**I’m a bit of an unusual girl**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 01**

Hi, like it says in the title, I think that I’m a bit of an unusual, even weird girl. I’m definitely different to other girls my age. My name is Imogen and I’m quite slim, 160cm tall, dirty blonde, shoulder length hair, I weigh about 50 Kg and have 32A breasts with big nipples that one of my fuck buddies tell me he could hang his coat on. My labia is quite pronounced, I have virtually no inner labia and a clitoris that never seems to want to hide behind its hood. I keep my body free of hair below my neck using a laser hair remover.

All pretty normal so far, but what’s different about me is that I’m a bit of an introvert, I usually prefer the company of animals over people and find it difficult to make friends, not that I need friends because I am very happy with my own company. I’m shy and also have an inferiority complex and I guess that you could call me submissive, a submissive exhibitionist because I’m all the above except when it comes to my body where I’m almost the exact opposite, I like, no, love to show my naked body to people, particularly men.

I first realised that I was ‘different’ when I was at university. I woke one morning and realised that I wasn’t ‘fitting in’ with the other girls in the accommodation block. I was avoiding socializing with them and I’d started to dress in more revealing clothes than the other girls. Sure, I’d met boys and spent the night at their place or they’d stayed at mine but most of the time I was avoiding contact with just about everyone that I could.

I’m now 25 years old and work at a bank. At work I’m a different girl. When I started there I was like I was outside work, quiet, unassuming and shy, but as I got to know how to do my job and got to know the people I work with, I gained confidence and was soon just like the other girls there. In fact I would now say that I’m good at my job, even when I have to deal with customers. So I guess that you could also say that I’m also suffering from Split Personality Disorder.

I’m happy with the odd one night stand or going out with a man 2 or 3 times then dumping him. I don’t yearn for a long term relationship, or get married or have kids. In fact those 3 things terrify me. I know 2 or 3 men who seem to be happy for me to phone one of them occasionally, them take me out for a meal then I let them fuck me, sometimes staying all night with them, their place or mine. I suppose you would call them friends with benefits or just fuck buddies. I use them and they use me.

I’m lucky in that my job is reasonably well paid and I have my own, one bed apartment in the city which is in a block surrounded by other blocks of apartments. Okay, I have to travel to work on the underground and at rush hour it can be quite intimidating but it can also be fun. It tell you about that later.

At work I have to wear a uniform, knee length black skirt, white blouse and a stupid tie thing, but out of work my clothes are completely different. Most people would call them slutty, some would call them indecent. You see, for all my faults, I like my body and I like people seeing my body. I take every opportunity to show my naked body to people.

Having said all this, I’m happy with my life and I’ll tell you about some of the aspects of my life.

**My Apartment**

As I said, a one bedroom and in a big block surrounded by similar blocks. I’m told that there are solar panels and a wind turbine on the roof and because of them electricity is included in the rent. I keep the heating set at 25c so that I’m comfortable not wearing any clothes in the apartment. I strip as soon as I get home and stay naked until I have to dress to go out somewhere. I have a duvet for my bed but it lives in the wardrobe.

All, my rooms are overlooked by windows in other apartment blocks and I never close any of the curtains. Most of the time I never even bother looking to see if anyone is spying on me, I like the feeling of knowing that anyone can see me naked at anytime.

I have a treadmill and an exercise cycle that are located by the big window in the lounge area and most days I spend an hour or so nude jogging on the treadmill, doing stretching exercises, bringing myself off on the cycle or doing yoga near the machines.

Even when I’m sat on the sofa or laid on my bed I can see windows in the other blocks and if I can see them then they can see me.

**My Toys**

Over the last few years I have accumulated a nice little collection of toys which get used quite a lot. I have 2 that I like to wear when I go out, both are remote controlled and both have a ‘random’ feature. I love to set them to random just before going out and I leave the control at home. My favourite place to wear one is when I go to a restaurant. They stop me from rushing my meals so that I can escape.

I’ve been embarrassed a couple of times when I’ve been taking delivery of a Chinese meal of other delivery and the random vibrations have kicked in.

I have a couple of dildos with suction cups on their base, I have one stuck to the wall near my door so that I can fuck it as soon as I get in, and the other is on a kitchen chair for when I’m eating at home.

**My Nipples**

These come in for a lot of abuse when I masturbate, which is usually at least once per day, but one time when I was getting fucked by one of my male friends (with benefits) he suggested that I get my nipples and my clit pierced. I didn’t like the idea of getting my clit done for 2 reasons, firstly I feared a loss of sensitivity and secondly, it sticks out quite a bit as it is, and at that time I didn’t want to disturb the pleasure that it was giving me.

My nipples though, that sounded like a good idea. As I’ve mentioned my breasts are small, 32A with meaty nipples, and the idea of maybe having something extra to pull on and maybe a chain going from one nipple to the other, sort of appealed to me so I went and got them pierced and fitted with barbells. The man who pierced them was a bit taken aback when I had to take my dress off for him to get at my nipples, and he discovered that I wore no underwear. What he didn’t discover was that my pussy, and my nipples, were tingling like hell and my pussy was leaking gallons. Whilst I was there I bought a couple of ‘D’ rings that fitted on the barbells.

It wasn’t until I was getting ready to go to work on the following Monday that I thought about them being visible, either through my work blouses, or them tenting and me having to consider starting wearing bras. Thankfully it wasn’t a problem.

**Clothes**

Apart from my work clothes most of my clothes could easily be described as ‘slutty’, and that’s how I like them.

When it comes to underwear I have very little because I don’t like wearing either bras or knickers. I don’t even wear either under my work clothes.

I love going shopping although I don’t buy many clothes. I usually go shopping to do one of two things, either flash my naked body to other shoppers and their partners whilst trying clothes on, or, to get ideas for clothes to make for myself. You see my mum taught me how to sew and make clothes for myself so I use some of the many spare hours that I have to make clothes for myself.

I must have been to every clothes shop in the centre of the city and I have rated them on suitability of clothes and changing facilities, i.e. whether or not I can get changed and easily make it so that other customers can see me changing.

The shop that I like the most is quite small but it targets the clubbers market. By definition that means skimpy and often very revealing. What’s more, the changing facilities are 2 curtained cubicles in the main store. It’s so easy to not close the curtains properly and be seen by other shoppers or preferably their boyfriends.

The shop owner is a middle-aged woman who doesn’t appear to be bothered that her customers let other customers see them trying on outfits.

