**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 22 – Ryan finds more ways to expose me**

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**Photographs and Videos**

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Do you remember me telling you about the naked photographs of me that Ryan put up on the walls when my in-laws visited? Well he’s gone one stage further. He found these digital photo frames on e-bay and bought 3 of them. He put 2 of them up on walls at home and he’s taken one to work to put on his desk. If it wasn’t bad enough that he’s got pictures of me naked and doing all sorts of ‘personal’ things on his desk for everyone to see, these damn photo frames play videos as well. So yes, his work colleagues are watching videos of me on my Sybian and Dildo Bike and all sorts of other embarrassing situations. I was dreading going on his next works night out.

Ryan has also told me that he’s posted photos and videos of me on some web sites as well. He’s told me the names of the sites but I haven’t looked for them yet; except for one, he picked a video of me having a very loud and active orgasm(s) and sent it to 1000orgasms.com. Apart from being a bit embarrassed looking at it (even though Ryan was the only one with me at the time). I thought that it was quite good. I hope that other people that watch it enjoy it as well.

**The gym**

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This is the highlight of my week. Well, it is if it’s a planned visit and I’ve got myself (or Ryan has) all worked-up. I love going when Ryan has got me all worked-up and he comes with me and I can leave the house naked and walk through the gym car park naked.

I’ve started getting a bit more daring sometimes. Five times now I’ve managed to book an afternoon of flexi-time leave the day before and driven to work with one of my vibes in. I’ve then spent the morning letting the vibe get me so worked-up that one morning I got a bollocking for not concentrating enough in a meeting.

When the time to leave finally arrives I rush down to my car and strip naked before driving to the gym. As soon as I get there I jump out of the car, stretch my arms and legs and slowly walk into the gym. I’ve even started parking as far from the gym door as I can so that I’m outside, in public, totally naked for longer. I’m also considering parking in the supermarket car park down the road but I haven’t found the courage to do that yet.

Twice, I’ve waited near my car until some men have walked by then walked right passed them totally naked except for my car keys in my hand. I love the comments that they come out with, and when some of them get their phones out and take some photos or video me.

One time 3 men started asking me questions about why I was naked and where I was going. I just stood in front of them and answered their questions. One of them asked if he could take some selfies with his arm round me. That progressed to me being held up in the air with my legs spread wide while one of them took some photos. They did that 3 times so that they all got a photo of me.

I wondered if those photos of me would end-up on the wall in the canteen at their workplace.

The gym sessions are always totally amazing and I loose count of the number of times that I cum.

One time when I knew in advance that I was going to the gym the next afternoon, Jenny (Ryan’s brother’s girlfriend) asked if I could pick her up at the university on the way. I drove from work, right through town then the university campus and then back through town; stark naked. When I got to where Jenny was and she opened the car door and saw me, she stripped off before getting in the car; much to the delight of a couple of male students who were walking passed. She told me that it was really making her horny being naked where anyone could see her. I think I disappointed her a bit when I told her that most people only see what they are expecting to see.

Jenny really loved walking from the car to the gym naked and we had a great time teasing the men with our naked bodies.

Another time when Ryan and I went there on a Sunday morning I was quite surprised to see Karen (Ryan’s work colleague) and Emma (her partner) there. Even though they are lovers they still love teasing men by flashing their goodies (and mine). When I talked to Karen she told me that Ryan had kept talking about the place and she’d decided to come along and see the place for herself. She hadn’t told Emma about the free membership for girls if they get naked and Emma had had quite a shock when Darren had told them about free membership if they worked-out naked. Of course Emma immediately perked-up. They were in the middle of fucking themselves on the special exercise bikes when I walked in.

As we masturbated in the sauna Karen reminded me of the time when Emma used me as a live dummy for some medical people who made plaster casts for each of my arms and legs then wheeled me around town in a wheel chair letting anyone who looked see my naked chest and pussy. Probably because I was high on the sex adrenaline when she reminded me, I stupidly said that I’d love to do that again. I even told her that I still had the plaster casts.

Later that night I remembered what I’d said and hoped that Karen and Emma wouldn’t be able to borrow a wheelchair.

Those young twins frequently seem to be at the gym. I’ve bumped into them quite a few time and they’ve asked me if I’d pick them up from their home one day during the school holidays. They too want to leave home naked, have a great work out and return home still naked.

Ryan thinks that it’s a great idea and even thinks that we should invite them to our home more often. He also said that it would be great if he could go on holiday with 3 girls who could easily get away with being naked all the time. If I didn’t know that he loves me so much I’d swear that he just wanted to perv on their young bodies. We’ll have to see how things go but it would be nice for me to not be the centre of attention at times.

**Motor Racing**

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Earlier this year Ryan got it into his head that he wanted to go to the F1 British Grand Prix at Silverstone. When Ryan said that he’d booked the tickets I assumed that it was him and Tom going. Around the middle of June he asked me if I’d booked holidays for the Friday before the race and the Monday after. Imagine my shock when he told me that it was him and me that were going and that he’d borrowed all the camping gear that we needed.

I got nervous because the nearest I’d been to camping was when we’d been to Ryan’s Uncle’s mobile home.

Anyway, Ryan told me to not to pack many clothes as it was going to be warm that weekend and very early on the Friday morning we piled everything into the car and set off.

We arrived at the campsite just before 9 am, checked-in, got our wrist bands and went looking for somewhere to pitch the tent. Ryan told us that he’d picked the ‘lively’ field rather than the ‘family’ field. I wasn’t sure that it was the right choice; a choice between noisy drunks and screaming kids.

I wasn’t surprised when Ryan picked a space right next to a group of about a dozen young men who were just getting up and all of then looking as if they’d had a good night.

Ryan got the tent out of the car and told me to put it up while he went and got some milk and water. Well, I hadn’t a clue where to start, and what’s more, I wasn’t exactly dressed for bending over to push pegs into the ground. I started to wish that Ryan had got me to wear a vibe on the way down so that I would have been all aroused by the time we’d got there. Then I wouldn’t have minded bending over and letting those young men see down my top and up my skirt. As it was I was just knew that I was about to get VERY embarrassed.

I was right. Even squatting down to open the bag and getting the tent out caused me to get a little audience; and a red face. The micro skirt that I was wearing rode up and each time that I stood up I had to pull it down so that my pussy and butt wasn’t exposed.

It seemed like forever trying to sort out how that damn tent went up. I eventually managed it, but not without lots of comments from the young men. Typical Ryan, he re-appeared just as I was getting close to finishing. When I told him that the young men had had a great view and that I’d got very embarrassed, he just laughed and said that he bet that I’d enjoyed every second.

I thumped his arm and told him that I hadn’t but he wouldn’t believe me.

As soon as we’d unloaded the car Ryan pulled me down onto the sleeping bag and gave me my first fuck in a tent. The problem was that Ryan had left the tent door open and that I forgot that tents are so thin that the young men could hear all my moans. When we emerged, one of them had to go and ask if we’d had a good fuck.

I blushed as Ryan said,

“Yes thanks, she can be a bit noisy at times.”

My arousal factor was quite high but I still wasn’t too happy. Ryan was looking at me and he turned and kissed me and whispered,

“Go and put one of your vibes in lover, and then give me the remote control.”

Being the dutiful girlfriend that I am I went and did as I was told. I was stood there in the tent with my little skirt up round my waist, my legs spread wide and I was just about to push the vibe up inside me when the tent door opened and Ryan stood there holding it open for 3 of the young men to see exactly what I was doing. Ryan looked at me, then at the 3 young men, then back at me, grinned and said,

“Keep going;” then after a pause, “There’s a new top and skirt for you to put on in a red bag in the case.”

