**My Girlfriend Likes Me To Expose Her**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 2**

We were having trouble finding somewhere to spread our towels and before we knew it we were at the end of the beach and walking up onto a rocky area. We stopped to decide what to do and I suggested that we head into the dunes and walk back through the dunes parallel to the sea, Layla was happy with that and we set off.

Minutes later we came across the first naked couple fucking. It was the first time that either of us had seen other people fucking and we stopped for a few seconds to watch them before moving on.

“We could do that.” I said.

“What? Fuck here in the dunes. There’s people wandering around, they’ll see us.”

“Isn’t that what you want Layla, people seeing us fuck? You were happy to fuck on the balcony with those people in the hotel opposite watching, and in our room with the light on, there could have been dozens of people watching us.”

“I don’t know, here seems so much more open and there’s all these men walking about.”

“So what, other people are doing it, look over there, there’s another couple at it and they’ve got an audience.”

I stopped walking and turned to Layla. I kissed her then put my hand on her pussy.

“I think that you want to do it Layla, your pussy says that you do.”

“Well I guess that I do then, it’s just so public.”

“And on the balcony isn’t public, all those people across the road were strangers.”

“But I might get sand in my pussy and that could be painful.”

“I’d suck it out, but we could do it like that couple.”

“I like riding you Jake.”

I said no more, and neither did Layla. I kissed her again, a long, tongue wresting kiss. After a few seconds I pulled her down to the sand on top of me. When I broke the kiss Layla had that naughty look on her face. I grinned back and Layla started unfastening my shorts.

Layla pulled my shorts off then knelt either side of my hips. She looked around then lowered herself onto my cock and bottomed out.

“There’s 2 men coming our way.” Layla said as she started going up and down on me.

“Are they watching us?”

“Yes, and there’s another one coming this way as well.”

“That’s because they want to see a gorgeous girl fucking her boyfriend.”

“I don’t know why, it isn’t like my tits are bouncing up and down.”

“But you still have tits, nice little tits with big, chewy nipples, look at them, they could drill through a wall. And you’ve got a really cute pussy that they all want to see. Spin yourself round and ride me reverse cowboy.”

Layla did then got back into the rhythm of riding me.

By then there were 4 middle-aged men stood a couple of metres from my feet, all watching Layla’s naked body going up and down on my cock.

Layla leaned back and put her hands on the sand at the sides of my chest. This gave me the chance to play with her tits. It also revealed more of her pussy to the men which I was sure pleased her. It certainly made her ride me with more vigour. I could also feel her pussy muscles trying to squeeze my cock.

Layla orgasmed but she kept riding me, her body jerking and shaking as she went up and down. I tried to think about anything but what we were doing, I wanted to last as long as I could hopefully for Layla to cum again and maybe for a third time. I thought about the noises of pleasure that Layla was making and wondered if she was attracting more attention.

I looked around and saw that she was, a naked couple about our age had joined the audience. The girl was standing leaning back on the guy like Layla does with me. One of the guy’s hands was on one of her tits and the other was rubbing her bald pussy.

To their left a middle-aged man was wanking his average sized cock and to his left a middle-aged woman with huge tits had one hand on them and another on her bald pussy.

“Wow,” I thought, “Layla’s screams of pleasure really are attracting a lot of voyeurs. I think that we’ve accidentally found the local sex show stage, I’ve got to bring Layla back here again..”

Just then Layla orgasmed again.

“Jeez, how does this girl keep doing this for so long?” I thought, “Come to think about it, how do I keep lifting my butt to meet her thrusts in sync with her downward thrusts for so long? We’ve both going to be knackered after this. I wonder what the weather is like back home? Will the guys at the leisure centre be missing Layla’s displays.”

Layla orgasmed yet again and I regretted thinking about Layla showing herself at the leisure centre because I couldn’t hold it any longer and started filling her pussy with my cum.

Layla stopped going up and down and her arms bent at her elbows. Her back was now flat on my chest, her knees either side of my hips, and her lower legs bent back alongside my chest.

