**I like to expose myself for my Boyfriend**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over the legal age of consent when the events took place.*

*How I discovered that my boyfriend loves it when I expose my body to others; and so do I.*

**Part 01**

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It all started one night when we were at university party where the booze was flowing freely and one of the spaghetti straps on my [strappy V-neck tank](http://www.topshop.com/en/tsuk/product/clothing-427/tops-443/strappy-v-neck-cami-2131770?bi=41&ps=20" \o "Strappy V-Neck Cami) got ripped off in a silly drinking game. For the rest of that night I struggled to keep my right breast covered (no bra that night because my boyfriend, Ethan asked me not to wear one). What I did notice was that Ethan paid a lot of attention to me, and he didn’t seem at all worried that my nipple kept getting exposed.

When we went to bed later that night the sex was wonderful, and it went on forever.

The next morning I asked Ethan what had made him so horny at the party and he shocked me a bit by telling me that it really turned him on when my breast got uncovered and people looked at me.

At first I was a bit stunned, but after a while I realised that I too had got aroused when my breast had got exposed.

Perhaps now would be a good time to say a bit about myself. My name is Sophie. I’m 19 years old, I have a 34B 24 28 figure. I have light brown hair on my head and no hair anywhere else on my body. My pussy is very little girl like except for my clit which sticks out even when I’m not aroused. My high-up ‘B’s are very pointed and as solid as they come. They’re topped (fronted) by 2 gorgeous, suck-able, largish nipples that seem to think that they have ice cubes taped to them; and small, dark areolas.

Right, now that’s out of the way, back to how I discovered that I like to expose myself. As I said, I’d been accidentally exposing my right breast at that party and discovered that I’d enjoyed the experience. Not only had I enjoyed it but Ethan had enjoyed it as well. I was intrigued and needed to find out more, so when Ethan came to my dorm room to collect me the next night I put my thinnest, slightly sheer top on, with no bra and a short, denim skirt. Short at that time was mid-thigh.

Ethan looked a little surprised but said that I looked good. He couldn’t keep his hands off me that night and I did enjoy the attention that my semi-sheer top brought.

The next day neither of us had lectures, and the weather was warm, so we walked into town. As we walked through the park to get to town I raised the subject of my sheer top and Ethan suddenly got more affectionate. We sat on the grass and he started to put his hand up my skirt.

I was so scared that someone might see us, but at the same time I was so excited; my knickers got wet and my pussy started tingling. I wanted Ethan to do more to me, to rip my clothes off and fuck me right there and then, but I was too scared.

I managed to get Ethan to stop, but only after he’s got my knickers off. We sat and talked. Ethan told me that he loved the idea of other people getting quick glimpses of my goodies. I wasn’t revolted or anything like that by Ethan’s comment, I just didn’t know what to say. I told Ethan that I’d never even thought about exposing any part of my body except my arms and lower legs and I didn’t know what to think.

Ethan asked me how I felt when I’d worn a bikini when we’d gone swimming. I had to admit that I’d felt good. I cupped my ‘B’s and said that I was proud of them.

“And so you should be;” Ethan said, “they’re amazing. I just think that it would be nice for both of us if other people saw them. Tell you what, how about we try if for a while then have a sort of ‘review’ of how it’s gone and then take it from there?”

“So what are you thinking that we should do for this ‘trial period’? I asked.

“Well,” Ethan said, “how about you stopping wearing underwear and ‘accidentally’ give people a flash of your gorgeous girls and fuckable pussy?”

“You want me to flash my tits and pussy to strangers!”

“You can do it to our friends if you like.”

“I don’t know about that. I think that if I’ve got to do it to anyone then I’d prefer it to be a complete stranger.”

“You don’t HAVE to flash anyone if you really don’t want to. I just think that it would be a nice experiment to see how you feel.” Ethan said.

“Yeah I know that; but I’ve never done anything like that before. I’m just a bit nervous.”

“I can understand that, I’ll be with you all the way, and if at any time you want to stop you can. I’m not suggesting that you streak through the shopping centre or anything like that, just a bit of ‘accidental’ flashing.” Ethan said to comfort me.

“Well…….. okay then,” I said, “so you think that going without underwear is a good place to start? That isn’t going lead to much flashing.”

“Don’t take this the wrong way Sophie. But your clothes are a bit conservative. How about I buy you some new clothes while we’re in town?”

I should have been upset by Ethan’s remark, but I wasn’t. He was right. My family never had a lot of money (unlike Ethan’s) and I’d never had much interest in keeping up with the latest fashions. I’m more of a ‘practical’ girl. But what girl is going to turn down the offer of having some clothes bought for her? So I agreed.

We stood up and I asked Ethan for my knickers.

“How about I keep them for now? It’ll be a good start for you.” Ethan said.

“But I feel naked without them.” I replied.

“But you’re not, and you and I are the only 2 people in the world that know that.”

I couldn’t argue with that, and I guessed that it would be a good place to start. It wasn’t as if anyone was going to see anything because my denim skirt was nearly knee length.

As we started the rest of the walk into town I saw that Ethan had a hard-on. He obviously liked the idea of me being knickerless.

It wasn’t a hot day, but it wasn’t a cold or wet day either. It was slightly breezy and that breeze was going up my skirt; and it was a pleasant feeling. By the time we went through the doors into the shopping centre my pussy was pleasantly wet and I’d decided that I liked being knickerless.

We did what we’d original intended to do in town then started shopping for clothes for me.

In the first shop that we went into, Ethan picked out 3 skirts that were shorter than I’d ever look at for myself. My first reaction was ‘no way’, but then I looked at Ethan’s face; and his trousers. He clearly wanted me to try them on, so I did.

As I went into the changing room I remembered that I didn’t have my knickers on. I was going to have to be careful. As I went out to show Ethan the first skirt I felt terribly exposed. That skirt must have been no more than 12 inches long.

“Wow!” was all Ethan could say for ages. His trousers told me that he liked it. I did a twirl for him and he said the same think again.

“I take it that you like it.” I asked.

“Errr yes, you look amazing. What do you think?”

“Yeah, it’s nice, but it’s so short.”

“Sophie you look amazing, it really does suit those long, slim legs of yours; it’s perfect.” Ethan said. “What about the others?”

I went and changed into the second skirt. It was equally short, but I wasn’t so keen on it. Neither was Ethan, he said that it ‘wasn’t me.’ I wasn’t sure what he meant, but as I wasn’t keen on it either I didn’t ask him.

The third skirt was nice, but it was very thin, and flared; what’s more, it was a little shorter that the first one that I’d tried on. I felt like I had nothing on below my waist. If I wore that one out I REALLY would have to be careful.

Of course Ethan liked it. He asked me to do a twirl then told me that we were definitely buying that one.

I got changed back into my own skirt and we went and bought the first and third skirt. As we left the shop Ethan told me that when I’d done the twirl I’d flashed my pussy to a man and I hadn’t even realised it.

After letting me think about it for a minute, and blush because of it, he told me that the man was him; but it could easily have been any other man. That thought got me thinking; I’d flashed my pussy to a man, albeit Ethan and not realised what I’d done. The thought of what I’d done made me get a little wet rush. I’d enjoyed it; innocent, but guilty of enjoying it.

When we went into another shop to try on some tops Ethan asked me to change into the first skirt that I’d tried on while I was trying on some tops that we’d both selected. He also asked me to leave my bra off when I tried the tops on.

When I first went into the changing room I stripped naked; and on impulse, I opened the curtain and let Ethan have a quick look at me – full frontal.

Ethan grinned and licked his lips. I quickly closed the curtain when I saw someone move towards us.

I put on my first new skirt and one of the tops. I looked at myself in the mirror and thought that I looked good. The top was thin and I had 2 bumps where my nipples were. I opened the curtain and let Ethan see. As he stared at me I felt my nipples get hard, very hard. I felt daring, exposed and excited.

Ethan liked the top but asked me to try on another of the tops. I closed the curtain, but not all the way. I wanted Ethan to see me as I changed. I took the top and the skirt off. I put another top on, and the other skirt that Ethan had bought me, the one that made me feel as if I was bottomless. This top was equally thin; but it was slightly see through. Looking in the mirror I could see my breasts, still hard nipples and areolas.

As I opened the curtain I felt very exposed. My heart was pounding, my nipples hurt and my pussy was wetter that it had been all day.

My heart pounded even more and I blushed as I saw a man stood next to Ethan. Both were staring at me. I wanted to pull the curtain closed but I just froze.

“I like that combination; come and look at your-self in that mirror.” Ethan said, pointing to the big mirror at the end of the changing cubicles.

I stepped out feeling very exposed. Both men were watching me, but at the same time I felt good.

“Do a twirl.” Ryan said.

I did, and I heard the other man gasp. I should have looked in the mirror as I spun round, but I hadn’t.

“Do it again,” Ethan said.

This time I looked in the mirror and I saw my bald pussy. Bloody hell! If I’d seen it then Ethan and that man must have. I felt like my heart was going to burst.

“Again.” Ethan said

When I did it that time I looked at the stranger. His eyes were wide open and he definitely had a big bulge in the front of his trousers.

We all stood there silently for a couple of seconds then I heard a curtain open.

“What do you think of this one darling?” A woman said.

The man turned his head to face the voice and Ethan smiled.

“You look amazing Sophie,” Ethan said, “What about the other tops?”

I went back into the cubicle and left the curtain open a little further than before. I grinned at Ethan as I took the top off, letting him see me topless.

The third top was slightly more see through than the previous one. I opened the curtain fully and let Ethan see all of me.

“Come on out Sophie.”

I stepped forward, just as the stranger’s partner stepped out of her cubicle.

“Do you like this outfit?” The woman said.

“Oh yes!” the man said, but as I looked at him I saw that he was looking at me, not the other woman.

Ethan came over to me and whispered,

“Leave the curtain open when you try on the next top.”

My heart skipped a beat as I realised that Ethan wanted me to deliberately flash the man – assuming that his partner hadn’t dragged him away by then.

“Right I thought; if I’m going to do this then I may as well go the whole hog.”

I stepped back into the cubicle, making sure that the curtain was wide open. Standing facing Ethan and the man I undid the top and lifted it over my head. I looked at the man as I tweaked both my nipples; then unfastened the skirt. As it dropped to the floor the man’s jaw dropped. I thought about his obviously hard cock and wondered if he was going to cream his pants.

I looked at Ethan and as we made eye contact he blew me a kiss.

Turning round I bent at the waist, keeping my knees straight, and picked up the skirt. I could only imagine what the 2 men could see. Putting the skirt on a hook I picked up another top and put it on. Looking in the mirror I smoothed it flat with my hands, cupping my breasts as I did so.

I turned to face Ethan and the man again and said,

“How about this one?” I asked.

“Which one; left or right?” Ethan said.

“Very funny.” I said, cupping them both.

The next top that I tried on was thin and pink. The notable thing about it is that it has a lace strip at the top of the front. It’s designed to show your cleavage and the top of you bra, above you nipples. It has spaghetti straps so that you can adjust how high or low you wear it. When I put it on the straps were extended so when I pulled it on without a bra my nipples and areolas were clearly visible. Sliding it slightly to the side my nipples popped through the holes in the lace.

When I turned to face Ethan and the man the top was an instant hit. At first glance it just looked like any other top, but with more than a quick glance my exposed nipples were clearly visible.

I stepped back and closed the curtain. The show was over. I came out a few minutes later and told Ethan that I liked them all. I was wearing my original top and the first skirt that I’d tried on. My knickers were in Ethan’s pocket and my bra was in my bag.

As we walked to the check-out I said to Ethan,

“I can’t believe that I just did that. I’ve never done anything like that ever before.”

“Sophie, that was amazing, I’m so proud of you.”

As we walked through the shopping centre I felt almost naked. I gripped Ethan’s arm as we went.

“How do you fancy never wearing a bra again?” Ethan asked.

“What? I can’t.” Thinking quick I continued. ”There are places that I couldn’t possibly not wear a bra.”

“Like where?”

“At interviews; and Professor Smith’s lectures for two. He’s already given one girl a right bollocking for not wearing a bra.”

“Okay, in that case we’d better get you a couple of new bras.”

Ethan took me to a lingerie shop and selected 2 for me. There was nowhere to try them on so I let him buy them for me. When we got back to my dorm room I tried them on; one is a shelf bra, and the other is cup-less. I could see that I’d have to be careful what I wore them under at times.

