**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

The exhibitionist in denial

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 26 – Not all Ryan’s fault**

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First the bad news – Tom and Jenny have moved out. Tom decided to finish his degree in a London university and Jenny, of course, transferred with him. I’m, WE are going to miss them. I did give Jenny my old clit ring just before they left and Tom promised to squeeze it onto her clit just as soon as he could.

**My new clit ring**

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Ryan had quite a bit of fun fitting it on my clit. For starters he strapped me onto the Sybian for a good 30 minutes. That got me super worked-up and a bit tired. Then he carried me to the stainless steel table in the back garden and strapped my arms and legs spread-eagled on to it. What’s more, he put a big strap over my hips as well. I’ve never felt so helpless in all my life. After that he went and got a ball-gag just in case I tried to disturb the whole neighbourhood.

Basically what happened next was the same as for putting the old one on the second time but without the ice to numb my clit. It hurt like hell when he squeezed my clit with the tweezers and because I was already on a high, I started cumming. I was in an orgasmic trance as the new clit ring slid down the tweezers and onto my clit.

Ryan took great pleasure in pushing it down as far as he could get it; all whilst I was cumming over and over. As soon as he was happy he switched the thing on at full blast and left me there while he went and got a drink or something.

When he got back to me I must have been close to passing out because I don’t remember him unstrapping me or carrying me upstairs and putting me in a warm bath.

He left me there and I fell asleep. When I woke up the water was starting to get cold but Ryan was there to lift me out and carry me to the bed.

The new ring is great, and Ryan lets me carry the remote control about with me. The agreement is that I only turn it off if I’m going in to a meeting. That sounded fair and so far that is what I’ve stuck to. If I do break the agreement I will tell him, and I’m sure that he’ll find a way to punish me.

**The gym**

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I still love going there and I still go to work early so that I can build up flexi-hours and have at least one afternoon at the gym each week. Whenever I plan to go to the gym in the afternoon I’m still going to work in the morning with one of my remote vibes in and switched on. The gym is so much more fun if I’m as horny as hell when I get there.

Kieran got his first obstacle course challenge organised. Eight girls entered (including me), and the event took place one Saturday afternoon. Needless to say word got round the guys and there must have been something around 30 men and a few of the girls (all naked of course) there watching. Darren said that he’d never had so many people there at once.

Kieran split us into 4 pairs, the plan being that the 4 winners would go again then there would be a final of the last 2.

Picking up a megaphone Kieran asked for some male volunteers. He didn’t tell them what for and when he’d got enough he took them round the course and explained what he wanted them to do. After that he shouted the rules for being a spectator: -

Don’t get within 6 feet of any competing girl.

Don’t block the way from one challenge to the next.

No touching a girl unless she asks you to.

Photographs and videos are permitted and you can zoom in as much as you like but you must observe the 6 feet exclusion zone.

Then he said that the second rule didn’t apply to the volunteers doing their specific task. That made some of the guys groan because the implication was that the volunteers would be touching the girls.

Kieran announced the knockout rules and that the winner wasn’t necessarily the first girl to cross the line because 10 seconds would be deducted from each girl’s time for each orgasm that she had on the way round.

That last comment got a few puzzled looks and a few smiles from the audience.

Kieran then announced that Tanya (me) would do a circuit before the competition started so that everyone could see what was expected of the competitors. He turned to me and told me that I could compete in the last group so that I had some time to rest.

I was quite surprised by that as Kieran hadn’t given me any warning of what he was going to do. I suddenly became a bit nervous but that was countered by the sexual frustration that was built up inside of me. You see, after our morning fuck Ryan had teased my pussy something rotten. He’d pushed one of my remote vibes inside me and kept taking me sooo close to cumming then he switched it off. On top of that he’s fingered me, pushing the vibe all around inside me, teased my clit, and got me to leave all my clothes at home. When we got to the gym I had no clothes with me and I was so desperate to cum that I was sure that if someone touched my clit I would have instantly cum all over their hand.

As I moved over to the start I looked round and saw 30 + men, and a few other naked girls, all staring at the naked me. I nearly orgasmed before I’d even started.

The camera flashes started as soon as I got into the crab position.

At the next challenge I’d forgotten about the man that would check to see that I’d got right down when I did the splits and at first I wondered what the man was doing as he got down in front of me and moved his hand to my pussy. As his hand touched the front of my pussy, and pushed to my clit, all the pent-up frustration exploded out of me in a truly magnificent orgasm.

I screamed out and fell back onto my back. My body started jerking about as I totally lost it.

When I finally calmed down I realised that everything was silent. Opening my eyes and looking round, every single eye in that room was focused on me and my pussy. I felt a mixture of pride, embarrassment and pleasure. I had a little after-shock.

When I was able, I got up and did the other 4 splits. I was half expecting to cum again when the man pushed his hand under my pussy but somehow I didn’t.

I ran to the net and scrambled under it, rubbing my aching nipples along the floor, hoping that the friction didn’t make me cum again.

The rope certainly made me cum again, 3 times.

Over to the bar, I jumped up, and couldn’t reach the bar. I tried it 3 times before a man came up behind me, put his arms round my waist and lifted me up. Grabbing the bar I pulled myself up and waggled my legs and butt about until my pussy was in line with the dildo.