I’m not the only girl who arranges the curtains so that shoppers can see her changing, and like me, they get naked before trying on their selection. I’ve lost count of the number of other totally naked girls that I’ve seen in those cubicles whilst I’ve been going there and I always strip naked with the curtain only half closed when I go there, which is usually around once a week. I’ve found that Saturday afternoons and Thursday evenings are the best times to go there for there to be male partners there. About once a month I’ll buy something there just so that the owner doesn’t think that I only go there just to try clothes on and flash other customers.

If I’ve decided to go there on my way home from work I take a change of clothing to work with me and change in the rest room of a fast food place after I leave work. There’s one such place quite close to work and I usually time things so that I’m traveling on the underground in my skimpy clothes. That always gets me some attention from commuters, and by attention I mean groping.

Some of the clothes that I try on at the clubbers shop have built-in knickers but when I make my version of them I do not include the knickers. This often means that my butt and pussy are only hidden by the skirt part to people standing up, a bit like a tutu skirt. I feel so exposed and good when I go out dressed like that.

I have one Uber driver that I usually use when I’m going clubbing and he has seen my butt and pussy so many times that he’s stopped mentioning it. He’s told me that his wife always gets a good fucking after he’s taken me to a club or returned me home and that it’s me that he’s thinking of when he fucks his wife.

I’ve phoned him in the small hours and got him out of bed when I’ve picked up a guy, gone back to his place, spent the night fucking then had to get back home in an outfit that would attract way too much attention on a morning in the daylight and he never complains.

Most of the clothes that I make are lightweight and often, opaque or see-through to some extent or totally. I usually try-out the not completely see-through clothes by going for a walk outside wearing them. I like to wear sunglasses and watch people staring at me and trying to workout if I am actually naked under the clothes that they can see.

I think, no, I KNOW that girls are lucky that they can get away with wearing just about anything. Even policemen usually ignore what they can see through the outer layer if the girl acts like she’s wearing heavyweight clothes.

I was feeling really brave one day when I was walking down a street and a policeman came my way. When he got close enough I asked him where somewhere was and I actually saw his eyes go up and down my body as he gave me directions, but he never said a word about my clothes. It was a few minutes later that I wondered if he was gay.

Another time, late at night outside a dancing club, I saw a group of girls talking to a policeman and two of the girls suddenly pulled their dresses up and off then swapped them and put the other dress on. The policeman couldn’t have not noticed that they wore no underwear and he must have had a great view of them both full frontal, but he just carried on talking to the other girls. I wondered if he was gay as well.

Sometimes when the sun is shining and I’m out shopping or just walking, I’ll got to a park and sit or lay on the grass knowing that anyone walking by will be able to see up my skirt and know that I don’t wear knickers. I pretend not to notice the people looking and it makes me feel good watching them staring at my bare pussy. Best of all I like the men who stop and have a really good look before they finally move on. I usually spread my legs a little more for those guys.

I also like going up the escalators in the big shopping centres and often look around and time my getting on at the bottom to be just in front of young men and I love it when I can feel their eyes burning my bare butt and pussy as they look up my skirt.

**Work**

As I said earlier, at work I have to wear this horrible uniform, knee length black skirt, white blouse and a stupid tie thing. My colleagues don’t know that I wear nothing underneath the uniform. The blouse is loose fitting and made of thick cotton so there’s virtually no chance that anyone will see my pokies and even if the odd one of them did see my nipple or barbell bumps they would be too polite to say anything. Only once have I had to feign embarrassment and say that I didn’t realize that I’d put on such a thin bra.

When I started working there I wore these big rimmed glasses with plain glass in them. I wore them for a sort of security, for me to hide behind. I only stopped wearing them, and telling anyone who asked that I had got some contacts, when I got more confident and happy in my job.

In the 4 years that I’ve been there I’ve had 2 promotions which means more money, and I do like the job, just not the uniform.

I’ve considered going to work wearing one of my vibrators set on random but I haven’t found the courage yet.

**The Underground**

As I mentions I have to go on the underground to get to and from work and to some other places that I go to. Going to and from work is err ‘interesting’ at times, I have to travel at rush hour and get squeezed into the carriages. Being a reasonably attractive young lady I attract the hands of the odd commuter occasionally and I’ve had my butt and tits groped many times.

When it happens I get aroused, especially when I think where the hands would have been if I had been wearing my ‘out of work’ clothes. I think that it has got something to do with the anonymity of the groping that I like as I am never able to see the face that belongs to the hand.

When I use the underground at other times the pleasures are different. For starters I’m always wearing a lot less. I never been groped on those occasions but other travelers see a lot more of me. If it’s not down a loose top that isn’t fastened properly, or it’s up my ultra short skirts; You see I never cross my legs when I sit down and I usually don’t sit upright and it’s never long before my knees drift apart.

I like sitting playing on my phone and watching my voyeurs over the top of the phone or by using the camera app.

Very occasionally I’ll end up in a carriage with a group of youths who want to have some fun with me. Only once have I had to resort to using the skills that I was taught at the karate lessons that my dad made me go to when I was a lot younger. The young man in question hobbled off the train with one hand holding his balls and the other hand over his right eye.

Seeing me stop that young man was enough to stop the others even trying anything.

Two things that I enjoy when I use the underground during the quiet times are the escalators and the warm breeze that blows when a train pushes the air ahead of it. Many is the time that my skirts have blown up when I’ve been standing on a platform or an escalator and given other travelers a great view of my butt or pussy and I never react to my skirts blowing up. I always pretend that I don’t know and quite a few of the times I don’t actually know. The rush of the air over my slit tells me that something is going on but I never look down to check and if someone ever says anything I will just plead ignorance.

**Clubbing**

I may be a bit of a recluse and a loner but I do like dancing and clubbing. I can go to clubs and be anonymous. Lone girls go to these clubs to pick up a guy and sometimes I do, but other times I just go to have a good time on my own. I’ve learnt how to either ignore guys that hit on me until they loose interest or play them, getting them to buy me drinks and then slipping away from them.

I’ve got to know quite a few of the bouncers and doormen, not intimately, but just enough for them to let me in without paying. Quite a few times I’ve had a good night and never had to part with a penny.

I only ever drink from bottles at the clubs and only ever drink from a bottle that I have opened and not put down anywhere. If I do put a bottle down I never drink from it again unless my eyes have been on it all the time.

