**Emily’s Second Solo Holiday**

by Vanessa Evans

If you haven’t read ‘**Emily’s First Solo Holiday**’ and ‘**Emily’s Home Life Changes**’ I suggest that you read them before reading this.

**Part 01**

Before I tell you about my second solo holiday I think that it’s best that I tell you about some of the things that Jack has been making me do since I wrote about how my home life has changed.

I think that it’s right to say that I am VERY happy living with Jack and being his submissive exhibitionist. We’ve even talked about us being a permanent couple and maybe even having kids but we’ve both decided that life as it is at the moment is way too much fun to seriously think about major changes. We’ve decided to re-visit serious changes in about 10 years. Until then we’re going to just keep doing crazy things.

Just a quick reminder about me, I’m 23 years old, slim 30A 23 29, with shoulder length strawberry blonde hair, 5 feet nothing tall. I’ve been told that I have a cute little bubbly butt. I studied engineering at university and now have a good job working in central London that I commute to each day on the London Underground.

Right, since ‘Emily’s Home Life Changes’, Jack has continued to make me do things that before ‘Emily’s First Solo Holiday’ when I was engaged to that looser, John, I would never even have thought of, never mind actually do.

After the walk in the Epping Forest Jack has taken me on many countryside and coastal walks and I am usually naked apart from some hiking boots. Jack carries my dress and a few essentials for us both, just in case.

We’ve come across quite a few people whist out walking and just about everyone is very friendly towards us, often stopping and talking to us. I’m amazed by the number of people who have told us that they’d love to do the same if only they had the courage.

Each week Jack takes me to his gym for a workout and all that he lets me wear, which is good with me, is a thin, cotton tank top and a very short, white skater skirt. It’s not revealing when I’m just stood there, but as soon as I bend over even the slightest bit my butt becomes visible, and you can imagine what is on display when he gets me to do some floor exercises.

Jack has discussed my attire with the gym manager and he told Jack that membership has gone up since Jack started taking me there.

Jack also takes me jogging once a week as well. We sometimes go around the local park but sometimes run along the main street and I often get a few comments, usually from groups of young men about my pokey nipples or the fact that my skirt bounces up and they can see my slit or my butt; so they say, I can see my nipples but not my slit or my butt so I have to take their word for it. Jack just smiles when I ask him.

Jack has also taken me to a couple of CMNF dinner / dances which I loved. We travelled there on the underground with me just wearing a short coat and heels. The coat fastens with just a tie belt and it kept ‘accidentally’ coming undone leaving the coat open and giving the people opposite me quite a surprise. He’s also had us sitting on the trains opposite men and he didn’t need to tell me to keep my knees far enough apart to let the man / men opposite me see my slit.

The dinner / dances are great and we met lots of girls like me and their partners who like showing them off. I really loved being able to talk to strangers and dance totally naked with clothed men close by. I also really love the table next to the dance floor where girls can go and lay on it, and any man can go up to them and explore the bodies with their fingers and mouths.

At both events Jack sent me to the table twice and each time I got finger fucked and eaten out, having glorious, intense orgasms each time. It was really nice having a man from the same table as us come and make me cum then go back to our table and act like nothing had happened.

Jack also visited the table and pleasured some of the girls although I did notice that he only went there if the girl had a similar build to me. It confirmed to me that Jack much prefers small girls with small tits.

I’m also still going to and from work on the underground wearing just a short dress or skirt and top, then getting changed into my work clothes in the toilet of a fast food outlet near where I work. The groping and finger fucking is still taking place on the crowded trains and I’m really happy that I work ‘normal’ office hours, I’ve lost count of the number of orgasms that I’ve had on the way to work. I must be 1 of the few people who actually enjoys their commute to and from work.

Jack is still throwing parties, and some of the other residents are as well. At every one I am naked, the only one naked, and I love every minute of it. At some of them I have to get on the table after most of the food has gone and the deserts are put on and in me and people eat them off me anyway that they can.

I love having orgasms on those tables with all our neighbours standing watching me.