Her body jerked and she groaned.

We lay there for what seemed like hours. My cock started going soft and eventually slid out of her but Layla didn’t move. I wondered if she was too knackered or if she was enjoying those people looking at her well used, still spread, pussy with my cum and her juices seeping out of her and onto my soft cock.

I started to get a little worried that Layla wasn’t okay but she suddenly pushed up on her arms then sat up straight on my stomach.

“Fuck, that was earth shattering.” Layla said then looked around and screamed.

“Fuck, what are you lot looking at?”

I watched as Layla’s audience turned and walked away. Layla swung her lower legs round and got to her feet leaving me looking up between her spread legs. He pussy looked red, wet and swollen.

“Are you okay Layla?”

“Never been better.”

“You look a bit red and sore.”

“I am but it was worth it.”

Layla stepped off me and put her hand out to help me up.

“Shall we go for a swim?” I asked.

“I am feeling a bit sweaty.” Layla replied.

I put my shorts in our bag and we walked off the dunes, found a space near the water’s edge, dropped the bag and walked, hand in hand, into the sea.

After a short swim we went to where the water was waist deep and I told Layla to float on her back then I took her feet and pulled them either side of me leaving her pussy just in front of my waist.

“So Layla, what do you think of the idea of coming back to this beach again?” I asked.

“Only if we can go for a walk in the dunes.” Layla replied.

“I think that I can arrange that, but what about the other things that we were planning on doing this holiday?”

“Hmm, we might just have to forget some of those but we don’t want to come here every day, it might get boring.”

“No chance, the only thing that will be boring is my cock into your hole.”

Layla smiled and I touched her clit causing her body to jerk a little. I liked the response so I started rubbing her clit and she started moaning.

“You’re going to make me cum if you keep doing that Jake.”

“That’s the idea you sexy little exhibitionist nymphomaniac.”

“I am not, well maybe a bit.”

My fingers kept working and Layla orgasmed again.

I supported her back as she lost control of her body for a while then I said,

“Only about 270 to go.”

“I haven’t cum 16 times today, have I?”

“Probably not, but who’s counting?”

I pushed Layla’s legs down, pulled her to me and we kissed for ages before we walked back to the shore.

“Do you fancy a drink Layla?” I asked.

“Sure, a snack would nice as well but where can we get those?”

“The beach bar, I smelt food cooking when we walked passed earlier.”

“Okay, should I put my skirt and top on?”

“Hell no.” I replied pulling up my shorts.

“Are you sure Jake?”

“No, but there’s only one way to find out, you don’t mind going there totally naked do you Layla?”

“I guess not.” Layla replied but I just knew that she thought that it was a great idea.

We walked the short distance to the nearest bar and I saw that most of the girls were topless and some wearing only G-strings or thongs. There was a table near the front of the bar just getting free so I told Layla to go and grab it whilst I went to the bar and ordered a couple of drinks and a couple of sandwiches before going to join Layla.

She was sat looking out to sea with the table to her left. I put the beers down then said,

“Sit like you do in the leisure centre bar Layla.”

“You want me to flash everyone in front of the bar?”

“They’re all looking out to sea like you are. There’s something intoxicating about looking out to sea when you can hear the waves crashing.”

“There is, okay, for you Jake.”

“No, for you Layla.”

Layla blushed a little then shuffled down in the chair and spread her legs wide.

After a while I said,

“You know that I was serious about showing the holiday snaps to all our friends don’t you Layla?”

“Yes I do.”

“Does it bother you?”

“Bother no, making me nervous, yes, worried, a little. Some of them might think that I’m a slut and never talk to me again.”

“I doubt that, but if they do they’re not real friends.”

“What about your friends, what will they think?”

“They’ll be incredibly jealous of me and their lust for you will double.”

“They lust after me, really?”

“Yeah, even before you started flashing your bare pussy at them.”

“I do not.”

I just gave Layla that knowing look, then said,

“That friend of yours, Jenny, isn’t she an art student?”

“Yes, why?”