If I fancy the guy I’ll dance close and let him grope me. Dependent on the place and the number of people around, I’ll let the guy expose me to the dancers around us. Many times my top has been pulled up or open revealing my tits, or my skimpy skirt has ended up around my waist letting onlookers see that I am knickerless.

It’s rare that I am the only underwearless girl there and I’m often not the only girl to have her body exposed by the guys. The clubs that I frequent attract girls who want to be displayed and I’ve seen a few girls get stripped naked by guys there and it has happened to me a couple of times. Usually, the girls that it happens to are like me and don’t bother to put our clothes back on until it’s time to leave.

There’s one club that I go to that has a mezzanine floor with metal steps up and metal railings around the sides at the top. I like hanging around on the stairs or against the railings on the top floor so that anyone looking up can see up my skirt. I’m usually not the only girl there who stands around there knowing that we are showing our bare pussies to those below and the DJ, or the guy controlling the lights, seems to know just when to shine the spotlights up and at the right angle to help us girls display ourselves.

**Other Women**

I’m not a lesbian but I do like the occasional one night stand with another girl, and it’s always initiated by the other girl at a club. There’s something about the gentleness of other women that really turns me on at times.

**The Gym**

The Gym that I go to is quite big and has a sauna and a steam room as well as a big workout room. I usually go there two evenings a week. I’ve got a bit friendly with some of the guys there, probably because of what I wear and the fact that they are constantly trying to hit on me – in a friendly way. I sort of lead them on and tease them so that they are constantly looking at me hoping to see parts of me that most girls try to hide all the time.

And it’s easy for them to see those parts of me because all I wear is a tight fitting tank top and a very short, white, tennis skirt. The regular guys that I see there no longer stop to watch me as I do the stretching exercises that I do before I start in the machines. I know that they can see my bare butt and pussy but I just act as if I’m not showing anything.

The guys who see me for the first or second time either find that their workout takes a lot longer or they have to cut it short to take care of something.

The guy who owns the place had a word with me just after I started going there and told me that he wasn’t bothered what I wore unless he got any complaints. Having said that, shortly after that I overheard an argument about me that he was having with an older man there. The owner never said anything to me and I never saw the older man again. I guess that my little shows have increased his membership numbers by more than they have decreased

.

The guys who I’ve got to know there sometimes ask me to spot them whilst they lay along a bench and lift weights. I know that they just want to get a close up look at my pussy and I’m more than happy to oblige them.

I’m sure that the guys get glimpse of my pussy as I do my reps on the machines as well but I never look to see if, or by how much I am exposed.

It’s the exercise cycle that I like using the most. The first time that I used it I discovered that the seat was set too high and that the nut holding it was too tight for me to loosen it and lower the seat. Not wanting to be a weakling girl I got on the bike and started pedaling, only to quickly realize that my butt had to slide from side to side for me to keep my feet on the pedals.

Well, that sliding was instantly having an effect on my pussy, and in particular, my clit. I soon forgot about the seat being too high because it was just the right height to bring me off. I struggled to stay quiet as my first orgasm was quickly followed by a second.

It was that evening that I ordered the exercise cycle for my apartment.

As I said above, the gym has a sauna and steam room. There is a sign outside both of them that says that costumes must be worn, and for the first month or so, until I started talking to the guys there, I always changed into one of my G-string bikinis before going into either hot room.

Then one of the guys, told me that the sign was directed at men and not the girls. I got the hint and took my bikini off right there in the sauna with 2 of the guys watching me. I’ve never worn anything in either hot room since.

When I’m in the sauna on my own my fingers usually drift to my pussy and I make myself cum. Twice so far I have been caught mid orgasm by one of the guys coming in. Neither time did I stop as my desire to complete the orgasm was too over-powering although I doubt that I could have stopped even if I’d wanted to.

Both those times the guys have said that it was a beautiful sight and that I should do it whenever the mood took me. And I have, letting whoever is in there watch me.

The first time that I did that I had this sort of feeling of power, power over the men there and I thought about that a lot after that first time.

**The Strip Club**

Yes, I’m a part-time stripper, not surprised are you? I go to this club usually one night per week. It started one night after I’d been clubbing for about a year. When I went to one of the dance clubs that I like I found that it was closed for some reason. My Uber had already left so I had to walk to find a taxi home as I usually only take a little clutch bag with some money and a key, not my phone.

Anyway, I walked passed this strip joint that had a few posters outside. I stopped and looked at one and imagined myself dancing like the girl on the poster. My brain was working in the background until I actually said aloud,

“Go on Imogen, go in and see if you could strip in front of lots of randy men.”

So I did. The bouncer on the door looked me up and down and said,

“Are you the new stripper? Come half way through your act I see.”

I was silent for a couple of seconds then replied,

“Actually I was going to the club down the road and found that it’s closed tonight. I saw the poster and wondered what it woulds be like to strip in front of lots of men.”

“Well love, you’ve come to the right place, I’ll take you to the manager and by the looks of you he’ll give you a turn to see how you do.”

I was led through the club where I saw one girl on the stage. A song that I knew was just ending and the naked girl dropped to her knees and was frantically rubbing her pussy.

“I could do that.” I thought as I was shown through a door and saw a middle-aged man sitting at the desk

“Yes.” The man said.

“This girl fancies herself as a stripper boss.”

As the bouncer closed the door leaving me alone with the boss, he looked me up and down.

“Not the best outfit to strip from, our girls usually wear knickers when they go out onto the stage, or were you thinking about doing a reverse strip?”

(The man was sat at his desk so he was low enough to see my bare pussy.)

“What,” I replied, “I’ve never even heard of a reverse strip.”

I went on to tell him the story of how I ended up there and he said,

“Well honey, you haven’t got a very big rack but tits aren’t everything, have you ever stripped before, even for a boyfriend?”

“No sir.”

“Hmm, you do realize that you will have to strip for me before I can put you out on the stage, it would be bad for the club if you got out there and froze.”

“I hadn’t though of that sir, but I guess that I could strip for you.”

“Well you haven’t exactly go much on to take off but you can hear the music so get ‘em off girl.”

The man got up from his desk and came round to my side and sat on the sofa that was there. I was a little surprised at the request but I slowly started swaying my hips to the music.

I impressed myself as I started to relax and sway more. The song was one that I liked and before I realised it my top was coming off. I cupped my little tits, caressed them then tweaked my nipples sending nice feelings down to my clit.