I think that by now, everyone in the apartment block has seen me getting dressed or undressed down in the entrance area. What they have never seen is me wearing a bra or knickers. I don’t even wear those for work now, my thick blouses and knee length skirts keeping me looking professional.

I’ve invested in a home laser depilator and it’s amazing. After about 3 sessions, with Jack’s help, I have no hair below my neck and every few weeks Jack closely inspects every square millimetre of my body and lasers any hairs that have appeared. Why hadn’t those machines been invented 10 years ago when I first started shaving?

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One night, in bed, after an exhaustive sex session where Jack had tormented my pussy using my magic wand and remote controlled vibrator that shakes my insides so much that I sometimes fear that they will turn to jelly, then fucking me to 3 more glorious orgasms, we were laying there talking and Jack told me that he was thinking of going on a holiday with his mates and that I should think about going on a holiday with my mates.

At first I was a bit confused and disappointed, but he went on to explain that us being apart would bring us closer together in the long term.

My mind went back to my first solo holiday in Ibiza and the totally awesome time that I’d had. That holiday really changed my life into the amazing one that I have now. Those guys that were in the next hotel room to me really brought out the real me and changed my outlook on life for ever.

I knew that it would be impossible to repeat that holiday, and that if I tried it would be disappointing.

Jack went on to say that some of his mates were thinking of going on a lads holiday to Ibiza after Jack had told them about some of the things that I’d done, and that he was considering joining them. He also again told me that he thought that I should do something similar with some of my girl friends.

I reminded him that I didn’t have any girl friends that weren’t married or that I would want to go on holiday with so he suggested that I try some of these website that arrange singles or ‘alternative’ types of holidays. I told him that I wasn’t sure what he meant so he offered to help me find something.

We both agreed that finding a holiday for a submissive exhibitionist with a body like mine would be a challenge but we also agreed that there must be holidays out there where people can be their true selves, it was just a case of finding them.

Getting Jack’s holiday sorted was easy, just 1 phone call to one of his mates, but both of us spent hours trawling the internet looking for something that would let me be my true self. It was Jack that found the post that would eventually become my second solo holiday, and one that would equal my first solo holiday, but in a different way.

It was an American couple who were spending a year in Europe and were hiring a small yacht for 3 weeks to cruise around the Greek islands and they were looking for a submissive young girl to be their ‘deck hand’ for the 3 weeks.

Well, when I read the post my mind went into overdrive and so did my pussy. It was obvious that for ‘deck hand’ you should read ‘sex slave’. After reading it for a second time I begged Jack to fuck me right then. He reminded me that it was him that decided when we had sex and he told me to bend over the table whilst he spanked my bottom for being so bold.

After about 50 swats he did fuck me, so hard that I got slight bruises where my upper thighs were rammed against the table.

Anyway, the next day Jack told me to reply to the post asking for more information.

Almost immediately I got a reply asking for details of my body and what I was looking to get out of the trip. Well my body details were easy but describing what I wanted out of the holiday was a bit more difficult. In the end Jack and I agreed on,

*‘I am currently living with a man that dominates me and makes me do many things that your average girl would be horrified at, like going to the gym for a workout wearing nothing but an ultra short dress, or hosting a party where I am the only person naked.’*

Within a day I got a reply saying,

*‘My wife and I (Wren and Aryn) will be cruising the Greek islands for 3 weeks at the end of July and we are looking for a submissive young girl to do a lot of the work involved and to be our sex slave for the duration. If this sort of holiday appeals to you please send 5 nude photographs of yourself to the email address below.’*

That was it, short and sweet, but, as Jack said, they didn’t want to give too much away to someone who may not be suitable for their needs.

That evening Jack scrolled through the thousands of nude images of me and selected 5 that he thought would meet the couple’s requirements. One of the photos was of me having a spreadie, held up by 2 young men, on my holiday in Ibiza. It is a high resolution photo and you can zoom in and see a lot of detail, including my juices seeping out of me.

I sent them to the email address that evening.