Back at the shopping centre Ethan decided to buy me a couple of summer dresses and we went looking. All the ones that Ethan liked had spaghetti straps, buttons all down the front, and were low-cut. Oh, all were short, shorter than any dress I’d ever owned before.

Of course Ethan wanted to see me in them before he bought them. Unfortunately the shop wouldn’t let men into the changing rooms so I had to come out to show him each one. While I was changing into the second one Ethan went and found a third one. When I put it on and looked at myself I realised that it was intended that the wearer wore a slip or something under it; it was slightly see through. I felt nervous as I went out to show Ethan; but at the same time my pussy was tingling.

As we walked back to the university I felt like a very lucky and very happy girl. I’d got lots of new clothes, a fantastic boyfriend and I’d discovered something that I really enjoyed and gives me lots of pleasure.

That day was when I realised that I had started my ascent into the wonderful world of exhibitionism.

Back in my room Ethan asked me if I’d enjoyed my day. As an answer I slowly stripped naked then jumped on top of him, gave him a big kiss, and put his hand onto my very wet pussy. Guess what happened next.

From that day on I started wearing my new clothes most of the time, and rarely wore knickers or a bra. Even the other girls in the dorm commented on the ‘new’ me. Some told me that Ethan must be good for me. He was (is). I’ve never been happier.

**I like to expose myself for my Boyfriend**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.*

*In part 01 I described how my boyfriend helped me discover exhibitionism. Part 02 describes some of our early adventures.*

**Part 02**

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**Part 02a – Ethan undresses me in a bar**

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The first time that this happened was in one of the university bars on a Friday night. The place was crowded and buzzing. We had to stand against a wall; Ethan had his back to the wall and I was leaning back on him.

Ethan was holding his beer in his left hand and his right arm was round me. I was wearing a buttoned crop top with no bra and Ethan’s hand had been on my bare stomach.

After a while Ethan’s hand started wandering up and it wasn’t long before he was caressing my left breast; right there in the crowded bar.

Ethan was making me feel sooo good.

One of our female friends came to talk to us and Ethan lowered his hand. As we talked his hand slowly went up, outside my top. Our friend stopped talking and her eyes were on my chest. I looked down and saw that 2 of the 4 buttons holding my top closed were open and Ethan was working on the third.

I looked at our friend and saw a big grin on her face.

Was Ethan really going to expose my tits in the crowded bar? The thought made my pussy get wet.

Ethan continued with undoing button 3 then started on the last one. My heart started pounding. Was this really happening?

It certainly was, the last button came undone and Ethan pulled the right side of my top over my tit exposing it to the whole bar.

By that time about half a dozen people around had noticed and a couple were egging Ethan on to finish the job.

Ethan cupped my right tit with his hand and put his glass down onto the nearby table.

I just stood there as Ethan gently pulled both sides of my top off my shoulders and down my arms. He left it hanging on my right arm – I had my drink in my right hand.

By then my nipples were rock hard and my pussy was dripping. I could feel my juices on the inside of my thighs.

I looked round and saw that we had a bit of an audience.

“What did you just say Claire?” I asked our friend, but neither of us could remember.

Ethan pulled me back against his front and cupped both my tits. I felt wonderful and asked him to take me back to my dorm room but he told me that he hadn’t finished his drink. He let go of one tit and picked up his glass. He slowly finished his drink while his free hand played with my tit and nipple. He kept rubbing my nipple between his finger and thumb as Claire and quite a few other people watched.

When his glass was empty Ethan put it over my right tit and moved it around until all my tit was in the glass. It looked stupid, but sexy.

After a few comments from people (men) watching, Ethan removed the glass and we left. It wasn’t until we were outside that Ethan let me put my top back on.

That was the first time that we’d done anything like that in public; but it certainly wasn’t the last. Whenever we went out on an evening I always wore a top that didn’t tuck in. I wanted Ethan to have easy access to my tits.

It was (and still is) quite common for Ethan to stand behind me and caress my breasts under my top. We’ve had quit a few people staring at us but so far, no one has complained to us.

In one busy bar one Saturday night Ethan pulled my top right up and off me. That went down well with the young men around us.

Taking my top completely off started to happen on an almost regular basis. What’s more it was usually followed by Ethan playing with my nipples and giving our audience a good show. Each time I got so horny that I almost dragged Ethan out of the bar and we went somewhere quiet so that he could fuck me silly.

Things progressed from just me getting topless. I started wearing micro skirts that were what I call ‘easy drop’ (Ethan calls them ‘get ‘em off quick’ skirts), ones with just a zip, or just one button; and more importantly, loose fitting so that as soon as the one fastener was undone the skirt would hit the floor. Ethan bought me 6 skirts like that; he says that I can’t have enough of them.

When Ethan first unfastened the one fastener on my skirt in pub I became an even bigger hit with Ethan and our impromptu audiences. To have my pussy on display as well as my tits was the guaranteed successful foreplay to a great night’s fucking. It certainly got me wanting to be fucked as soon as I was exposed.

It didn’t stop with Ethan getting me naked in bars, he’s usually behind me when he does it and he’s started fingering me while we’re being watched. It makes me sooo horny and I always open my legs a bit so that he has easy access to me.

One time after Ethan had got me naked in a pub we left the pub with me still naked and carrying my skirt and top. Just as we got outside a policeman and police woman were walking passed. The policeman grinned but the police woman told me to get dressed otherwise I’d get locked-up. A couple of men that had followed us out of the pub told her to stop being a miserable bitch and that no one was upset or complaining but she still made me get dressed. All the time the policeman just looked at me with a grin on his face.

**Part 02b – Ethan invites others to undress me in a bar**

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The first time that this happened shocked me a bit; but not for long. We were in one of the crowded uni bars late one Friday night and Ethan had his arm round me and he was caressing one of my nipples under my top. Some of his mates came up to us and started talking. Most of them could see what Ethan was doing and were looking at my chest.

After a while Ethan said,

“Okay, I can tell that you want to see what I’m doing to Sophie. One of you undo her top so that you all can see?”

My eyes opened wide but my pussy tingled as 4 hands reached forward.

“One of you.” Ethan said.

I looked down and saw 2 hands move to the buttons on my top. They slowly fumbled their way to opening the 3 buttons then backed away.

“Take her top off then.” Ethan said.

“Wow, Ethan’s actually going to let him do it.” I thought.

My nipples were already hard but they started to throb a little. So did my clit.

My top was pushed off my shoulders leaving one tit covered by Ryan’s hand and the other totally exposed. Ryan let go of me and took my drink from my hand. As I put my arm down my top slipped off and fell on the floor. I was left wearing only my little skirt and my shoes.

“Who wants to take Sophie’s skirt off?” Ryan asked.

Another pair of hands came forward and the fastener at my hip. I had to breathe in to let the hands undo the hook then the zip. Then I felt the freedom.

All of Ethan’s mates were staring at me, and so were some other people nearby; but no one was complaining or call me names.

I got wetter.

After what seemed like hours, but was probably only seconds, the conversations started again and everyone continued like there was nothing out of the ordinary – except that I was naked in the bar – again.

After about half an hour Ethan and I left with me carrying my skirt and top and rushing back to my room. Not that we were bothered about being seen, it was that we both wanted to fuck on my bed.

Ethan’s got men to undress me in bars a few times since then. Most times have been in town and I’ve had to get dressed before leaving. I remember this one time when he invited an old man to strip me. The poor old dear was a bit reluctant at first but with Ryan’s assurance and encouragement he came over and did the deed. I think that I made that old man’s day that night, especially when I leaned forward and pressed one of my tits into his face for a few seconds.

I said that I had to get dressed before we left the pubs, but one time Ethan dragged me outside, still naked, and straight into one of the taxis that was waiting outside. You should have seen the taxi driver’s little bearded asian face. I don’t know how we managed to get back to the dorm without crashing because every time that I looked his eyes were in the mirror looking at me as Ethan and I made-out in the back.

**Part 02c – In the Denim Shop**

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Ethan getting me naked in public isn’t just restricted to bars. One Saturday when we were in town we went passed a little shop that just sold Denim clothes. One of the mannequins in the window was wearing a mini, bib pinafore dress and I happened to say that I liked it.

Ethan’s immediate reaction was to take me inside and select a few for me to try on. He promised to buy me whichever one that I liked best.

With 4 dresses over my arm we went looking for the changing room. It didn’t take long because the shop was so small that it only had one changing room; and that was a curtain across one corner. It was anything but private.

There were mirrors on the 2 walls and the curtain formed the third side of the triangle. The thing was, the curtain was only just wide enough and you had to spend a few seconds getting it just right.

Of course Ethan wanted to watch me get changed, which meant that the curtain was half open and I was exposed to half the shop.

That didn’t bother me and I knew that Ethan wouldn’t mind. After all, I was getting new clothes out of it and there was every chance that I would be getting a pleasurable evening as well.

I was naked within seconds and putting the first dress on. It was nice, but didn’t feel like ‘me’. I’d fully opened the curtain to be able to spin round to see the full effect of the dress. Ethan had stood back to get a better view.

He wasn’t the only one getting a good view.

A man was looking through some jeans on a rack right outside the changing room and I bet that he didn’t know which pair of jeans he’d just looked at.

I didn’t close the curtain as I started to take the dress off and try the second one on. As I pulled the second dress on I looked at Ethan, and for the other man. I wanted to make sure that he was getting a good show.

That one man had become three men, all fumbling with something on the clothes rack.

The second dress looked horrible, and came straight off.

The third one was ‘interesting’. It didn’t have a bib, all it had was one inch wide ‘suspenders’ going up the front, over my tits then shoulders, crossing over on my back and down to the skirt at the back.

We both liked that one but neither of us could think of anywhere where I could wear it without getting arrested. Maybe I could wear it with a short, thin tank top; maybe a see-through one with the ‘suspenders’ covering my nipples when it was necessary.

The fourth dress was quite interesting as well; the bib part was only wide enough to cover my nipples until I moved. As soon as I did the dress would move one way or the other and a nipple would pop out of the side. The other thing about it was that it had button fastenings at both sides. Without them being fastened the dress would stay in place because of the straps going over my shoulders; but the sides flop over revealing my naked hips and upper legs.

Ethan had to put his hands in and caressed my pussy for our audience.

Ethan bought the third and fourth dresses for me. He said that the fourth one would be ideal for stripping me in crowded pubs.

I got wet(ter) when he told me that part.

**Part 02d – The Naked Village Walk**

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In bed one night, after we had fucked ourselves silly, I told Ethan that one of my fantasies was to walk through a town wearing only high heels.

Ethan smiled and said,

“How about this Saturday.”

“Err yes, sure, what have you got in mind?”

Ethan told me what he was thinking. As he told me the anticipation got me all excited. We fucked again before going to sleep.

That Saturday I packed a bag with a couple of dresses and some hair bands and we got the bus to a large village on the outskirts of town. From the centre we walked to one end and found a field with an open gate. As we went into the field the anticipation was amazing. I had butterflies in my stomach and my pussy was gushing. I wanted to jump on Ethan right there and then but he wouldn’t let me. He said that he’d seem a haystack in a field at the other end of the village and that he’d fuck me there.

I got naked apart from my heels (easy because I was only wearing a dress), quickly put my hair up and walked to the road. The plan was that Ethan would walk about 15 yards behind me carrying my clothes in the bag. If a problem arose he would run up and give me one of my summer dresses so that I could quickly slip on.

My heart was pounding and my pussy throbbing as I started walking along the road towards the houses.

My first contact with other people was a car coming out of the village. The driver honked his horn and kept going.

Then it was the postman. He just grinned and kept on with his job.

The road turned a corner and within seconds there were quite a few people walking about. Most ignored me but some stared as I passed them by. One old lady was muttering something but I wasn’t listening.

My heart was still pounding and my pussy was still gushing. I could feel my juices running down the inside of my legs.

As I got closer to some shops a couple of lads on bikes stopped and stared.

“Why haven’t you got any clothes on?” One of them asked.

“It’s a sunny day.” I stupidly replied.

They kept watching me as I kept walking. People were going into and coming out of the shops. Most ignored me either because they didn’t see me or they were too embarrassed to look; but a few did look.