Then he kept holding the tent door open while I stripped, found the bag and got dressed.

By the time that I was ready the vibe had raised my arousal factor to the point that I was horny and wanted to be seen in the clothes that Ryan had bought me. You see, the top is made of a fine white mesh with a flowery pattern and stops at the bottom of my ribs. I guess that it was intended to be worn with a bra, but as I never wear a bra all of my nipples and areolas were clearly visible. So were my nipple barbells and stirrups.

As for the skirt, it’s less than 10 inches long; the top 3 inches are like a belt and the bottom 6 or 7 inches flare out making me feel like I’m only wearing a belt. I have to wear the skirt very low on my hips otherwise the bottom of my butt cheeks and pussy are exposed all the time.

Ryan’s so good at getting the right sized clothes for me.

As I waked out of the tent I looked at the young men, smiled and said to Ryan,

“Shall we go fuck buddy?”

“I hope that I’m more than that.” Ryan replied.

“Of course you are.” I said as Ryan put his arm round me and we walked out of the field to have a look around the place. We were both amazed at the state of the toilet and shower facilities. I’d expected them to be pretty horrible but they’re amazing; better than I’ve seen in a few hotels. We found a restaurant, a pub, a funfair with a Ferris wheel, and a shop. They even put on what they called a ‘shuttle service’ (tractor and covered trailer with rows of seats down the side and middle) to get you to the race circuit.

We got something to eat then caught the shuttle to the circuit. I’m sure that the man following me climbing up the steps on to the trailer saw my butt and pussy, and he sat opposite me as we rode to the circuit. Ryan had his hand on my knee and he kept pulling my knees apart so that the man could see my pussy.

By that time I had lost all my inhibitions and just let Ryan show my pussy to the man.

We had to rush a bit to be able to see one of the practice sessions. Bloody hell, the noise was deafening, and all I could see was cars flashing passed in front of me. Okay, I could see much more on the ginormous television screens but to be honest, I found it quite boring. When I told Ryan he said that it was the atmosphere that would make it a great weekend. I told him that I’d noticed that everyone seemed to be happy and having fun.

It was then that I looked down the hill that we were sat on and saw a man looking up at us; well up my skirt. My knees had been a little apart because Ryan kept my pussy ‘simmering’ with the remote control, but when I said that I had seen the man looking up Ryan put a hand on the inside of one knee and pulled my knees further apart. As they opened the vibe inside my pussy jumped to full blast. Ryan apologised for neglecting me and squeezed my thigh. I felt happy as I had my first orgasm at Silverstone. My moans and screams covered by the noise of the cars whizzing by.

When the practice session ended we wandered off to look around everything that the circuit offered. The thing was, Ryan hadn’t switched the vibe off and it was purring away slowly inside me, What was worse (or better), I didn’t think to ask him to switch it off when he decided to go back to the campsite when I wanted to have a look at some of the stalls selling clothes.

I was in the middle of buying a Lewis Hamilton T-shirt when the next orgasm hit me. The youngish guy on the stall looked at me funny then came round to the front and put an arm round me.

“Are you all right love? Here, come round the back and have a sit down.”

He guided me round the end of his table into his gazeebo and to a chair and told me to sit. It was a low chair and as I fell back into it my legs went up, so did my little skirt, revealing my bare pubes and stomach to the man.

He stared for a second then turned to pick up a bottle of water for me.

“Here, sit there for a minute or two while I server some of these customers.”

I pushed my skirt down a bit but because my knees were higher than my pussy I’m sure that the people buying souvenir clothes got a great view. The looks that I was getting by some of them confirmed my thoughts and I’m sure that one or two of the customers bought more than they’d originally intended just so that they could look at my ‘bits’ for a bit longer.

After what seemed like ages, my body became less sensitive to the vibe and I started getting back to normal. The man, who had helped me and had kept turning to check on me (or look at my pussy and little tits), asked me if I was feeling better. When I said that I was, he put out his hand to help me stand up.

Thanking him I told him that I still wanted the T-shirt. He turned and picked one up from his table and passed it to me. Still feeling very horny I asked him if I could try it on.

“Sure,” he said as he turned back to server another customer.

I guess that he expected me to try it on on top of my top and skirt but I was horny and wanted to get naked; so I did. I watched the man’s customers watch me as I stripped and put the T-shirt on. It was just falling down my body as the man turned to see what his customers were looking at.

“A bit long;” he said, “do you want to try a smaller size?”

The T-shirt hem was longer than quite a few of my skirts so I asked him if I could. He passed me another T-shirt then turned back to serve another customer.

I pulled the first T-shirt off and put the second one on as some of the customers watched me. By the time the man turned back to me the second T-shirt was on me and just covering my pussy.

“This is the one – thank you.” I said.

As the man served another customer I took the T-shirt off and put my top and skirt back on then walked out of the gazebo to the front of the man’s stall and waited to pay the man.

As he was getting my change I thanked him for letting me sit down for a while then turned to walk on. As I walked I smiled at the fact that I’d got naked behind him twice and he hadn’t seen me naked even once.

There were a lot of people waiting for the tractor back to the campsite and the driver said that we could stand on the trailer if we wanted, but to make sure that we held onto the top rail all the time.

Well, it had got a bit windy by then and as the tractor rumbled along the road my skirt was blowing up giving some of the people sat down near me a great view of my butt and pussy. I was losing the battle with the vibe and just as we pulled onto the campsite another orgasm hit me. Someone had to tell me that we’d arrived and that I could get off the trailer.

We’d arranged to meet in the ‘The Petrol Head’ pub and when I got there I found Ryan sat round a table with some of the young men from the tents in front of ours. One of them saw me and stood up to let me sit next to Ryan. He asked me what I wanted to drink and then went to the bar.

As I sat down my skirt blew up and it was my bare butt that sat on the velvety material. Ryan immediately put a hand on my thigh and squeezed it, pulling my knees apart.

“Wow!” I heard from one of the men sat opposite me as my pussy became visible to him; and those either side of him.

“Are you sure that you’re old enough to be in here?” The man opposite me asked; “you only look about 12 or 13.”

“That pussy of yours looks plenty old enough to me.” Another man said.

“Of course I am,” I replied, “I’ve got my passport in the car to prove it if you don’t believe me.”

“Hey, that’s okay honey; you don’t have to prove anything to us; especially with that wet pussy staring us in the face;” said a third man.

“Yeah, it is cute isn’t it?” Ryan said; “and you should see what she can put in it.”

Even though I was feeling very horny, I still blushed at Ryan telling all those men that we put things into my pussy.

“Oh yeah, perhaps she should show us.” I heard one of the men say, but I was looking at Ryan, not sure if I wanted to put on a show or not. It was a good job that I was all sexed up.

The man who was getting me a drink returned and put my drink on the table next to me. As he did so he looked straight at my pussy and I got a bit of a wet rush.

The man stood up straight and moved away and two or three phone camera flashed.

“Okay,” Ryan said, “getting back to rules, do you really think that the FIA will bring back refuelling?”

Most of the men quickly got engrossed in the boring conversation but the man directly opposite me just sat there staring at my pussy. I looked up at him and squeezed my pussy muscles. He smiled and said,

“Nice!”

A bit later when there was a pause in the F1 conversation, Ryan asked me what I’d bought. When I told him he asked me to try it on so that he could see it. I got it out of the bag and started to put it on, on top of my top and skirt but Ryan stopped me and said that I had to take my top and skirt off first.

I looked round and said that it was too public so he asked the young men to stand up and form a wall so that the rest of the pub couldn’t see me. They readily agreed and all stood up. The thing was that they all stood facing me.