The following day I got another email from Aryn,

*‘Your body meets our requirements so I have attached a couple of photos on my wife and myself. If after seeing those photos you feel that you could submit to our sexual demands please reply sending us a doctor’s letter proving that you are free of any sexually transmitted diseases. At the start of July we will send you a similar letter and will expect another, similar letter from you. After we receive these I will send you our skype handle and a date and time when we can meet on skype and get to know a little about each other before the trip.*

Also, please send me a list of red-lines that you are not prepared to cross.’

Jack and I studied the photos of Aryn and Wren just after he fucked me in bed that night and we both agreed that they looked okay, not ugly or fat, just a regular couple. Aryn looked to be a big man, but not a fat guy and Wren looked quite small next to Aryn.

“So could you let this guy fuck you Emily?” Jack asked.

“I could, but not without your permission Master.” I replied.

“Well slut, you have my permission, in fact I hope that he fucks you 5 times every one of those 21 days.”

The next day I visited a clinic and a few days later I received the test results and emailed a copy to Aryn and also attached a photo of Jack spanking my bare butt.

In the email I listed my red lines list of just 4 items: -

Drinking Piss.

Eating Shit.

Getting any type of physical damage that would not heal within a couple of days.

Getting Arrested.

The reply also gave me Aryn’s skype handle and a time to call him.

“Should I wear some clothes for the call?” I asked Jack.

“Certainly not. You cannot wear clothes in this apartment so you would suffer the consequences if you do.”

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The appointed time arrived and I made the call. As soon as the video connection was made I saw that they were sat at a table and Wren was topless.

“Well hi there Emily, it’s good to see you at last. I’m assuming that you are naked and not just topless?”

“Yes Aryn, I am.”

“Emily, when we are alone or with Wren you will address us as Master and Mistress. You will only use Aryn and Wren when other people are around.”

“Yes Master.”

“Good, you will quickly realise that we are friendly people who wish you no harm providing that you do as we say.”

We talked for ages with me telling then a lot about me and my life with Jack. I learnt that Aryn is an ex Navy Seal who had inherited a lot of money and was out to enjoy life. Wren was his childhood sweetheart that he had married just before he qualified for the Seals.

I didn’t find out if Wren was bottomless as well as topless, but Aryn told me to climb onto the table, put my laptop between my legs and bring myself off for them. Obviously I did and they both appeared to like what they saw.

I was still sat on the table with them getting a great view of my dripping pussy when Aryn said that he wanted to talk to Jack. I called out his name and he came and stood beside me.

“Hi Jack,” Aryn said, “nice to meet you buddy. Thank you so much for lending Emily to us, I’m sure that she’ll provide a great service to us and really enjoy herself.”

They chatted for a while with me still sat there with my legs wide open.

The call ended with them reminding me to send them another certificate proving to them that I was disease free at the start of July, and Aryn telling me to email me my address

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The day for my departure finally arrived and Jack woke me with his cock sliding in and out of me, he gave my body a full inspection and removed the odd hair that had decided to grow. Then, after breakfast I picked up my small clutch bag that contained everything that I would be taking, slipped on my heels, a very short summer dress and sandals; and Jack drove me to the airport to catch the scheduled flight to Athens. All I had with me was my passport, flight tickets, boarding card, phone and a small amount of money, GB pounds and Euros, one of my credit cards and a couple of personal items. Those were the only things that Aryn had told me that I would need.

I didn’t look out of place at Gatwick as there were hundreds of people going on their summer holidays and most of the girls were as scantily dressed as I was although I doubt that most of them were knickerless and braless like I was.

I had a window seat and by the time I got to it two men were sat in the seat between my seat and the aisle. Neither of them got up to let me in so I had to squeeze passed them. I did it facing them and my short dress rode up as it brushed against the backs of the seats in front. I’m not sure if they saw my slit or not.

Finally in my seat I looked down and saw that my bald pubes were visible. I fastened the seat belt and put my hands on my lap covering my pubes. It wasn’t that I wanted to cover my pubes, it was 2 other things, firstly I didn’t want the cabin crew to see my bald pubes when they came round checking that all the belts were fastened, and secondly, the fingers on my right hand could play with my clit whilst the action was covered by my left hand.