Lowering myself down I gave out a satisfying moan but I doubt that anyone heard me. I kept going down until I felt it hit my cervix then pulled myself up, then down 4 more times before pulling myself up and kicking the cone that the dildo was mounted on, out of the way.

My arms ached a bit as I ran over to one of the dildos that was screwed to the floor. I squat down and impaled myself, letting out another moan. I moaned again as a man dropped down in front of me and slid his upturned hand to my pussy to see if he could get it under me. He couldn’t but his fingers did push against my clit causing me to gasp a little. I got up as quick as I could and did a jumping jack.

Five times I did that then ran over to the bowling alley pin. I stood over it with my legs spread and paused for a few seconds to get my breath; then squat down and impaled myself.

Clenching my pussy muscles I stood up and waddled forward. I made it most of the way before the copious amounts of juices that I was producing, caused me to loose grip and the pin clunked onto the floor.

A man ran over and stood the pin up between my legs and I squat down again. Gripping the pin and standing up I made it to the end without further mishap.

I’d made it. I stood there, legs spread, hands on hips, chest going in and out, heart pounding, rock hard nipples aching, and my juices running down the insides of my thighs. I was knackered.

Ryan came over, hugged me then backed off so that Kieran could stand beside me.

Kieran thanked me then said,

“Well Tanya, that round was magnificent, I’m sure that the other girls will have trouble bettering that, especially that first orgasm. However, the rules say that I have to take only 10 seconds off your time for each orgasm and that first orgasm lasted for 51 seconds. Subtracting just 10 seconds for that first orgasm, and 30 seconds for the 3 orgasms that you had on the rope and you are left with a time of 18 minutes and 17 seconds.”

Turning to the girls Kieran continued,

“That’s the time that you’ve got to beat girls; are the first 2 ready?”

Kieran walked over to the start where the first 2 girls were waiting. As he walked Ryan put his arm round me again and said,

“That was magnificent TT.”

“That was your fault buster.” I replied; “If you’d have let me cum just before we got here I wouldn’t have exploded like that.”

“Perhaps, but you can’t deny that you enjoyed it; all those people staring at you for 51 seconds while you had a magnificent cum.” Ryan said as his hand went round me and squeezed my little tit.

He was right of course; he always is.

We went and watched the 2 girls have fun going round the course. The only problem was that all the men and the other girls were following them round the course as well. The spectating naked girls were squashed between the guys eager to see how much the other girls were exposing themselves and enjoying the contact with all those men whilst they were naked.

The first 2 girls were Jude and another girl. With cameras flashing they got down into the crab position.

Walking on their hands, Jude spread her legs wide which got even more cheers.

When it came to the jumping jacks the other girl was obviously the one that got the cheers because her breasts were much bigger than Jude’s and the poor girl must have been in agony.

The jumping in the air after going down into the splits was ‘interesting’.

The 2 volunteers checking that they girls were right down in the splits had a busy time. Jude got right down but the man’s hand wasn’t in the right place. Jude had to wait while the man pushed his hand between the floor and her pussy. He did it palm down the first time, then for the second time he realised that he could get a finger in Jude’s hole if he did it palm up. Jude’s eyes lit up when he first did that.

The other girl couldn’t get quite as low and she had to stretch a bit more to get so that her ‘volunteer’ could touch her pussy and the floor at the same time. That happened all 5 times and Jude finished her fifth one while the other girl was just jumping up for the fourth time.

Jude had wriggled on her stomach and was out from under the net just as the other girl was getting under the net.

Although Jude made it to the top of the rope just as the other girl was starting to climb; the other girl was down and running to the next challenge while Jude was still having her second orgasm. She’d obviously decided that cumming was more important than finishing the course first.

Jude just about managed to catch up the other girl on the bar; she had the strength to jump up to the bar whereas the other girl had to have some help. Jude had more arm strength to pull herself up of the dildo as well and they both finished the challenge at the same time.

The 2 girls were neck and neck as they impaled themselves on the dildos screwed to the floor.

Over to the bowling alley pins and that was where the other girl got the better of Jude. Her pussy muscles were obviously stronger than Jude’s; or Jude was producing a lot more lubrication; because Jude dropped the pin 3 times whereas the other girl dropped it only once.

The other girl finished the course first but Jude was declared the winner because she came twice on the rope.

Round 2 was Kate and another girl and things went just about the same as the first round, with Kate also cumming twice on the rope. Unfortunately, Kate had real problems with the bowling pin and the other girl was declared the winner.

Round 3 was with 2 other girls. Neither of them had orgasms probably because they hadn’t worked out what the girls who had orgasms on the ropes were doing; but both entertained the audience with their large breasts bouncing about.

Round 4 was me against Ella. Thankfully I was feeling quite refreshed by then, and not very horny, by that time. Those who hadn’t seen Ella before, and her gaping pussy, soon got their cameras going; not that gave me any advantage.

We were neck and neck right until we climbed the rope. Ella was by far quicker but she only managed 1 orgasm whereas I managed to give myself 2. Ella stayed ahead of me right until the bowling pins. Ella’s permanently gaping pussy was a big disadvantage to her, or did she just like having a man bend down in front of her while she had her legs open letting him look up her gaping hole.

I had finished long before Ella did.

Round 5 was Jude against the girl who had beaten Kate. I think that Jude wanted revenge for beating her sister because Jude flew round the course in the fastest time so far.