“Men!” I said and slowly pealed my top then skirt off.

“I can’t see!” one of the men at the end of the line said so I slowly did a 360 letting them have a good look at me before I put the T-shirt on.

I turned to face Ryan and he slid his hands up my legs and fingered me, saying,

“Shit girl; you’re dripping.”

“That’s your fault.” I replied. “That’s what happens when you leave me and leave the vibe switched on.”

“Fuck TT; sorry, I forgot all about that.”

“Don’t be, I had some very pleasant fun and it’s less embarrassing getting changed in here when I’m like this.”

Ryan grinned and put his hand in his pocket. The next thing that I felt was the vibe ramping up to full speed.

“Fuck Ryan,” I said; “are you trying to make me cum in here, in front of all these guys?”

“Of course.”

“Yes please.” I heard one of the other guys say.

I sat down, finished my drink and waited for the inevitable.

All the young men sat down and word quickly spread that I was about to cum.

I fought it for as long as I could, but when it arrived it hit me like a train. My right hand automatically went to my clit and I started rubbing it. I screamed so loud that I thought the bouncers would come over. There must be quite a lot of girls screaming in that pub because no one even looked over (so Ryan told me later). Well no one except the young men who were waiting for it to happen.

As I was cumming I heard a few comments from the guys watching me: -

“Fuck, that’s hot.”

“Fuck, she’s squirting.”

“Look at those pussy muscles working.”

“I want to put my cock was inside that.”

“What I could do with that?”

I also saw a few camera flashes.

When I came down from my high I looked round and saw all the guys looking down at me and Ryan grinning from ear to ear. I looked down to the floor between my legs and saw a few blobs of white creamy liquid.

“Shit!” I thought; I really did squirt. I looked back to Ryan and said,

“That’s your fault for leaving the vibe switched on for so long; can you switch it off please? I need a rest.”

Ryan took pity on me and put his hand in his pocket and I soon felt nothing in my pussy other than that lovely warm after-glow. I realised that my legs were still wide open but I didn’t care, I left them like that as I looked round the faces of the guys looking down at me – well my pussy. Most had that lustful expression. For the first time in ages I felt really pleased that I could have that effect on men.

I stayed exposed like that for ages as the men started talking amongst themselves. I only sat up and closed my legs when another drink appeared on the table next to me.

After a while Ryan got up and told everyone that we were going to get something to eat and that we’d no doubt see them later.

We went to the shop, bought a snack and went back to the tent to make some coffee.

After eating I told Ryan that I needed a shower. His reply was to tell me to just wrap a towel round me and go like that; so I did, even though the towel only just covered my butt.

Back at the tent I asked Ryan what he wanted me to wear for the evening out. He chose my tight, white, ultra short lycra skirt and a top that is totally see through. My arousal factor had reduced quite a bit by then so I was glad that it was starting to get dark. He also told me to wear my nipple and clit chains.

When we left the tent to go back to the circuit for the evening I’d only walked about 20 yards when I realised that the skirt had ridden up revealing my butt cheeks and pussy. I pulled it down and made a mental note that I should keep checking.

Climbing up onto the tractor and trailer would have been quite embarrassing if Ryan hadn’t been following me up the steps, and the man sat opposite me would have had a great view if there had been more light.

We had a great time that evening. The entertainment that had been laid on was brilliant. My skirt did ride up but in amongst the crowds no one around seemed to notice and I just started ignoring it. Even on the tractor and trailer back it was too dark and everyone was happy and busy talking and no one seemed to notice that I was virtually bottomless.

When we got back to the tent the group of young men were all sat outside their tents drinking from bottles of beer. When I first saw them I pulled my skirt down to cover my pussy but the guys had already seen me and one of them asked me not to cover my pussy. Ryan’s reaction was to turn to me and pull my skirt right up to my waist. That got a few cheers from the guys.

One of the guys invited us to have a drink with them and Ryan quickly accepted. We walked into the middle of them and someone gave us both a bottle. All the guys were sat on the ground but one of them got up and went and got a chair for me. It was one of those aluminium folding chairs with about 2 inch strips of aluminium on the back and seat parts. As he opened it I saw that the middle strip on the seat part was missing.

“Don’t worry about that,” the man said, “it’s quite safe.”

He put the chair near the outside of the circle of men and I sat down on the chair. I gasped a bit as my skin came in to contact with the cold metal. As least my pussy wasn’t on display.

Thankfully, the talk wasn’t all about F1 and I even managed to join in the conversation at times. The pile of empty beer bottles got bigger and bigger.

One of the guys asked me if my chains hurt. That got the conversation turned to talking about me. It wasn’t long before Ryan ‘volunteered’ me to show them what my chains looked like close up. I had to stand up, take my skirt and top off and go up to each of them and let them have a close look. Of course they wanted to get a close look at where and how the chain attached to my clit hood. I even had to explain that the piercing wasn’t through my clit, just the hood. Some of the men gout out their phones and took close-ups of my chains.

I have to admit that after I’d stood in front of the first about 4 guys I was starting to get aroused, and wet; and when one of the guys reached out and gently pulled the chain between my legs I let out a moan.

“Hey,” one of the guys said, “she likes that, do it again.”

He did, and I moaned again.

“My turn!” The guy next to the man holding my chain said.

I had to go and stand in front of each of the guys with my legs open and let them inspect my piercings and pull on my chains. Fortunately they didn’t hurt me, but they sure did get me aroused; and I really wanted to go to our tent with Ryan and get him to fuck me hard.

Eventually, the last guy had inspected me and I was able to sit down again but the guy who was sat on the grass next to me reached under the chair and I felt my clit hood chain being pulled again. My pussy was over the gap where the missing strip of aluminium should have been, and my chain was dangling down.

Everyone appeared to ignore what the guy was doing to me so he got braver and started using his fingers on me. I just sat there trying not to draw attention to me. I did look to Ryan at one point and saw that he was watching what was happening. He smiled and winked at me. I guessed that he was happy for that young man to finger me.

It wasn’t long before I wanted to cum; that man was quite talented. I tried hard not to cum but in the end I just couldn’t help it. I let out a big, loud,

“Aaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrgggggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhh,” and let it happen.

Everyone turned and looked at the naked me with 2 or 3 fingers stuck in my pussy through the bottom of the chair.

“You dirty bastard Mike.” I heard one man say.

“It’s my turn.” I heard another say as I saw him stand up and move behind me.

Then I felt a man’s hands slide down my front to my nipples. I looked over to Ryan and he had his usual grin on his face. After the hands pulled and rolled my nipples between finger and thumb for a few seconds, the hands disappeared (both men) and then my pussy was enveloped in a warm mouth. The man behind me had got down on his back and slid back so that he could eat my pussy while I just sat there.

I gripped the arms of the chair as his teeth toyed with my clit and his tongue licked and poked my hole.

It only took a couple of minutes for me to be back up there almost screaming as I orgasmed again. While I was up there I felt hands on my tits again. I was in heaven. The only thing that could have made it better was if it had been Ryan’s mouth and hands.

I started to come down then I went back up there as another pair of hands stroked my belly. My head was turned to my right and I felt a cock press on my lips. I eagerly opened my mouth and started sucking. The mouth and cock pounded 2 of my holes as I started to cum again.

While I was up there I felt the cock in my mouth tense and my throat was filled as the man shot his load deep into me. As the dick softened, it pulled out and I felt something dripping on my chest. Thinking that maybe he has started to piss on me I opened my eyes and realised that it had started raining. Then there was a flash of lightening. Five seconds later the heavens opened up and I was suddenly soaked from head to foot.

