

“Can we go to the sauna now please?” I asked.

“Sure thing babe; I’ll just go and change.”

I waited in the corridor outside the men’s changing room until Ryan re-appeared. When he did he was wearing only a towel. We went to the sauna and sat there on our own for a few minutes as we both relaxed. As I started to feel more ‘human’, I turned to Ryan, lifted one foot onto the bench and said,

“Ryan, I need you, please fuck me.”

“I can’t; remember the rules. The last thing that I want, you want, if for us to get thrown out. We’ll just have to wait until we get home, or into the car.”

“I don’t know if I want to come back here again. It’s so embarrassing.”

“Hey; I’ve just paid a fortune for a year’s membership. We’re going to come back at least once a week from now on. Anyway; you know that you enjoy getting naked in front of strangers.”

“No I don’t.”

Ryan reached over and slipped a finger easily into my pussy. He pulled it out and held it in front of my face.

“Yes you do TT. Anyway, did you see that Liz’s pussy?”

“Hell yes, I wonder if it’s like that all the time?” I asked.

“Maybe it’s only like that when she’s turned-on; and she must have been turned-on because she was all wet as well.”

“Trust you to notice that.”

We stayed there for a few more minutes before going and getting showered and dressed. I found out what Mia meant about the showers taking a long time. One of the other girls was in the shower and she was frigging away when I got there. She didn’t stop when she saw me. On the way home I confessed to Ryan that I’d made myself cum in the shower as well. Ryan grinned and said,

“I wondered what took you so long.”

“You don’t mind do you?”

“Hell no; I just wish that I could have been there to watch.”

“I’ll give you a repeat performance when we get home lover.”

When we got to the leg spreader machine I asked Ryan if I could use the new thigh muscle toner machine instead. Ryan looked at it for a few seconds then told me that he’d figured it out. It has a bench for the user to lie on and 2 uprights either side about where your hips go, about a meter from the side of the bench. What you do is raise your feet up high then attach ankle cuffs that have 2 ropes attached. The ropes attached to each ankle go one through each upright and then to some weights. Ryan worked out that by adding more weights he could make it more difficult for me to both open and close my legs. I didn’t understand the mechanics of that but it worked.

Once Ryan had set it up I asked him to stand in front of me so that he was blocking the view of my pussy. Somehow, when my legs were closed, or open, the pressure of the weight was off so I could rest my muscles.

Ryan didn’t put many weights on at first and I found it quite easy. I even had a little vision of Ryan getting down on his knees and fucking me while I had my legs wide open.

Then Ryan put more weights on and it got harder. It got to the stage where I was sweating as I forced my legs open and closed. As I tried to start to close my legs I found that I couldn’t move them. I thought that I was stuck so I told Ryan. He just told me to try harder.

Eventually I managed to convince him that I was stuck. At first he joked saying that he’d have to leave me there like that with my wet pussy wide open for all the world to see. Then he said that he’d have to go and get some help and he disappeared. By that time, some of the people there had heard us and had gathered round me to see what was going on.

One guy asked me what was wrong, and when I told him he had a look at the machine but he quickly admitted that he didn’t know what was wrong.

One of the girls smiled at me and asked me if I was pretending to be stuck just to get the guys to look at me.

I should have been annoyed but I smiled back and asked her if that was what she would have done.

From somewhere in the little audience I heard someone say ‘treadmill’.

“Shit” I thought as I started to cum. As I started to come down I heard clapping and 2 men talking to each other,

“How many is that that you’ve seen now Ben?”

“Eight and counting; I love these leg spreaders.”

Then I heard THAT word again.

Up I went; my pussy was gushing and the convulsions nearly threw me off the bench. It was a good job that my ankles were firmly held.

Then I heard ‘treadmill’ again.

“Nooooo!” I shouted; but the orgasm wasn’t going to stop.

Four times I orgasmed before all I could hear was clapping. Then Darren was stood between my legs unfastening the ankle cuffs. As he was doing so he said,

“There’s often a queue for these spreader machines as all you girls seem to like to have a go; and there’s usually a few of the guys standing around waiting to see if she needs any help. What is it with you young girls?”

When Darren had freed both my ankles he lowered them saying,

“There, that’s all you have to do to release the victim. Why is it that we humans always look for a technical solution before we look at the simple ones? I’ll get the man out to it again tomorrow. Another girl got stuck like that the other day. The guy that had attached the ankle cuffs had told her that she’d have to get someone else to release her when she’d had enough because he had to leave. She told me that she had to lie there with her legs spread wide for about 30 minutes before someone figured out how to release her. Funny thing was that she hadn’t asked for any help for another 30 minutes before that.”