Round 6 was me again and the girl who won round 3. Thankfully she was more tired than I was because she struggled on the rope and the bar. She finished just before me but because I’d cum twice on the rope, I was declared the winner.

Ryan had to tell me that I was in the final against Jude. Thankfully, Kieran gave us a 20 minute break before the final. Both Jude and I went and had a relaxing sauna then short swim before going back. Both the sauna and the pool were deserted and for what was probably the first time, neither of us played with our pussies in the sauna.

As Jude and I lined up for the start we looked at each other, hugged each other and wished the other one good luck.

Although we are very good friends, each of us wanted to win and when Kieran set us off we both went for it.

We were neck and neck as we started climbing the ropes; then it hit me; my clit ring came on at full blast.

I cursed the thing’s timing as I started up the rope. By the time I was half way up, the ring was still vibrating and Jude was near the top.

“It normally doesn’t last this long.” I thought as I battled to ignore it.

By the time I got to the top of the rope Jude was on her way down and having an orgasm as her pussy rubbed against the rope; and I started cumming without even the rope touching my pussy.

I clung to the top of the rope, shaking with the ring still tormenting my clit.

When I started to calm down I looked down to where I’d last seen Ryan. The bastard was standing there, grinning and holding the clit ring’s remote control in his hand.

“FUCK!” I said to myself and started sliding down the rope.

Stupidly, I slid down the rope the same way that I always do, with my pussy rubbing against the rope. If I’d used my brain I could have got closer to Jude who was already well lowering herself down onto the dildo sticking up from the traffic cone. Instead I came 4 more times before I finally reached the ground. How my hands managed to grip the rope through all that I will never know.

I walked over to the bar and got there just as Jude was pulling herself up for the fifth time.

I stood there, looked up and jumped for the bar. My hands just touched it and I dropped back to the floor. I jumped again, but again my hands only just touched the bar.

The men who had been assigned to help on that challenge both stepped forward, one either side of me. Each put a hand round my upper thigh and the other hand on my ribs below my tiny tits.

I felt the hands on my thighs lift me up but as they did so their hands slipped on my slippery, juice and sweat covered thighs, and slid right up to my pussy. I felt pressure on my pussy and clit and instantly came again.

My arms dropped and I started shaking; the men still holding up in the air with their hands under my pussy. Their other hands having slipped up and holding on to my little tits.

Wow! In that highly aroused state I was in heaven; two reasonable handsome men both holding my tits and both having a hand (well part of) on my pussy; another 30 plus men, and a few naked girls, staring at my naked body; and what’s more I was cumming, and cumming, and cumming.

I have no idea how long that orgasm lasted but it seemed to go on for hours. When I finally started coming down I looked round to the 2 men who were still holding me up in the air, then I saw Kieran and Jude in front of me.

“Are you all right Tanya?” Jude asked.

After another little aftershock I managed to say,

“No, can you put me down please guys?”

They did and as their hands left my pussy they rubbed it a bit and I had another mini orgasm. My legs gave way and I started going down. Fortunately, one of the men grabbed me, putting his arm round me, his hand on my tit.

It was then that Ryan finally turned my clit ring off; peace at last.

The man held on to me, and my tit, for a few minutes until I managed to put all my weight on my legs.

I thanked the man and he reluctantly let go of me and my tit. I then turned to Kieran and Jude and said,

“Congratulations Jude, you win.”

Jude stepped forward, put her arms round me, pulled me into her and gave me a big kiss on my lips. Then she said,

“It wasn’t really a fair contest, you were knackered when you started and I saw what Ryan was doing to you.”

“What was that?” Kieran asked.

“Oh nothing Kieran.” Jude replied.

Kieran went and got his megaphone and announced that we had a winner. He held Jude’s hand up then asked for 4 volunteers to carry Jude around the course on a victory lap.

Four men lifted Jude high up in the air. Holding her legs wide apart they walked round the course, stopping a few times for other men to take photographs of her; usually with the men standing between her legs.

Victory lap finished, Jude was put back on the ground beside Kieran and me.

“Feel like some wrestling girls?” Kieran asked.

Jude and I turned to look at Kieran, gave him a filthy look, and in stereo said,

“NO!”

I then added,

“Can we postpone it for now please?”

Kieran lifted the megaphone and told everyone that the wresting part of the event was postponed because he hadn’t appreciated just how much the event so far would take out of the girls. He then told them to watch the notice board for the re-scheduled date, and for the date of the next obstacle course race.

Ryan, Ella and Kate joined Jude and me, and I said that I needed a shower. As we walked out I heard Jude tell Kate that she’d let her win the next time.

Instead of heading to the changing rooms for a shower, I turned the other way and went to the showers near the sauna. Jude joined me then we both went and joined Kate, Ella and Ryan in the sauna.

Within a minute Ryan was watching 4 girls play with their clits, and staring right up Ella’s gaping hole.

Another interesting thing that happened at the gym was that one day when I was stood in reception talking to Darren, 2 girls walked in and asked about joining. Both produced IDs to prove that they were 18 but one of them, Aria, according to Darren, has the same problem as I have. She too looks quite a bit younger than she actually is.

**Hypnotics 101**

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One of Ryan’s work colleagues found a hypnotism app that he downloaded to his phone. When he told Ryan he downloaded it too.

When Ryan came home that night and told me about it he wanted to try it on me. We were alone a home and I knew that Ryan would never harm me so I agreed to let him try it on me.