The nearly 4 hour flight would have been boring if it hadn’t been for a few things, the fingers on my right hand were busy most of the time. Whenever I saw the man next to me looking at my bare legs I moved my hands away so that he could see my bald pubes, slit and clit.

The anticipation of what was ahead of me, and my fingers were causing my pussy to stain the seat that I was sat on to such an extent that after a couple of hours I had to go to the toilet to relieve the sexual tension that was in me and to clean and dry around my pussy and inner thighs.

The men still wouldn’t get up when I excused myself to get out to the aisle so this time I squeezed passed them with my butt to them and I made sure that my dress did ride up. They could not have missed seeing my bare butt that was virtually in their faces. I went to the toilets in the back of the plane so they did not see me approaching after I had taken care of my personal business and as I got back to the seat behind them I just caught the end of a conversation about my butt and my lack of knickers.

I smiled, stepped forward and asked them to excuse me again. Again they didn’t get up so I again squeezed passed them, this time with my front to them and I made damned sure that my dress rode up and there was no way that they could not have missed seeing my bare stomach, slit and protruding clit.

I sat down on the front edge of my seat and lay back knowing that my slit was still very visible to them.

After a few seconds I looked at them and saw that both of them were looking at my slit. I would have smiled at them but they wouldn’t have seen my face so I sat properly and put my hands on my lap again. Again letting the fingers of my right hand idly play with my clit.

As soon as the plane door opened in Athens I knew that I was going to have a great time, the heat rushed into the plane and when I got to the door and looked out and up it was a glorious day, blue sky and a temperature that England only saw about once a year – if we are lucky. The skirt part of my dress fluttered about in the slight breeze and I made no attempt to hold it down, not caring, but hoping, that a few people would see that I had nothing on under the dress.

No waiting at the luggage carousel for me and I walked straight through to the arrival hall where Aryn had told me they would be. It was easy to see him as his head was well above everyone else’s in there.

I smiled as I walked up to them, and as soon as I said hello Aryn bent over and his hands went down to the back of my thighs, slid up to my butt under my dress, and he lifted me up so that my face was in front of his. His fingers found my pussy as I instinctively wrapped my legs around his waist and it was only after a few seconds that I realised that my dress had ridden up and my whole bare butt was on display to everyone around us.

When Aryn finally put me down Wren hugged me as well, and again my dress rode up but only the bottom part of my butt was exposed.

As we walked out to the waiting taxi Aryn talked and I almost instantly felt comfortable and safe with him. Even though I am a karate black belt, no one in their right mind would argue with this gentle giant.

We got to the taxi and just as I was about to get into the back alongside Wren, Aryn said,

“Take your dress off Emily and give it to Wren, you won’t be needing that for 3 weeks.”

I did as I was told, much to the surprise of the few tourists that were walking by, and the driver who I saw smiling through one of the mirrors. I took my time getting in, watching Wren fold my dress and put in in her bag.

The drive took us almost an hour and all the time Aryn was talking to all 3 of us, asking all sorts of questions about all sorts of things, and he wasn’t shy about asking things like was I due to have my period in the next 3 weeks, or reminding me that anal wasn’t on my list of red lines so was I happy to take his cock up my ass.

Aryn asked me if I wanted a ‘safe’ word then told me that he would stop doing whatever it was that he was doing to me but only that. We could well be in the middle of the Mediterranean so we’d discuss the problem and get over it.

I replied saying that it was a good idea and he suggested ‘Priapus’.

“Isn’t that the Greek god with the humongous penis?” I replied.

“It’s not that big, wait until you see mine.” Aryn replied.

I looked to Wren, she was smiling and nodding her head. I turned to look at Aryn and he too was smiling.

“I’m glad that I do my kegel exercises.” I replied.

Aryn then cursed another motorist who had just cut us up then the conversation changed to crazy Greek drivers.

All the time the driver was listening to Aryn and the replies from both Wren and myself and I wondered if he understood English, and if he did, what must he be thinking.

When we arrived at the Marina, Aryn directed the driver to the yacht that he’d hired and we all got out. There were a few people around, some who stopped doing whatever to look at the naked girl who had just got out of a taxi. Aryn wasn’t in any sort of rush to get us onboard the yacht and Wren and I just stood there as he haggled with the driver about the cost of the fare. I wondered why because he must have loads of money to be able to afford to hire a yacht for 3 weeks.