I stopped outside one shop and looked in the window for a few seconds before walking on. Fuck, I was so nervous and so turned on. My inner thighs were so wet. The more people that looked at me the wetter I got.

I came to the end of the shops and continued passed houses. Less people were about and I got a little less nervous. Eventually I passed the last of the houses and I was out in the countryside.

Ethan caught up with me as we got to a gate into a grassy field. We climbed over the gate and went behind a dilapidated old farm shed. I’m not sure which of us wanted to get Ethan’s trousers off quicker. I know that I really needed his cock pounding in and out of my pussy.

Eventually our desires subsided and we used a full pack of tissues to clean ourselves up. As Ethan put his trousers back on I put on my dress, let my hair down and tidied myself up. We walked back to the bus stop, hand in hand, and very happy.

We never did make it to that haystack.

On the bus we talked about how it had gone. I was really pleased but Ethan thought that we could go one better. He wouldn’t tell me how, or where. He said that he wanted to think about it some more before he said anything.

I had visions of me walking naked through town on a busy Saturday afternoon.

**Part 02e – Body Paint Sports Clothes**

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One of my dorm friends is studying Art and she was looking for some girls to have their bodies painted. She was telling everyone that the girls could wear a thong – just as long as they didn’t mind it getting painted.

When she saw me she said,

“Oh Sophie, this is right up your street; how do you fancy having your body painted?”

“Tell me more.” I asked.

She told me that her Art class was painting a team of girls to enter a 5-a-side football competition. They would be the only all-girl team in the competition but they weren’t entering to win, just have a laugh and to see how their presence affected the way the other teams played.

I told her (Becky) that I didn’t have any thongs but that it didn’t matter, I’d get painted totally naked.

When it came to the appointed Saturday morning Ethan came to the Art classroom with me but he was turned away. Becky told him that it was Art students and models only; that he would have to go and watch the football competition.

In the classroom I saw 4 other girls wearing only thongs. All were in various stages of getting painted.

We got painted by both girls and boys, each doing part of the outfit. I was pleased that it was a boy painting the shorts on me; I got quite turned-on as his brush tickled my pussy.

When I was ‘done’ I looked at myself in the mirror. I was really impressed; the top had 4 colours and a badge just above my left breast. It really did look good; just like I had some tight, lycra sports gear on.

I looked round at the other girls that had / were being painted. They looked good as well but I could see where their thongs were which made me feel good. I smiled to myself as I thought that they looked like they had a sort of VPL; something I would never have – thankfully.

When we were all done, the sort of team manager called us all together and inspected us all. Then she praised the students before telling them that they were all invited to come along with the ‘team’ to watch the games. She asked a couple of the students to bring along the paints just in case they had to do a bit of paint patching.

I’d been expecting the games to be in the university sports centre and I was a little surprised when we were all led off campus and to a public sports centre. One of the girls wasn’t too happy about it being such a public place but the rest of us convinced her to imaging that they were on a beach on their holidays. One even said,

“You think that you’ve got problems, what about poor Sophie, she hasn’t even got a thong on.”

When we got to the sports centre we all got plenty of attention from the guys in the other teams. Becky, our team ‘manager’, asked us if any of us had ever played football before, I was very surprised that the others all had. Because I was the only one who hadn’t played before they allocated me the job of goalkeeper and Becky told me what I had to do. She told me it would probably be best if I half squat when the other team are about to shoot. She said that I’d have more chance of getting the ball if I had my knees bent ready to go whichever way that I needed to.

The first time that I bent my knees I felt the fresh air on my spread pussy. With those athletic guys running around in front of me I just knew that I was going to get turned-on.

I wondered if they’d be able to see my pink clit sticking out of the black paint shorts from the angle that they were at.

I think that it’s fair to say that I was hopeless in goal, but we didn’t lose by many goals. I think that the guys were distracted every time that I squat down ready to try to make a save.

Some of the guys got quite physical and quite a number of times one of them would tackle one of the girls in such a way that they both ended-up on the ground with one on top of the other. One of the girls thong got ripped and for half of that game she had to run round with her bald, pink pubes showing. She got them covered in paint before the next game.

We came last in the competition but we’d had a great time

After the games we all went back to the Art classroom and the students started peeling the paint off the other 4 girls. When a couple of them came to me Ethan (he’d managed to sneak in) stopped them and instead asked them to touch-up the couple of places that the paint had come off. Ethan whispered to me that we were going out that evening.

That night Ethan took me to the pub still wearing only my paint. All that most people in the pub saw was a girl in a football shirt and shorts. It was only the ones who looked closely that realised that I was actually naked.

When we got back to my dorm room that night Ethan told me to be careful, he wanted the paint to be intact for the Sunday’s outing. He wouldn’t tell me where we were going but I was still looking forward to it.

We had a very slow, gently fuck that night before Ethan left me to go and sleep. He told me to keep still all night. When I said that I didn’t know if I could do that he asked me if I wanted him to tie me spread-eagled to my bed.

I told him that I’d manage and that I’d take a rain-check on the tying down.

Ethan got to my room at about 9 o’clock the next morning. I’d already been to the bathroom but I’d had to forego my shower. I hoped that I wouldn’t smell later on.

As we got on the bus to go into town the driver stared at me as Ethan paid him. As Ethan moved out of the way the driver looked down at my black painted pussy and grinned. I had a wet rush.

Town was reasonably quiet and no one took much notice of me. I think that the youth in McDonalds realised but he never said anything.

Ethan and I walked round town for ages and I was a bit disappointed with the shortage of people who realised that I only had some paint on.

By the time we got back to my dorm room I had mixed feeling, On the one hand I was worked-up, but on the other hand I was disappointed by the lack of attention that I’d got. I told Ethan about it and he promised to organise something more revealing for me.

**Part 02f – Public Swimming Pool**

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Ethan thought that it would be fun for me to be exposed at a public swimming pool. He also wanted to see just how little I could get away with wearing.

Ethan ordered me some string bikinis online form a company in Australia and as soon as they arrived I modelled them for him and then fucked his brains out.

There are 2 swimming pools quite near to us; one is the university pool and the other is a public leisure centre. This has slides, a wave machine, water jets, sauna and a jacuzzi.

The leisure centre sounded to have more potential but we decided to start by going to the uni pool.

I took 2 bikinis with us, the most modest one that I own and a briefer one; one that Ethan bought me. Ethan wanted me to start modest and get more daring each time that we went. As it turned out the modest one was more modest than what most of the girls there were wearing. I went back to the changing room and changed into the one that Ethan bought me. It’s a string bikini that’s quite brief but made of thick material.

We had a good time with Ethan re-tying the strings a couple of times making them looser and looser. My tits popped out a couple of times and Ethan asked me not to notice for a while each time. My bottoms slid down so low that my butt crack was visible and one millimetre more and my front slit would have been visible. The crotch was so low that when I swam on my back Ethan said that he could see all of my pussy. It was a shame that no one really took more notice of us.

After that one time at the uni pool we decided to go to the public pool. Ethan picked out a lace string bikini. It’s quite brief but it covers the important bits; well covers them with lace. If you look closely you can see my flesh through the holes in the lace. Oh, I’d cut all of the lining out when I first got it.

We swam around for an hour and only one man (that we saw) looked closely at me.

The next time that we went Ethan picked-out a bikini made of some nylon type material. It’s yellow and is not see-through – until it gets wet; then I might as well not be wearing it. I’d tried it in the dorm shower so I knew that before we went and I was a little apprehensive, and excited. I didn’t want us to get thrown out within minutes of arriving.

Ethan thought that it might be a good idea if we walked around the place before I got wet so that anyone who was interested would see that it wasn’t see-through. We did that and no one really took any notice of me. Okay, one of the lifeguards and a middle-aged man had a good look at me, but neither said anything.

We jumped into the pool and swam around for a while and had a bit of fun in the waves machine. While I was stood there waiting for the waves I looked down at my chest and got reminded that my top was now see-through. I could even see the little bumps on my areolas, not to mention my rock hard nipples.

When the waves stopped we got out and went to the slides. As we walked I bent forward and looked at my crotch. I could easily see the front of my slit and the tip of my clit. I felt a little nervous and excited. Ethan said that I looked fantastic.

Queuing for the slides I saw 3 men look closely at my chest. I tried to ignore them but my pussy started to tingle. At one point I looked round and down to see a teenage boy staring at my butt. Ethan noticed me looking and told me to bend forward to let the youth look at my pussy. I did.

The lifeguard at the top of the slides stared for a second or so, but he never said anything. I did notice the front of his shorts change shape.

At the bottom of the slide I stood up and started walking towards Ethan. He was grinning so I realised that something wasn’t as it should be. I looked down and saw that my left tit had escaped so I pulled my top back over it, not that it stopped anyone seeing it.

Ethan liked the way I looked and decided that we were going to have another go, but before we went he took me into the main pool and re-tied the tie on my left hip. I couldn’t feel any tension when he’d finished so I looked down and saw that he’d tied it very lose. I checked my pussy and realised that the left side of my bottoms was hanging down.

It was still like that when we went to the queue for the slides. Of course Ethan had us wait until we got followed by some youths; and of course, Ethan had me bend over again. This time though my pussy wasn’t covered and I heard the youths tell each other to have a look before I finally stood up straight.

After that we went to the little café for a drink. The girl serving smiled when she saw that she could see through my bikini but she didn’t say anything. Ethan took me to a table near the entrance and sat me so that anyone coming in would be able to see all of my front. He told me to sit with my legs open. My bottoms were still lose at my left and when I looked down I could see that my left vulva wasn’t covered. Ethan had seen that as well and he smiled when I looked at him.

About a dozen people came in to the café area while we were at that table, but only one youth looked at me, then did a double take, then smiled as he looked up to my face. I smiled back at him.

After that Ethan decided that we would go to the sauna but we went via the changing room where he pulled out a thong version of my bottoms; same colour and same material. Before we went to the leisure centre I was sure that I’d get thrown out if I wore that thong but after being virtually ignored wearing a see-through string bikini I felt a little less nervous; after all, I’d seen a couple of girls wearing quite high cut bottoms with part of their butts hanging out.

We walked out of the changing area with my bits covered in only 3 small triangles of very thin yellow material; the top 2 still damp and slightly see-through. Ethan was obviously happy because there was a bulge in the front of his shorts.

I felt quite excited walking through the pool area and wondered if my thong bottom was getting see-through with my leaking pussy juices.

There was no one in the sauna when we got there and as we talked I asked Ethan if he’d got any speedos because I wanted to see the shape of his cock and maybe watch it spring out of the top. Ethan said that he’d get some before we went on holiday but he wasn’t going to wear them in England.

That was the first that Ethan had mentioned a holiday and I was about to ask him what he meant but a middle-aged man came in. He sat where he could watch me all the time. Ethan realised this and got me to turn sideways and sit with my back to the wall. I realised what Ethan wanted so I sat like that and opened my legs. By that time my thong bottoms were wet and totally see-through.

Ethan started asking me where I’d like to go for a holiday while the man stared at my virtually naked pussy.

We got too hot and went out and jumped in the plunge pool. Boy was that cold and I wanted to get back into the sauna quickly but Ethan stopped me and pulled the front on my thong forcing the material to the front of my pussy and the rear string in between my lips. Then we went back in and sat where we were. As I sat and opened my legs I heard the man give a little gasp. I looked down and saw that the string had disappeared and the material was only covering my pubic bone. What’s more, my clit was sticking out.

Ethan had noticed as well and what had been a very shrivelled cock was starting to bulge in his shorts.

As soon as that man left Ethan pulled me to him, pulled my thong down and started fucking me. We both came quite quickly.

I’d just managed to get my thong back on when a couple about our age came in. The man had a good look at me before sitting beside the girl. She was wearing a modest bikini.

After a while we decided to leave the sauna and went back to the pool. No one said anything about my exposed butt, nor my virtually exposed pussy or tits; although a few people stared at me for a while. The shorts on the lifeguard at the top of the slides looked quite uncomfortable when we were up there.

Ethan decided that we’d shower in the communal area and 3 or 4 men took quite a long time to have a shower whilst we were there. After that I asked Ethan to fuck me in one of the changing cubicles before we got dressed.

We didn’t go swimming again because we had too much uni work to do, but Ethan did undress me in a pub a couple more times before the term ended.