He got his phone out, started the app and stuck it in front of my face.

As I looked at it I saw lots of swirling coloured lights and shapes. They were sort of addictive as you stared at them. After a while this very sexy, deep, male voice started telling me that I should relax and that I was sleepy and to just blank my mind. It went on and on saying the same thing and telling me that I was going into a deep sleep.

It was relaxing, but there was no way that I was getting hypnotised by it. As I started at the little screen I decided that I’d play along with it and see what Ryan did.

After a good 5 minutes the voice told me that I would obey the next voice that I heard and keep doing so until I heard the word ‘Constantinople’. After that I would wake-up and not remember anything from the time that the app started.

“Okay.” I thought, let’s see where this goes.

I continued to stare at the screen, motionless then Ryan said,

“Hello Tanya, can you touch your head please?”

Keeping a straight face, I lifted my right hand and put it on my head.

“Very good Tanya, now I want you to put your right hand on your pussy and rub your clit until you cum.”

I did, just staring ahead as if I was waiting for the next command and rubbing my clit.

After I’d cum Ryan said the word ‘Constantinople’ and I turned and looked at him and after a couple of seconds I said,

“See, I told you that it wouldn’t work.”

Ryan just smiled.

I thought that that was the end of the hypnotism idea but a few weeks later we were invited to a house-warming party at Tim’s (my boss) house. There were about 6 or 7 work colleagues there and some of them had their partners with them. The subject of hypnotism came up and Ryan was suddenly full of enthusiasm about the app that was still on his phone, and the ‘fact’ that he had proof that it worked.

He went on and on about how good the app was and before I knew it he said that he’d demonstrate it on me, saying that it had worked on me before.

I was left with a dilemma; did I confess that it had never actually worked and that I was just playing along to please Ryan, or did I let him try to hypnotise me again.

After a few protests I decided not to make my boyfriend look stupid, and go along with it. With a bit of luck it would work and I’d never know what silly, harmless things that Ryan got me to do. At least that way I wouldn’t know if he got me to do anything embarrassing. If it didn’t work I would just have to hope that he didn’t get me to do anything embarrassing.

Ryan sat me on a dining chair and everyone gathered around. I was only wearing a short dress and I really hoped that no one tried to look up it as I sat there, legs side-by-side, knees together.

The app fired up and Ryan held his phone right in front of my face. As I stared at it I couldn’t make up my mind up. Would it work or not; if not would I pretend that it did to avoid making Ryan look stupid.

It didn’t work but I didn’t want to make Ryan look stupid so I again pretended that it did work.

Ryan got me to do a couple of stupid, harmless things that I went along with. As I did them I decided that I just had to keep pretending regardless.

I regretted that decision later.

The next thing that Ryan said started getting me a bit worried. He said,

“You know, I bet that Tanya would take her dress of if I told her to. What do you think? Shall I tell her to?”

FIH; my boyfriend was going to make me strip naked in front of some of my work colleagues; and my boss. I was just about to throw my arms up and say,

“Fooled you, it didn’t work!” when Ryan said,

“Watch this folks; you’re going to see what most of you have probably seen before, but this time, all of it at once. Tanya, please stand up and take your dress off.”

I did the most stupid thing that I’ve done for a long time. I stood up, unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor. As soon as the dress hit the floor I thought,

“What the fuck am I doing? Why the fuck did I do that? Why didn’t I just tell everyone that the hypnotism hadn’t work?”

But I love Ryan.

I stood there, naked apart from my heels, in front of about 7 of my work colleagues; and my boss; and their partners.

“Look, she’s blushing.” One of my work friends (male) said.

“Fucking hell!” I heard another say.

I thought about how many of them had seen me naked before. Three or four had, and Tim, my boss, had seen me naked, on skype from China, and when I’d shown him that position that I had to get into when I walked into a room with men in it, in China. Then I remembered Tim saying that he’d seen my bare pussy up my skirt a few times at work. If he had then probably most of the others had as well. Maybe things weren’t quite as bad as they seemed. I was glad that I’d already had a few drinks.

Then I heard a voice say,

“Let’s play some party games.”

That seemed to go down well and I thought about how the naked me would be affected. I thought about ‘twister’ and thought that it couldn’t be that bad; after all everyone there had already seen me naked.

I started to get a little worried when someone suggested a game of ‘tickle torture’, and then asked for volunteers. Of course no one did so Ryan volunteered me; which I just knew that he would.

Ryan told me to lie on the floor then a few people got down round me and started tickling me. Now I’m quite ticklish and as soon as someone touched me I started laughing and struggling to get out of their way.

Before I knew it my arms and legs were held down and what seemed like a thousand hands were tickling me all over. The thing was, when whoever decided to hold my legs down did so, they’d spread them to about shoulder width and someone was tickling my pussy; then someone else was as well.

I was in hysterics, and getting a quite turned on.

This went on for about 5 or 6 minutes (I think) then someone decided that I’d had enough.

Another one of the girls there (Grace, who also went to China) got volunteered and she too had to endure what I had. Ryan had told me to sit on a chair (still naked apart from my heels) and I was just staring at the poor girl. She too got tickled on her tits and pussy, but on top of her clothes. Well her tits on top of her thin top, but her skirt had ridden up showing that she too wasn’t wearing any knickers so the tickling was on her bare pussy.