“It’s his upbringing.” Wren said, “he wasn’t rich until he inherited a small fortune. I’m just glad that I married him before he became rich, but I do love him, he’s a real softie under all that muscle, you’ll have a great 3 weeks with us Emily.”

That was the first few sentences that Wren had said to me, even on the skype calls. She’d always let Aryn do the talking, which he obviously liked doing, and I wondered just how submissive and how much of an exhibitionist she was.

When Aryn won his battle with the taxi driver he smiled at us and led us onto the yacht which was called ‘Lucky Lady’. I smiled as I saw the name and thought,

“I certainly am.”

“Show Emily around Wren, let her see her cabin, not that she’ll be spending much time in there.” Aryn said. “Oh, give me your purse Emily, I’ll lock it in the safe, not that I’m expecting pirates but we will be off the yacht quite a bit so it’s just a security measure.”

“Goes back to his seal days.” Wren said as she led me off on the tour.

The yacht was big, but nothing like a lot of the monsters that I saw in the marina, most of which would have cost many millions of dollars or pounds or euros. Wren took me to their cabin first, very luxurious with a huge bed. I stood there imagining what might happen to me on that bed.

When my pleasure thoughts stopped I realised that Wren had taken her dress off and she was as naked as I was.

“He likes me this way.”

“I can see why Wren,” I replied, “You’re beautiful.”

“So are you Emily.”

Wren leaned over and kissed my cheek then reached for my hand and led me on the rest of the tour. I had been allocated 1 of the 2 other cabins that were obviously for any crew or children. They are both small with bunk beds.

In the kitchen, sorry, galley, I saw a full, huge fridge and a well stocked freezer.

“Where do you get the electricity to power these when you’re out at sea?” I asked.

“Solar panels on the top deck during the day and batteries at night. The panels charge the batteries during the day. It’s also got a desalination system so we don’t cook or shower with salt water.”

“Impressive.” I said as Wren opened a door to show me a store room full of tins of food and bottles of drinks. There were stacks of beer cases.

“He likes his beer.” Wren said.

We then went up onto the main living deck where Aryn was sat with a bottle of beer in his hand. He smiled at us as we climbed up onto the top deck where Aryn (presumably) would drive the yacht and watch Wren and I sunbathing on the deck in front of the control tower, or whatever it’s called.

“Well,” Aryn said as we went back down to where he was, “I guess that we should start as we intend to continue, come over here Emily and take my shorts off.”

I did, and when his cock sprang out I gasped and stepped back.

“It’s huge.” I said, “a monster.”

“Now you can see why I married the man.” Wren said.

“Not frightened about taking that are you Emily?” Aryn asked.

“No, no, I’ve taken big things before, but not living things that big.”

My pussy was already lubricating more than enough to let that monster slide right in me, and when I climbed onto the seat with a knee either side of Aryn, I lowered myself onto his cock almost with ease.

“You don’t have a nickname of ‘slack Alice’ do you Emily,” Aryn said, “that was easy.”

I knew what he meant so I squeezed my pussy muscles as hard as I could.

“I guess that I should take that back, that’s nice, keep doing that Emily.”

I did, relaxing my muscles only when I lifted myself up then went down again.

I looked over Aryn’s head and could see out to other yachts with people on them and people walking along the footpaths.

I felt my tits being caressed and looked down at Aryn’s hands. It wasn’t his hands on my tits so it must have been Wrens. They were nice and gentle, making my nipples even harder. They’d been hard ever since my morning fuck with Jack.

I’d been expecting something, not so big, like this ever since Aryn had told me that I had got the job and the anticipation had been building at a fast rate ever since he lifted me up in the airport and it only took a few strokes for me to start cumming. As I was doing so, Aryn lifted me up and down a couple of times which only extended the length of my orgasm.

He kept lifting and almost dropping me, a few more times until he shot his load inside me. There was so much that I was half expecting it to come out of my open mouth.