Wanting to get naked before the song ended my hands went to my skirt fastenings and seconds later it was on the floor leaving me naked. I remembered what I’d seen the girl on the stage do so I too dropped to my spread knees and my right hand got busy.

I’d intended to stop frigging when the song ended but my right hand just wouldn’t stop and kept going as another song started. For some stupid reason I thought that I had to keep going until that song ended and I took myself through one orgasm and my second peaked just as the song ended, my body shaking and jerking not at appropriate times to the music.

My body relaxed and my butt found the carpet. Still with my knees wide open I just sat there recovering. After half a minute or so the man said,

“Those were genuine weren’t they?”

“Of course, I never fake an orgasm, I don’t think that it’s fair on anyone watching.”

“Neither do I honey, that was some show and I like your jewellery. You can get up if you want.”

I was a little embarrassed, not at being naked, nor having just cum twice in front of the man, but for not having got up after I’d cum for the second time.

“Well honey,” the man said, “you’ve got the job if you want it, or did you just want to get off in front of a strip club manager?”

“No, no, I want it, it’s just that I already have a job, I work in bank.”

“You must be earning a reasonable amount so why do you want to be a stripper? It doesn’t pay much but you can get a lot of tips. Oh, I know, you just want to get your rocks off in front of men. Well that’s okay, in fact it’s probably better than some of the girls out there. So you want to strip part-time? What’s your name anyway?”

“Imogen, and yes please, could I do it one night a week please?”

“Yes honey, you can. It won’t pay much but if you finish like you just did you should make quite a bit in tips but you can’t be a stripper with a name like Imogen, not that there’s anything wrong with being called Imogen, in fact I like the name but it just doesn’t fit the image of a stripper, how about we call you Roxy, we haven’t got one of those. Oh, you can get dressed if you want.”

I did.

“So when do you want to start Roxy?”

“I guess that it should be as soon as possible, I don’t want to loose my nerve.”

“Okay Roxy I’ll take you through to the dressing room, Mandy will give you some tips and get you dressed in something more appropriate for a stripper.”

I was led to another room where there were 3 other girls in various states of dress. Mandy was one wearing only a thong.

“Wow honey,” Mandy said, “that’s some outfit you’ve got there Roxy, you look like you’ve just done a turn.”

I explained how I got to be there as Mandy told me to strip then gave me some clothes to put on. The bra was too big and felt horrible and so did the thong that she gave me to put on.

“At least they won’t be on for long.” I thought.

Mandy then explained a few things and that continued when we went out and watched the next girl strip. Then she took me to the DJ where I chose the songs that I wanted. I have to say that I was nervous as I stood next to Mandy watching the girl finish her routine with what was obviously a fake orgasm.

Then it was my turn. Again I was nervous as I looked out and saw the faces of all the expectant men.

“Pick one face and concentrate on stripping for just that one man.” I remembered Mandy saying to me, and as I did I found that she was right. My confidence was boosted a little when I took the blouse off and bent forward. I laughed to myself knowing that the too big bra was hanging down below my tits that were on show long before intended.

I tried to incorporate both what Mandy had told me and what I had seen the other girls do, and by the middle of the second song I was down to just the thong and actually enjoying myself and getting quite aroused.

I’d already been caressing my tits and my pussy over the thong which was already quite wet. With the thong off, my fingers started on my bare pussy and my arousal level shot up.

Then I masturbated in a way that I had never done before, I got to my feet and turned my back to the audience. Spreading my feet nearly as wide as they would go I bent over forwards keeping my knees straight. My left hand went to the floor supporting me whilst my right hand went back between my legs to my pussy and started alternating between rubbing my clit and delving deep inside my very well lubricated hole.

As the orgasm hit me my body jerked and started shaking. Then my knees buckled and I went down, knees still spread wide. My left elbow bent and my shoulders and face went to the floor leaving my left hand free to help my right hand continue the orgasm and take me to another high.

My fingers stopped as that high hit me but as I got control back my hands went to each butt cheek and pulled outwards. I was trying to spread my pussy even more but in retrospect, I’m pretty sure that I was already as spread as much as I could be.

I touched my clit and my body jerked and I could feel my juices running out and onto my pubes.

Then the song ended.

I took a deep breath and got to my feet and looked for the clothes that I had discarded earlier. As I walked around picking them up I heard, for the first time since my first orgasm, the noise from the audience. I also realised that there was money scattered all over the front of the stage.

I squat to pick up the money, each time making sure that I was facing the audience and that my knees were spread wide so that the guys at the front would get another look at my pussy. I was elated and could easily have started frigging myself all over again.

The manager was waiting for me as I climbed off the stage and to the smiling me he said,

“That was quite impressive for a rookie Roxy. Do you want another turn later or is that enough for one night?”

“Can I have a shower before I go on again please?”

“Sure, after your shower come and see me and we’ll talk about putting your name against some dates.”

When I got to the dressing room all the girls in there gave me a little round of applause then Mandy said,

“For a rookie you did well Roxy. It’s always good when a girl actually cums and you did twice so well done. Will you be able to do that every time?”

“Probably.” I replied.

“Good girl, you’ll go far.”

“Thank you. The boss said that he wants to see me after I’ve had a shower.”

“You’re going back on then?”

“Yep.”

“Good girl. When you get back from seeing the boss we can pick another outfit for you.”

I showered then thought about what to wear to go to see the boss. I didn’t have to go out into the main part of the club to get to his office so I decided to go as I was, naked. It wasn’t as if he hadn’t seen me naked before.

“Come in Roxy.” The boss shouted when I knocked on his door.

He pointed to the sofa and I sat as we talked about frequency and dates. He asked me to give him my bank details so that he could pay me and transfer my tips direct into my account. He also told me that the girls could go out into the main part of the club after they had done a second turn and that they didn’t have to put any clothes on if they didn’t want to. He also told me that the club would provide a taxi to take me home after I’d finished for the night.

In some ways, sat talking to a man that I had only met around an hour ago, whilst I was naked, was a bit strange. I tried to liken it to opening my apartment door to a delivery driver whilst naked and that made it a bit less strange. I wasn’t sure if it made it easier or not, the fact that I had orgasmed in front of him earlier.

I did my second turn and I was more relaxed and enjoyed the build-up to my second set of 2 orgasms even more than the first time. Then, after another shower I decided to go out into the main part of the club still naked. I wanted the experience of being naked and surrounded by lots of men all wanting to get their hands on my body. And I have to say that it was everything that I had expected. My nipples and clit were tingling so much that I thought that I might cum, and that was before anyone touched me.