“I think that we should ask her to find out if the college needs any life models.”

“You mean naked models, for the students to draw?”

“That’s it, you’ll make an amazing nude model Layla.”

“Are you serious Jake?”

“Totally, I can just visualise you laying on a table with you legs open with a dozen or so students drawing your pussy.”

Layla was silent, obviously thinking about it, but before either of us could say anything a young girl in a black skirt and white blouse brought our sandwiches. I watched her eyes as she put the plates on the table, nearly missing with one of them because her eyes were staring at Layla’s spread pussy.

“Enjoy.” The girl said and I thought,

“Oh I will, the sandwich will probably be good as well.”

Nothing more was said about the nude modelling but I wasn’t going to forget it, I could tell that Layla wanted to do it and I was going to do my best to make it happen.

As we ate I saw about half a dozen people walk passed in front of us and all but one stared at Layla’s pussy for a few seconds before it would have hurt their neck to look any longer.

Just before we left there I asked Layla to remind me to get my phone out of the hotel safe then I told her what I’d been thinking about earlier, that I was going to take photos and videos of her naked everywhere that we go, to show at the parties for our friends.

“You were serious about that Jake, I thought that maybe you were just saying that to get me aroused.”

“And did it?”

“Yes, a little.”

“In that case we are definitely doing it, we’ll have hundreds of photos and videos to show them.”

“What am I turning into Jake?”

“You’re not changing into anything Layla, it’s just that the real you is surfacing. Hell, we’re only young once so we’ve got to make the most of it, live out all out secret fantasies.

“Shall we just go and lay in the sun for a while, I’m still tired after our little bit of fun.”

“Our marathon fucking with an audience Layla, you really excelled yourself, it’s going to be difficult to beat that.”

“But we’ll give it a go Jake.”

“Every day.”

We did go and find a spot to layout in the sun, quite close to the water’s edge and Layla lay with her legs wide open. I think that we must have dozed off because when I next looked out to sea I saw 3 men stood near Layla’s feet, all were looking down at her. Unfortunately they were speaking a language that I didn’t understand so I just lay there looking at them. After a couple of minutes they walked away.

I decided that we should start our way back to the hotel and called out Layla’s name.

“What, what time is it?”

“I have no idea but I think that we should head back.”

We got up and packed our bag. Layla was just about to put her skirt on when I stopped her. She smiled when I said,

“Leave it off till we leave the beach, give those prudes something nice to look at again.”

And she did, only putting her skirt on as we left the beach. Even though it was see-through I noticed that Layla rolled the waistband of the skirt making more of her slit and butt on display.

We had to wait for about 10 minutes for the bus and Layla leaned back and sat on a big rock. I was stood in front of her between her legs and I could see all of her pussy. I also noticed a man walking round us in a big circle and looking at Layla’s pussy. When I told her about him I noticed a little run of her juices escape her vagina and drip onto the rock.

There were nowhere near the number of people getting on the bus but Layla still held me back so that we were the last to get on. The driver didn’t even look at the topless Layla when he checked our tickets and I followed Layla down the aisle to the back of the bus.

As we slowly walked I looked at every passenger in an aisle seat to see how many of them got an eyeful of Layla’s slit. I smiled as the count went up to 5.

The bus is one of those where you get on at the front and off at the back and you have to go up 3 steps to get in and down 3 to get off. Layla headed straight for the seat just behind the exit door and perched herself on the front edge of the seat and lay back with long sigh.

“I’m knackered.” Layla said as she let her knees drift apart letting her pussy get some air.

Layla stayed like that for the whole journey, even when people were getting off before our stop. All those people had to do was glance to their right and they would have got an eyeful. It wasn’t the older people who looked, I guess that they were more concerned about going down the 3 steps without falling, it was the younger, males that looked. Watching them looking at my girlfriend’s pussy was getting me aroused again.

We were the last to get off at our stop and I was pleased with the number of people who had seen Layla’s pussy and judging by the smile on her face, she was too.