That was when things started getting quite bad (or good). In the silence as everyone was thinking about what game to play next, Ryan told everyone that we’d been using a form of hypnotism for a couple of years. When someone asked him what he was on about he told everyone that it wasn’t hypnotism like he’d just used on me, but a different type of mind control.

I instantly knew what he was talking about and really hoped that he’s stop right there; but he didn’t.

Ryan went on to say that over a period of 6 months or so we’d trained my mind to give me an orgasm whenever a certain word was said. Some people were impressed and others just didn’t believe him. When someone asked him to prove it he turned to me and said,

“Treadmill.”

Of course, I had an orgasm while I was sat there on that chair.

Someone said that I was faking it, and someone else said that I couldn’t have been because I was still under the hypnosis.

Then someone else said,

“Treadmill.”

Then another; after about my 4th orgasm one of the girls shouted,

“Enough; leave the poor girl alone; she’ll be knackered when Ryan wakes her up.”

Thankfully everyone listened to her but that left the silence as people tried to think of another game.

After about 30 seconds a Pete (who I work with) suggested a game of ‘pass the pussy’. Surprise, surprise, Pete was the only the person who knew what it was. He went on to explain that it was a cross between musical chairs and pass the parcel.

People were still confused so Pete got everything organised.

People were still confused as he got all the chairs from the ground floor and put them in a circle facing out. Then he got volunteers to sit on them. All became clear as Pete asked Ryan to stop and start the music that was playing in the background, and then me to go and sit on the lap of someone on a chair.

He told me to sit with my back to their front, and to sit with my legs open, outside theirs. Then he told me to get up and start walking round the circle and when the music stopped I had to sit on the nearest lap.

As I slowly walked round, Pete told everyone that a naked girl would soon be sitting on their lap, with her legs open; and that everyone had 2 hands.

No one needed any further explanation and as soon as the music stopped and I sat on the nearest lap, one of the man’s hands went to my tits and the other went to my pussy.

Ryan had been given a way to let me get groped by whoever he wanted, and he was controlling how long they groped me.

When I sat on Tim’s lap Ryan left me there for ages, and when I first sat there Tim whispered,

“Oh Tanya, Tanya, you’ll never know for how long I’ve been wanting to do this. I’m really glad that you won’t be able to remember it on Monday.”

He also whispered,

“Treadmill.”

Tim’s right hand was furiously rubbing my clit, his left hand was mauling my left tit and I was cumming. It was a good one and as I’ve said, it went on for ages.

Sixteen times I had to sit on a lap, some of them women, and every one of them played with my pussy and / or my tits.

I came twice more before my ordeal was over; well that part of it.

Finally it was over and I just hoped that Ryan would tell me to get dressed and say that word. He did tell me to sit down, but only while everyone discussed what the next game was going to be. I just sat there staring straight ahead, still naked.

Ryan had another idea. He asked Tim if he played golf. When he said that he did, Ryan asked him if he had any golf balls at home. With a puzzled look on his face Tim got up and went to find them; and I wished that I hadn’t got out of bed that morning.

Ryan told me to get on the floor, lay back and lift my legs straight up. Then he told me to put my legs behind my shoulders.

I hadn’t done that for quite a while and I wasn’t sure that I could still do it. I twisted my upper torso and pulled first my right leg behind my shoulder then I did the same with my left leg.

My butt and pussy were obscenely displayed to everyone there. Just to make it worse, Tim put the rest of the lights in the room on.

As I lay (?) there waiting for what I just knew was cumming, I wondered how I’d be able to face everyone at work on the Monday.

Tim re-appeared carrying a box with lots of golf balls in it.

“Why don’t you do it Tim; unless of course your wife objects?” Ryan said.

“Do what?” Tim asked.

Ryan picked up one of the golf balls and rested it on my upturned pussy.

“Push it in.” Ryan said.

Tim looked over to his wife then back to me – well my pussy.

“Do it!” someone shouted.

Tim slowly pressed on the golf ball until my pussy opened up and sucked the ball in.

“Fucking hell,” Tim said, “she just about snatched it out of my hand.”

“Push it out Tanya.” Ryan said.

With one almighty squeeze the ball shot out and a few inches up into the air.

Tim’s hand shot out and caught it just before it came back down onto my pussy.

A few swear words were heard as a few people just didn’t believe what they’d just seen.

“Put it in again.” Someone said.

Tim put the ball to my hole and gently pushed. My vagina opened up and sucked it in again.

“Another one.” I heard someone say.

Tim picked up another ball and my pussy swallowed it up.

“Another one.” I heard the same person say.

Tim picked up another ball and my pussy swallowed that one as well.

“Another one.” I heard a female voice say.

Tim picked up a fourth ball and did it again. This time my pussy was a bit reluctant and Tim had to push a bit harder. He got it in but as soon as he moved his finger the ball started coming out.

“Push again.” The same female voice said.

Tim did and this time he held his finger on the ball inside me. Then Tim started moving his finger round inside me. Tim removed his finger and this time the ball stayed in; well for about 5 seconds then it came shooting out and bounced down onto the carpet.

“Again.” A male voice said.

Tim did, this time moving his finger round harder.

That was it for me; I started cumming and as Tim took his finger out of me all 4 balls came shooting out in quick succession.