Ryan laughed and said,

“I’m sure that most girls just love being like that.”

Darren walked away and I sat up thinking about thumping Ryan for being such a sexist pig. He must have seen the look on my face because he said,

“Well you do, you’re forever spreading them and cumming in public aren’t you? Remember Ibiza? You must have cum 60 or 70 times in Playa d'en Bossa that day and you were naked all day. Hundreds of people must have seen you cum and you loved every second of it. Besides, you could have covered your pussy with your hands if you didn’t enjoy it.”

“That was different.” I said, wondering why I didn’t think of putting my hands over my pussy as I used that machine. Was Ryan right? Did I subconsciously want to expose my pussy to the whole world? I snapped myself out of that stupid thought as Ryan continued.

“No it wasn’t different.”

Then he changed his voice and said,

“Treadmill.”

I instantly recognised the voice from earlier and started to call him a bastard as the orgasm hit me. I was glad that I was still sat on the bench.

As I came back to earth I looked up and saw a naked girl that I hadn’t seen before. What’s more, Ryan and most of the other guys were looking at her. I was surprised as she walked over to me. I stood up as she said,

“Hi, I’m Lucy; I like to introduce myself to all the new girl members; I like to ask why they’re here.”

“Hi, I’m Tanya and this is my boyfriend Ryan. We came here to get fit, I didn’t know that I could get free membership until we got here and Ryan talked me into taking my clothes off.”

“Well I’m sure that you won’t regret it, we girls have lots of fun teasing the men; and we keep fit as well.”

“Are you the Lucy that Darren mentioned; the accountant?” Ryan asked.

“Yes, why?”

“I’d just like to congratulate you for having the guts to get Darren’s idea off the ground; leading by example so to speak.” Ryan added.

I followed Ryan’s eyes and wasn’t surprised to see that he was looking at her breasts. I must admit, they do look gorgeous; all conical and solid, they hadn’t bounced one little bit as she walked over to us. If I wasn’t happy with my little tits I could get jealous of them.

“I like the jewellery Tanya.” Lucy said and she lifted the chain on my left nipple and gently pulled it.

“She’s got a third one as well.” Ryan said.

Lucy looked puzzled for a few seconds then she squat down in front of me. I automatically spread my legs a bit so that she could get a better look.

“Oh wow!” Lucy said as she lifted the chain attached to my clit hood and pulled it up and to one side. “What’s that?”

Before I could speak Ryan said,

“That’s a proper clit ring; it’s a permanent reminder that her clit is there and wanting attention. Her blood engorges the nub and makes it a lot more sensitive especially when she’s horny – which is most of the time. It vibrates as well; only randomly, but enough to keep her horny.”

Lucy touched my clit and I gave out a long soft moan; closely followed by another orgasm; Ryan had whispered THAT word in my ear.

The 3 of us just stood there (or squat in Lucy’s case) as I went up there, and came down again. Then Lucy said,

“Wow; did I do that; you are a lucky girl Tanya; I’ve got to get Pete to get me one of those things.”

Looking up at Ryan, Lucy continued,

“I hope that you’re not the jealous type Ryan, little Tanya here is going to have a lot of attention while she’s here.

Lucy let go of the chain and stood up.

“Listen, there’s a yoga class in the big room in about 30 minutes; why don’t you come and join us? You too Ryan; I’m sure that no one will mind if a man joins us.”

“Err no thank you’” Ryan said, “I think that I’ll pass on that, but I’m sure that Tanya would like to join you, she’s done a bit of yoga whilst modelling for an art class haven’t you darling.”

I glared at Ryan then thought why not? Lucy had just all but told me that it was an female only class so at least there wouldn’t be men watching me.

“Yes Lucy, thank you for the information; I’ll be there.”

“See you up there then.” Lucy said as she turned and walked over to one of the exercise cycles. She was just about to get on when one of the guys went up to her and asked her if she’d ‘spot’ him while he lifted some weights. Both Ryan and I watched as they went over to the bench to do some bench presses. Lucy went and stood at his head, her bald pussy was inches from his face. What’s more, Lucy spread her legs. The man must have been able to feel the warmth from her pussy on his face.

Both Ryan and I went to the exercise cycles and rode the bikes while watching Lucy and the man. I was sure that the man wasn’t lifting anywhere near the weight that he could because it looked so easy for him; but that didn’t stop him asking Lucy to help him rack the bar a couple of times. When he did Lucy leaned forward as she took some of the weight. As she did so her legs went either side of his face.