When Aryn’s cock started to soften he lifted me by the waist, right up and off him and put me down on my feet.

“Can you take that half a dozen times each day Emily?” Wren asked.

“Hell yes.” I replied.

“Okay you 2, get off this tub and untie the moorings, we’re heading out to sea.

Much to the delight of the people nearby, 2 naked girls got off the yacht, unplugged the water and electricity connections, unfastened the ropes, climbed back onboard and pulled the gang-plank (is that the right name for it?) onto the yacht, and Aryn started the motors.

“Come on Emily, Aryn wants us on the top deck where everyone can see us when we go in or out of a harbour.”

“Good,” I said, “I like being seen.”

Wren and I waved at passing boats as we went out of the marina and I’m sure that Aryn went closer to those boats than he should have.

As soon as we were quite a distance from the marina and other boats Aryn called us in and told me to go and get him a snack. Wren came with me to let me know what Aryn liked and her and I ate a little as I prepared his food. He may be a mountain of a man but he doesn’t appear to eat much.

As Aryn ate, whilst still driving the boat, he told us to get the sunblock out and put some on us, which we did, on the sunbathing deck right in front of the control tower where Aryn was driving, me covering Wren and her covering me.

“69.” Aryn shouted so we did, right there of the sunbathing deck. Whenever I lifted my head from Wren’s pussy I had a quick look around, I saw a couple of boats but they would have needed binoculars to know what we were doing.

We stopped in a little bay and Aryn dropped anchor. Then he opened a compartment and pulled out a big jet-ski. Then he put his short on, covering that massive cock that I couldn’t stop staring at, while Wren put on a thong, string bikini that had trouble covering her areola and her pussy. Then we climbed on the jet-ski with me sandwiched between them and sped off to the beach. I had my arms round Aryn and my hands slid down so that I could feel that massive cock through his shorts while Wren had her arms round me with her hands holding my tits and rolling my nipples between her thumbs and fingers.

It was late afternoon and there weren’t many people on the beach, nor in the cafe at the edge of the beach. Wren and I followed the big man up the beach and into the cafe. No one said a word about my lack of clothes as we took a table and a waiter came and took our order.

Drinks and a nice meal followed with us talking about all sorts, me telling them about more of my life since I kicked John out of my life. About half way through the meal I noticed that one of Wren’s nipples had escaped but I decided not to tell her about it figuring that if Aryn was worried about it he would tell her.

I knew that he knew because he stared at it for a while and smiled when he saw me looking.

After the meal Aryn led us from the beach, through the car park and into the little village. It was dark by then but the moon was bright. It felt so nice walking the streets with absolutely nothing on, and the few people that saw us ignoring my total lack of clothes. Wren was just about naked as well, I’m sure that she could stuff all of that bikini into a matchbox if she tried.

The village has a little bar and Aryn had to take us into it for some ouzo. There was only 1 free table with 2 chairs. He sat at one and Wren at the other. I had to stand where everyone could see my front. I say everyone but there was only half a dozen men in there, mainly middle-aged to old but they must have liked what they saw because they all stared at me all of the time we were there.

A waiter came over to us and, speaking in Greek, Aryn ordered something. The man left and came back with a bottle of Ouzo and 3 glasses. Aryn and the man had a brief conversation then Aryn told me to sit on his knee. I did, still with my front facing most of the Greek men in there.

After pouring 3 glasses of the Ouzo Aryn said,

“Down in one.” And we did.

I immediately started coughing and I though that I was going to die. You guessed it, I’d never had Ouzo before and, to be honest, I will be happy if I never have any more of it.

As I coughed Aryn put one hand on my thigh then slapped me on my back.

I thought that my lungs were going to come out of my mouth but afterwards I guessed that the slap wasn’t that hard for a man Aryn’s size.

Aryn had another couple of drinks with Wren and me declining some, then Aryn told us we were heading back to the yacht. When I stood up I looked at Aryn’s knee where I had been sitting and saw that it was wet. I said nothing.

Back at the beach Aryn pulled the jet-ski out a little then we all climbed on, me squeezed in between them again, and sped back to the yacht.