**Part 02g – Upskirt video**

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We thought that it would be fun to make a HiDef upskirt video. All the ones that Ethan had seen had been of pretty crap quality. Ethan got one of these GoPro cameras that are used by a lot of sports people and we had great fun going around town with me in a floaty micro skirt and Ethan doing his best to stick that camera under the hem.

The shopping centre food hall was the best because he could hold the camera on his lap and film up my skirt with my legs open wide. I even lay back so that he could get a better shot. One time frigged to an orgasm in a McDonalds and Ethan got the lot on a memory card. Now that was exciting.

Ethan’s promised to post them on the internet soon.

**I like to expose myself for my Boyfriend**

by Vanessa Evans

*All characters involved in any sexual activities in this story were over 18 when the events took place.*

*In part 01 I described how my boyfriend helped me discover exhibitionism.*

*Subsequent parts describe some of our adventures.*

**Part 03 – Ethan takes me to his father’s boat – part 1**

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As soon as our exams were over Ethan told me that he’d arranged for us to spend a month on his father’s boat in the Mediterranean. Now I hadn’t heard anything about a boat before so I imagined a little tub and was prepared to rough it. Ethan told me that I wouldn’t need to take any clothes as he’d arranged for a new wardrobe for me to be sent direct to the boat.

I was excited and apprehensive.

When the day for our departure came I asked Ethan what he wanted me to wear for the journey. He looked through my wardrobe and got out the bib pinafore dress. Wow I thought; the people at the airport and on the plane are going have an entertaining time.

We rushed to the airport with me wearing the very short dress, shoes and nothing else. It was a real struggle trying to keep my boobs covered; every time I turned one would pop out. I’d left uni with the sides fastened but one by one, Ethan had unfastened the buttons and by the time we walked out of the departure lounge both my bare hips were on display. Anyone who looked would realise that I was naked under that dress.

We didn’t have a suitcase to check-in because everything that we took would fit in one small carry-on. Also, Ethan had told me that he’s ordered some clothes for me and that they were getting delivered direct to the boat.

I didn’t look behind us as we walked up the steep steps to the aircraft but I heard a man behind me say,

“Fucking hell!”

When I took my seat on the plane I had to put my hands on my lap otherwise the rest of the passengers getting on would have seen my bare hips and pubes as they passed us.

A middle-aged man came and sat next to me. Ethan smiled and I just knew that he wanted me to flash the man.; so did I. All I had to do was turn to face Ethan then turn back and my nipple would be out. As it was he would be able to see all of the side of my tit and one of my bare hips.

The man said hello to us both and then took a long look at me, well, the side of my tit and my bare legs. I felt a wet rush just knowing what he must be thinking.

I must have put my nipple back under my bib a dozen times before that plane landed. Every time that I did Ethan would wait a few minutes then gently tug the other side of the bib so that it popped out again. That poor man eyes must have hurt with him looking sideways all the time.

In the taxi from the airport I was sat directly behind the driver so he couldn’t see anything and Ethan played with my pussy for most of the journey.

When we got to the port where Ethan’s father’s boat was, I was, to say the least, surprised. It’s a comfortable little cabin cruiser about 40 feet long and it has 2 bedrooms. There’s no way that I was going to be roughing it. What’s more Ethan could drive the thing so we’d be able to go up and down the coast.

The boat was moored a bit out of the way of the majority of pedestrians but there were still quite a few people strolling passed.

“It looks like I’ll be going back with a deep, all-over tan.” I said to Ethan.

“You bet,” was the reply; “and a well fucked pussy.” Ethan said as we climbed onto the boat.

“There’s a ‘no shoes’ rule on this boat,” Ethan continued, “and since it’s just you and me, there’s a ‘no clothes’ rule for women as well.”

With that my dress was off and I was naked as I said,

“Oh goody, when does the fucking start? You got me all worked up in the taxi and the job needs finishing.”

“Not yet my randy little slut; I’ll give you the guided tour first.”

Ethan led me down the stairs and showed me where everything was. The big bedroom had those porthole things and I looked out and could see people walking passed.

“It looks like we might have an audience while we’re on the bed.” I said.

“Unlikely,” Ethan said, “but we will when I fuck you up on the deck.”

With than Ethan pushed me down onto the bed and fucked me hard.

As we went back up the stairs I saw the package that I’d ignored earlier. It had Ethan’s name on it. I’d been so excited that I’d ignored earlier but when I saw it again I asked Ethan what it was. He told me that it contained everything that I’d need to wear for the next month. Because of the size of the package I realised that I wouldn’t be wearing much for the next month.

Ethan got a couple of beers and we went out onto the deck with the package and Ethan asked me to try on my new clothes. While we were there a few couples walked passed and looked at us as I tried the clothes on one at a time. I wasn’t surprised that all the clothes were see-through to some extent. Only one thong bikini had any material on it and that was se-through. The others only had strings. I was surprised to see one, one-piece swimsuit. Surprised until I realised that it was backless, totally see-through and crotchless. The only material was 2 diamonds that go over my breasts and then narrowed down to 2 strings going either side of my pussy. It was going to be ‘interesting’ going out in public in that suit.

One couple who were wandering passed stopped and watched us for a while but we just ignored them. They got bored and moved on when I sat down to drink my beer.

I snuggled up to Ethan and thanked him for taking me there. I told him that I was going to have the best holiday ever, and that I was going to make sure that he had his best ever holiday as well.

After another fuck, out there on the deck with me riding Ethan and my head bobbing up and down over the side of the boat; we decided that we were hungry. I asked Ethan about getting some food in the galley and he told me that we’d go to the supermarket later but we’d be eating out most of the time. He didn’t want to waste any time cooking when we could be fucking.

Ethan showed me how the shower worked then I put one of the micro dresses on and we went looking for a restaurant.

As we walked I told Ethan that I felt a little under-dressed because it was broad daylight, we were walking round the streets of the port, and my nipples and slit could be seen through the dress. Ethan laughed and told me to forget it. He’d seen women wearing a lot less when he’d been there with his parents.

“If I were to wear anything less I’d be naked.” I said.

“Those women may as well have been naked as well.” Ethan said. “Don’t worry Sophie; we’ll get you naked in public soon.”

I squeezed Ethan’s hand and we walked into a little café-cum-restaurant.

As I sat down the dress rode up and my bare butt met the wooden chair. The waiter wasn’t at all fazed by what he could see but I kept catching him looking at my tits.

After a very pleasant meal we walked around the harbour and then the streets before going into a little supermarket to some essentials. We bought a load of water and beer and Ethan got the shop to deliver it for us.

It was starting to get dark when we got back to the boat, me stripping as I climbed on. Shortly afterwards our shopping arrived and was carried on by 2 youths who stared at me as much as they could.

I got all excited and wet and jumped on Ethan as soon as they were gone.

After another shower we got dressed and went and found a nice bar.

Our evening routine was quickly established; a shower then a restaurant, then a bit of a walk, then sex, then a shower, then a bar. Oh, and more sex before some sleep. That routine was only broken by slotting a bit more sex in or when we decided to go to one of the few clubs there.

I felt good in the bar; I had everything that I could ever want. It was going to be an amazing month.

Ethan didn’t undress me in the bar; he didn’t really need to because anyone who looked at me could see right through the dress; but he did strip me on the way back to the boat. A few people saw us but no one seemed to care.

We woke late the next morning and Ethan asked me to go and get some fresh bread and fruit while he put the coffee on. I asked him what I should wear and he picked out a stings only bikini.

“This could be interesting.” I thought as I climbed off the boat wearing a few pieces of string and carrying my purse.

I quickly saw that a lot of the women that were out and about were wearing bikinis, some were topless and some were wearing thong bottoms. I didn’t see anyone else with their pussy exposed.

In the little supermarket I got what I wanted and went to the checkout. There was a girl there and when she saw my thong she couldn’t take her eyes off my pussy. She even called one of the other young girls over and told her to look at me. She was speaking in Spanish, not expecting me to understand, but I’d taken Spanish in school and I understood what she was saying.

The checkout girl was fumbling with the till and it took ages. At one point I turned away and when I turned back I opened my legs a bit. The other young girl gasped a bit as she saw my then exposed clit.

By their expressions I wondered if they were lesbians and they actually fancied me. I left the supermarket with a smile on my face wondering if I’d got them turned-on. When I got back to the boat and told Ethan he said that I had to get the bread each morning and that I had to flash my whole pussy to them each day. That sounded rather exciting and I happily agreed.

Over breakfast we decided what our plans for the month were. We wanted to go and visit some of the beaches up and down the coast and there was a couple of places that we wanted to go and see, but apart from that all we wanted to hang around on the boat, get a decent tan and do lots of fucking. One other thing that I said that I wanted to do was to flash loads of people when Ethan was with me. Ethan grinned and said,

“That should be easy for you, especially since you haven’t got any modest clothes with you.”

“Don’t worry stud, I’ll keep you hard longer than you’ve ever been before.”

I put my hand on Ethan’s shorts and pulled them down. I finished my breakfast by taking his seed down my throat.

Most of the rest of the day was spent with Ethan checking out the boat and making sure that it was ready for our first trip up the coast. I spent most of the day nude sunbathing on the front deck. Any number of passing people could have seen me (I hoped) and every so often I’d go and see what Ethan was up to and to offer him my help.

Notable events over that month were: -

Those 2 young girls were in the supermarket most mornings and each time I gave them a good look at my pussy. Sometimes I wore just a crotchless thong and sometimes just a see-through dress, but each day my pussy was uncovered.

If one of the young girls was watching me while I walked round the aisles I would squat facing the girl with my knees wide apart pretending to look at something on the bottom shelf. I’d stay like that for as long as I dare, waiting to see how long she’d stare at me.

Other times I’d bend at the waist with my feet apart and let them get a great view. Again I’d stay like that as long as I dare or until the young girl moved.

Twice I suddenly realised that I was giving a show to other customers but I didn’t care, I ignored them.

At the till I always stood with my feet well apart and let the girl stare at my pussy. Once when I thought that there was no one else in the shop I pulled the front of my see-through dress up and put a finger in my soaking pussy. Then I held it up and sucked it. The girl moaned. I did that few times whilst we were there.

Ethan was always excited when I told him what I’d done and breakfast sometimes had to wait for a while.

Ethan sometimes came to the little supermarket with me. He really enjoys walking with me when my pussy is exposed. The first time that he went with me he waited until I’d gone in then he followed me and we pretend not to know each other. As well as bending over or squatting for the shop staff I’d do it for Ethan as well. I tried to time it so that the staff would see that Ethan was watching me as well.

Once Ethan came with me and stood behind me at the till and watched me dip my finger in my pussy then my mouth.

The girls weren’t there every day; sometimes they were replaced by young men. The first time that it happened I thought ‘sod it’ and flashed the youths as well. I was wearing a see-through dress the first time that a young man was there and I still lifted it up and fingered myself at the till. You should have seen his face when I licked my finger.

One morning during the first week we set off down the coast and found this beautiful little beach. There were cliffs all round with no way down so there was no one there. We anchored and swam ashore. It was like being on a desert island.

We fucked on the beach then lay there soaking up the sun.

After about an hour we started to hear some noise. Five minutes later this boat full of noisy people came round the corner and anchored close to our boat. About 50 half-drunk young people started swimming ashore.

We watched their every move and decided that it was some sort of 18-30s type booze cruise.

Both Ethan and I were totally naked but neither of us put anything on (not that we had anything with us) as all the half-drunk people crawled onto the beach. They had a couple of people who were trying to organise them to play some stupid games; the sort that are only fun if you’re pissed.

More booze was brought from their boat and the attempted stupid games continued.

We got bored watching and lay back to soak up some more sun.

After a while Ethan reached over, touched my left tit and whispered,

“Frig for the guys.”

“What!” I replied.

“Masturbate for the guys in front of us.”

Surprisingly I hadn’t heard a few young people come and sit about 10 feet below us. I opened my eyes and through my sunglasses I saw them, half of them looking up at the naked us.

There was about 4 guys and 3 girls, and 2 of the girls were looking as well. I guessed that they were looking at Ethan’s cock. I wondered if he was going to get hard.

Ethan nudged me again so I bent my knees and put my feet flat on the sand about 2 feet apart giving our audience a great view.