I looked around and saw 2 of the other strippers out there, both were naked and one had a man’s hand on her butt. Things looked promising.

I wasn’t disappointed, as I waked passed a group of men who had just watched another of the strippers fake an orgasm, I felt a hand grab my arm to stop me. I turned and looked at the men who were looking me up and down.

“Drink with us Roxy.” One of the men who had remembered my stage name when I was introduced on the stage said.

“What have you got?” I asked.

“Something long, strong and hard.” Another man said to a couple of cheers from his mates

 Feeling happy I replied,

“Well I’m guessing that yours is short and fat and hasn’t got much in it.” I replied looking at the nearly empty whiskey glass in the man’s hand.

“Touché aye.” Another of the men said, “I like you Roxy.”

“Thank you sir, but I’m told that the customers shouldn’t touch the girls.” I replied.

Neither hand left my butt cheeks so I added,

“It’s a good job that those 2 hands are just hovering near my butt. And I’m sure that one of them would just love to hover just below my clit.”

The 2 hands reached between my thighs, but only one made it to my clit and I gasped then said,

“Ooh, there must me some static electricity jumping from your fingers to my clit.”

The fingers of the hand roughly rubbed my clit and I started cumming.

 A couple of minutes as I started to relax, one of the men said,

* 1. “So those orgasms on the stage were real then Roxy?” One guy asked.

“Of course, my daddy always told me that faking is very disrespectful. Not that I’m saying my daddy gave me orgasms, he never touched me.”

“Well this daddy would love to touch you Roxy.”

“You’re not supposed to sir.”

“Well I won’t tell anybody if you don’t.”

That started probably an hour or so of me being groped by the customers and me having drinks bought for me. From the drinks point of view the customers in this club were a lot more generous than those in the dance club. Their hands were a lot more productive as well, I was given 3 more orgasms before I noticed that quite a few customers were leaving.

I saw Mandy and she said,

“You gave the punters their money’s worth Roxy.”

“Did I, I saw other girls getting chatted up and groped.”

“True, but none of the other girls let the punters make them cum.”

“Sorry Mandy, I know that the boss said that I shouldn’t let them touch me but I saw other girls getting touched so I didn’t stop the men.”

“That’s okay Roxy, unofficially you can go as far as you want but nobody every told you that, okay?”

“Thanks Mandy, how do I get a taxi to take me home?”

“Firstly you put some clothes on, not that you had much on to start with, then you have a word with one of the barmen. They’ll get a bouncer to come and take you out to a taxi that will be waiting. You’ll be okay with the drivers that pickup here, they’re regulars and you’ll be safe.”

“Thanks Mandy, see you next Saturday.”

That was how I became a part time stripper and I’ve been doing it just about every Saturday for the last couple of years now.

**The Leisure Centre**

I go to a Leisure Centre about once per month. It’s about 5 miles away so I have to use the underground. The place is isn’t that big but it is nice. My main reason for going there is to swim but after swimming I go to the relaxation centre (sauna, jacuzzi and steam room) to see if I can have a bit of fun.

For the swimming I wear this one-piece costume that I have. It’s not a proper swimming costume, more a lingerie costume. The sides are cut high above my hips leaving the crotch part narrow and it often slides between my labia. The best part is the material, it’s a very fine mesh that is ever so slightly see-through when dry and very see-through when wet.

Of course I always pretend that I don’t know.

I do about 25 lengths of the large pool every time I go then I get out and go back to the lockers where I change into one of my home made G-string bikinis then walk to the relaxation centre feeling quite naked and carrying my towel.

When I get there it depends on the mood that I’m in, and who else is there as to what I do, I usually spent some time in each of the facility. There’s usually a mix of people in there but mainly it’s older men and they obviously enjoy the company of a scantily clad young woman who’s not bothered by the huge amount of her flesh that she is showing.

The men often engage me in conversations whist they stare at my body and I try my best to ‘accidentally’ show my nipples and pussy to them. I like sitting on the sun loungers in there with my knees up and my bottoms hidden between my labia. Sometimes I adjust the bottoms so that my clit is on display as well.

The sun loungers are in 2 rows, feet to feet, so anyone sat on the other row get a great view.

When I’m in the jacuzzi the bubbles move my loosely tied top so that both my tits are exposed and of course I never realize and keep sitting up straight so that my tits are out of the water before slowly sliding back down. The other thing about the Jacuzzi is the jets of water and I love sitting on one of the jets and letting it pound on my pussy.

I think that I’ve mentioned it before, but I never tie the strings on my bikinis tightly, and never use double knots. Sometimes, the bubbles will untie the knots, sometimes with a little help from me, and whenever that happens I stand up pretending not to notice that I am totally naked. That always gets the men staring and a few times I’ve got back to the loungers before I’ve realised that my bikini is still in the Jacuzzi. I then have to walk back giving everyone a full frontal view for the few seconds that it takes. Those times I’ll gently scold the men in the Jacuzzi for not telling me what had happened.

I’ve masturbated in all 3 facilities lots of times, the Jacuzzi being the best place because I can look at the men only a metre in front of me as I frig for England

Unfortunately the changing rooms are for separate sexes so there is no fun there, although I’ve read that a new Leisure Centre is being built not far away and I’m looking forward to exploring the opportunities there.

**My Holidays – The First One**

I was a bit nervous the first time that I went on holiday on my own. I’d spent weeks researching places to go and finally pick a place. It was on the Mediterranean coast and had a reputation for being a young people’s mecca, plenty of sun, sand and sex. I researched the resort, the beaches and how I could get to them. Part of my research was the availability of nearby beaches where I could get an all over tan. I wanted to show that to the guys at the gym. I also selected an ‘adults only’ hotel not wanting screaming kids or over protective parents that ‘protected’ (ha) their little darlings from the realities of life.

My limited experience of kids had already taught me that if young kids see naked adults they are less likely to get upset by the sight when they get to be adults.

The temperatures would be great and I hadn’t intended to spend much time wearing more than one of the dozen or so bikinis that I had made for myself, so I traveled light, just carry-on luggage. I only wore an ultra short skirt, a tank top and my sandals for the journey there which involved using the underground to the airport.

What I didn’t think about until a few days before I went was that I’d be leaving home during the rush hour and dressed like I was going to meant that there would be every chance that I’d get squashed and groped for at least part of the journey. I wasn’t disappointed.