Everyone was getting up and running to their tents. It took me a few seconds to realise that maybe I should move too, but as soon as I was on my feet I thought,

“Sod it; I’m already literally soaked to the skin so why bother?”

I turned to face our tent and saw Ryan holding the door open for me.

“Get naked and get out here;” I said, “I need to be fucked right now, and right here.”

Ryan didn’t need to be told twice, and within seconds he was naked and stood in front of me; both of us dripping wet.

Ryan bent forward and kissed me long and hard as I felt his hard dick against my stomach. Seconds later we were rolling around on the grass fucking in the rapidly getting muddy field.

It was dark but every few seconds a bolt of lightning would light up the whole field. One time I saw a couple of the young men’s tents had their door open and faces watching us fuck as near to nature as we could be.

I was on top, riding Ryan’s dick when we both came. I just sat there with rain running down my muddy hair and body until he got soft.

“I guess that we should go and get cleaned-up.” I said.

Thirty seconds later we were running down the field, still naked, and carrying a plastic bag with some soap and shampoo in it. We went straight into the gents toilet block and into one of the showers. No one else was there and we had a long hot shower, soaping each other and having another fuck.

We ran back to our tent and dried ourselves before climbing into our double sleeping bag and going to sleep with Ryan spooning me and his dick resting against my pussy.

Amazingly, we got to sleep quickly, but we both woke up a few times during the night as the rain pounded the tent and the thunder and lightning kept going on and on. At one point Ryan’s dick got hard and slipped into me and I went back to sleep like that.

When I woke up Ryan’s dick was pounding in and out of my pussy. I sighed and let it happen, enjoying every second. I didn’t cum but Ryan certainly did, filling me up.

The rain had stopped and it was light. I sleepily got out of the sleeping bag and opened the tent door. I stood there, still naked, and looked around. There were puddles everywhere and the odd tent flattened by the storm.

“Like some coffee Tanya?” I heard a male voice say.

I looked round and saw one of our neighbours holding a steaming mug. I suddenly remembered that I was naked and my hands went to my little tits and pussy.

“A bit late for modesty isn’t it?” the man said.

Realising that he was right I dropped my left hand and put my right hand out to receive the coffee mug.

“Thank you,” I said, “That was one hell of a storm. Did you manage to keep dry?”

“More than you two did; that was quite a show you put on last night.”

I suddenly went all embarrassed and whispered,

“Yeah, it was.”

As I was saying that I felt my pussy get wet. The memories of the last night were getting me aroused; and that was before Ryan was going to show my body off to the hundred plus thousand people that were going to be around later that day.

More of the young men emerged from their tents to get some coffee, and so did a young couple on the other side of our tent. I was looking at them and they were looking at me when I remembered that I was naked so I backed into our tent and gave Ryan what was left of the coffee.

I put some shoes on and wrapped a towel round me and told Ryan that I was going for a shower. As I walked down the field I saw quite a few water-logged tents and muddy puddles, but people looked and sounded happy. It had stopped raining and the sun was emerging from behind the clouds.

Back at the tent, Ryan took the towel off me and disappeared to have a shower himself. I busied myself tidying the tent and deciding what to wear. I knew that Ryan would want me to look sexy; and probably have the vibe inside me so I changed the batteries ready. I heard a noise, looked up and realised that the tent door was wide open. A couple of the guys were stood watching me. I smiled and said,

“It’s going to be a good day today.”

“It already is.” One of them replied.

Instead of putting the vibe inside my pussy I put it in to my bag and went back to deciding what to wear. I still hadn’t decided when Ryan returned. He went into the case and got out a floaty, thin cotton micro skirt that is slightly see through, and a short tank top that is so thin that you can see the colour of my jewellery.

“Shall I wear my jewellery?” I asked.

“Just the barbells and stirrups please lover.” Ryan replied.

In a way I’d wanted to wear my chains as well but I was sure that Ryan would have a reason for me not to wear them.

As we headed to the circuit we were joined by some of the young men. We passed some of the stalls and tents of some of the vendors selling just about anything that anyone would want. One gazebo/tent was advertising Massages. Ryan jokingly asked me if I fancied a massage. I had a quick flashback of the hotel in London and thought of how nice it would be if the same man was there.

A woman not much older than me had heard Ryan asking me and started on her sales pitch. As soon as Ryan heard ‘full body’ massage I could see that he was hooked. The woman led me into her gazebo and we were followed by Ryan.

“Can we come and watch?” I heard one of the young men say.

I was about to say ‘no’ but Ryan beat me to it.

“I think that it’s best if you wait out here.”

I looked at Ryan and mouthed,

“Thank you.”

Then I looked at the masseuse.

“Okay then,” the woman said; “Take your clothes off and climb onto the table.”

I looked round and saw an empty little table in one corner and went over to it and got naked. As I walked over to the massage table I looked round and saw Ryan with a grin on his face and a bulge in his trousers.

“Lay on your stomach with the pillow under your hips,” the masseuse said.

Pillow! It was a good foot diameter tube of solid sponge and it hardly changed shape as my weight went on it. I was left with my butt up in the air.

The massage started quite normally except for 2 things. The masseuse put a blindfold and ear muffs on me. She said that it would help me relax because there was so much noise around. She was right and I slowly started to relax. When the masseuse moved to my legs I felt myself spreading them for her. As her hands moved up to my thighs I felt myself getting aroused. When she started on my butt my AF got higher and my pussy got wet.

I hadn’t expected what happened next. She teased round my pussy a bit then started some serious pussy work. She brought me sooo close to cumming 5 or 6 times before slapping me on my butt and telling me to turn over.

I was disappointed but did as I was told. Because I was blindfolded she guided me and I was pleased that the ‘pillow’ was gone.

The massage started again at my head and when she moved to my legs I again automatically opened them. As she moved up I hoped that she’d work on my pussy again; and this time finish me off.

She got so close to my pussy, teasing all around it when I realised that there were more than 2 hands working on my body. She couldn’t have 2 hands on my pussy when both my tits were getting massaged. I assumed that Ryan had joined her and I relaxed and went back to enjoying the pleasure that they were giving me.

Those 4 hands really got me excited. It felt like they were everywhere but I was enjoying it so much that I didn’t care how they were doing it.

After a while I started cumming; and cumming; and cumming. My whole body was shaking and jerking about. What’s more those hands kept working on me for what seemed like forever.

Eventually they stopped and I kept jerking and convulsing for a while then slowly came down from my high. When I was just about back to normal the masseuse look my blindfold and ear muffs off then gave me a big towel.

I looked over to Ryan and he looked as contented as I felt.

I got down from the table and Ryan helped me rub the sweat and what was left of the massage oil off me before passing me my skirt and top.

A very happy and contented Tanya left that gazebo.

As we walked away I said to Ryan,

“That was totally amazing; can I have another massage tomorrow?”

Ryan replied,

“I don’t see why not.”

I then got a little confused because the young man on the other side of me said,

“Oh yes please.”

I thought for a second then dismissed his statement thinking that I must have misheard him.

We all walked on and eventually found a place where we could all sit and watch the action. The guys said that Ryan and I should sit above them on the hill so that we’d get the best possible view. After about 30 minutes of looking at the guys below us I realised why they’d said that, but I didn’t care, I was still on a high from the massage.

When we went to get some lunch everywhere was so busy that we had to sit on a curb to eat our food. Ryan told me afterwards that he’d spotted quite a few people walking by that had looked down at us; and up my skirt. I hadn’t thought about it at the time but I was sat with my knees bent and slightly apart so that I could use them as a sort of little table to put my plate of food on. I just told Ryan that I hoped that they’d enjoyed the view.

