**My Girlfriend Likes Me To Expose Her**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 3**

On the beach the MC was trying to organise more silly games whilst the rest of the crew were setting up tables with food and drink on them. Layla and I decided to just sit, watch and laugh at the half drunk people as they joined in what they thought was fun.

“I’ve just counted 13 naked girls Jake.” Layla said.

“Are you getting jealous because you’re not the only one naked Layla?”

“No, there’s enough guys here to see all of us not just me.”

“Well a lot of those guys saw every detail of your pussy back on the boat didn’t they?”

“Hmm, yes they did.”

“And you liked that didn’t you?”

“Maybe.”

“Layla.”

“Okay, I liked it and it made me all tingly and wet, especially when I riding that guy, whatever his name was.”

“Were you remembering yesterday in the sand dunes?”

“Yes.”

“Shall we go back there tomorrow and do a repeat performance?”

“Or two if we go early enough.”

“Jeez Layla, talk about girls gone wild, you’re going to find life back in England so boring.”

“I know, but we’ll have lots of memories and we can start planning our next holiday.”

“We could also start looking for a place that we could move in together.”

“I was hoping that you’d say something like that.”

“Then you can be naked all the time in our own place.”

“Hmm, and we can make love a dozen times a day.”

“I’m assuming that you’ll stay naked when my mates come round to watch the footy, it will be great having a naked girl getting our beers.”

“I don’t know about that Jake.”

“Come on Layla, you know that you want to, you can admit it to me, besides it isn’t like they won’t have seen you naked before.”

“You still want to have those holiday movie parties?”

“Yes, but I’ve been thinking about that, maybe we could have one big one in the function room of the Black Bull, it doesn’t cost much to hire the room and the guests could buy their own drinks.”

“That sounds like a good idea, would you still want me to make a grand, naked entrance?”

“Of course, it will be the main event. You can get on a table in the middle of the room and masturbate for everyone.”

“What, you never mentioned that before, you’d really want me to do that, in front of everyone we know? I don’t know that I could do that, it’s scary, not to mention the embarrassment.”

“Layla you get off on embarrassment, it turns you on, besides it wouldn’t be everyone, we won’t invite our parents but your brothers would be okay, I’m sure that they’d love to see their little sister naked. Because the function room is so big we could also invite all your old school mates, well the ones that haven’t moved out of town.”

“Jeez Jake, it sounds like you want the whole city to see me naked.”

“I do, and you do too Layla.”

Layla didn’t answer that one, but I knew that she did.

“We could post some of the best videos on xHamster or the likes, then the whole world can see you naked.”

“Bloody hell Jake, what are you trying to turn me in to?”

“Your true self Layla, that’s what YOU want as well.”

Again Layla didn’t answer so I got up and got my phone out. Layla posed for me and I got some great photos of her, some with her legs spread wide and me zooming in on her pussy. I got her to pose in the shallow water as well, all sorts of poses, some innocent and some very gynaecological. Layla was loving every pose.

So were some of the other guys that were there, a few, Ethan and Matt included, came over to watch us. I even got some of the guys to hold Layla up I the air with some of the guy’s hands on her tits and them holding her legs spread wide open. Her pussy was telling us all that she was loving every minute of it.

Eventually it came time to go back to the boat. Just about everyone swam back, but the little dingy had to go and collect 3 or 4, including 1 naked girl, because they had had way too much pop to be able to swim.

Layla didn’t fancy dancing to the loud music so we stood / sat at the side of the boat. I was the one sat on the relatively low part of the side and Layla stood between my legs with her back to me like she often does.

Because I was a bit lower than when I stand my hands could easily reach her pussy as well as her tits and my right hand started playing with her clit.

Layla spread her legs, closed her eyes and didn’t try to stop me from bringing her off in front of all those people. Admittedly most weren’t looking, but some were. When my fingers were busy I whispered, no, almost shouted to be heard, that some guys and the odd girl were watching us. Seconds later I felt her pussy get a lot wetter.

Probably about half way back I watched some of the crew clear the games area then the MC announced that it was games time again. Layla and I moved over to the raised area again so that we could get a better look. We both like watching drunk or half drunk people making a fool of themselves and we weren’t disappointed. I did note that just about all the girls that took part were naked and wondered if there had been an epidemic of girls wanting to get naked.

“One last game,” the MC announced, “but this one is only for the girls. Can I have some girl volunteers please?”

“Go on Layla.” I said, “it could be fun.”

Layla climbed down and joined the other 6 or 7 girls that had stepped forwards. The MC gave then each what looked like an empty beer bottle then got them to line-up along the side of the boat.