I could feel the spasms in my pussy as it contracted then relaxed. My body tried to jerk about but in the position I was in the movement was slight. When I calmed down I opened my eyes and saw Grace pressing a golf ball into me. As our eyes met Grace said,

“I want to see this close up before I try it at home; Tim can I borrow some of your balls please?”

I just stared at her as she made all 4 golf balls disappear. She too held her finger in me but I didn’t cum again.

I didn’t cum when the next 3 people did the same thing. I’m guessing that some of the others wanted to do the same but were either too scared to come forward, or felt sorry for me going through all that; even if they were thinking that I would never remember it.

“Stay like that Tanya.” Ryan said after I ejected the last ball.

Everyone was talking and drinking and occasionally looking down at me, still with my legs behind my shoulders. Thankfully it wasn’t uncomfortable even when Darrell pulled an ice cube out of his glass and placed it on my pussy.

It slowly melted and dribbled down the crack of my butt then my back.

Then I heard one of the women suggesting that I give all the men a blowjob. Now I like a good blowjob; if it’s Ryan on the receiving end, but ALL the men?

Everyone liked that idea but when one of the men suggested that they do it slightly differently I got a lot more worried.

The suggestion was that I lay on my back on the table with my head hanging off the end. All the men could then fuck my mouth, and if the women wanted, they could put their pussies over my face and Ryan would tell me to eat them.

“I’ve never deep throated a girl before.” I heard a man say.

Everyone laughed when someone else said,

“You’ve deep throated a man then.”

“Shouldn’t we blindfold her first so that she won’t know who she’s blowing?” another asked.

“No, don’t worry,” Ryan replied; “she won’t remember any of it.”

“Fuck, could I really do this?” I thought. ”Did I want to do it? I could just pretend to come out of my trance all on my own but I’ve never heard of that happening. How could I get out of this without making Ryan look stupid?”

Before I could find the answer Ryan came over to me, un-hooked my legs then lifted me up and took me into the dining room. The table had been cleared and Ryan put me on it with my head just hanging off one end.

My heart was pounding as I laid there in the required position, automatically having spread my legs wide. Meanwhile everyone was discussing who was going first, and what order the rest would go in.

It was all agreed that Tim would go first because he was the boss and it was his house.

“Fuck!” I again thought, “my boss was about to ram his cock down my throat. That was my career going down the tubes.”

Then I smiled to myself as I remembered that my throat was a tube.

Two minutes later Tim walked in and as he unzipped his trousers he said,

“It really is a good job that you won’t remember this; but I sure as hell will.”

His cock loomed over my face, my mouth automatically opened and his bell-end hit my tonsils; then kept going.

Fuck; was his cock long. After his balls hit my eyes he backed off then started thrusting in and out as his hands pulled and tweaked my nipples. Fortunately he gave me chances to breathe and before long he stopped deep inside me, twitched and then shot his load down my throat.

I think that it was 6 more men that came and fucked my mouth; the only girl that came to me was Grace. Instead of putting her pussy over my mouth as my head hung over the end of the table she pulled my legs so that I was squarely on the table. Then she hitched up her skirt, climbed on the table and 69d me.

Grace was so soft and gentle and really knew what she was doing. She’s not a lesbian because we often talk about her boyfriends but I now guess that she’s bi.

We both made the other cum before she climbed off, straightened herself up and left.

I was glad when the last of the men left me because my mouth and throat were a bit sore. After a few minutes rest, Ryan came and got me. He looked me over, probably to see if I had any cum anywhere on me (I hadn’t, it was all in my stomach); straightened my hair the led me back to the others.

Everyone was smiling at me as Ryan picked up my dress and told me to put it on.

Then he asked the others where I’d been sitting when he put me under.

Someone moved and Ryan sat me down with him beside me. Ryan gave me a glass of whisky and told me to drink. Next he took the glass from me, got his phone out then said,

“Constantinople.”

I stayed with a blank expression for a few seconds then turned to Ryan and said,

“I told you that it wouldn’t work.”

There were a few quiet laughs but I ignored them.

No one at work said anything about what had happened and I sure as hell wasn’t going to; Ryan still believes that he’d successfully hypnotised me, twice. The only semi reference to it during the rest of the party was me saying,

“Blimey, is that the time, where’s it all gone?”

That got a couple of little sniggers but no one said anything.

I was quite quiet for the rest of the evening; that was because I was thinking about the consequences of what Tim had done to me and what some of my other colleagues had done to me. At one point I thought,

“At least I know what half the cocks in the office look like now.”

I dreaded going in to work on the Monday; okay, everyone thought that I was being hypnotised when I did all those things but what if someone knew the truth? That would have been just too much for me.

What if people started treating me differently because of what I’d done? What would I do if people started talking to me about the things that I’d done?

I was so worried when I walked into the office, but I was really lucky; the most that anyone said about the party was that it was a good one. I was really glad that no one said that running machine’s name.

The only slight reference to the party was that I found a golf ball on my desk after lunch on the Monday. Someone was letting me know that they hadn’t forgotten.

By the time it got to the Tuesday night I was looking forward to having the Friday afternoon off and going to the gym.

**The Lord Mayor’s Parade**

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Ryan came home one night and told me that his boss had announced that the company was entering a float in the local mayor’s parade through the city. For some weird reason, the company had decided on a theme of television programs. He’d said that he wanted suggestions for the programmes and idea for the displays.