We were quickly on the second bus which was crowded. We had to stand in the aisle and Layla again stood facing the man sat beside her. It was a young guy and I was sure that he enjoyed the view. He kept looking over to me as if he wanted my approval, so the third time that he looked at me I gave a little nod. I don’t think that his eyes left Layla’s slit until we got off the bus.

As we walked back into the hotel we were surprised by a naked, screaming teenage girl running through reception. They weren’t fear screams, more playful. She was followed by a young man with a big, plastic, water pistol.

Layla and I just stood as the girl ran around some chairs then headed back out the way she came.

“Well it is an adults only hotel.” Layla said, “Maybe we should go and checkout the pool.”

I’d seen the pool from the dining room the previous night and didn’t think that it was anything special but as soon as we got there we saw about a dozen young people messing about in the water and a few more sat around the pool talking. All the girls were topless like Layla and half the girls were bottomless as well.

“Wow,” Layla said, “this is cool, fancy a swim lover?”

With that her skirt dropped to the floor, she stepped out of her flip-flops and dived in, just as naked as some of the other girls there.

“Come on Jake.” Layla shouted when she surfaced.

By the time I’d put our bag on one of the loungers and caught up with her she was already talking to a young man. It turned out that his name was Derek from Wales and he had invited Layla and me to go on a pub crawl with them that night.

“You don’t waste any time do you Derek?” I said.

“No point Jake, ‘just fucking do it’ is my motto, the worst that can happen is that I get told to fuck off.

“Sounds good to me.” I replied. “Hey Layla will you come up to my room for a fucking session?”

“Now that does sound good to me Jake, you can make 20, or whatever today.”

“You’ve been fucked 20 times today Layla?” Derek asked looking a little surprised.

“No, no.” Layla replied, “it’s just a little joke between us.”

“Twenty two times actually.” I joked and Layla thumped my arm then said,

“You should be so lucky.”

“Oh but I am. So where does this pub crawl start Derek?”

“The Irish bar, 10 p.m.”

“We might just see you there Derek.” I replied.

“Gotta go,” Derek said, “I’m working on that blonde for tonight.”

With that Derek was gone leaving Layla and me standing waist deep in the pool.

We didn’t stay there long but we did talk to another couple, the girl being naked and bald where Layla is bald. They too said that they might be going on the pub crawl.

When we had got dried I told Layla that I had to go to the reception to get my phone and I left but Layla followed me wearing just the towel round her shoulders. When the middle-aged guy on reception saw Layla and said nothing she took the towel off and threw it onto our bag. Layla was then totally naked in the hotels reception.

What’s more, the girl being dealt with by the receptionist guy was taking her time and as we were waiting a bus pulled up outside and a whole load of young people got off and came in. Layla did nothing to hide her nudity, in fact she turned to face them letting them get a good look at her.

A few ‘Hi’s were exchanged then a girl started talking to Layla.

“So it’s alright to wander around the hotel without any clothes on?” I heard the other girl ask Layla.

“Sure, and outside as well.” Layla replied, “I’m surprised that you didn’t see a few naked girls from the bus as you got here. There’ll be loads of us out there crawling around the pubs and clubs like this later.”

“Wow,” the girl replied and turned to the guy beside her, “we’ve hit the jackpot here Ronnie.”

“So I see Mandy, so I see.”

I looked at Ronnie and saw that his eyes were glued to Layla’s slit. I smiled then heard,

“How can I help you sir.”

I stepped forward and asked for my phone out of the safe, When I got it I took Layla’s hand and led her to the stairs. Just before I stepped onto the first step I turned and saw lots of eyes looking at Layla’s butt as she walked.

“I like this hotel.” Layla said as we were walking along the corridor, her still as naked as the day she was born. “Good choice Jake.”

“Yes, I’m really glad that I chose you that night.”

Layla giggled a bit then when I opened the door she went straight to the balcony doors, opened them then went and stood at the railings.

I emptied our bag and took the towels out to the balcony and hung them over the railings being careful not to block anyone’s view of Layla. I looked over to the other hotel and did see a few people looking in our direction.