“Right girls, put the bottle on the deck in front of you then, when I say go, I want you to get the bottle to the other side of the ship but here’s the catch, you can’t use your hands, arms, or your mouth, except for standing the bottle back up when it falls over.”

These was a couple of seconds silence until people started realising that the girls had only one way to get the bottle over to the other side. The guys started cheering, and as it registered with all the girls, most, like Layla started smiling. Two girls who were wearing only thong bikini bottoms pulled them off and threw them to the side of the boat.

All girls spread out a little and stood over their bottles with their feet apart.

When the MC thought that all the girls were ready he shouted “GO” and all 8 girls squat and impaled themselves on their bottles.

The cheering from the guys got so loud that I thought it was louder than the music had been.

Every girl was struggling to keep the bottles in their pussies and everyone realised that there were a lot of wet pussies on that boat.

Layla was really struggling, she could get no more than a metre before the bottle hit the deck. It took well over 4 minutes for the first girl to get there and she was given a bottle of champagne, but I was sure that most of the guys watching were thinking, like me, that they’d rather fuck a wet pussy than a dry pussy.

That game caused so much enthusiasm from the crowd that the MC decided to do it again. Some of the girls walked away, some, like Layla, stayed to have another go, and 3 different girls came forwards to have a go.

Again the noise from the crowd was unbelievable as the girls struggled. This time Layla was closer to me and I managed to get a video of her struggling.

A different girl won this time and Layla walked back to me still carrying the bottle that was covered with her juices. I took it off her and put the neck into my mouth and sucked.

“You taste as nice as ever.” I said when I took it out.

“You can taste the real thing as soon as we get back to the hotel.” Layla replied.

The music started again, but this time with a lot less decibels. I looked where the boat was heading and saw that we were approaching the harbour. When the boat docked people started disembarking and heading for their coaches and I saw that some of the girls hadn’t bothered putting any clothes on so when Layla went into the bag to get her skirt I stopped her and said,

“No, stay like that Layla.”

Layla looked up at me, smiled and let go of her skirt. I picked up the bag, got my phone out and videoed Layla disembarking and walking to the coach. It was mainly her butt that got videoed except when she turned round and tried to get me to stop videoing.

I even videoed her getting onto the coach and because of the 3 high steps I captured her still wet pussy between her legs.

As we were walking down the aisle near the back of the coach. Layla tripped on something and an arm came out to catch her then pulled her onto the lap of the arm’s attached body. It was Matt with Ethan sat next to him.

Laying on her back across the laps of the 2 guys Layla looked up and said.

“You guys will do anything to get your hands on my body, well go on, do what you want to me.”

Matt looked up at me and I nodded my head, sat on the seat the other side of the aisle and lifted Layla’s feet onto my lap. I got my phone our and videoed Matt and Ethan groping her tits and pussy.

Layla hadn’t cum for ages and she lasted long enough for the coach to be speeding along the main road back to our resort before she let everyone around us know that she was cumming.

Matt was getting Layla close to cumming again as the coach pulled up outside our hotel and we had to quickly get off and went into the hotel.

Back in our room Layla opened the balcony doors and stood at the railings taking some deep breathes. I saw her waving and went and looked and saw Matt an Ethan on their balcony opposite.

I took Layla into the bedroom and put her in the position that she went into when the MC on the boat had told the girls to get in to the boy’s favourite position to eat her pussy and did just that until she’d orgasmed then I fucked her properly until I came deep inside her.

I turned my head to look out and saw Matt and Ethan still looking over at us. I lay beside her as her legs came down and before I knew it I was asleep.

I woke as it was starting to get dark so I woke Layla and we went into the shower.

I dressed Layla in yet another see-through skirt and top and we went to eat before another night in a few bars but on our own.

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The following day we got the buses to the same beach but earlier in the day. Layla was a bit disappointed that she didn’t have to stand and have a man’s face right in front of her pussy but she made up for it by wanting 2 trips into the dunes to put on a similar show for the wandering voyeurs, one in the morning and the second in the afternoon.

In between the shows we wandered around, going down paths and dirt roads passing people going the other way and vans delivering to the beach bars. We even walked through the car parks, both of is naked apart from our flip-flops. We also went to one of the beach bars but I put my shorts on because we didn’t see any naked men in the bar.

All in all we had a great day and Layla was happy that she’d been seen naked by so many people and been watched fucking by quite a few as well.

Back at the hotel we had a late dinner then a nap because that night we were going to a nightclub. I asked Layla if she had any plans for what she was going to wear and she told me that she was planning on wearing one of her see-through tops and as a surprise for me, she’d brought a yellow ballet tu-tu and cut off the built-in knickers.

“I love the tu-tu idea but I think we can do better than one of your tops.” I said.