Karen had the idea that if they wanted people to look at the float then they should have Baywatch as one of the programmes. Their boss had liked that and asked Karen and Ryan to come up with some more details.

Later, in bed, Ryan had asked me what I thought of the idea of having 3 or 4 girls in the famous red, one-piece swimsuits. When I said that it sounded good he said that I would be great as one of them; using the illogical argument that I was a good swimmer and had actually saved a couple of people from drowning.

I could see where Ryan was going and resigned myself to having to stand on the back of a lorry wearing a red swimsuit, as it slowly drove through town. At least I wouldn’t be alone, and it would be a one-piece swimsuit.

Ryan spooned me and went to sleep with his cock between my legs.

A month or so later Ryan announced that the lord mayor’s parade was the next weekend and that everything was organised except for a couple of girls. Karen had volunteered herself and Emma and Ryan had volunteered me; but they wanted 2 more. Ryan suggested that I ask around at the gym but my mind immediately jumped to the twins. I was sure that they’d volunteer, even if they did have to wear something. I got on the phone and I was right, Jude and Kate were up for it.

I asked Ryan about the swimsuits and he told me not to worry, that it was all organised. He’d ordered some on the internet and that they were stretchy so one size would fit all of us.

That sounded good. I asked him about what we’d have to do and he’d told me that we’d just have to dance on the back of the lorry and hand out leaflets to the crowds along the route.

“Easy-peasy.” I thought and put it to the back of my mind.

The big day arrived and we went to pick-up the twins on the way to the starting place. On the way Kate asked about the swimsuits and Ryan said that they’d be waiting for us when we got there. Jude asked if she could do it naked.

When we got there the place was buzzing; about 25 lorries and hundreds of people were running around putting the final touches to their floats. We met Karen and Emma and asked Ryan where the swimsuits were, and where we could get changed.

Ryan got an A4 bubble bag, addressed to their company, from one of the boxes on the lorry and gave it to Karen.

“Where’s the rest of them?” Emma asked.

“They’re all in there.” Ryan replied.

It was then that I started to get a little worried; 5 swimsuits in a bag designed for a few sheet of A4 paper wasn’t a good omen.

Karen opened the bag and pulled one of the little clear bags out. At least the swimsuit was red. She gave the bag to Emma who opened it and held up this red, minute swimsuit.

“It’ll stretch to fit.” Ryan said as he took the bag from Karen and handed them out.

“So where can we get changed?” Emma asked.

“I’ll go and find out.” Ryan said, and disappeared into the crowd.

Five minutes later he was back and told us that we should have arrived already changed. He then said that we could get changed on the back of the lorry and put our clothes into one of the boxes up there.

I was the last to climb up and get in between the props. The others were already stripping off so I got started.

When it came to putting the swimsuit on I quickly discovered that it was made of a very fine mesh. Yes it did stretch to fit, but when it stretched it became VERY see-through. What’s more it was more like a thong leotard and going up our sides it didn’t start until the sides of my tiny boobs. My butt cheeks were not covered at all and I could clearly see my areolas, nipples and jewellery. I suddenly became glad that I’d not put my chains on that morning. When I looked down to my pussy I could clearly see the front of my slit and my clit hood jewellery; and my clit. To anyone within about 15 feet of me I, and the others, we may as well have been naked.

I looked round to the other girls and saw that they too were taking in their exposed state. Kate and Jude had big smiles on their faces.

“I take it that Ryan ordered these.” I asked Karen.

“Yes he did, I should have known that it was a mistake to agree when he volunteered to get them.” Karen replied.

“I like them.” Jude added.

“Me too.” Kate chipped in.

We’d just about got our clothes stored away when Ryan’s boss appeared.

“All set ladies? Oh…. Very nice outfits girls.” He said as he looked round at all the tits, slits and bare butts. “I think that the costume party afterwards will be quite fun.”

We stood on the lorry on the sand that was supposed to be a Baywatch beach and watched the others sort out their displays. Five minutes later we started moving. It was then that Karen told us that 2 of us we had to hand out the companies leaflets and the other 3 were to dance on the ‘beach’.

Kate and Jude both volunteered to take the first stint handing out the leaflets and quickly jumped down onto the road and started handing them out.

I got in between Karen and Emma and started dancing.

It was then that Ryan must have turned on, and up to full, my little vibrating clit ring. I let out a little yelp, but it was drowned out by the music.

Ten minutes later, the twins climbed back on the lorry for more leaflets. They said that they wanted to go back down and hand out some more but Karen said that we should all take a turn. She gave a big wad of leaflets to Emma and me and told us to get off the lorry and start handing them out.

Thankfully, my clit ring had got me a bit aroused and I wasn’t as embarrassed as I first had been when I put the swimsuit on.

As I handed out the first few leaflets a young man shouted ‘nice pussy girl’ at me. I blushed a little and moved on but as soon as I was a few yards away I looked down to remind myself just how see-through the suit was.

OMG! The crotch of the swimsuit had slipped to one side of my clit hood barbell and stirrup. It was like I just had a string going from my pubic bone, down between my vulva and up between my butt cheeks.

I quickly held the leaflets in front of my pussy and re-arranged the swimsuit so that my pussy was covered; even though it was with the see-through suit.

I needn’t have bothered because with 50 yards my pussy was exposed again.

After re-arranging it 3 times I gave up and was grateful for Ryan turning my little clit ring on and up to full blast.