“Beer.” Aryn said after he’s secured the jet-ski so I went to the fridge and got him one.

“Did you enjoy it in that cafe Emily?” Aryn asked.

“Yes I did Master, I liked those men looking at me and I liked my pussy pressing on your leg.”

“I could tell, you left my leg all wet.”

“Sorry Master.”

“And do you like beer bottles in your cunt?””

“Yes I do Master.”

“Show me.”

Aryn passed me the now empty bottle and I spread my legs and easily slid the narrow top of the bottle up my vagina. Without being told to do so I started fucking myself with the bottle.

“Stop girl.” Aryn said, then he stood up, easily picked me up and put me down on the table, me still holding the bottle inside me. As his hands left me I started fucking myself again.

“Deeper.” Aryn said.

I pushed on the base of the bottle and the wide part started to disappear.

“Keep going.”

Soon there wasn’t enough sticking out of me for me to be able to get hold of it, then my vagina started closing with the whole bottle inside me.

“Wren can do that as well.” Aryn said, “I once took her out for a burger with one inside her.”

“He did,” Wren said, “and I was in agony each time that I had to sit and get up.”

“But you liked it Hon. You did cum twice.”

“It still hurt.”

“What about you Emily, could you walk about with that inside you?”

“I think so Master, but as Wren says I’m sure that it would hurt if I had to sit down or stand up.”

“Okay, I don’t want you doubled-up in pain on your first day with us, can you squeeze it out?”

“I think so Master.” I replied, happy that I do kegel exercises.

I managed it, the bottle bouncing onto the floor and fortunately not smashing.

“That was quick, Emily, maybe I should get you both to do it and maybe have a race.”

“I’m sure that Wren would be faster than me Master.” I replied, wondering if that was true.

“Go and get us all some beers Emily.” Aryn ordered.

“Sit.” Aryn ordered after Emily had given him and Wren their beers.

“Have you been wondering where you are going to sleep Emily?

“Not really, I guessed that would be either in one of the spare rooms, or out here on the floor or in your bedroom on the floor at the foot of your bed. Which ever it is I’m sure that I will be comfortable enough thank you Master.”

“I’m not that cruel Emily, you’ll be sleeping in our bed with us so that if either of us wants to fuck you in the middle of the night we can do. If you’re lucky you might just get fucked at both ends as the same time.”

“That would be nice. Master.”

“Have you ever been fucked whilst you are asleep or unconscious Emily?”

“I know that I have been woken by Jack’s cock pounding in and out of me, but I guess that anyone could have fucked me if I didn’t wake up Master.”

“Good point Emily. Well you might just wake up a few times with my cock or a big dildo going in and out of you.”

“If the dildo is as big as your cock I will wake up pretty damn quick Master.”

“Yes, I wake up quick when he rams that monster into me.” Wren added.

Beers finished we went and had a shower, me on my own after they shared one, then I went and lay on the other side of Aryn to Wren. I felt one of his big hands cupping my pussy just before I went to sleep.

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The next morning I when I woke I was on my side with my back to Aryn and his monster was pushing its way inside my vagina. I’m really glad that my vagina produces lots of lubrication 24 by 7 because that monster would really hurt if I was dry.

I lifted my upper leg and Aryn’s cock went the rest of the way in easily.

It only took about 4 thrusts from Aryn for me to cum but he kept going until I’d cum again. When he shot his load into me it felt like a gallon of his cum was filling me. I just lay there slowly recovering and felt his cock shrink, then it started to get hard again. Aryn pulled out of me and lay on his back and when I turned so that I was on my back I saw the top of Wren’s head as her mouth engulfed Aryn’s cock.

“Go and put some coffee on Emily and start the breakfast.” Aryn said with a look of pleasure on his face.

I did as directed leaving them to do whatever.

When the coffee was ready I poured 2 cups and took them to them. Wren was riding Aryn reverse cowboy style and it was obvious from Wrens face that she was both struggling with the size of Aryn’s cock, and enjoying the experience.

I put the coffee down and left them to it.