I stayed like that for a few seconds then let my right hand slowly slide over my stomach and down to my, by then, very wet pussy.

Keeping my head still, I looked over to Ethan, he was flat on his back with his sunglasses on and he was starting to get a semi. Looking down at our audience there was still 2 of the girls and all of the guys watching us.

I let my finger do the talking and slowly started frigging myself. Boy did that feel good; my pussy was gushing. I could easily have rushed it but I took my time and brought myself to a very satisfying orgasm; my pussy and body spasms left nothing in doubt; I was cumming hard in front of an audience.

As I calmed down my eyes went to Ethan. He was just lying there with his hard-on pointing to the cliffs behind us. Looking down I saw that our audience was still fixated with us.

I couldn’t help myself; I sat up then got on top of Ethan in the reverse cowgirl position and impaled myself on him. I just sat there for a few seconds watching the audience (which had grown) then started going up and down on Ethan’s cock.

“Fuck that feels good.” I heard myself say out loud and it triggered some comments and applause from the audience.

I continued riding Ethan until we’d both cum then got off him and lay beside him.

“Clean me.” Ethan whispered.

I knew exactly what he meant and with a smile I sat up, leaned over and started licking him clean. It didn’t take long, but by the time I’d finished he was hard again. I turned to Ethan’s face and whispered,

“Eat me then you can fuck me again.”

He did, and he did; then he got me on my hands and knees and pounded into me.

As that was going on I looked round; the audience was about 20 strong by then, some just staring and some shouting encouragement. I felt really good.

After Ethan shot his load into me we collapsed and lay there facing each other. We were both spent and needed some time to recover.

“I’ve got to do that again, it was amazing.” I said as we started to get some energy back.

“Yes it was,” Ethan replied, “how about we come back next week for another performance?”

“Maybe the trip comes here more than once a week.” I said.

Ethan grinned and called me a sex crazy exhibitionist to which I agreed and got up onto my feet.

“I’m going to find out.” I said and walked over to the main activity area and found someone who looked like they were trying to organise things. I was still naked and the guy looked me up and down.

“And what can I do you for.” He asked.

“You can’t do me for anything, but you can tell me how often you bring trips like this to this beach.”

He told me that it was only once a week. I guess that I must have looked disappointed because he told me that another tour operator used it on a Tuesdays and Thursdays as well.

I thanked him and turned and walked away. As I left him I heard him say,

“Are you sure that I can’t do you for something…… Hey, which hotel are you from?”

I smiled and kept walking.

When I got back to Ethan I told him that we could have a repeat performance 3 times a week if he was up for it.

His grin told me that he was.

I sat back down next to Ethan and we watched the drunks make fools of themselves for a while before swimming back to the boat.

Over the next month we went back to that beach 9 times and on each occasion we repeated what we did on the first day. Each time my orgasms seemed to get more intense than the last time.

Another day we went to a more public beach where I was the only girl that wasn’t wearing anything. As we walked up and down the water’s edge lots of people were looking at me. It was such a turn-on for both of us and we had to go into the sea get the relief that we both needed.

One day we found a relatively quiet beach with only a few people on it. We swam ashore and lay on the sand for a while before going for a walk up and down the water’s edge. As we got near one end of the beach we saw the 2 young girls from the supermarket; they’d not been in the supermarket that morning and I’d flashed their male replacements. Both girls were topless and one of them was bottomless as well. She was as bald as I was.

Anyway, the girls saw us, but ignored us. But one of them did start walking behind us. Ethan noticed and led me right to the end of the beach.

We sat on the sand and looked out to sea, pretending not to notice the girl. She came and sat not too far from us and, after a few minutes, was joined by her mate.

I wasn’t looking at them but Ethan told me that they kept looking over to us. After a while Ethan whispered for me to put on a show for them. I grinned, turned to face the girls and leant back against Ethan then opened my legs.

Ethan’s arm came over my shoulder and hovered in front of my right tit, flicking my nipple occasionally. After a couple of minutes I slowly moved my hand to my pussy and ever so slowly started rubbing. I looked round and saw that the 2 girls were the only ones watching so I made my rubbing more positive. Before long I was dipping first one, then two fingers.

They must have heard me when I came the first time. Ethan urged me to keep going for a second orgasm whilst he massaged my right tit. I could feel his hard-on pressing on my back.

I looked over to the girls and saw that the naked one had turned and was sat facing us. Her legs were wide apart and she too was frigging. It had turned into a mutual masturbation session complete with a small audience.

Her frigging and the other girl staring at me urged me on to cum a second time. After that I moved so that the girl could see Ryan’s hard cock. I got myself in a position blocking the view from others on the beach then slowly wanked him while the girls watched. The naked one was rubbing furiously while the one with the bikini bottoms on just watched. I wondered if she was having her period or if she was just a bit more reserved than her friend.

Ethan’s cum shot into the air. What landed on him or me I scooped up with my finger and put it into my mouth while the girls just watched. The naked girl must have cum because her frigging had slowed right down.

After I’d got Ethan clean we lay back to relax for a while. Ethan was on his back and I was on my side with one leg over both of his. I knew that my pussy was on display to the girls and I just hoped that they enjoyed our little display.

Both girls were in the supermarket the next morning but none of us acted any differently; it was like nothing had happened.

We didn’t only go looking for beaches each day; one day we took a taxi to a market. We wandered round with me just wearing one of the material-less thongs and a see-through cover-up skirt. My tits were on full display and it was very easy for anyone to see my pussy. After doing one round of the market Ethan took off my skirt saying,

“You know that you want to.”

He was right.

We stopped at 3 of the stalls selling clothes and I tried something on at each one. I had a little audience each time.

I kept noticing one man, middle-aged, over-weight and a bit sad looking. I guess that he’d decided to follow us around so that he get could get longer looks at me. Not that I minded, if he’d asked me to pose for the camera that was hanging round his neck I would have.

Other than that, no one really took much notice of me, other than Ethan who kept sneakily running a finger along my slit just to make sure that I was turned-on all the time. He needn’t have worried about that; I was so horny all the time that if Ethan had wanted to fuck me right there in the middle of the market I would have eagerly let him.

The taxi driver on the way back adjusted his mirror as soon as we got into his cab. I wondered just how many virtually naked girls had got into his cab.

Another day we went to a water park and I spent the day wearing just one of the material-less thongs. We were amazed that so few people realised what I was showing. It was mainly the staff at the top of the slides that did notice. Fortunately they were all quite young and not prudish. I did notice that a couple of the guys got hard-ons.

Queuing up at the slides was ‘interesting’. Some of the queuing was on steps and the men behind me must have had a great view; but there again there were dozens of girls wearing thong bikinis so most of the guys would have thought that I was just another girl in a thong; unless they saw me from the front.

One day we went by bus to the nearest big city. Ethan thought that it was best if I cover-up; at least for most of the time. It was a bit of a problem deciding what to wear. In the end I decided on the one-piece swimsuit that Ethan bought me and a just about see-through beach cover-up skirt. I could see my nipples through the diamond shaped top but my pussy was only just visible if you stared at it; unless I twisted the skirt round so that the 2 ends, where the wrap didn’t wrap, was in the front; in which case my pussy was visible nearly all the time.

Ethan smiled at me when I went up on the deck and said,

“Well, I suppose that you are covered. When we get near any policemen just remember to slide your skirt round so that you don’t get arrested. People in the city probably aren’t quite as liberal as they are here.”

We actually had an interesting day. Most of the time I forgot what was on display. It was only when Ethan said something or slid a finger along my slit or I saw someone staring at me that I thought about how exposed I was. Although there was one time when we were sat on the steps to some cathedral place, eating a sandwich that we’d bought when Ethan pointed out a guy who was taking photographs of me.

I was sat on one step with my feet 2 steps lower and my feet about 18 inches apart. When Ethan told me about the guy I looked at him but he appeared to be photographing the cathedral; then the camera turned and faced me.

I smiled but didn’t close my legs.

“I’ll give him some nice upskirt shots to wank over.” I said to Ethan.

While we slowly ate the sandwiches I saw the man use his mobile phone. A couple of minutes later there were 2 more cameras facing my pussy.

Sandwiches gone, Ethan said,

“I bet that they’re not as good as the ones that I took of you. Do you fancy an ice cream my little flasher?”

I didn’t really get the chance to answer before Ethan was gone. I quickly glanced at the 3 cameras pointed at me and saw that one of them had sprouted a telescopic lens. I smiled to myself and had a little wet rush as I thought about the guy getting such a close-up of my dripping, swollen pussy.

It was ages before Ethan arrived back but during that time I’d managed to give the 3 guys a good show, opening my knees even wider and laying back to rest on my elbows for a while. At one point I even looked round pretending to see if anyone was watching me; then used my right hand to spread my pussy and quickly dipped a finger in before lifting it to my mouth and sucking it. I hoped that at least one of the voyeurs had switched his camera to video mode.

When Ethan finally got back I still stayed sat like that while I ate the ice cream; then we got up and moved on. The little wet patch that I left on the concrete step was bound to dry within minutes.

We got onto one of those London Buses for a guided tour of the city. Ethan was going to be a proper gentleman and follow me up the stairs but I insisted that he go first. Ethan looked round and saw a couple of Japanese men following us. Ethan smiled and moved in front of me. As I went up the stairs I heard about a dozen camera clicks from behind and below me.

The tour was interesting, but I could see that Ethan was as restless as was I so I suggested that we get off the bus at the Park just before the end of the tour. When we got there I looked for a place on the grass near what looked to be a busy path. I lay there, on my back with my knees up and feet apart, letting anyone who passed, and looked, see my bare, wet pussy. I reminded Ethan of the first time that he’d talked me into lying like that in the park near the university. That got him even hornier and we had to go and find a quiet place behind some bushes where he could deposit his excitement in my eagerly awaiting hole.

After that we decided to head back to the boat. As soon as we got on the bus I took the skirt off and did the rest of the journey in just the one piece swimsuit that doesn’t cover my pussy and the see-through material shows my nipples. An old man came and sat on the seat at the other side of the aisle and stared at me all the time. Of course Ethan put on a little show for him by pulling the top of the swimsuit to the sides releasing my tits and also getting me to sit with my legs wide open so that Ethan could finger me. He managed to make me cum, much to the delight of the staring man.

When we got off the bus Ethan told me to stand right in front of the man for a few seconds and let him see my wet pussy.

Back at the boat Ethan fucked me on the deck; he couldn’t wait until we got to the bedroom.

The boats on either side of us had been vacant for the first week or so, but one morning we woke to the noise of people on the next boat. When I returned from the supermarket a man on the next boat said hello to me. I stood there wearing my usual next to nothing (just a material-less thong) as the man introduced himself. He (Tom) asked me what we’d got planned for that afternoon. When I told that we’d nothing planned and that we’d probably be sunbathing on the deck, he invited us to join his family for a drink.

“Is it formal, should I get dressed-up? I asked.

“Hell no, just come as you are when I give you the shout.”

I smiled, knowing that I’d probably be stark naked. I wondered what the rest of his family were like. Were they prudes? Would they be upset if I was naked? I put these questions to Ethan over breakfast. His reaction was ‘tough, they’ll take us as we are or we’ll leave.’

Over the rest of the morning we saw the man, what was probably his wife, and a couple of girls both probably a little older than us.

When Tom gave us ‘the shout’ I was, as expected, naked but Ethan was wearing shorts. I guess that he didn’t fancy being naked, probably worried that he’d get an embarrassing hard-on.

As we climbed onto their boat Tom introduced us to his family; Mary his wife and Liz and Becky his twin daughters. Mary was wearing a bikini with a cover-up and the 2 girls were wearing string bikinis. When they turned round I saw that they were both thong bikinis. As the girls turned round Tom slapped Liz’s bare butt and told her to go and get some beers.

The 3 women were looking at me with a puzzled look. Ethan must has seen it as well because he said,

“Apparently you did say come as you were Tom? Sophie was just doing a bit of sunbathing.”

“Hell yes, my 3 lovelies here don’t usually wear much when they’re sunbathing either. Just relax and enjoy yourself. None of us care what you’re wearing; or not. Besides it’s nice to have some more eye candy to look at.”

Liz brought the drinks and the conversations started.

The ‘drinks’ session went well and everyone got on quite well.