I went and got my phone and took a few photos, the usual type that people take from their hotel rooms except that Layla was totally naked and appeared to be posing without a care in the world.

Layla sat on one of the chairs and put her feet up on the railings. As she spread her legs I ran my hand from her shoulder down over a nipple and down to her pussy. Flicking her clit I told her that I was going for a lay down and I left her saying,

“Are you going to rub one out for the guys over there?”

Collapsing on the bed I just heard Layla moaning before I drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up it was starting to go dark and time to go down for dinner. I was happy that I’d got my phone back so that I could check the time. Layla was singing in the bathroom so I got up, dropped my shorts and went to join her.

“Someone’s happy.” I said.

“Happy with you lover, this place is awesome, can we stay here for ever?”

“I wish, but WE picked this resort and this holiday. I thought that this place had the potential to make you happy and so far it appears to be doing so.”

“It certainly is, do you want to fuck me Jake?”

“You’re after number 26 or 27 are you? No, I’ll just make you as horny as hell then leave you to think about it as we eat dinner.”

“Do you think that I’ll have to wear something in the dining room, I didn’t see any naked girls there last night.”

“Probably, it’s probably a hygiene thing.”

“Oh, oh, keep doing that Jake.”

“Did you rub one out for the guys over the road then?”

“Two actually, they kept shouting for more so I kept going.”

“Good girl. Had you just about finished when I came in?”

“Yes, do you want me to help you Jake?”

Five minutes later 2 clean people, one a very frustrated, horny girl were towelling each other then going to put some clothes on.

For Layla I chose another of her lightweight, floaty, see-through skirts and rolled the waistband so that I could see the front of her slit, and a net tank top that let her nipples peep through the holes in the net. I also chose a pair of heels for her knowing that they would make her legs look even better as she stood and walked.

As we approached the dining room hand in hand. I saw a sign that I didn’t remember seeing there before. It read,

‘Clothing must be worn in the Dining Room.’

“Yeah, probably a hygiene thing.” I said.

The meal went much the same as the previous evening with a similar number of guys commenting on Layla’s visible assets. We said hello to Derek and the blonde girl, Siobhan who looked to be wearing a tight top that showed she wasn’t wearing a bra, and a skirt that looked very short but it was hard to tell as she was sat down.

Mandy and Ronnie that we’d sort of met in reception were also there and Mandy didn’t look to be wearing much either. We waved at them and I wondered if Mandy would go out for the evening naked. I was certainly going to try to get Layla to.

We ordered a bottle of wine with the self-service meal and the waiter who brought it had a good look at Layla’s tits when he was waiting for me to decide if the wine was okay. I took my time knowing that Layla would be enjoying his attention and hopefully raising her arousal level.

As soon as we were round the corner from the dining room Layla was pulling her top off and dropping her skirt which I had to pick up. She was almost running back to our room and when we got there she said,

“Fuck me please Jake.”

“No, but you can rub out number 37 if you like and I can video you doing it.”

“That’s not as good as you fucking me.”

“Well I’m not going to fuck you until after we’ve been out.”

“Bastard.” Layla said as she fell back on the bed and her right hand got busy.

The light in there wasn’t as good as the sunlight but I still managed to get an acceptable quality recording of the whole jilling session.

“Right, are we going on this pub crawl?” Layla asked when her arousal had died down.

“Do you want to go out like that?”

“Yes, why not? But hang on I’ve got something to stuff in your pocket first.”

Layla went to one of the drawers, pulled out a G-string and gave it to me. I held it up and looked at it. It looked like a band-aid would cover more but I had an idea.

“Have you got any scissors in your make-up bag?” I asked.

Thirty seconds later I was cutting the mesh material out of the triangle made by the strings.

“There” I said, “that’s better.”

“You want me to wear that, it’s indecent.”

“You want to go out like that, some people would say that nudity is indecent.”

“Well they’re the stupid ones, come on, let’s go.”

A couple of minutes later we walked out of the hotel, me wearing shorts, a T-shirt and sandals, and Layla wearing just a pair of heels, not even holding a bag.