I was keeping the breakfast warm when Aryn and Wren came out of the bedroom and walked passed me to go to the main deck. Both were as naked as I was and Aryn’s cock was swinging from side to side.

As I took the breakfast up to the main deck I looked around the bay and saw 3 other yachts anchored. It wasn’t a big bay so people on all 3 yachts would be able to see us, and, of course, we would be able to see them.

“So Emily, did you sleep alright last night?” Aryn asked.

“Yes thank you Master.”

“The gentle bobbing of the boat didn’t bother you?”

“No Master.”

“Good. Today we are going to move to the next bay then go ashore and have a look around. The bay is bigger than this one and so is the village, and it’s market day.”

“You’re going to take me to the market Master, like this?”

“So what’s wrong with you ‘like this’? You look good to me.”

“Well I don’t mind, in fact I like the idea but there may be some people there that don’t like me being like this Master.”

“Tough, if they complain they can argue with me.”

I smiled as I imagined a little old Greek lady trying to complain to the huge Aryn.

The warm Mediterranean air had dried the sex juices that were on the outside of me but some more escaped from me at the thought of being naked in a market with lots of people all looking at me. I hoped that a lot of them would be tourists.

“Master, you know that you can take me anywhere naked, and fuck me anywhere that you want, even in a public market.”

I added that last bit to try to give him an idea.

“So you want to be fucked in public do you Emily?” Wren asked.

“My bucket list has lots of entries for doing things like that, doesn’t yours Wren?”

“My little wifey is a little shy when it comes to things like that Emily, that’s one of the reasons why you are here, I’m hoping that she will watch you and change her mind.”

“So that’s why she was wearing a little thong yesterday.” I thought.

After breakfast, and I had cleared up, Aryn told me that whenever the boat was moving under power and we were near any other boats, I had to go onto the front sunbathing deck and stand facing the other boats and wave to them.

I liked that idea and assumed that he also meant if we were entering a harbour where people on the land would also be able to see me.

We got under way and Wren and I went up onto the sunbathing deck with a bottle of sunblock and covered each other in it. Wren was as naked as I was and when Aryn told us not to miss anywhere we both took that to mean our pussies and we stood there rubbing each other’s pussy until we’d both cum.

Shortly after that I saw a boat full of tourists, possibly going to a nice beach for the day, and I detected a slight change in course and guessed that Aryn was deliberately taking us close to that boat. I also expected Wren to go below deck or at least stand behind me, but she didn’t. As we got close Wren started waving to the tourists as well.

As we were waving I asked Wren why she hadn’t tried to cover at least her bald pussy.

“I’m okay with people seeing me naked from a distance, it’s close-up that I don’t like, it’s more personal.”

“I think that I can understand that Wren.” I replied, “you don’t want to risk getting into a conversation with a stranger when you are totally naked.”

“Yeah, topless okay, but not with my pussy on display.”

“Pussies are a bit more personal than tits aren’t they?”

“Yes, I wish I was more like you Emily, I want to be for Aryn but I’ve got this mental block, maybe it’s because I was brought up catholic with all those damned priests saying that anything to do with the human body is a sin.”

“A bit hypocritical of them, but that’s life, have you tried hypnotism to get you over that block?”

“Aryn suggested that but it scares me a bit.”

“Take Aryn with you, let him hold your hand. You know that he’d never let anything bad happen to you.”

“I know, maybe I should try it.”

“Talk to Aryn, maybe he could find a hypnotist out here, although if he did and you did get over the block I’d become redundant and you’d send me home early.”

“I wouldn’t let him do that, I like you being here, you give me a bit of confidence Emily.”

“So how about you try wearing less and less each time we go on shore, baby steps, take something with you just in case you loose your nerve and want to cover-up.”

“I couldn’t wear much less than the bikini I wore last time we went ashore.”

“Maybe you could cut the material out of it, just leaving the strings.”

“I’ve got some G strings that I could do that with.”

“There you go, is that a plan then Wren?”

“Maybe.”

“Think of how happy Aryn would be if you went ashore with your slit and tits on display.”

“Or maybe in just a see-through sarong. You’re given me confidence Emily.”

“I’d better slow down, I don’t want to become redundant.”