Tom’s boat (like ours, (Ethan’s, (Ethan’s fathers))) doesn’t have many seats at the back, and as everyone started sitting down the seats went fast and I had to sit on Ethan’s knees with Ethan’s arm on my hip.

We were all getting on like a house on fire with the conversation ranging from the colour of the sea to politics to football; you name it.

Mary and Liz left and got us all some snacks and more drinks and the conversation just kept going.

Ethan must have started to get a bit uncomfortable with me on his knees and he gently pulled my shoulders so that I was leaning back against his chest. Before long I realised that Ethan had eased my legs apart displaying my pussy to everyone. I realised that because the others, especially Tom, kept looking down at my pussy.

‘Sod it’ I thought and just carried on talking.

A bit later, while Ethan was telling Tom all about why the Mercedes team was winning all the races, I realised that Ethan’s right hand had drifted to my pussy and his index finger was teasing my clit.

I didn’t know if it was deliberate or idle doodling; I didn’t know if he even realised that he was doing it?

Ethan’s finger continued rubbing round my clit as the intense conversation between the 2 men went on and on. We girls were talking about girly things but the 2 sisters were staring at what Ethan was doing to me. The problem was that the slow, purposeful rubbing rhythm was starting to arouse me.

I looked at the girls to see them still staring. Mary had stopped talking and was staring too. Tom and Ethan were still going on about power trains and tyres but Tom kept looking down to my pussy for a second or two at a time.

My arousal was starting to take control of my senses and it wasn’t long before I knew that I was going to cum.

“Shit! Not here!” I thought. I should have put my hand on Ethan’s and stopped him doing what he was doing but I was too far gone by then.

I just let it happen.

As the waves, shaking and moans started Tom and Ethan stopped talking and Tom’s eyes were glued to my pussy. Both Ethan’s hands moved to my thighs and held me there (he later told me that he was worried that I might fall off him) as my body spasms threw me up and down.

The waves subsided and turned into embarrassment. I’d had an orgasm, a strong orgasm, right in front of our new friends.

“Sorry about that, I just can’t control her at times.” Ethan said.

Tom replied with, “You sure looked to be controlling her quite well. Besides, there’s nothing more beautiful than a woman showing her love for the man in her life; isn’t that right girls?”

Becky and Liz both said,

“Yes daddy.”

Mary said, “Don’t you worry honey, I’m just happy that you’re enjoying yourself.”

Tom continued,

“Go and get us some more beers Becky.”

Becky got up and as she passed Tom he put his hand out and squeezed her butt cheek letting his hand slide between her legs for a second.

Fresh beers in our hands the conversation started again; the 2 men talking together and us 4 women talking about something completely different. I was still sat on Ethan’s knee and leaning back with my knees outside Ethan’s.

We girls started talking about clothes, Liz and Becky saying that they’d brought lots with them. When I told them that I could get just about all the clothes I had with me into my handbag, all 3 of them seemed a little confused. I felt that I needed to explain what I’d said so I told them that I only had a handful of bikini thongs, 3 dresses and a wrap skirt. They all looked a little shocked, especially when I told them that I’d only worn 2 of the dresses since I’d got there.

“What about going to the shops?” Liz asked.

“There was one time that I wore a dress to the supermarket, the rest of the times I just wore one of my thongs.” I replied.

“Didn’t anyone say anything?” Becky asked.

“No, the girls or boys on the till stared at me but nothing was said; it seems that you could walk around the port completely naked and no one would care.”

“Are you going to try that?” Liz asked.

“Are you offering to do it with me Liz?” I asked back.

Liz blushed and didn’t say anything.

Changing the subject I said,

“Ethan and I are planning to cruise up the coast tomorrow looking for a nice beach. Would you 2 like to come with us?”

Both Liz and Becky looked at Mary.

“It’s okay with me but you’d better check with your father, he might have other plans for tomorrow.”

The conversations went on into the evening and finally Ethan made our excuses and we left. As everyone got up Becky and Liz went and stood either side of Tom who was still sat down. I could swear that Tom had his hands between both girl’s legs and was rubbing their pussies over their bikini thongs; but I may have been wrong.

As we were having a shower before going out to get some food I asked Ethan if he thought that there was something going on between Tom and his daughters.

He said that he’d wondered that as well.

When we emerged the next morning I decided to wear just one of the thongs to go and get some bread and fruit. As I was getting off the boat I saw Becky stood on the deck of their boat. She was more naked than I was. After the pleasantries Becky asked me where I was going. When I told her she asked if she could come with me. When I said that she could she excused herself and disappeared. I assumed that she was going to put some clothes on.

When she came back she had put some clothes on, a little bikini bottoms cover-up that was transparent and very small.

As we walked along the path we chatted, Becky told me that her father had agreed to them coming with us that day, if that was still okay with us. I told her that I was sure that it would be; that Ethan would love to have 3 hot girls to look at.

It was one of the boys serving in the supermarket and I did the squatting and bending to tease him and when I stood at the till I spread my legs and rubbed my clit for a second before plunging my finger inside me. When I pulled it out and held it in front of my face the boy actually smiled. I sucked my finger, paid and we left. As we waked back Becky asked me what that was all about.

I told her that I’d been teasing the young men and girls in the supermarket every morning.

Becky called me a naughty girl then laughed saying that it was her turn the next day.

Back at the boat we had breakfast then got ready to leave. As Ethan was getting his things (bits on the boat) ready I went and called for Becky and Liz. Tom came onto the deck first and sat on a chair. I was talking to him and thanking him for his hospitality when the 2 girls came up onto their deck; both were completely naked. They went and stood either side of Tom and as we were talking I watched Tom slide his hands up the insides of each girls legs; right up to their pussies. Each obliged him by opening their legs a bit.

Bloody hell, Tom was playing with both his daughter’s pussies right in front of me.

We continued talking about what we were all going to do that day when Mary came up onto the deck. She was just wearing a bikini bottom and didn’t seem at all concerned by what her husband was doing to her daughters.

After about 5 minutes Ethan appeared and told everyone that he was ready to cast off. The 2 girls kissed their father on the cheek, then their mother; then climbed onto our boat. Ethan asked them if they were bringing anything with them. They just giggled and said,

“Only these;” and Liz help up a bottle of suntan lotion and 2 towels.

The girls went to the front deck while I went and unfastened the ropes. As we were slowly moving out of the harbour I went and stood next to Ethan and said,

“Did you see what Tom was doing to Becky and Liz?”

“Yes, but after last night it doesn’t surprise me.”

“Me neither. We might be in for an interesting day. Are you up for it lover?”

“Are you saying that you wouldn’t mind if I fucked one of them?” Ethan asked.

“You can fuck both of them if you want; just so long as I can watch and you come back to me afterwards stud.” I said.

As we slowly cruised out of the harbour Becky and Liz were stood on the front of the boat waiving at the fishermen and the people who’d walked to the end of the pier.

As soon as we got into open waters I went and joined Becky and Liz. By that time they were laying on the deck soaking up the sun. I joined them and we started talking. The subject got round to their father. Not wanting to be too blunt I said,

“I see that he really loves you.”

“He’s the best father ever.” Liz said. “Who needs boys when you’ve got a father like we have?”

“What do you mean,” I asked, “you sound like he takes care of your every need.”

“Oh yes, he certainly does; he keeps us both satisfied.” Becky said.

“The way that you said that makes it sound like he takes care of your sexual needs as well; does he?”

When I said those last 2 words I hoped that I hadn’t gone too far. I worried that the twins would get upset and ask for us to take them back. I needn’t have worried because Liz said,

“Oh he certainly does; we all often sleep in the same bed and daddy fucks whichever of us that he fancies. It’s fun.”

I wanted to say that it was weird but I managed to keep my mouth shut. I was dying to tell Ethan.

Ethan kept driving the boat until we found a quiet beach that the girls liked. Neither Ethan nor I told them that they’d picked the beach that would probably get invaded by dozens of half-drunk 18-30s.

When Ethan had secured the boat he came to us and asked if we were ready to swim ashore.

“You’re not going like that are you Ethan.” Becky asked.

“Why not?” Ethan asked.

“You’re with 3 naked hotties and you want to keep your shorts on?” Liz said, “What’s wrong with you man? Come on, get them off or we’ll do it for you.”

Ethan looked me. I smiled and he started un-fastening his shorts. As they dropped I saw that he had a semi that was rapidly starting to point to the sun.

“That’s better.” Becky said, and dived into the sea.

I put the girl’s towels, some water and sun tan lotion into the big waterproof bag that we’d found on the boat and the rest of us swam ashore.

Those girls did everything that they could to tease Ethan. Talk about putting their bits in his face, they were better at it than I was. I wondered who’d taught them all those tricks.

When they put suntan lotion on him they both took it in turns to put some on his cock. I was sure that he was going to give them a little present, but he didn’t. To be fair, Ethan did finger fuck them both when he put the lotion on them. Not wanting me to be left out of it he finger fucked me and teased my clit when he was doing me. He also whispered in my ear,

“I love you.”

I reached up and kissed his cock then whispered,

“I love you too. You know that you can fuck them if you want to.”

Ethan smiled.

After we’d been sat on the beach for about an hour Becky said that she was glad that we were there alone; she said that she wanted to have some fun later.

I looked at Ethan but didn’t say anything. The girls were oblivious about what was probably going to happen quite soon. Ethan smiled and I saw his cock twitch. He was looking forward to it as much as I was.

When the noise started and the girls realised what was happening they ran to where the people were coming ashore and jumped up and down. They just didn’t care that they were both naked.

When they got bored they came back to us and saw us I was flat on my back and Ethan was on his side playing with one of my tits.

Liz asked if she could get some of that.

“Go and find one of your own.” I said; “there’s plenty about.”

“I like watching you 2 love birds.” Becky said.

Ethan’s hand moved down to my pussy and I spread my legs wide.

“Whoa, this is going to be fun.” Becky said.

After a couple of minutes I moved Ethan’s hand out of the way and started teasing my clit.

The 2 girls were stood at my feet watching my action and Ethan’s rapidly hardening cock. A couple of the 18-30s youths had wandered over to get a better look at the 3 naked women.

I took my time; I wanted a bigger audience. It didn’t take long. Quite a few were getting bored waiting for their organisers to get things set-up and the boys wanted to look at the naked hotties.

As the audience got bigger Ethan and I did what we’d done the previous times. As I was riding Ethan I looked round and saw that the audience was about 20 strong. Becky was on her towel with a youth. Her legs were up the air whist the youth pounded her pussy.

Liz was also on her back with a youth between her legs eaten her pussy.

The audience cheered when I came, and again when the girls came.

Ethan and I went for a swim to get cleaned up and when we got back the girls were still at it; but with different youths. Both Ethan and I wondered if it was tuning into a gangbang. We left them to it and went and watched the silly games.

About an hour later Beck and Liz found us; both were looking a bit rough and had cum all over them.

“So how many did you each have?” Ethan asked.

“No idea; I stopped counting at 7” Beck said.

“I didn’t even count.” Liz said.

“Maybe I should get lots of guys to wank all over me too.” I said.

“Do you want to?” Ethan asked.

“Maybe.”

The girls started watching the games and laughed and cheered just as much as the others there. They just didn’t care that their naked bodies were covered in dried cum.

When the 18-30s packed up and left we all went for a swim then lay on our towels recuperating. Becky was the first to feel lively again and she started to tease Ethan again by putting more sun tan lotion on him. She concentrated on his cock which quickly responded to the female fingers. When it has hard she mounted him like I had done earlier (reverse cowboy) and lay motionless on his chest while she frigged herself to an orgasm.

By that time both Liz and I were watching and when Becky was spent she climbed off and looked at us 2. Liz said,

“After you Sophie.”

But I insisted that she went next. I went round to Ethan’s head and kissed him while Liz mounted him and started frigging.

I don’t know how Ethan managed to not cum but he did; that was until Liz had cum and got off him. I quickly mounted him the other way round and rode him until we both came.

Shortly after that we decided to swim back to the boat and head back to the port. Ethan got me to take the wheel for a couple of minutes while he put his shorts on.

When we got there Tom and Mary were waiting and as soon as our boat was tied up the girls kissed both of us, thanked us for a great day and climbed over to their boat.