The airport was crowded, the majority being people of around my age heading for a good time in the sun. My skimpy clothes blended in perfectly, in fact if I’d worn much more I would have looked out of place..

On the plane I was sat next to a couple of girls who had been to the resort before and they gave me some good local knowledge that I would later use. They weren’t staying at the same hotel but they told me that they’d probably see me around.

They were friendly enough and I sort of liked them but I was intending to spend most of the time watching, being watched and getting a golden tan.

The coach dropping people at their hotels blocked the road when it dropped me and 4 other’s off at my hotel.

When I got off the coach and walked into the hotel I got my first, pleasant shock of the holiday. In the reception were 2 teenage girls just wearing bikini bottoms, one a thong, and carrying towels and sunblock. They were totally unfazed by being topless in the reception area

“Well,” I thought, “I wasted my time bringing my bikini tops.”

As I queued to check-in I just hoped that I’d get get a room in the location that I’d requested. I’d looked up dozens of photographs of the hotel and the surrounding areas, and used google street view to have a good look around, then emailed the hotel asking them for a room on the street side, opposite another hotel, on the second or third floor and with a balcony.

I was pleased that my request had been granted and as soon as I dropped my bag I stripped and went out onto the balcony to see if I could see what I expected.

What I did see was a group of young men on the balcony of a room in the hotel opposite and they quickly noticed me. I waved at them and shouted, “Hi.”

It was only mid afternoon and those guys were hitting the booze.

They shouted back and invited me over to join them. I was tempted but decided that it would be better to check out the area and get myself a supply of water, the heat told me that I’d need it. Putting on one of the bikinis that I made I toyed with the idea of taking the top off again but as I was going to go outside the hotel I decided to leave it on even though the top’s triangles only cover my areolae. The bottom part is a G-string and the front triangle only just covers my slit leaving a lot of exposed labia and pubis that used to be covered in hair.

All my homemade bikinis are that brief.

Key in purse and purse in hand I left my room and went for a wander. It didn’t take me long to find the swimming pool but I did pass another topless girl who looked like she was going to her room.

The pool as full of, and surrounded by, girls and boys around my age. I noticed that nearly all the girls were topless, even the ones with huge breasts who looked as if their bouncing breasts were hurting them.

I didn’t intend to do more than have a quick look but almost instantly a young man was beside me saying,

“Hi, love the bikini, I’m Joe, you’re here on your own aren’t you”

“Roxy,” I replied, “and how did you know? Thanks about my bikini, I made it myself.”

“Talented as well, I cheated Roxy, I saw you checking-in earlier. Can I get you a drink? I’m sure that you’ll have a great holiday with this lot.”

“Thanks Joe. It certainly looks lively here.”

“Wait until we hit the bars in town tonight, we may come from different parts of the country but we’re all here to have a bloody good holiday.”

“And here was me expecting to spend most of my time on my back on the beach.”

“If you’re up for it you can spend most of your holiday on your back but I’m not so sure that you’ll get a tan if these guys get their way with you.”

“Like that is it Joe?”

“It is if you want it to be Roxy, and your bikini certainly gives that impression.”

“Hey, just because I like showing a lot of skin doesn’t mean that I want to spend all my holiday fucking.”

“No, but there’s plenty of cock around if you want it.”

“Thanks Joe but for now I need to go to the shop to get some water.”

“Fair enough Roxy, we’re here if, or should I say when, you want us.”

As I walked out of the hotel I thought about what Joe had said and what I’d seen. I’d heard all the stories about Britain’s youth on holiday around the Med but I never really believed most of it. And here I was starting a holiday that looked like every word of what I had heard was true.

The nearest grocery store was only about 50 metres away and as I entered I wondered if anyone would say anything about my scanty bikini.

I saw a couple of men staring at me and the girl on the checkout stared at my bikini bottoms but no one said anything.

When I got back to my room I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and saw that my nipples were doing me proud, and, looking lower, my homemade bikini had disappeared between my labia and was only covering the very front of my slit and my clit making me look like I had the end of my little finger under the thin, blue diaphanous fabric. I giggled as I wondered how long it had been like that.

This was nothing new to me as I’d discovered that ‘feature’ of my home-made bikinis long before I went on holiday and I didn’t change a thing.

Pulling the bottoms out of my labia I found that it was as wet as I expected it to be so I got out another, just as brief bikini bottoms. Wearing just those fresh, dry bottoms I picked up a towel and my bag and headed for the pool. As I walked along the corridor I pulled on and tweaked both nipples and twisted the barbells for extra stimulation..

“Ah, that’s better Roxy,” Joe said when he came over to me at the entrance to the pool, “topless, you’ll fit in better here. Nice tits and jewellery by the way, and by the looks of those bottoms you may as well be naked. You won’t be the first naked girl here, we had 2 yesterday.”

I put my hand down to my pussy and yes, the diaphanous fabric had slipped in between my labia, and yes, just the front of my slit and my clit were covered. This time I had a bright red little bulge.

“I was going to relax for a while and enjoy the sun.” I replied,

“Let me introduce you to some of the more lively characters here first, come on.”

Joe grabbed my hand and pulled me along the side of the pool. We stopped at 4 groups of laughing young people and Joe told me their names. All said hello to me and a few came out with other comments, most of them welcoming, some asking if I was hitting the bars with them that night and some commenting on my bottoms, or should I say the cords and the bulge that was my clit because that was all that was visible, a fact that 2 of the guys commented on.

“She makes her own clothes.” Joe replying both times, both guys adding that I should turn it into business and sell them online. One added,

“You could make bikinis like that one and call them ‘Clitinis’ and post photos of yourself like that. You’d make a fortune selling just the photos never mind the Clitinis.

Once I’d been introduced to to most of the people there I thanked Joe and went to a vacant sun lounger and dropped my towel on it, turning down Joe’s offer to joining the fun in the pool.

As I lay semi-reclined and relaxing, I looked around. There must have been 40 or so people there, all around my age and all of different shapes and sizes. There appeared to be slightly more girls than boys. Nearly all the girls were topless and going on for half of them were bottomless as well. I felt sorry for the girls with huge tits and wondered how the hell they coped with them bouncing around all the time.

In the pool a ball was being thrown around and 4 girls were sat on guys shoulders having nude girls chicken fights. I guess that I was a little jealous because I pulled on the strings holding my clitini, as I now liked to call it, in place, then pulled on the small amount of diaphanous fabric covering the front of my slit and clit. The whole clitini came out rubbing my clit as it came and I gave a little shudder.