Accepting that I couldn’t do anything about it I just got on with handing out the leaflets and hoped that no one complained to the police. I also wondered if Kate and Jude’s swimsuit had bunched up between their lips as they walked along.

After about half a mile I had to stop for a minute or so as an orgasm took control of my body.

For some reason, Karen left Emma and me handing leaflets for most of the route. It was only near the end that Kate and Jude jumped down to replace us. As they climbed down I saw that their pussies were exposed as well and I just knew that they’d be happy about that and not do anything to try to cover-up.

At the end of the route we were met by Ryan and his boss who told us that we were going straight to a pre-arranged party at a pub to celebrate the day. He insisted that we stay in our swimsuits for the party.

The pub wasn’t that far away and we all walked there. I was conscious of how much of me was exposed, the only thing that I was grateful for was that 4 other girls were there just as exposed as I was, and that my clit ring was making me happy. On the way I did look at the crotches of the other girls and was a little relieved to see that al 5 pussies were exposed.

In the pub, Ryan and Emma’s boss bought us all a drink and we managed to get a table in a corner. Quite a number of Ryan’s male colleagues kept coming over to congratulate us on our display. I wasn’t sure which display they meant.

Five pairs of nipples were all rock hard and making tents in the thin, red, transparent, mesh swimsuits. I was glad that we were all sat down so that our pussies weren’t on display.

After a while Karen told her boss that Ryan had told her that while we were on holiday we had formed a dance group called ‘The English Roses’, and since there were 3 of the members there perhaps we could entertain the party.

Of course Ryan was in full agreement; and so were the twins; what choice did I have? Ryan organised some decent music while Karen and her boss cleared a space for us.

I was nervous as hell as the 3 of us lined up and waited for the start. I hadn’t bothered straightening the crotch of my swimsuit because I just knew that it would be all bunched-up within a couple of seconds of the start. I saw that Kate and Jude hadn’t re-arranged theirs although I suspected that they hadn’t because they wanted their pussies to be uncovered.

As soon as our routine started and our legs spread, the camera flashes started. They never seemed to stop all the way through the routine. I managed to ignore them but at one point I wondered what we’d do at the end of the routine where 4 of us picked up the 5th, spread her legs and rubbed her pussy into the face of a man in the audience. The last thing that I wanted was to have my pussy rubbed into the face of Ryan’s boss. Being just 3 of us I decided that we’d stop before that point and end it when we were down on our spread knees; without the masturbation part as well.

However, it didn’t work out that way. When we got down on our spread knees my right hand automatically went to my pussy and I started rubbing my clit. I didn’t want to but I just couldn’t stop myself from teasing my clit until I orgasmed; right there in front of Ryan’s boss and lots of his colleagues.

As I started to come down from my high I looked to the twins and saw them both getting close to cumming themselves.

I felt really embarrassed as everyone stared at the twins as they orgasmed but I had to wait still down on my spread knees until they were ready to get up.

I wasn’t the only one waiting. As soon as the twins turned to look at me, 6 big handsome guys came up and in 2s they lifted up and held our legs out wide. They then proceeded to walk round the whole pub giving anyone, and everyone the chance to look at and photograph our very wet pussies.

I tried to complain and get the guys to put me down but they just ignored my pleas.

After what seemed like hours they took me back to our table and I was able to sit down and hide my pussy. Ryan put his arm round me and told me that I was wonderful and that he really loved me. As I took a drink I looked for the twins; both of them were still in the arms of the guys carrying them around the room. Both looked happy.

The drinks were flowing well and it wasn’t long before just about everyone was quite happy. I even stopped thinking about how little I was wearing and even volunteered to help Ryan’s boss get a round of drinks back to our table.

While we were waiting at the bar Ryan’s boss told me that he loved our swimsuits and that Ryan was a lucky man. Looking down at my chest, and through the see-through swimsuit to my rock hard nipples he said,

“You’ve got an amazing pair of Itty, Bitty, Titties there Tanya; I can see why Ryan thinks so much of you.”

I’m sure that I actually blushed, even though I was half drunk and quite aroused.

It was only at the end of the evening that Ryan produced a bag with our clothes in, but both Kate and Jude told him to keep them until they had to get out of our car. Karen and Emma took theirs but didn’t put them on. I was too far aroused and drunk to want to put mine on as well and Ryan and 3 nearly naked girls walked back to our car.

**Going back to China – maybe**

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About 4 months after I’d got back from the cultural exchange in China, my boss, Tim, told me that Mr Chang had asked that someone go over to China to train the office staff in the ways of England and our company. Mr Chang had requested that that person be me.

I was shocked; I had just never seen that one coming.

Tim let me take it in for a couple of minutes then he asked me what I thought and if I had any questions.

My first question was if it was back to the place that I’d been to before. Thankfully it wasn’t. I asked Tim where it was and he told me that the Chang Empire had a big office block on a smallish island not far from Hong Kong. The Chang Empire owned the whole island and most of the five hundred or so people who lived there worked in a Chang factory or Chang offices.

My next question was if I’d have to be naked all the time. Tim didn’t know the answer to that one.

Then I asked if I would be the only one going. Tim said that they only wanted one person.

Finally I asked Tim how long it was for. Tim said 2 or 3 months dependent on how it went.

I couldn’t think of anything else and I asked Tim if I could discuss it with Ryan and get back to him. He gave me a couple of days.