I left Layla to sleep for a little longer and went to the local shops where I bought a couple of lipsticks of very different colours. When we were getting ready I used the lipsticks to draw circles round her tits.

“There you go Layla, that will do for a top.”

And that’s how she went, heels and a tu-tu and nothing else. If you were stood close to Layla you couldn’t tell that she was naked below the tu-tu but if you were more than 2 or 3 metres away you could see her bare butt or pussy. Layla said that it felt like she was just wearing a belt.

We walked to the bus pick-up point, the club being well out in the countryside, and found other girls wearing next to nothing waiting for the bus. Although none of the other girls had their pussies uncovered like Layla.”

Layla found that it was impossible to sit on the bus seats with the tu-tu on so he took it off and sat naked, putting the tu-tu back on when she stood to get off the bus.

The club looked huge and judging by the decibels of music coming from inside it was a good job that it was in the middle of nowhere. I presented our tickets and we were in.

There must have been over a thousand young people there. It was quite dark but had lots of strobe and ultraviolet lighting which highlighted the girls who wore white bras or knickers even under their outer clothing. Of course Layla didn’t have that problem, in fact she was a little disappointed by the lack of light to highlight that she only wearing a ‘belt’.

It was difficult to move around and half the time you were lucky to get your own space to dance but we managed to get some drinks, that were expensive, from the long bars that had dozens of serving staff.

We soon realised that the club was more like a Rave with the place offering very little other than dancing and a great atmosphere, but having said that there was a Foam area and a small Swimming Pool that people were stripping off and cooling down in. There were so many people in it that you couldn’t really swim in it and I wondered how may people peed in it rather than searching for the toilets.

The Foam area was fun with people disappearing into the foam and there were lots of groping going on under the foam. I wasn’t too pleased being in it as I suspected that most of the groping was by young men rather than girls. I spent quite a while at the edge of the foam while Layla went in and spent ages in it. Each time she came out she had a smile on her face and I assumed that she’d got groped quite a bit.

When Layla went to the club just wearing the tu-tu I half expected it to somehow get ripped off her never to be seen again but it didn’t happen, even in the Foam.

Another area that Layla enjoyed was the pedestal dancing. There were a number of these around the place for anyone, but only girls, got up there and danced with everyone around being able to look up their legs and see what they were, or weren’t, wearing. I noticed that Layla danced with her feet wider apart and did a lot more pelvis thrusts when she was up there than when she was on the ground.

Eventually the place started winding down and we headed back to the bus discovering that dawn was starting to break. Layla again took the tu-tu off to sit down, not caring that the other passengers saw that she was naked as the walked down the aisle. She couldn’t be bothered to put it back on when we got off the bus and she walked back to the hotel in just her heels.

Layla was tired, but not tired enough to throw the balcony doors open, try to get some energy from the fresh, glorious morning, before asking me to spoon her on the bed, my hard cock finding its goal, before we both went to sleep.

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I was still spooning Layla when I woke up and my morning woody was threatening to enter her so I helped it on its way and enjoyed the warm, wet, velvety, tight glove until she woke up and almost demanded that I finish what I started before she went to sleep.

It was way too late for us to go to breakfast in the hotel so we did our bathroom routine then got dressed the way we did every day for breakfast, and went to a cafe down the road, Layla’s sarong floating behind her as we walked and her doing nothing to hold it together to cover her pussy.

Back at the hotel we decided to spend the rest of the day at the hotel pool where we met some of the other hotel guests. We got a couple of sun loungers as spent quite a bit of time getting our tan’s a deeper shade of brown, Layla’s tan being all-over.

Layla kept saying,

“I don’t want to have white inner thighs.”

That being her excuse for keeping her legs apart.

I almost made her cum when I was rubbing the sunblock on her but I decided to stop just before she got there, resulting in me being called a cruel bastard.

“Layla’s spread sunbathing got the attention of the other guests there and a few came over to introduce themselves to us and I noticed that when the girls came over they sat or stood beside us, but when it was guys they always stood at the foot of the loungers which I’m sure pleased Layla as well as the guys.

One guy that we talked to told us about a bar at the other side of the resort that he said was always lively and aimed at young people having fun. He told us that they had a mechanical bull and often had drinking competitions and different audience anticipation entertainment. When I asked what sort of audience anticipation he told us that that night’s entertainment was a wet T-shirt competition and that the previous night’s was a couple of male strippers that managed to strip a few girls during their act.

Well Layla wanted to know exactly where the bar was and she went to the hotel reception, totally naked, and asked for a map of the resort and to mark on it the bar in question, which the man did.