I saw the big bulge in his shorts and smiled a bit.

When they’d done the man left the room and I wondered if he was going to the changing room to relieve the pressure in his shorts. Meanwhile Lucy went onto one of the rowing machines.

Ryan decided that he wanted to do some bench presses and asked me if I would ‘spot’ him. Of course I agreed and as Ryan changed some of the weights I stood there looking around. Half the guys were looking at Lucy, a couple were looking at me and the others were looking at another naked girl in there. None of the men were getting much exercise.

When Ryan was ready I stepped forward so that my legs were just about touching the sides of his head. It was then that I realised that my middle chain was touching Ryan’s forehead.

“You need to grow a bit.” Ryan said.

“Or you need to find a lower bench.” I replied.

We both laughed a little and Ryan got on with lifting the weights.

When he was done Ryan got up and told me that he needed to go and pee. As soon as he’d gone another guy came over to me and asked me if I’d ‘spot’ him. I didn’t want to and I quickly tried to think of reasons why I couldn’t, but I opened my mouth and said,

“Yeah, sure.”

What the hell was I saying? Why didn’t I put my brain in gear before I opened my mouth?

Too late though, the man quickly got on the bench and said,

“Ready when you are.”

The thing was that the man was laying further up the bench; it was like he was going to lift above his stomach not his chest. I shuffled forward to a few inches from his head.

“You’ll have to get closer.” The man said.

I shuffled a bit closer.

“Closer.”

I shuffled again.

“Closer, and you’ll have to open your legs so that you have a better position if I need your help.”

“Oh shit.” I thought as I spread my legs and shuffled so that my inner thighs were touching the sides of his head.

“Bloody hell!” I heard him say and I guessed that he must have got a close-up of my clit ring. I looked down and saw that the end of my clit hood chain was resting on his nose.

The man started slowly lifting the weights as my hands went up and down with the bar. I started to feel his breath on my pussy; he must have been blowing upwards.

Up and down went that bar. After about 5 minutes I saw Ryan walk back in. He looked at me and smiled. He walked over and said,

“I’m just going on the treadmill for a while; okay.”

“Bastard.” I thought as I started to cum. I was shaking like hell, and moaning a bit.

“Are you okay love?” The man asked.

Through gritted teeth I managed to say that I was as the man lifted again. As I started to calm down I had a VERY embarrassing thought;

“Had my pussy dripped some of my juices onto the man’s face?”

I hoped not but there was no way that I was going to look down and see.

About 5 minutes and about 10 lifts later I saw Lucy get up and leave the room. I laughed a little as lots of male eyes were glued to her butt as she left. Then Ryan came over to remind me about the yoga.

I smiled as I realised that I had an excuse to get away from the man with his head between my legs.

“Sorry,” I said, “but I’ve got to go; I’m doing the yoga class.”

I shuffled back and started to get the hell out of there. As I got near the door I turned to wave to Ryan. As I did I saw the man who’d been between my legs; he was stood up beside the bench. As I looked he lifted the bar and weights up off the stands and put them on the floor – with one hand. No wonder he lifted it so many times when he was on his back.

When I opened the door to the big room there were about 8 naked girls spreading out ready to start the class. I found a space and psyched myself up ready to start.

Soft, calming music started playing and the woman instructor started. No sooner that we’d got into the first position, the door opened and about a dozen guys (including Ryan) walked in. They all came and stood quite close to us. For a second I thought that they were actually going to come right in amongst us and start doing the yoga but they just stood there, about 2 metres from us.

None of the girls seemed perturbed by this; in fact I saw a couple of the girls smiling. I figured that they must be exhibitionists.

The instructor ignored the guys as well and for the next 30 minutes or so she got us into some of the most exposing and embarrassing positions that I could think of; even as bad as the art classes; except that they didn’t have any baseball bats at the gym. All the time that we had our pussies spread and thrust up in the air, the guys kept changing places with each other. It was like they wanted to get a good look at all of our pussies.

Some silly thoughts crossed my mind as I held some of the positions; would they go back to the workout room and compare mental notes that they’d made about our pussies? Would they ‘rank’ each one of us? Or had they already taken bets on which of us had the wettest pussy. I thought that I must stand a good chance in that competition; but there again, I hadn’t looked at the other girl’s pussies.

When the class was over I went over to thank the instructor. She was talking to Lucy and I managed to say my thanks as Lucy finished. Lucy hung back and walked out with me. She asked if I’d enjoyed myself and if I’d be coming back again.