Mary asked us if we’d had a good day. As we were saying that that we had, and that we thought that the girls had, Tom butted in saying,

“How could you not have a great time, our 2 nymphs were with you.”

We went below and had a shower then a slow fuck. Ethan asked me if I was annoyed because he’d fucked the 2 girls.

“Well, for a start you didn’t fuck them, they fucked you. Whatever you got up to doesn’t matter; you’re here with me now.” I replied.

One day we anchored off a beach that had a lot of people on it. None of them appeared to be naked so we decided that we’d better swim ashore with some clothes on. I looked through the swim suits that I had and decided that I’d just wear a crotchless bikini bottom. Ethan was pulling his swimming shorts up when I asked him to wear the speedos that he’d brought. He wasn’t keen but he put them on.

Boy, are they small and tight; he could only just get his cock inside them when it was soft. I leaned over and pulled the front out and down then kissed his cock. It started to rise and joked that I’d make sure that he had an uncomfortable time.

He slapped my butt and said,

“Don’t you dare.”

We swam ashore and walked along the beach. No one seemed to notice that my bikini was only strings and that my pussy was on display. Not even when we went to a café to get something to eat.

Ethan and I were sat at a small table opposite each other. As we were eating I lifted my right foot and put it between Ethan’s thighs. I eased my foot up and started rubbing Ethan’s cock over his speedos.

The inevitable happened and he got a hard-on. As we left Ethan carried our towels in front of him with me giggling.

“It’s alright for you;” Ethan said, “this is painful and if I let it out I might get arrested.”

“I’ll solve that problem for you in a minute lover, just let me have a look at it for now.”

Ethan held the towel away from his groin. I looked and saw his cock sticking out of the top of his speedos. His cock had escaped but the speedos looked like they were so tight that they might be cutting-off the circulation to the top few inches of his cock. It did look painful.

We went and found a reasonably quiet part of the beach and lay down with Ethan spooning me. We just lay there with Ethan’s cock inside me and one of his hands under me and playing with my nipple. I didn’t cum, but Ethan did.

When we got up and moved on Ethan’s problem had gone, but my pussy started leaking his cum and I felt it running down the insides of my thighs.

One morning after breakfast Tom was in his deck and we got talking. Somehow the conversation got round to his girls being naked in public and Ethan told Tom about the time that I had my body painted and Ethan had taken me out like that.

Tom said that one day he was going to get Becky and Liz painted and get them to walk around a big city.

“So what’s wrong with doing it down here? I’m sure that Sophie would enjoy that as well.” Ethan said; “The only problem is finding someone to do the painting; it would have to be someone who is good if the girls are going to walk around a big city.”

“No problem there son; I know just the man, and he’d love to paint 3 naked beauties. Leave it with me and I’ll get back to you.”

The conversation changed subject and I forgot all about it for a couple of days until Tom came knocking on our hull just before we were going out one evening.

“Hey you two, I’ve got it all fixed-up; are you free tomorrow?” Tom asked.

“Yeah we’re free, but free for what?” Ethan asked?

“The body painting of course; I know this tattoo artist in the city and he can fit us in tomorrow morning.”

Ethan looked at me and I nodded.

“Great Tom; thank you for organising it; Sophie is going to love it.” Ethan replied.

The next morning us 3 girls, Tom and Ethan piled into a taxi and set off for the big city. All 3 of us girls just wore a bikini top and a short wrap skirt. Tom was sat next to Becky and his hand was between her legs for most of the journey.

The tattoo studio was more like a shop with a back room but Manuel (the owner / artist) was good. He had this spray gun that he used to give all 3 of us these amazing, brief, denim shorts and tank tops. He even managed to paint pockets, seams, a fly and belt loops on them. I swear that I would have been fooled right up to very close.

Manuel asked us if we wanted our pussies painting as well. Of course we said that we did, we were going to walk round the city and who knows who would get a look at our crotches. We wanted them to think that they were seeing denim – unless they got nice and close.

The spray gun on my pussy felt kinda nice. Manuel had told us that the paint was water based and I worried that my juices would wash it off before it had time to dry.

We each were given painted short tank tops in different colours, complete with spaghetti straps and logos on them. Mine was white and the paint wasn’t really thick enough to stop it from being slightly see-through. I could still see the difference in colour of my nipples.

Manuel asked me what logo or text I wanted painting on my top. I thought for a second then said,

“Hey! I’m up here;” with an arrow pointing up to my face.

Tom had a little chuckle at that.

I couldn’t wait to tell my art student dorm mate that she’d have to get one of those spray guns.

When Manuel had finished all 3 of us, both Tom and Ethan wanted to take photos of us so we went and stood outside the tattoo studio and posed for them. They both told us that we looked amazing and I saw Tom give Manuel a wad of notes.

Photos over we all got together to decided where we were going to go. I was a little concerned that the 3 of us were going to be walking around the city wearing only paint and not have any backup plans, or clothes. After all I didn’t want to end up in jail.

Both Tom and Ethan assured us that we looked so good that unless we walked right up to someone and got them to kneel down in front of us we wouldn’t have any problems. Just to give us some confidence Tom said that he would walk in front of us to keep an eye out for policemen. Ethan said the he’d be close behind us.

Feeling happier we set off with Tom about thirty feet in front of us.

It felt really good walking along in the sunshine.

I suppose that there being 3 of us and no one taking photos or a video of us gave us each more confidence and attracted less attention to us. Very few people gave us a second glance. Even though we weren’t getting much attention it still felt good. My pussy was wet and my nipples were hard all the time. I had that constant tingling in my pussy. Becky’s and Liz’s nipps were hard all the time too.

We wandered further towards the centre of the city attracting very little attention. Becky even went up to a youth and asked for directions to the cathedral. The youth must have been suffering from something because he just pointed down the street and walked off.

All 3 of us were feeling good and confident; so confident that I called Ethan over and asked for some money so that we could buy some ice creams. The 3 of us went up to an open-fronted shop and bought the ice creams. It was a girl serving and about half way through she suddenly got a grin on her face. She must have realised what we were wearing but she did nothing other than smile at us. I looked back as we walked away and saw that both she and a male colleague were looking at us.

We started to get hungry so we stopped at a McDonalds. I wanted Ethan and Tom to sit with us but they said it would be better if we were alone. Amazingly, none of the staff took any notice of what we were wearing whilst serving us but a couple of customers stared at us for a while. I overheard one man telling another,

“Wow, those tops sure are thin.”

They were still staring at us when we’d finished eating and as we got up to leave I stood right in front of them for a few seconds before turning and following Becky and Liz. As I walked away I heard,

“I’ve heard of camel toes but fucking hell man; I didn’t think that they made denim that thin.”

I giggled to myself and kept walking.

We walked about for about another hour not attracting much attention, before Tom stopped a taxi and we headed back to the harbour.

Ethan wouldn’t let me wash the paint off until we’d been out to a bar that evening. For some reason I felt even more naked than when I was wearing just the material-less thong.

One morning when I was coming back from the shop Tom was out on his deck. When he saw me he said hello then started talking and everything and nothing. I was just wearing one of my string only bikini bottoms and it was clear that Tom just wanted to look at me.

Tom told me that they were going to the races that evening and he asked me if we’d like to go with them. I said probably, but that I’d have to check with Ethan.

The conversation ended with me promising to get back to him soon.

I did, Ethan had been listening and when I went below decks Ethan said,

“Take your bikini off and go and tell Tom that we’d love to join them.”

“Why get me to rush to take my bikini off?” I asked. “After all it doesn’t hide anything.”

“Two reasons; firstly I know that you want to be totally naked, and secondly I know that Tom wants to see you totally naked.”

I smiled as I slipped out of the bikini, then went up on deck and climbed over to Tom’s boat and went over to him. He was sitting down by then and his face was inches from my stomach as I said,

“We’d love to join you tonight Tom, what shall I wear, is it formal or informal?” I asked.

“Not swimwear and not formal.” Tom said. “So I don’t think that you should arrive like that or in a long glitzy gown.”

As Tom was talking to me he put his right hand on my left thigh and was gently moving his hand up and down.

I stepped back and said,

“Okay, see you this evening.”

When I got back to Ethan I told him that Tom had rubbed my thigh. Ethan’s answer was,

“If you fancy him, go for it. His family seem quite generous with sexual favours.”

“But he’s ancient.” I said.

“Hey, don’t knock the old; you’ll be that age sometime. If you fancy him go for it. I couldn’t possibly object.”

I kissed Ethan, thanked him then got on with getting breakfast.

We went to the 18-30s beach that day and put on another show. When we got back I had the problem of what to wear.

In the end I settled for a simple thin cotton miniskirt and a halter top.

A big taxi was waiting for us all when we went up and piled in. Poor Ethan got squeezed between the girls and me squeezed against Tom.

The journey took about an hour and we seemed to be going inland, up into the hills. When we arrived and got out we were at what looked like a farm. There was a big house and big outbuildings.

We were met by a skimpily clad young woman who led us round the back of a big barn and to a table big enough for the 6 of us.

I looked round and saw about 30 people, half of which were young women. As another skimpily clad young woman brought us some drink I looked away from the barn and saw what looked to be some sort of very short track.

“Is that where the horses race; it doesn’t look very long?” I asked.

Tom nearly choked into his glass then said,

“Well yes, but it isn’t horses; it’s ponies; ponygirls.”

Ethan’s eyes lit up and I looked puzzled. Both girls giggled.

“Do you mean girl ponies as in mares?” I asked.

“No,” Ethan said, “Girls pretending to be ponies.”

Again the girls giggled.

“What, girls racing on their hands and feet?”

Tom had been quietly smiling up to that point but he intervened and said,

“Sophie, in a few minutes a man is going to ask for girl volunteers, both Becky and Liz are going to volunteer so why don’t you join them. I can guarantee that you won’t regret it. Ethan, I hope that you’ve got your camera with you; you’re going to want to record this.”

“Well, I guess so, what’s it like Becky?” I asked.

“Fun.” Liz said for Becky.

Tom was right, 5 minutes later a man got on a loudspeaker system and asked for volunteers. Beck and Liz grabbed my hands and led me to the front. A couple of minutes later there were 9 volunteers.

We were led into one end of the barn and each led to a pile of leather straps and other things. A man was standing at each pile and when a girl went to him she started getting undressed. Wondering what was going on, I too started to undress.

None of the girls were wearing much so it didn’t take long and I started to see leather harness’ being put on the girls. Then a horses bit was put in our mouths and a bridle and reins were strapped on.

Thinking that I’d got myself into some sort of fetish evening I looked at Becky and Liz, who seemed quite happy so I decided to go along with things.

No sooner that I’d got all strapped up the man picked up a big butt plug and attached some long purple hair. As he motioned for me to bend over I realised that he was going to stick it up my butt. Thankfully he dipped it in a big tin of some sort of lubricant before he put it to my butt and gently pressed.

I moaned a bit as the butt plug slowly disappeared up my butt. The man then joggled it about a bit until he was satisfied that it wasn’t about to get ejected.

I realised that the purple hair was supposed to be my tail. I looked round and saw that all the other girls were ‘dressed’ in a similar way to me and all had different colour ‘tails’.

Once I was ‘dressed’ to the satisfaction of the man he took hold of my reins and led me to the other half of the barn. In there I saw about a dozen little carts; a bit like what I knew as the ‘traps’ in pony and trap’ only there were no ponies, only girls.

I was led to one of the carts and backed in between the handles. Looking around I saw a couple of the other girls being led out of the barn by their reins and each was pulling their cart.

I lifted the handles of the cart and was surprised how light it was.

“Easy.” I thought as the man pulled on my reigns.

All 9 of us ponygirls were paraded passed the audience where I felt a little stupid but Both Becky and Liz appeared to be enjoying it. We were then led to one end of the track. There we were split into groups of three.

One group was led to the starting line and the men climbed onto the carts. A starter pistol was fired and the 3 ponygirls were off. It only took a few minutes for the girls to pull their carts to the finish but it did look hard work.

Next it was my group. When the man climbed on I was surprised how well balanced the cart was. Okay, moving to the start was harder than walking without the man on the cart but it wasn’t as bad as I thought it was going to be.

When the pistol fired I set off as quick as I could. I hadn’t noticed before but the man on my cart had a little whip and after a few seconds I felt that whip on my bare butt. It hurt.

I managed to finish second, which I was reasonably happy with.