As I suspected no one said anything other than a few complimentary comments and when we got to the Irish pub I saw that Siobhan and Mandy where there with their partners and that all they were wearing was heels. There was also some other girls and boys there which I hadn’t met yet and from where I was standing I could see 2 other naked girls and 1 just wearing a thong. I wondered if Layla would be unhappy that she wasn’t the only one naked.

The pub crawl went much the same as pub crawls back home, the main differences being the heat and the lack of clothes which did attract some attention but none of the guys tried anything probably because the naked girls were with a load of guys.

By about half way through the night Layla was almost begging me to take he down an alley and fuck her but I was going to make her wait. I love the ‘wanting’ look on her face.

Towards the end of the evening a couple of the girls were complaining that their feet were hurting and some bright spark suggested that the guys carry the girls on their shoulders. All of a sudden I was happy the Layla doesn’t weigh much as there were lots of giggling and screaming girls climbing onto guys shoulders.

For the rest of the evening, and going back to the hotel, I carried Layla around on my shoulders. The only thing that I was worried about was did Layla think she was missing out on people seeing her pussy, even though her juices were soaking the back of my T-shirt.

The night ended with me fucking Layla from behind, out on the balcony with her looking at the people on the balconies of the hotel opposite. Some who showed their appreciation for the show that we were putting on..

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After starting the orgasm count again (not that either of us knew the real total from the previous day), we went for breakfast with Layla just wear one of her rectangles of see-through material and making sure that it opened wide enough to reveal both her hips and everything between.

Those triangles became Layla’s breakfast clothes every day.

That day we had booked to go on a ‘Party Boat Cruise’ and a coach was to collect us at 9 a.m.

Again Layla asked me what she should wear and I chose a see-through top that was so short that it left some under boob on display, not that Layla has much of a rack but we both like her tits and she is more than happy for anyone to see them

Again another ultra short, see-through skirt but this one was figure hugging. It rode up above her pubic bone as she walked and when she climbed up onto the coach she didn’t pull it back down, much to the delight of the future sailors already on the coach.

As I walked down the aisle behind Layla I saw all the male eyes looking at her.

“Hey,” one guy shouted, “I think that she’s that girl from the on the balcony opposite but I can’t really tell because she’s got some clothes on.”

“Hi, I’m Layla, I hope that I don’t offend you.”

“No chance of that.” I thought as Layla resisted the offers of the laps to sit on.

We took a seat near the back behind a seat with 2 guys on it. Because of the cramped space Layla couldn’t display her pussy but her bald pubes and tits were on show through the short, see-through top.

No sooner than the coach started moving the 2 guys in the seat in front of us got up on their knees, turned and introduced themselves as Matt and Ethan, Matt adding,

“It is you isn’t it, the couple that fuck like rabbits on the balcony and in your room. I’m not totally sure because you’ve got your clothes on.”

“Probably, Layla’s an exhibitionist and a nymphomaniac who hates wearing clothes.” I replied, “I’m surprised that you didn’t see her going round the bars last night totally naked.”

“Bloody hell mate we missed out there.” Ethan said.

“Hey,” Layla said, “it wasn’t just me there was half a dozen of us.”

“We go to the wrong bars Matt.” Ethan said.

The conversation got less interesting and before we knew it the coach was pulling up in a harbour car park along side half a dozen other coaches. Dozens of young people were getting off and heading for a big 18th century galleon type boat.

“I hope that that thing has an engine.” I thought. “There’s no wind so it will take hours to get out of the harbour.”

Anyway, everyone went up the gang plank and to the big open deck at the front. I say open deck but there were quite a few raised areas that people had already climbed onto and some were dancing to the not so loud music.

I led Layla to the side of the boat and sat on the side with Layla between my legs leaning back on me like she often does. With no glass or bottle in my hands both of them went round her, my right one to her bare stomach and my left one higher, just below where the bottom of her tits were showing below her top. Instinctively my hands started moving and as the ship got underway I had the front of her skirt over her pubes and her top pushed up over her nipples.