I closed my eyes, relaxed and spread my feet to the sides of the lounger. I was just enjoying the sun, especially on my pussy, when I felt someone sit on the side edge of the lounger. I opened my eyes and saw Ryan, the guy who had called my bikini a clitini. He’s a big guy, all muscle, and for a split second I thought that the lounger was going to tip up.

It didn’t, and a smiling Ryan said,

“Hey, you don’t want to go to sleep without putting sunblock on Roxy.”

“Oh yes, good idea, err, you wouldn’t like to help me with that would you?”

“I thought that you’d never ask Roxy.”

As Ryan got up and as I got the sunblock out of my bag Ryan told me about a girl who had gone back to England only the previous day. Her skin was really pale and she didn’t use enough sunblock. Ryan told me that when she left to go home she looked like a tomato.

As Ryan started putting the sunblock on my arms, legs and back, I told him that I loved the sun and that I was hoping to go home with a golden tan, not like a tomato or a red pepper.

For his size, Ryan has a gentle touch and I started feeling all tingly as his hand found every square millimetre of my back. As he was doing my butt he rubbed between my cheeks but didn’t go down to my pussy.

“Thanks.” I said as I turned over. “Would you like to do my front as well?”

Ryan smiled and squirted a big blob of the cream onto my stomach just above my pubic bone. I closed my eyes and let Ryan do my arms and legs, him again avoiding touching my pussy.

When he started on my chest he didn’t avoid my tits, instead he caressed and toyed with my nipples. Pulling and twisting my barbells making the tingling in my nipples and my clit a bit stronger. I think that I let out a little moan as he pulled on both my nipples at once.

Then he moved down my torso. Instinctively, my legs spread, my body telling him that it wanted him to put the lotion on my pussy. I definitely moaned when his hand first cupped my pubes, his fingers gently spreading my labia and touching the entrance to my vagina.

I looked up at Ryan’s face and saw a cheeky smile, but I was sure that my face, not with words, just expressions, was telling Ryan to finger me and make me cum.

After some gentle rubbing and partial invasion, my hips started raising to meet his larger than average fingers each time they invaded me. The situation was just too much for me and I started cumming quite quickly, much to the delight of Ryan’s fingers that kept going until my waves of pleasure subsided.

“There, all done.” Ryan said, “let me know when you want some more on.”

“Thank you Ryan, I needed that, both parts.”

I closed my eyes, felt the warm sun, and thought that my holiday could just turn out better than I had hoped.

Some time later (no idea how long) I heard a girl’s voice say,

“Hey Roxy, come on in, we’re a girl short now that Jen has had to leave.”

I opened my eyes and looked to the pool. I saw 2 girls looking at me and when they realised that I’d seen them one said,

“Fancy a game of chicken Roxy, Jen had to leave and were one girl short. You look as though you could like a good chicken fight, it’s all for fun, no one gets hurt.”

My feet went to the floor either side of the lounger and I walked over to the edge of the pool. Both girls were looking up at the naked me as the other girl said,

“It’s just for fun, no one gets hurt, shit girl, we don’t even keep and scores”

I smiled and jumped over them, bombing into the water. When I surfaced the first girl said,

“Thanks, I was starting to think that I wouldn’t get to rub my puss on the back of another man’s head today. I’m Eve and this is Rosie.”

“Hey, Roxy, but you know that already. I’ve never played chicken before, what do I do?”

“Not a lot other than press your puss against the head holding you up.” Rosie replied. “And judging by what we saw Ryan do to you, you’ll like that.”

I smiled.

“And you’re supposed to grab another girl on a guy’s shoulders and pull her off.” Eve added.

“I reckon that I could do that, are there teams or is it a free for all?”

“Free for all, and that includes the groping when you go under.” Rosie replied.

“That sounds like fun.” I replied.

“Yeah, but the guys won’t take their shorts off, they’re the real chickens.” Eve said.

“Okay,” I said, “who’s shoulders do I get on first?”

“That would be me.” a voice from behind me said, “I’m Tom by the way.”

“Roxy. So how do I get up there?”

“Turn around, spread those likes like you’re about to be fucked and just wait.”

I did, and seconds later I felt hands on my legs then what felt like a hairy football pushing up between my legs. Then I started rising up out of the water, Tom’s arms pressing my legs against his body and my feet went round his back.

“Wow, that’s nice.” I said as Tom got his feet on the bottom of the pool.

“Great view from up here.” I continued.

“It’s not bad from down here as well.” A male voice behind me said.

It was then that I realised that my bare butt and probably the back part of my pussy including my hole were visible from behind me.

“Ready.” Someone said then Tom started walking and I started getting my balance.

Then Tom turned and walked straight at one of the other girls. Our hands met, then our arms and we were both pulling and grinning. About a minute later the other girl lost her balance and over they went. My arms went up in the air as I cheered and at the same time I was lifting and lowering my butt on Tom’s shoulders.

It was then that I realised that I was rubbing my clit in the back of his head, and it was feeling nice.

“Sit still Roxy.” Tom said, “You’ll loose your balance. If you want me to rub my head on your pussy just ask me later.”

Caught, but I soon bounced back (sorry, wrong way of putting it),

“I might just take you up on that Tom.” I replied.

The game went on for something like 45 minutes, and that included 2 changes of partners. I went down three times, and of course I blame the guy for loosing his footing. Then everyone wanted a rest. Everyone followed me back to my sun lounger and I sat reclined with my feet on either side of the lounger. Eve sitting sideways on the end between my legs.

Tom went and came back with 8 bottles of beer and we all talked, well mainly me as they wanted to know all about me. I even told them about my part time stripper job which caused a stirring in 2 pairs of shorts that I could see.

By then it was getting towards evening and Rosie asked what everyone was doing about getting something to eat. I listened as each of them made suggestions of cafe’s, takeaways and fast food joints and then everyone agreed on a particular cafe.

When I asked what was special about that cafe Rosie told me that there was a cute waiter but Tom added that the food was good and cheap as well.

“So are you coming with us Roxy?” Rosie asked.

“If you don’t mind, but I don’t know what people wear on a night around here.”

Tom nearly dropped his beer and replied,

“You can go like you are Roxy, I’ve already seen one naked girl eating there, they just don’t seem to care.”

“I’ve seen one as well Ryan added, they’re more interested in your money than anything else.”