“Well yes and no,” I said, “the workout and the yoga was good but I got so embarrassed when the guys stared at me.”

“Don’t worry about that; the embarrassment soon disappears. I can guarantee that with a couple more sessions you’ll stop getting embarrassed and start enjoying the attention.” Lucy replied, “So you’ll be back then?”

“I guess so, Ryan will want to come again so I’ll have to come too.”

“Don’t worry; you’ll soon start enjoying it.”

With that Lucy turned and headed to the changing room and I went to look for Ryan

“Fancy a game of squash?” Ryan asked when I found him.

We went and found the squash courts and discovered that they were occupied. We watched 2 naked girls and a couple of guys playing a couple of games before deciding to call it a night and go home.

I was the only one in the ladies changing room so I brought myself to another orgasm as the warm water pounded down on me.

We’ve now started going to that gym at least once a week and Ryan insists that I wear my nipple and clit chains each time. He says that it should make me feel less naked. In reality I feel like it attracts people’s eyes to them and makes me feel more naked than my birthday suit.

We told Doug and Naomi about the gym and they say that they’re going to join just as soon as Naomi can get transferred. Doug said that he’d have to come with us a couple of times just to ‘check the place out’. Ryan said that he thought that he’d be able to get a guest pass for him.

The next time that we went to the gym I asked Ryan if he’d help me with the machines. He agreed but said that it was just for the one time. He said that he enjoyed it more when he was watching another man help me.

The fourth time that we went Ryan got me to strip naked in the car before we went in. His argument was that it would be quicker for me. When I told him that I’d still have to wait for him he told me that I could go straight to the workout room and that he’d join me as soon as he could.

Like the sucker that I am I agreed with him and you should have seen Darren’s face as I walked in totally naked. I was pleased that the gym had a car park right in front and Ryan had parked close to the door.

As I started on the first machine, waiting for Ryan, I wondered if he would talk me into not putting any clothes on before we left the house; and have me travel there completely naked.

The next week I discovered that I was right. Ryan used the argument that it was a waste of time getting dressed just to get undressed a few minutes later. In a way I could see that he was right and I just hoped that we wouldn’t get stopped by the police as we drove there and back.

It was a bit nerve racking going out to the car in our drive totally naked. I’d only been naked in the back garden before, but out front loads of people could be going by and see me.

We got there without any embarrassing incidents and we repeated that every week until the weather got too cold.

We go to that gym every week and Ryan seems to want me to concentrate on toning up my thighs; and ‘spotting’ other men. Ryan usually managed to use the ‘T’ word at least once while we’re there.

I have to admit that what Lucy said is right; I don’t get embarrassed anywhere as often now; even when I’m ‘spotting’ a man who deliberately lays too far up the bench. But I’m still not happy that Ryan wants me to get into those situations even though the sex with Ryan afterwards is amazing.

**Ryan buys me a Sybian**

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Of course I knew what a Sybian was, I’d watched a few videos on the internet with Ryan; but I was surprised when the big box arrived and I opened it. Ryan hadn’t told me that he’d ordered anything. At first I didn’t realise what it was and wondered what on earth Ryan had bought.

When I realised what it was I looked at Ryan and asked him how much he’d paid for it. We’d both looked at prices a few months previous, and decided that they cost way too much.

When he told me how much he’s paid I was torn between telling him that we couldn’t afford it and that he’d have to send it back; and OMG; this is going to be fun. In the end the fun part won and Ryan helped me lift it out of the box.

We quickly installed one of the dildos and lubed it before I took my place with my pussy hovering just above the vibrating dildo. I looked at Ryan; his face looked like he was a young boy who’d just got his first train set (or similar), and I lowered myself onto it.

OMG! It felt amazing as something inside the dildo went round and round and up and down. Then Ryan turned the clit stimulator on.

FIH; I was in heaven. When Ryan’s brother walked in I completely forgot the embarrassment that I still have when he sees me naked. I just wanted the whole world to see me, and the pleasure that I was having.

“OMG! FIH! OMG! FIH!” was all that I could say. I was in heaven.

My first orgasm came within 3 or 4 minutes; then the second then the third.

Fuck, I love that machine.

Thirty minutes later I slowly lifted myself off and virtually collapsed on the floor. I lay there for ages with Ryan just looking at me and smiling.

After a shower I went and collapsed on the sofa and Ryan cuddled me as we watched some stupid TV program.

When it finished I asked Ryan if he would move the Sybian into the garage. I told him that I didn’t want his brother Tom seeing me use it; of worse, any friends that he might bring back.

Ryan was a bit reluctant but he did agree.