The music volume increased and I started seeing people with bottles of booze in their hands and more people dancing. I started to feel Layla moving to the music a little so I eased my hold on her and her movement got bigger. She twerked me for a while then she stood up straight, turned around to face me and was dancing for me with a big grin on her face.

I watched as she lifted her top off and gave it to me. Still dancing she slowly did a 360 to see what was going on behind her. We could see other topless girls dancing. Layla kicked her flip flops off and to my feet then she backed a way from me a little. I looked left and right and saw other guys propping up the side of the boat, most drinking and some looking at Layla and other dancing girls, some now wearing just thong or G-string bottoms.

I guessed that Layla was determined to be the first naked girl there because I watched as she peeled her skirt down until gravity took over. There were a few cheers as the rest of her bare body came into view.

Layla danced in front of me for a while then went and climbed onto one of the raised areas. People were now able to look up her legs and see all of her pussy as she danced with her legs about shoulder width apart, and she wasn’t trying to hide her pussy as she danced around the raised area stopping moving for a while when she was in front of some guys.

When we were well out of the harbour the music died and a man’s voice came over the speakers. I looked at Layla and she was just stood, with her legs well apart, above a couple of guys who were just looking up.

The speaker announced that we were out of the noise restriction area, that there was free booze being served at the back of the boat and that in 15 minutes some party games would start. Then the music started again.

I looked at Layla and gave her the ‘want a drink’ sign with my hand. She nodded so off I went.

It must have taken all of that 20 minutes to get some drinks but when I got back the naked Layla was still up there dancing along with 2 more naked girls and 4 in just thongs or G-strings.

Matt from on the bus appeared next to me and said,

“She really is an exhibitionist isn’t she?”

“Yeah.”

“You’re a lucky bastard Jake.”

“I know.”

“Is she likely to start up that other thing that you mentioned, a nymphomaniac.”

I knew what he was hoping for so I replied,

“No, she may be an exhibitionist and a nymphomaniac and she often looks like a slut but she isn’t a slut. When it comes to fucking she’s a one man girl. She’ll tease a lot and drive men crazy but it’s me that she comes back to when she wants to be fucked.”

“As I said Jake, you’re a lucky bastard.”

Shortly after that I saw some men start clearing the deck just in front of the raised area where Layla was. I worked my way round to the back of the raised area, climbed on and sat by Layla’s feet. When I looked up it was like I was looking up her skirt and seeing her slightly spread pussy except there was no skirt, no nothing covering her naked body. We watched as a man with a microphone went into the cleared area and announced that it was party games time.

Layla and I had heard about the games on party boats and were expecting silly and drinking game, possibly with a bit of sex simulation, and that’s what we got, but it was a laugh as girls and boys got up and made fools of themselves.

Then the MC announced that it was time to get serious. Layla looked down to me with a puzzled look on her face and I just shrugged my shoulders.

“Right girls and boys, I want 3 girls and 3 boys, not partners, to come here and show us all your favourite sex position.”

There was lots of cheering but only 2 guys and 1 girl (just wearing a thong) put their hands up. The MC called all 3 over then said,

“Well if you’re not going to volunteer I’ll just have to pick the other 3 and shame you into coming over. Right, the guy with shitty brown shorts over there (he pointed to the victim) get your ass over here or I’ll get the girls to throw you over the side.”

What choice did he have? He slowly walked over looking down at the deck all the way.

“Right, 2 girls, you, the blonde who couldn’t find any clothes when she got out of some strange man’s bed this morning. Yes you. Come on.”

A naked blond girl walked over with a grin on her face.

“Right, last girl, I know, you the short blonde up there with little tits and a guys hand on your pussy, get his hand out of your cunt and get down here.”

It was then that I realised that my right hand had slid up Layla’s left leg and was indeed idly toying with her clit.

“He means you Layla.” I said.

Layla looked down at the smiling me then started to climb down and walk over to the MC. When she turned to face the audience I could see that lustful expression on her face.