I suppose we had a great day, in spite of the bit of rain; everyone was happy and as Ryan said, the atmosphere was amazing. On the way back to the young men after lunch Ryan had asked me to put the vibe in when I went to the toilet and I know that I was happy all afternoon; Ryan and the remote control saw to that.

That evening Ryan and I went out for something to eat and a wander around on our own. We had a great time even if I did accidentally flash a few people. The ‘fun’ started when we got back to our tent. We’d had a few to drink and were quite ‘happy’ and the young men were again sat around outside their tent drinking. They invited us to join them again and one of them even got that chair out for me again.

The conversation got round to me and the chair the previous night and someone asked if they could continue from where the rain stopped them the previous night. I was still on a high as Ryan had been teasing me with the vibe all night and I suddenly hoped that Ryan would say ‘yes’.

Ryan was half drunk as well and he didn’t hesitate to say ‘okay then’ and within seconds 2 of the guys were pulling me to my feet and taking my clothes off.

A couple of seconds later 3 of them were next to me, one laying on his back under the chair, licking and chewing my clit; one stood behind me playing with my tiny tits; while the third was stood by my side getting his cock out ready to stick it in my mouth as soon as I opened it.

I have to say that the next 30 minutes or so were quite amazing. I was sat on that chair so I couldn’t be pussy fucked by a cock but my pussy, and tits, got plenty of attention and my mouth was stuffed full most of the time.

At one point a fourth young man joined us on the other side of the chair and he picked up my hand and put it on his hard cock. Instinctively, I started wanking him.

All the time Ryan was sat in front of me watching the action.

Not content with watching all those young men use my body, when they were done Ryan came over to me and lowered the beer bottle that he’d been drinking from. He told me to get off the chair, lie on the ground, lift my feet as high as I could, and support my hips with my hands. I instinctively spread my legs wide as the beer bottle went to my pussy. There was no resistance as the bottle started to disappear inside me, but I did gasp a little as the cold beer flowed out into me.

Ryan gently pushed the bottle until all but the bottom couple of inches were inside me. Then he pulled it out.

“Give me my beer back.” Ryan said so I squeezed and the beer shot out of me, up into the air.

The young men enjoyed that sight and one of them asked if he could have a go.

I must have had about 8 bottles of beer emptied into my pussy before squirting them out. Most of the men fucked me with their bottles as they emptied them into me and I got very close to cumming. I also got covered in beer and when the ‘games’ finished Ryan told me to streak to the showers. Fortunately it was quite late by then and I made it there without seeing anyone. When I came out Ryan was waiting for me with a towel.

Back in our tent, Ryan gave me a good fucking and we went to sleep with him still inside me.

Race day started with a coffee provided by one of the young men just as soon as I opened our tent door. When we got back from the showers the young men had already left for the circuit so it looked like I was going to have Ryan all to myself for the day.

Ryan got me to wear one of my slightly see through dresses that day. It’s quite light and floaty and as I wasn’t at all aroused when I put it on I knew that I’d have to be careful not to expose myself; especially as there was a slight breeze.

There were even more people at the circuit when we got there and it took ages for us to find a place to get a good view of the action. As usual, Ryan wanted to be on a hill and he picked a spot just above another group of men.

As soon as we’d settled Ryan asked me to go to the toilet and put my vibe in and buy something for breakfast for the both of us on the way back.

As soon as we’d finished eating Ryan switched the vibe on and it didn’t take long for me to stop being careful about how I was sitting.

It rained a bit during the race but I didn’t care; unexpectedly I was enjoying the race and I jumped to my feet and cheered as Lewis Hamilton won the race.

As we walked away from the track we soon realised that it would take forever to get back to the campsite so we wandered around looking at everything that was going on. The vibe was purring away inside me and I was happy.

As we were walking around Ryan kept telling me to stop and spread my feet for a minute or so, or to get an imaginary stone out of my shoe. After about the third time I realised what he was doing. If he spotted anyone staring at my body through my slightly see through dress he’d get me to stop and spread my legs so that they could get a better look. If they were behind me they got an even better sight as I bent over. When I realised I thumped Ryan and told him that he was naughty, but the next time that he told me to do it I still did it. The vibe was keeping me simmering and I liked the idea of people seeing my pussy.

We spent a few hours walking around enjoying everything that that had been put on for the people, and adding to it ourselves. It was quite amazing. The vibe was keeping me on a high and I didn’t care who was staring at me through my slightly see through dress; and whenever we sat down anywhere I made sure that my hot, wet pussy was on display for anyone who wanted to look. Of course, Ryan pointed out any opportunities that I hadn’t seen. He just loves it when strangers see my pussy.

It was getting dark when we got back to the campsite and we were both disappointed to find that the young men had already left. We went back to the pub and Ryan spent the next hour or so trying to think of more ways to expose me. The best that he came up with was for me to sit on the front edge of my chair and flash anyone who cared to look under the table.

We did have a good fuck in the tent that night; and again in the morning before we packed-up to go home.

**Baby Courgettes**

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One afternoon Ryan phoned me at work and asked me to join him and a few of his work colleagues at a pub near their workplace. I’d agreed before I remembered about the digital photo frame that he has on his desk at work. I was a bit nervous as I walked in but, thankfully, no one mentioned the photo frame.

After about an hour another of Ryan’s colleagues joined us, apparently he’d had to go and do a bit of shopping for a meal that he was preparing later that evening.

I’d had a few drinks before the conversation got round to me and of course the photo frame. I went bright red as they talked about what they’d seen.

It got worse when someone asked if the story about the golf balls was true. If I hadn’t been on a bit of a sexual high and not had 3 or 4 drinks by then I would probably have died of shame. As it was, I said,

“Yes, that’s true; it’s shame that we haven’t got any here.”

As I was saying that I really did hope that no one produced any. They didn’t but the man who’d arrived late bent over and pulled a bag of baby courgettes out of his shopping bag.

“Fuck no!” I thought as my face went all red because I just knew what Ryan was going to say.

He did and I had to sit on the front edge of my seat and lay back while each of his colleagues took it in turn to see how many they could push up my hole. Of course the number depended upon their size but the most that anyone got in was 4; and they wouldn’t stay in, much to the delight of my little audience.

I had to sit on Ryan’s lap on the bus on the way how. Not because it as crowded, but because I needed to have the real thing inside me as quick as possible.

**Internet site**

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One of Ryan’s colleagues decided that he was going to set-up a web site for women to anonymously get their tits and butts on the internet. He said that he’d call it something like tops-n-bottoms.com. As you can guess, I haven’t looked at it yet.

When Ryan first asked me to pose for some photos for the site I assumed that Ryan would be taking them and that they’d just be photos of my chest and butt when I was standing up. I quickly decided that because my face wouldn’t be shown then I’d do it.

I got it wrong on the both counts. Firstly it was his colleague that came round to take the photos, and secondly I had to pose, with and without my jewellery and with and without things in my pussy and butt as I bent over with my legs spread wide.

Jake (Ryan’s colleague) arrived unexpectedly one Sunday morning; well unexpectedly to me. Both Jenny and I were naked in the kitchen when Ryan answered the door and it didn’t take long for Jenny to ask to have her photos taken as well.

Fortunately the weather was reasonable as Jake wanted to take the photos in the back garden.

The session started with photos of our chests. Even though both our nipples were rock hard as soon as Jake arrived, both of us tweaked and rolled our nipples just before each set of photos. After that Jake asked to take extra photos of mine; at each stage of my jewellery bits going in. Ryan wanted to put them in and as soon as he started on one tit he asked Jake to put them in on the other tit. I have to admit that it felt good having 2 men manipulating my little tits.