After the third race the losers from each race were led away leaving just 6 ponygirls.

Two more races and we were down to 4. Both Becky and I had made it through to the final.

Before the final race we 4 finalists were led over to the audience, lined up facing them and told to stand with our feet apart. The losers (who had been led away to the barn) were the led out of the barn (minus their carts and their bits) by their reins. Their wrists had been strapped together behind their backs.

Four of the losers were led in front of the 4 finalists and told to kneel in front of them. A whistle was blown and the losers leaned forward and started licking the pussies of the ponygirl in front of them. I hadn’t been expecting that but I soon accepted it and relaxed to enjoy the experience.

After a couple of minutes the whistle blew again and the losers stopped licking then stood up. They were then moved to the ponygirl on their left and the spare loser was in front of one of us winners.

The whistle blew again and a different looser started licking my pussy.

We went through the 2 minute cycles until one of the winners had an orgasm, much to the delight of the audience.

I wasn’t the one who’d had the orgasm and I was left a little frustrated as we were led back to our carts and taken to the start line.

This time it was a 4 ponygirl race and I didn’t win. I came third with Becky coming second.

Wondering what the winner and the losers would get, we were led into the barn where we too had our wrists strapped behind our backs and our bits removed.

The winner had her head harness removed and a different one put on. It had leather ears and some sort of mouth clamp that kept her mouth open wide.

The 4 of us were then led out to the audience where they were invited to come and inspect us.

Inspection meant grope, and all 4 of us were groped by most of the audience. Tom was one of the ones who groped me, finger fucking me for ages while I just stood there quietly moaning. Tom was good at the finger fucking, he knows just how to do it to make a girl cum quickly and I was soon cumming quite loudly.

Ethan was just watching and videoing me.

When Tom was done, another man then a woman groped me; each trying unsuccessfully to bring me to another orgasm, but each giving me enjoyable pleasure.

Then another, older man stated groping me; he was rough and while one hand was squeezing my tits and pinching my nipples hard, his other hand was ramming 3 or 4 fingers inside me. It hurt quite a bit as just about all of his hand rammed into me then pulled out; over and over again.

I was pleased when the whistle blew and the hand stopped.

The overall winning ponygirl was then led to the middle of the audience and told to kneel. Then every male member of the audience was invited to take it in turns to mouth fuck her through her clamped open mouth.

The poor girl was gagging and choking as man after man rammed his cock down her throat until he came.

One part of me was thinking ‘poor girl’ but at the same time I wanted to be her.

When there were no more men to fill her stomach all the ponygirls were led back into the barn and we had our harnesses removed. I felt a little disappointed as my ‘tail’ was pulled out.

We all got dressed and went back to our tables. As we walked back Liz was beside me and she said,

“Daddy’s good at finger fucking isn’t he Sophie?”

“He sure is.” I said with a smile on my face.

Ethan had a drink waiting for me which I quickly downed.

“Enjoy that did you?” Ethan asked.

“Yes, I did; and it was certainly different.” I replied as I put my clothes in my bag and sat beside Ethan.

“Wait until you see what’s next.” Tom said.

“What do you mean Tom?” I asked.

“I think that you should volunteer to take part in the second part of the evening as well Sophie.”

Liz said; “It’ll be fun as well. Becky and I’ll be volunteering; I just hope that we get to take part.”

A few minutes later a man got on loudspeaker again asking for girl volunteers again. Both Liz and Becky jumped up and ran to where the man was; so I rushed after them.

When there were 6 girls there the man thanked us then started to tell everyone what we’d volunteered for. I was a little surprised to find that I’d volunteered to do some wrestling.

The man split us into 3 pairs and a scantily clad girl gave us all a tight T-shirt and a small pair of white, cotton knickers to put on. When I pulled my knickers on I found that they were way too small. I managed to pull them up but they left me with a very pronounced camel toe. I looked at the other girls and saw that they too had camel toes. I guessed that the size was deliberate.

I looked at my opponent and suspected that I was in for a tough time. She was bigger than me in both height and weight. Becky and Liz were luckier in that their opponents were similar sizes.

As this was going on several men brought sponges mats in and set them up in the middle of the audience. When they’d finished I saw a circle about 12 feet in diameter painted on the mats.

The man started telling everyone the rules: -

1. You will be disqualified if any part of your body touches the mat outside the circle.
2. Points will be awarded for ripping the T-shirt and knickers off your opponent.
3. Points will be awarded for finger fucking your opponent for more than 3 seconds.
4. Points will be awarded if your pussy covers your opponent’s mouth for more than 3 seconds.
5. You will be disqualified if you shout “STOP” 3 times in quick succession.
6. Kicking, punching, elbowing, kneeing, biting and hair pulling will result in disqualification.
7. If the referee says ‘break’ you will break contact with your opponent and stand up.
8. Each bout will consist of 3 x 5 minute rounds with a 2 minute break between each round.
9. If both girls are still wrestling at the end of the 3 rounds the winner will be the girl with the most points.

I was nervous; I’d never done anything like that before and my opponent was big.

Becky and her opponent were up first and Becky put up a good show. Both girls lost their clothes in the first round and Becky managed to hold the girl down for most of the third round; sitting on her face and finger fucking her for most of the round.

Liz wasn’t so lucky; her opponent was stronger than her poor Liz didn’t stand a chance.

When my bout started I quickly discovered that my opponent was stronger than me, but I was faster. I managed to keep things moving fast, even getting out from holds by wriggling quickly. I even managed to rip her top off but she managed to get me naked in round one.

In round 2 I was getting tired and wasn’t able to keep moving fast; but I did manage to rip her knickers off. I lost lots of points by her finger fucking me and sitting on my face.

I started round 3 expecting to have to eat her pussy while she again rammed her hand up my pussy. About 2 minutes in I managed to get up on my hands and knees but the girl was getting too confident. She sat on my back facing my butt while she finger fucked me and slapped my butt.

I saw an opportunity and used all my strength to move forward, getting my side about 3 feet from the painted circle. The girl was busy abusing my butt and pussy and when I dropped one side she went flying off me, her arm going outside the circle to break her fall.

When she realised what had happened she cursed and swore at me then remembered that it was all in fun. She got up and pulled me up onto me feet.

The man organiser then told the 3 winners to lie on the floor and spread their legs. The 3 losers then had to eat the winner’s pussies until they orgasmed.

I just lay there and let it happen. It wasn’t the best orgasm that I’ve had but it was real.

Thankfully Ethan had retrieved my clothes because I just walked back to our table and almost collapsed into my chair.

Everyone was congratulating Becky, Liz and I but all I could think of was how many bruises I would have the next morning.

We talked some more, drank some more, then got the taxi back to the harbour.

During the journey I asked Mary why she hadn’t volunteered for either of the events. She told me that she used to compete quite a lot but once her daughters had grown up she’d decided to take a back seat and let them have all the fun.

A few evenings we went out for a meal with Tom and his family. Each time we 4 women were dressed in next to nothing while Tom and Ethan had to wear shorts and a shirt. They looked so hot and I had to sympathise with them.

Out the second time the conversation go around to women naked in public. I told them about my exhilarating walk round that village then told them that I’d love to walk around a seaside town down there, totally naked.

Both Tom and Ethan said that I may be able to get my wish. Both girls sounded excited too. Tom said that we’d have to go and sus out the nearest town to see what it was like at night; if it was crowded, if it was unruly, what the police presence was like etc. Ethan said that it would be wise to wear shoes because of the potential of broken glass.

The next night we all got a taxi to the town, had something to eat then went for a wander round. I was pleased to see that the conditions looked good enough for me to try it; not then because I’d said that I wanted to leave Ethan’s boat naked, go to town, walk round then get a taxi back; all naked.

Everyone agreed that there was every chance that I’d be able to do it and get away with it; and we agreed to do it a couple of days from then.

On the appointed night we all got something to eat at the local café then went back to the boats for me to strip and for Tom to phone the taxi.

I have to admit that I was a little nervous, and a lot excited as we sat waiting for Tom to shout us. When he did we went and climbed off the boat and into the taxi.

Becky and Liz had said that they liked the idea of what I was going to do, but that was all; so I was a bit surprised to see both of them in the back of the taxi wearing only low heals. As I got in I looked at the taxi driver. He was staring at us and smiling. I wondered how many naked girls he’s seen in the back of his taxi.

We got the driver to drop us close to the lively part of town and we 3 girls started walking towards all the action with Tom, Mary and Ethan walking a few yards behind us. It only took a couple of minutes for a few young people saw us and the comments started. I’m happy to say that none were derogatory; most were from guys telling us what they’d like to do with us.

It was such a turn-on for me and my nipples were aching, my pussy tingling and gushing. When I told Liz and Becky they admitted that they had the same feelings. We walked to the end of the lively part then turned and started back.

Going passed one bar a few cute guys asked us if they could buy us a drink; and after a little confab we walked over to them. I looked round to make sure that our protection squad was close by.

Inside the pub half the people ignored us while half of the other half stared and shouted rude comments to us while the rest came and stood close to us. I guessed that they wanted a closer look at our bodies. Judging by the size of Becky’s and Liz’s nipples I guessed that they were enjoying the attention as much as I was. I wondered how many hard-ons we were causing.

We got lots of drinks bought for us and lots of questions about why we were naked.

“Because we want to,” was the stock answer that we gave.

About 30 minutes later someone asked us if we’d like to sit down. We looked round and saw no free tables and chairs and when Liz said that 3 guys picked us up and sat us on the bar. I looked round and saw one of the bar staff just smiling so I guessed that we wouldn’t have a problem with the management.

The 3 of us were sat there for ages, each of us with our legs open enough for everyone to see our dripping pussies.

Sometime later someone shouted,

“COPS!”

Within seconds we were off the bar and being pulled to the back of the room and through a door. Three of the guys were with us in a room full of crates of drinks and beer barrels.

Liz and Becky were giggling until they started making out with the guys nearest them. The guy nearest to me started kissing me and groping me. Because of the number of drinks that I’d had I didn’t resist as his hand went down to my pussy and started finger fucking me.

I’d been ‘excited’ ever since I’d got into that taxi and when this guy’s fingers started on my pussy I just exploded.

I was just coming down when the door opened and another of the guys came in and said that the cops had gone.

Feeling a little guilty, I pulled my groper out of the room saying,

“I wonder if my drink is still on the bar.”

It wasn’t, but another guy soon bought me one. Meanwhile it was ages before Becky and Liz appeared. Both had big grins on their faces. When they got back up on the bar I could see male cum leaking out of their pussies.

We stayed there, sat on that bar for about an hour before Tom waved to us to tell us it was time to go. We said our farewells and left to get a taxi back to the boats.

Another night Ethan and us 3 girls went clubbing. All 3 of us girls wore ultra-short skirts and tops that only just covered out tits. My skirt was also see-through. Of course, none of us wore anything under our skirts and tops.

In the club Ethan got us a drink then told us that he was going to leave us to have some fun teasing guys and that he’d just watch us for a while. I liked the idea of him watching me tease guys but I told him that if any of them tried to fuck me that I’d go running to him. Unlike Becky and Liz I had my man and didn’t want to sample loads of cocks that night.

I hadn’t seen a club like that before; it had quite a few small circular ‘mini stages’ all around; each one with a metal barrier round. After we’d been there for a while girls started getting up on the mini stages and started dancing on their own. When one became vacant Becky went and climbed on and started dancing.

Now these mini stages were about 3 feet off the ground and it wasn’t long before the guys discovered that she was knickerless.

The 3 of us took it in turns to dance on one of the mini stages and all 3 of us always had a good audience. Some of them even turned the in-build torch on their phones on and shone it up our skirts.

I hope that they got some good photos or videos.

The day after, Tom announced that they were taking their boat down the coast for a while and he asked us if we wanted to follow them. Neither of us were too keen on the idea so Ethan told Tom that we might catch up with them in a day or two.

When they’d gone we decided not to go. We both agreed that we were having too much fun there.

That day we went back to the 18-30s beach and put on a good show for a larger than before audience. One couple started to fuck quite close to us but most of the audience were just watching us. I guess that the other couple were more interested in themselves than putting on a show.

On the way back to the harbour we wondered if we had any new neighbours; and if we had; what were they like? Ethan hoped that I’d be able to have some fun teasing them.