The MC then paired them up, Layla ended up with a tall, muscular guy and she looked even smaller against him.

“Right girls and boys, for starters I want each couple to get into the girl’s favourite position for giving your man a blowjob.”

I got my phone out and started videoing.

Layla and her hunk talked for a minute or so then the guy got on the deck and it looked like they were going into a 69 with Layla on top but as soon as she was just about there the guy put his arms round her waist, held her tight, then got to his feet.

Layla’s front was held against his front, Layla upside down with her face right in front of his shorts and her pussy right in front of his mouth.

Not content with being like that Layla spread her legs wide and the guy started pretending to be licking her pussy. I looked at the other 2 couples and thought,

“No contest.”

Both girls were on their knees in front of their man.

“Well I don’t think that there’s much of a contest here.” The MC said, “Okay girls and boys, now can you get into the boy’s favourite position to eat a girl’s pussy.”

I pressed ‘record video’ on my phone.

More words between Layla and her partner then Layla got on her back and raised her legs up high, spread them wide then pulled them back until her knees were by her shoulders. The guy then knelt either side of her face and leant forward, his face right above her spread pussy. Again the guy pretended to lick Layla’s pussy.

I looked at the other 2 couples and saw the girls on their backs with their legs spread wide and the guys knelt between their legs.

“At least 2 of the guys are getting a great view.” I thought.

“Well,” the MC said, “another easy winner. Now girls and boys, I want you to get in your favourite position to fuck.”

Again more words between Layla and the guy then the guy got on his back on the deck. Layla wasn’t happy with which way his feet were pointing and she got him to shuffle round until his feet were nearest to the audience. Layla then put her feet either side of his waist and bent her knees so the her spread pussy was over his crotch.

“Reverse cowboy.” I thought but Layla wasn’t finished. She lay back and supported herself with her hand beside his shoulders.

This left Layla’s spread pussy on display for all to see. But Layla still wasn’t done, I saw her mouth move like she was talking then the guys hands came round her body and grabbed her tits.

All the guys in the audience started cheering as the guy fondled Layla’s tits and rolled and pulled on her nipples.

I could see that Layla’s pussy was leaking something rotten and I zoomed in on it hoping that the camera would capture how wet she was.

Layla started lifting her pelvis up and down getting more cheers and I could see her pussy muscles clenching then releasing over and over.

“Jeez,” I thought, “she’s loving every second of this.”

The MC came over and told the boys and girls to get up and I suddenly realised that I hadn’t even glanced at the other 2 couples.

“What the hell, maybe the camera caught them.” I thought.

Layla and her partner were again pronounced as the winners and they were each giver a bottle of what I later discovered was cheap champagne. She came back to me with a huge grin on her face.

“Enjoy that did you?”

“Oh yes, but I need you to fuck me. I need to cum.”

“I may be able to arrange the latter but the former will be a lot more difficult.” I replied.

I opened the bottle and we started drinking. The bottle was just about empty when the MC got on the sound system again and announced that the ship would soon be dropping anchor then there would be more drinks and food, and more games on the beach.

We looked and saw a little beach with high cliffs round it. We stayed, sat as we were on the edge of the raised area with out feet hanging over the edge and laying back on our elbows, watching the crew launch a little motorised dinghy then load supplies into it, and the party goers starting to jump overboard and swim ashore.

Matt and Ethan came over to use and congratulated Layla, Ethan saying that he wished that he’s been Layla’s partner. I noticed that both of them were looking between Layla’s legs which had been spread a bit since she sat down and I also noticed that Layla saw them looking and she opened her legs a bit wider. They must have been able to see her juices leaking out.

Anyway, champagne finished and most of the party goers already overboard Layla and I decided that it was our turn to go overboard. I went to our bag and got out the waterproof phone pouch that I was happy that I’d remembered, put my phone in it and we jumped off the boat holding hands.

“That’ll sober me up.” Layla said when she surfaced.

“Yes,” I thought, “but it won’t take much to get you ‘happy’ again.