When it came to the bottoms photos, they were all from the back; but only the first ones were of us stood up (a few with legs closed then a lot more with our legs spread wide. After the stood up ones Jake asked us to bend 90 degrees at our waists then he took loads more.

As soon as we were bent at the waist I realised that my pussy was all swollen and very wet (Jenny’s was as well). I was glad that my face wasn’t in any of the shots.

Jake took about 30 photos of each of our butts / pussies, all from slightly different angles. My pussy was getting wetter and wetter. After straight butt / pussy shots Jake asked Ryan if he’d got anything that we could put inside our pussy and butt holes.

Ryan went off and quickly came back with all my dildos and some carrots that we were due to have for lunch that day. I was expecting for Jenny and me to have to put then in our holes ourselves but Ryan asked Jake to do it to both of us.

Jenny went first and as soon as both her holes were full she put her right hand back and started fucking herself with the dildo. Jake backed-off and I could hear the camera clicking over and over. It was still clicking as she orgasmed, nearly falling over as she did.

Then it was my turn. By that time I was REALLY sexed up and I really went for it. As Jake inserted the dildo I fucked them as he held them. I heard the camera clicking again and turned to see that Ryan was pointing the camera at my butt. For some reason that made me rock back and forward even faster.

It didn’t take long for me to start cumming; especially as Jake’s hands were going faster and faster. I had to spread my arms to stop myself from collapsing onto the grass.

As I came down from my high Jake pulled the dildos out and asked if we could do it again, but with my jewellery in.

I had to lay on my back for Jake (under Ryan’s instructions) to get the little bar through my clit hood. As he fumbled around he made me cum again and he had to stop until I’d stopped shaking.

Once in, I had to endure (?!?) standing on all fours, knees straight and spread wide, all over again whilst Jake pumped my holes again. Again I could hear the camera clicking so I assumed that Ryan was operating it.

This time when I orgasmed I did fall over when my knees just couldn’t stay straight any longer.

As I came back to my senses I looked up and saw the 3 of them staring down at me.

Jenny and I went for a shower while Ryan and Jake loaded a copy of the photos onto Ryan laptop. When we went downstairs Jake had left and I got embarrassed as Ryan put the photos into a slide-show and copied them to one of the digital photo frames.

**Porno Film**

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Ryan really excelled himself this time. I didn’t know whether to hit him, walk out on him or hug and kiss him. It was straight after we got home one Thursday evening when he told me what he’d ‘volunteered’ me for. I was REALLY mad at him when he first told me; but he got to work on me (in more ways than one), and in the end I was looking forward to it (probably because he’d got me all worked-up and sexually frustrated).

Ryan had seen an advert online for girls with small tits to be filmed getting fucked by machines. He said that he’d immediately thought that I was perfect for the job and had emailed my details, along with a couple of my naked photographs.

A couple of days later he’d got a reply inviting us to go to London for a weekend where we’d be put up in a big hotel. Of course Ryan had accepted it and only told me about it on the Thursday evening (I’d wondered why he’d told Tom and Jenny that we couldn’t go clubbing with them on the Saturday).

Anyway, we met at the train station straight after work on the Friday and were soon on our way. After we’d settled in our seats I told Ryan that I was very apprehensive and even scared a bit. Obviously I’d seen some fucking machines on the internet, and some of them definitely looked dangerous, but I was worried that I might get hurt. Ryan assured me that he’d be close by all the time and that he’d stop things if I looked to be in trouble. To ease my apprehension he told me to slide forward in my seat and he got one of my vibes out of his pocket and eased in inside me. Within minutes I was quite relaxed and happy to sit there with my legs open and to enjoy the pleasure that the vibe was giving me.

I should add that the train wasn’t very busy and Ryan even took some photos of me flashing my pussy and tits to him. There was only one moment when a middle-aged man appeared in front on me. He had a good, expressionless, look at my pussy before walking on.

The hotel was quite nice and shortly after we’d checked-in Ryan got a phone call from the woman who’d emailed him. I was surprised that it was a woman but when she arrived she turned-out to be quite nice; and her body was quite nice – if you like slim, big busted blondes wearing not a lot.

The woman (Donna) took us to a pub for a drink to brief us on what she was expecting. As we were talking she told me that she was glad that I was a girl who didn’t mind not wearing underwear. I was a little puzzled for a second. The no bra bit was obvious but I hadn’t thought that I had flashed her; accidentally or not. I asked how she knew and she told me that it was obvious to her; I was wearing a dress with a short skirt, sat with my knees touching and I wasn’t holding my bag, or my hands on my lap. She said that it was obvious to her that I wanted people to look up my skirt.

“The jewellery adds to your desire to be seen as well.” Donna added.

“Wow!” I said. I confirmed what I wasn’t wearing then told her that I hadn’t realised about the rest.

“Probably doing it subconsciously;” she said, “do you go all exhibitionistic when you get aroused or drunk?”

I blushed and Ryan confirmed that I do.

Donna started telling us what was going to happen when we got to the studio and I realised that I was getting all excited and nervous. All seemed okay but I asked Donna if I could have a safe word that would stop everything. Donna was really nice and said that she was going to insist on it.

About half way through telling me all about it Donna said,

“See, I told you, you’ve spread your knees so that people can get a better look up your skirt. You’re a born exhibitionist.”

I felt my face flush as I looked down at my legs and saw that Dona was right, my knees had a gap of nearly a foot between them; and I lying back on the seat. I quickly closed my knees and looked at Ryan.

“You do that a lot TT.” Ryan said.

I started to wonder if I actually was an exhibitionist but Donna started telling us about a couple of the machines that she wanted me to use and my train of thought got back to what was going to happen to me.

We were in the pub for about an hour, Donna doing most of the talking about what she wanted to achieve at the studio the next day. All the time I could feel myself getting more aroused. A couple of times I looked down at my legs and had to close my knees; I guess that Ryan was right about me spreading my knees subconsciously.

Anyway, just before Donna left she told me that it didn’t matter what I wore the next day as I wouldn’t be wearing it for long. She added that I could wear my barbells and stirrups but she asked me not to wear the chains. She said that they might get in the way. I blushed a bit, trying to think of a time when she’d been able to see up my skirt to my pussy. Then a thought crossed my mind; had Ryan sent her a photograph to her of me naked and wearing all my jewellery?

Donna left, telling us that a taxi would collect us at 09:00 in the morning. We had another drink then decided to walk back to the hotel where Ryan got me to take my dress off in the lift. My arousal factor wasn’t that high at that point and I was embarrassed as I ran down the corridor to our room.

Ryan opened the curtains in our room and we fucked hard before going to sleep. I doubted that anyone was looking into our room from the buildings across the street as all the windows were dark; but you never know.

Ryan got me to wear a VERY short skirt on the Saturday. He said that after the ‘session’ I was sure to be wanting to flash everyone. That may well have been true but first thing in the morning flashing people was the last thing on my mind and going for breakfast and waiting to get picked-up was rather embarrassing; I counted 3 men with grins on their faces as they looked at me.

The taxi took us to what looked like an office block but when we got out of the lift we saw the studio sign and went into a big room that was full of what we assumed to be bondage equipment – and a load of cameras and lights.

Donna came over to use, said hello then told me to get naked. She said that she didn’t want any restrictive clothing marks on me.

I looked around again and saw 4 men, all fiddling with lights, cameras and some strange looking machines. I didn’t know whether to get excited, embarrassed or worried. I didn’t have any choice, I got all 3 as I started to take my top and skirt off. I realised that I was quite embarrassed; it was mid-morning and a while since Ryan and I had fucked so I wasn’t very aroused. I noticed some of the men looking over towards me and that didn’t help.