“Are you saying that I could walk around naked and no one would care?” I asked.

“So long as you don’t give anyone a blowjob or fuck in the street I’m sure that they’d leave you alone.” Tom said, then added,

“I bet that these 3 girls will be going out topless won’t you girls?”

All 3 girls just smiled.

“If you don’t mind I’ll wear a skirt tonight.” I said.

“A nice short one I hope.” Tom replied.

I smiled and replied,

“Wait and see.”

Two minutes later we were all leaving to go to our rooms after agreeing to meet in the bar in an hour.

We had to walk through reception and although the staff looked at us, no one said anything about the 4 naked girls walking to the lift. It was a small lift with a capacity of 4 people so some of the others headed for the stairs.

I was on the third floor and it had been a long and eventful day so I squeezed into the lift, with 3 other naked girls and the doors were soon opening on the 3rd floor.

In my room I got a little bottle of water out of the fridge and went out onto the balcony to sit, drink and relax, only to discover that Ryan and Joe were on the next balcony, beer bottles in hand.

“Well there’s a surprise.” I said as I stood there, totally naked with the bottle of water in my hand.

“That’s nice and convenient for you Roxy.” Joe said.

“What’s that?”

“All you have to do is bang on the wall and one of us will come round and bang you Roxy.”

“Or you could just come round and we’ll both fuck you.” Joe added.

“Either of those sounds nice, so who wants to be first then, I’ve been wanting a good cock inside me since I got up this morning.” I said.

Joe happened to be the nearest and he was over the balcony divider like a shot. His shorts came off as he pulled me into my room and he pushed me onto the bed.

“Slow down stud, I want a nice slow fuck ending with me riding you.”

“I can do that.” Joe replied as I opened the bedside table drawer and handed him a condom.

As Joe slowly started fucking me I looked out of the open doors to the balcony. I could see people on their balconies of their hotel rooms over the road, and some of them were looking my way. I hoped that they were getting a good view.

Joe was the best fuck that I’d had for ages (the only real cock fuck actually) and I enjoyed every second of it, and the resultant orgasm. I was a happy and satisfied girl when Joe climbed back over the balcony divider. It was a good 10 minutes before I closed my legs and got off the bed to go and shower.

My mind thought about how lucky I was, how the holiday had got of to a better start that I could possibly have imagined. I’d envisaged myself sat on a lounger by the pool on my own listening to my music and wearing both parts of a bikini, or laying on a beach, on my own and watching the world go by. I would have been quite happy doing both of those things, and I still wanted to do them some of the time, but the start that I’d had was just totally awesome.

In the shower I refreshed myself then spent ages making sure that every little bit of my pussy was still hair free and ready for what I hoped was to come. Then I went into the bedroom and brushed my hair before pulling it together at the back and putting it in a scrunchy.

That just left shoes and clothes. I went through the skirts that I’d brought with me, none were longer than 20 cm, and finally decided on a black, tight, lycra skirt that could be worn as a boob tube but I was going to wear it as a skirt.

Stepping into it I pulled it up so that it sat on my hips and just covered my butt and pussy. From experience I knew that as soon as I moved my legs back and forward it would ride up exposing the bottom half of my butt and my pussy. Admiring myself in the mirror I slid into my heels, picked up just my purse and stepped out of the room.

By the time I knocked on Ryan and Joe’s room my butt and pussy were exposed.

“Can one of you keep my purse in a pocket please? I’ve got nowhere to keep it.”

Joe took it from me saying,

“I guess that it would be a bit uncomfortable walking with that in your pussy.”

We went down to reception and met Eve, Rosie and Mary, all wearing just skirts, all slightly longer than mine; Becky was in similar length skirt with a bikini top and Amber was wearing just a thong bikini. The guys, Tom, Lucas, Ronnie, Hunter, and of course Joe and Ryan, were all wearing shorts and T-shirts.

The 12 of us set out to the cafe that they’d talked about. I’d pulled my skirt back into place in reception but it rose up again just as soon as I started walking and most of the gang commented on it, the guys suggesting that I should just take it off. It may have been dark outside but it was still only my first day there and I wanted to make up my own mind about being totally naked in public. I’d been happy when I saw that Eve, Rosie and Mary were topless but bottomless was a step too far at that time, even though I wanted people to see me naked.

At the cafe the waiters happily re-arranged the tables and chairs hardly even looking at the topless girls, or my butt and pussy that was on display because I had given-up on pulling the skirt down.

We got drinks and there were a number of conversations going on. Then someone mentioned ‘clitini’ and all eyes turned to me. Ryan told Hunter and Ronnie, who hadn’t been around earlier, about my bikini bottoms and how they’d ended up covering just my clit that was quite big by average standards. Of course Hunter and Ronnie wanted to see so I stood up, parted my legs and thrust my pelvis forward. Eleven pairs of eyes were looking at my clit and I loved it. I say 11 but there were more from some surrounding tables.

“We can’t see,” Ronnie said from the other end of the tables.”

“Come down here and show us.” Hunter said.

So I did. All eyes were on me with my skirt up round my waist as I walked to the other end of the table and did the same thrust.

“Oh yes,” Hunter said and he reached over and touched my clit causing me to moan, “that is a beauty.”

“Hey, no touching.” Joe said, “That sort of thing will get us arrested.”

I straightened up and walked back to my seat while some of the gang talked about a business selling clitinis.

The conversation drifted away from clitinis, our food arrived and I, for one, had a good meal. It took a while for the bill to be sorted as everyone wanted to pay individually, then we left and headed to the bars.

With the help of the couple of drinks in the cafe and my desire to show my body, I didn’t bother pulling my skirt down and my pussy and butt were on display as we went from bar to bar.

Inevitably, some young men thought that bare tits, butts and a pussy were an invite to grope but as soon as one of us girls shouted for someone to ‘get off me’. The large guys in our group were there pointing out the errors that the men had made and they scuttled off full of apologies.

I had about 10 similar pub crawls with my new friends over that holiday. Some nights I went out wearing only a skirt and heels and others, just my heels. I wasn’t the only girl who went out naked and never once did we get stopped by the police or get boring people complaining about us. Two nights were slightly different in that 3 naked girls, me included, got carried, sat on the shoulders of Joe, Ryan and Tom for most of the pub crawl. It was quite an experience being able to see all the people looking at me.

I lost 3 skirts over the 2 weeks on those nights hitting the bars.