I spent the next 3 evenings in the garage with Ryan watching me.

When I went to the garage on the next Saturday afternoon I was surprised to see that Ryan had made a couple of changes. He’d mounted the Sybian on a sort of portable workbench.

I asked Ryan how I was supposed to get on and off it and how I was supposed to control how far the dildo was inside me.

“Easy,” Ryan said, “you can use those little wheelie stools and you can use a rope on that hook in the ceiling to pull yourself up and down. It shouldn’t take much effort as your weight will be on the stools.”

I was a bit sceptical but I got the stools while Ryan attached a rope to the hook in the ceiling.

Ryan’s idea worked and I had a pleasurable session looking out the big window over the back garden. I giggled a bit as I wondered if Naomi or Doug could see me.

After a very pleasurable half an hour or so I pulled myself up, climbed off and switched the Sybian off. When I went back into the house Ryan kissed me and asked me if I’d had fun.

Silly question because he knew that I had; and, as usual, I led him up to the shower where we had then next part of my ‘fun’.

When I went into the garage on the Sunday Ryan followed me in. I quickly saw that he’d made another modification. The rope hanging from the ceiling had some wrist cuffs attached to the end.

“I thought that with those you’d be able to relax your hands and not worry about letting go.” Ryan said.

I couldn’t argue with that until I’d climbed on and Ryan fastened the wrist cuffs. As he was doing that I realised that I couldn’t release them when my weight was on them. When I asked Ryan what I was supposed to do about getting off.

“Easy, put your weight on the stools, push up and unhook your wrists.”

“Okay.” I said, “Let me get that beautiful machine inside me then can you switch it on please?”

I impaled myself and Ryan switched the Sybian on.

I was in heaven.

Ryan saw that I was happy and enjoying myself so he told me that he’d go and get the camera to record my pleasure.

Off he went and I decided to lean forward so that my clit got teased.

Inside the heaven of heavens my first orgasm came quickly. With my whole weight on my pussy my body jerked, my feet lifting off the stools. Unfortunately, as my body jerked my heels hit the front of the stools. With no weight on the stools the wheels were free to turn and as my heels hit them the stools rolled behind me; and out of reach.

I wasn’t worried; in fact I didn’t even notice at first; I had something more important on my mind. Even if I had noticed it wouldn’t have mattered as Ryan would be back soon to put on memory card my throws of pleasure.

The thing was; Ryan didn’t come back straight away. After my ninth or tenth orgasm I was starting to get worried – and tired. I tried shouting for Ryan but he didn’t come.

When Ryan finally appeared I was slumped, moaning and twitching. I’m sure that I would have passed-out if Ryan hadn’t appeared when he did. The next thing that I knew was that the Sybian stopped vibrating; well the noise stopped but my pussy still felt like the dildo was going up and down and round and round.

I vaguely remember being lifted up, carried upstairs, placed in the shower and Ryan saying, over and over, ‘sorry, sorry, sorry’.

When I started to feel a little ‘human’ again Ryan was still apologising but I stopped him saying that I’d had the most amazing time of my life; I sort of compared it to being fucked to death.

Ryan’s clothes were wet through as he lifted me out of the shower, dried me and carried me to our bed.

Three hours later I woke-up and went looking for Ryan. My pussy had got wet again and was still throbbing.

“I’m so sorry TT. As I was looking for the camera my phone went. It was dad; mum has to go into hospital for a few days and he spent ages trying to convince me that there was no need for Tom or I to go over there.”

“That’s okay Ryan; there’s no need to apologise; in fact, if we can work out how long I was on that, that amazing machine I’d like to do it again; except not today, I need to rest.”

Ryan hugged me and gave me a long kiss,

Over our evening meal we worked out that I must have been riding that Sybian for about 30 minutes. That gave Ryan an idea,

“How about we have a competition to see who can last the longest on the Sybian; we can do it to raise money for charity.”

“Well,” I said, “for starters, where are you going to have this ‘competition’? How are you going to make money out of it? You can’t go round asking people to sponsor a girl getting fucked by a machine. And how are you going to get girls to take part? Are you going to hand out flyers saying ‘You’ve tried a mechanical bull; now see how long you can stay on a Sybian’.”

We both had a laugh at that then Ryan said that he’d talk it over with the guys at work and see what they come up with.

“Don’t think that you can get me to strip naked in front of an audience and ride that, that machine until I collapse.” I said.

“We’ll see.” Ryan said; but I knew just that if it ever happens I’d end up naked and cumming in front of lots of people.

I quickly changed the subject to food and went and started the dinner.