“Relax TT,” Ryan said; “you’ll soon forget the fact that you’re naked.”

I knew that he was right so I tried to do what he said.

Donna took us over to where a sofa was and told me to sit in the middle. I did and looked round. Several of the men were checking equipment and looking at me.

“Right Tanya,” Donna said; “Sit on the front edge and lean back. One of the crew will bring you 2 clear plastic domes and put one on each of your breasts; make sure that the bottom of each of them comes into contact with the skin on your ribs.”

I watched as the man approached me. As he got close I felt my nipples get even harder, my pussy get a little wet and my face get even redder. I was still quite embarrassed.

Each of the domes had a sort of nipple on the end and a thin plastic pipe going to a ‘T’ then to a little black box. I didn’t need to do anything as the man made sure that the base of them fitted snuggly on my chest.

As the man backed away, another man approached carrying what I assumed was to be a fucking machine. It was a big steel box with a steel bar coming out of one end. On the end of that bar was a big, floppy dildo. The man manoeuvred the box and dildo so that the end of the dildo just touched my pussy.

“This is the first machine Tanya; I thought that we’d start off with a basic machine. Just relax and let it happen. The walls in here are sound-proofed and the offices next door are empty on a weekend so you can make as much noise as you like. Oh yes, you need a safe word; how about ‘mango’, say it.”

I did.

“Right, the next time that you say that word everything will be switched off immediately and we’ll pack-up for the day; okay? Oh, one more thing, please try to look into one of the cameras occasionally, it makes it a bit more personal for the viewers.”

I nodded.

“By the looks of it you don’t need any lube so we’ll get started.”

The next thing that I knew was that a motor started and I felt my little tits aching and feel like never before. I looked at my chest and saw that they were twice as big as normal. It was then that I realised that the air round them was being sucked out of the domes.

Then I felt the dildo push at the entrance to my hole. I gasped a little and felt my hole open and accept the dildo.

After the initial shock I relaxed and started to enjoy the dildo fucking me. I wanted to rub my nipples but couldn’t get to them.

The dildo started going in and out of me faster and I started really enjoying it. As my arousal factor got higher and higher I realised that I was going to cum soon. My moans got louder and louder and I started getting quite vocal.

Donna must have realised that I was close to cumming because I just about heard her say,

“Vibrate her.”

The dildo started jerking about as it went in and out and within seconds I was loudly cumming.

The dildo kept fucking me and I came again. Then it stopped.

As I started to come down from my high I opened my eyes and saw Ryan, Donna and about a dozen men, all looking down at me. If I hadn’t been aroused I would have been very embarrassed; especially as one of the men was holding a big camera close to my face.

As my breathing slowed Donna said,

“Excellent Tanya, I can see that you are going to have a very pleasurable next couple of hours. Let me know when you’re ready and we’ll move on to the next machine.”

The next machine was similar but Donna got me to lie spread-eagled on my back on this big padded board. Round the edges were what looked like scaffold pipes. Four men came up to me and put padded wrist and ankle cuffs on me and tied them to the scaffold bars. Then a big metal box with a wheel on one side, and a metal bar with another dildo on the end, was put between my spread legs. They adjusted the position so that the tip of the dildo just touched my pussy. I gasped a little because I was still a bit sensitive from the first machine.

“Looks like she still doesn’t need any lube, so let’s get started.”

I heard Donna say then I felt the dildo push into my hole.

I was flat on my back, relatively comfortable and getting slowly fucked. I was in heaven. Well, for a few minutes; the machine sped up and my arousal factor started rising quite quickly. I felt myself getting hotter and hotter as I started to cum.

Just as I started to come down I felt something touch my clit. The dildo was still going in and out and this ‘thing’ was vibrating on my clit. I opened my eyes and saw this rather hunky looking man holding a ‘magic wand’ thing against my clit.

Within seconds I was back up there; cumming and cumming and shaking and jerking about as much I as could within the restraints.

I have no idea how many times I came, or how long it took but by the time the man stopped and the machine was switched off, I was knackered, and covered in sweat.

When I was able, I looked round and saw Ryan looking down on me. He had a big grin on his face and a big bulge in the front of his trousers.

The next machine (?) was different. Donna led me to another padded board where my arms were tied down. There were some bars about 3 feet above my head that I wondered about, but not for long. Two men lifted my ankles so high up that all my weight was on my shoulders. Then my legs were spread so wide that they were just about parallel to the floor and my ankles were tied to the bars. I felt more exposed than ever.

Then I heard a noise like Ryan’s electric drill. For a second I panicked then I saw a man holding a big electric drill with a dildo on the end. As he pressed the power button the dildo spun round and jumped back and forwards.

I panicked a bit more as the spinning dildo touched my pussy. I really did hope that the man could control the thing. I screamed a bit as the dildo entered me but I soon relaxed as it became obvious that the man knew what he was doing.

After about a minute the man withdrew the dildo and rested the tip at the entrance to my butt hole.

“No, no!” I shouted as my butt hole automatically opened and the slowly spinning dildo entered my butt.

Within seconds I’d decided that it wasn’t going to hurt me, in fact it felt good; so good that I quickly realised that an orgasm was building.

Just as I was about to cum the noise got louder and another man came close to my butt and another drill attached dildo entered my pussy. Both dildos spun round and thumped in and out of my 2 holes as the orgasms came and came. At the beginning I felt one of the men slapping my butt, but after a while I don’t know if they stopped or I stopped feeling it.

Just as I thought that I couldn’t take any more and tried to remember what the safe word was, everything stopped. The next thing that I remember was Donna squatting above my head and splashing water on my face. I opened my eyes and looked up and saw up Donna’s skirt to her bald pussy, and right up her front to her face.

“Come on Tanya, wake-up; it’s not time to go to sleep yet.” Donna said.

The 2 drill dildos were still spinning and thumping in to my holes, but very slowly. I moaned a couple of times, Donna got up and the 2 drill dildos sped up.

I started to cum again and again and again; then nothing.

When I woke-up I was flat on my back, free from the restraints and someone was stroking my head. The first thing that I saw was Ryan smiling down at me.

“Hey!” Ryan softly said, “How are you feeling?”

I thought for a couple of seconds, mentally checking each part of my body then replied,

“Good; fucking good.”

Ryan bent forward and kissed my lips.

“Have a rest for a while before starting the next session.” I heard Donna say.

I closed my eyes and wondered if I could take any more.

After who knows how long, Ryan came over to me and pulled me up into a sitting position and gave me a bottle of water.

“Only one more.” Ryan said.

“I don’t know if I can take it.” I said, “I’m knackered and my pussy’s sore.”

“Lie back and rest,” I heard Donna say, “and I’ll get someone to take care of your pussy.”

I wondered what she meant by that as I took one more swig of the water, lay back on the board, closed my eyes and opened my legs. Nothing happened for a while then I felt something cold being rubbed on my pussy. The slight pain started to disappear and get replaced with an ache; that familiar wanting ache.

“That’s nice Ryan.” I said.

“I thought that you might like that.”

I heard Ryan reply, but his voice was coming from behind my head. I opened my eyes and saw that it was another man that was rubbing my pussy. After a split second of panic I relaxed, realising that Ryan obviously knew what was going on.

About 10 minutes later I was feeling better and I got to my feet; eager and curious to find out what the next machine was.

Donna had seen me get up and came over and asked me if I was okay. Then she took me over to another part of the room. Again checking that I was okay she told me that I might find this machine a little shocking but quite nice.

Wondering what she was talking about I did as Donna told me and was a little surprised when we stopped walking in an empty part of the room.

“Lie down with your head near my feet.” Donna said.

Feeling a little puzzled, I did as told and then looked up. Apart from seen up Donna’s skirt to her bald pussy again; I could see 2 ropes being lowered from the ceiling and a long metal pole coming down in between them. On the end of the metal pole was a rubber dildo with what looked like a metal bell-end on it.

Two men appeared and each clipped the end of the ropes to my ankle cuffs then I felt my legs being raised up. Up and up they went, getting wider and wider apart. Within seconds I was hanging upside down with my dangling hands not quite able to touch the floor and my legs stretched far apart.

Then I heard a motor and shortly afterwards the metal bell-end touched my pussy. It felt a little cold for a second then my pussy opened up and accepted the dildo.

Whoever was controlling it knew just the right depth to make me feel good. I hung there, blood starting to pound round my head and the feeling of a full pussy, for quite a few seconds before I heard Donna say,

“Are you okay Tanya? Are you ready for it to start?”

I opened my eyes and saw Donna’s bare legs and lots of trouser-clad men’s legs, some of them with uncomfortable looking bulges. I nearly giggled to myself thinking how uncomfortable they looked.

Then it slowly started; the dildo went up and down, in and out of me, and then something inside the dildo went round and round. It got faster and faster until I was getting a steady pounding. It felt good and my arousal factor started climbing.

I was just starting to cum when I felt this almighty shock inside my pussy. I screamed and came hard. The bastard (whoever he was) had given me a quick electric shock through the metal bell-end. My body was jerking about as much as it could with me hanging by my ankles.

My eyes had shut as my AF got higher but I was suddenly feeling something touching my mouth. I opened my eyes and saw a man holding the base of his hard cock with the tip threatening to push against my lips. Instinctively, I opened my mouth and started sucking as the cock started fucking my mouth.

As one orgasm rolled into a second then a third, then a fourth; I got fucked at both ends. The man shot his load into my mouth then was replaced by another man; then another. I had to close my eyes as their cum leaked out of my mouth and ran down to my eyes. A couple of times I had to blow out through my nose to stop that from filling up.

I lost count of the number of times I came, got shocked, and the number of men who came in my mouth. I must have passed-out at some point because the next I knew was that I was collapsing in a heap on the floor in slow motion. Ryan was pulling my arms to straighten me out and lay me flat on my back. I looked up to Ryan; and Donna’s bald pussy again, and felt Ryan wiping the cum away from my eyes. I felt well and truly fucked.

“That was brilliant Tanya; that video is going to be very popular.” I heard Donna say.

“Relax TT,” Ryan said, “My girl’s done good and I’m proud of her.”

Adding to all my emotions I felt good that I had pleased Ryan.

I lay there for ages as men took off the wrist and ankle cuffs leaving me totally naked with just Ryan looking down at me and wiping my face. I must have looked a right mess; my body was covered in sweat and my hair felt like it was matted with cum and sweat.

When I was able, I started to get up, helped by Ryan. I was sore and ached all over. I held onto Ryan as I looked round. Donna was talking to the men as they started to leave. Soon it was just Donna, Ryan, and a still naked me.

I looked round for my clothes and saw them on a chair. Ryan saw me looking and went and got them. As I unfolded the skirt I remembered just how short it was and that Ryan had asked me to wear it that morning. Deciding that I didn’t care, I got dressed.

Donna came over to us and thanked us for a great session. She looked directly at me and said,

“I can see that you enjoyed it Tanya; go back to the hotel and get some rest; and don’t worry about how many people you flash your bits to on the way.”

Ryan thanked Donna and we left and got a taxi back to the hotel. I took Donna at her word and didn’t care about the stares that the nearly bottomless me got as we slowly walked into the hotel.

Back in our room Ryan stripped me and put me in a hot bath. I lay there for ages before Ryan ‘rescued’ me just as I was nodding off. He lifted me out and put me on the bed where I immediately fell asleep as he padded me dry.

When I woke-up a waiter was delivering some room service. I was still naked and laying on top of the bed but I just couldn’t be bothered to cover-up. Through very sleepy and slightly open eyes I watched him look at me as he sorted out our food. Just as he was about to leave Ryan shook my foot to wake me up. I opened my eyes and smiled at the man who turned and walked out.

“Got 2 tips did he?” I asked.

Ryan smiled and nodded.

The sleep and food made me feel better, but I was still sore. I apologised to Ryan for not wanting him to fuck me. He was very good about it and told me that he was one of the men whom I’d given a blowjob to earlier. I smiled and said that I didn’t know.

After a shower I was feeling a lot better and asked Ryan if we could go and do some shopping. Ryan got out a short dress for me and helped me put it on, saying that he’d do anything for me for being so good. I smiled, got a little wet rush, and felt good and loved.

We bought a couple of skirts and then Ryan got me to look at some long dresses. When I asked him why he wanted me to get a long dress he said that he had somewhere nice to take me later.

I should have guessed; the dress that we finally bought is a backless, lacy mesh number with a split right up the front of my left leg, right to my hip. I just love that dress even though anyone close up can see through the lacy mesh to my tiny tits and pussy, and when I walk the front opens up and my pussy feels the fresh air. Ryan tells me that my pussy isn’t displayed but I’m not so sure. The other thing is that when I look at my back in a mirror I can see that top of my butt crack. I felt a million dollars in that dress as we walked into the theatre, and when we stood drinking in the bar during that interval.

The restaurant afterwards was great as well and we got really good service. I guess that it helped that it was bright in there and the waiter would have been able to see my tiny tits and left leg, right up to my waist.

I was still a bit sore when we got back to the hotel and when I told Ryan he said that he’d happily settle for a blowjob – which I eagerly gave.

The next morning, after a good fuck, we went for a nice romantic walk in Hyde Park before getting the train home. Ryan again got me to sit with my legs open on the train and I’ve no idea how many people saw my pussy. The train was crowded with people standing at the ends of each carriage. One young man always seemed to be looking towards us.

**Looking for a holiday**

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Both Ryan and I are yearning for another holiday. Ryan wants one where I can be naked most of the time and I have to admit that I’ve really enjoyed getting an all-over tan on our previous holidays. There are a couple of things that we have to take into consideration this holiday in that Tom and Jenny want to come with us. Jenny says that she wants to be naked all the time as well but her tits are bigger than mine so it will be more difficult for her to pretend to be a little girl.

The other complication is that those twins from the gym have begged us to take them with us. That’s my fault for telling then about our previous holidays; but Ryan rather likes the idea. I guess that he just wants to perv on their young bodies. That doesn’t bother me because I know that he’s mine.

I mentioned their uncle’s mobile home at the beach but neither Ryan nor Tom seemed that keen. Tom reminded Ryan that they’ve got a very distant aunt and uncle that live on a farm in the mountains in Spain, or was it Portugal, neither of them could remember which; but I don’t know about that. I rather fancy a beach holiday. Ryan said that I wanted to put on some more displays for the young people there. I blushed and denied it.

**Tickling Stick**

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One day when we were about to drive somewhere Ryan told me that I was going to drive. Just before we left he went into the garage and came back with a bamboo cane, a soft paintbrush and some electrical tape. As I was driving he taped the paintbrush about ¾ of the way along the cane at 90 degrees. When he was happy with it he put the cane over my thighs with the paintbrush between my legs. He then moved the cane about until the end of the paintbrush was touching my clit. Then he rotated the cane a bit so that the paintbrush was tickling my clit. It was so difficult trying to concentrate on driving that I (regretfully) had to ask him to stop.

That cane and paintbrush now live in the car and Ryan takes great pleasure in distracting me at times.