Back at the lounger Layla put the map in our bag then asked if we could go there that night. What could I say?

There were 3 or 4 other girls there that were naked, including that Mandy. Apparently her and her guy, Ronnie didn’t much like going to beaches so were spending most of their holiday daytime at the pool. Layla suggested a trip on a party boat describing what she had got up to when we went, even the bottle carrying which got Ronnie very interested. They said that they’d book a trip on the boat that evening.

We didn’t spend all day on the loungers, there were impromptu games in the pool which Layla told me had resulted in her getting groped in her pussy a couple of times and I admitted that I had groped a couple of girls as well. It’s difficult not to when you have you lift a naked girl in a swimming pool or get something from them that they try to hide between their legs.

I’d remembered to take my phone with us and I got some great photos of Layla sunbathing and messing about in the pool. Including her on the shoulders of a couple of guys chicken fighting.

Anyway, we stayed at the pool until the sun started to go down then went back up to our room where I sat on the balcony with Layla sat leaning back on me with my cock deep inside her.

As she slowly raised and lowered herself she waved at a few people in the hotel opposite, including Matt and Ethan who watched her for a while but they left before Layla vocally let them all know that she was cumming.

When we got ready for dinner then going out, I decided to dress Layla in just a dress and her wedge sandals, the dress being made of string, very much like a man’s string vest with the same sized holes all over it, all big enough for Layla to put her little finger, or her nipples, through. This dress is loose fitting and longer than the rest that she brought but makes up for it by being so see-though.

Layla walked proud into the dining room getting quite a few people looking at her and deliberately going to the food tabled more times than needed.

The walk to the bar that we’d heard about was a hike and Layla kept asking,

“Are we there yet?”

As soon as we did get there we saw a girl with large breasts bouncing up and down on the mechanical bull. She was only wearing a skirt that had bunched up around her waist, and white knickers, so you can imagine the show that she was putting on.

“I want to do that.” Layla announced as we entered the place which was already quite busy.

“Let’s get a drink first, then weigh things up.”

We got the drinks, wandered around a bit and bumped into Matt and Ethan.

“Come to look at some more tits and pussies have you guys?” I asked.

“Yep?”

“Mine weren’t enough for you the other day?” Layla asked.

“A guy can never get enough pussy.” Matt replied. “Even after we’d got our hands on your Layla.”

“Well you might get to see mine again later,” Layla said, “I hear that there’s a wet T-shirt competition later.”

“Yes,” Ethan said, “you need to register at the bar Layla.”

“I will. I’m going to have a go on that bull thing as well.”

“That dress may make it difficult for you.” Ethan said.

“Why, you can see everything through it.” Layla replied.

“Yes but a girl always looks better totally naked.” Matt added.

“In that case I’ll just have to take it off before I get on. Sorry guy’s but you won’t see my tits bouncing about like that last girl.”

“Doesn’t matter Layla, tits are tits,” Ethan said, “I love them all especially the ones with big nipples like yours Layla, look at them, I could hang a coat on those.”

“No need for me to tweak them then is there?” I said.

“You can if you want, all of you can.”

Two hands reached out and tweaked Layla’s nipples but I held back, I could do that anytime that I wanted.

“So where do you go to get on the waiting list for the bull?” Layla asked.

“That guy at the controls and with a microphone in his hand.”

“Have you two had a go?” I asked.

“Yes,” Ethan replied, “but the bastard set it going crazy just as soon as we got on, we were off in seconds. I guess that he prefers girls on it, he can have more fun and create more of a spectacle with them.”

“I bet that he can.” I thought then took Layla over to put her name on the list.

When he saw us he looked Layla up and down and said,

“Do you fancy a ride with your legs spread wide honey?”

“Yes, but on the bull please.”

The guy took Layla’s name and told her how many people were in front of her in the queue then we went and found a table near the bull so that we could watch the fun.

Ethan was right about the controller having a preference for the girls, we saw 2 other guys have a go and only last seconds but when a girl got on he took it slower and kept dipping the head or butt of the bull so that the girl had to lean well forward showing everyone her butt, or lean well back showing everyone her pubic area and stomach. Okay the girls had a hand holding onto the rope but there was quite a lot of knickers or skin on display.

The lighting on the bull was bright but the rest of the bar was not so bright meaning that Layla wasn’t that visible to all the other customers. That is until it was her turn on the bull.

Layla gave me a kiss and told me to get my phone out then walked over to the controller man. She was then directed to the bull and another man who was giving the riders a leg up. She walked over the big inflated cushions to the bull and the man interlaced his fingers and held his hands down for her to use as a step.

Layla hiked up the bottom of her dress then went to lift her leg up but the dress just fell back to its normal place as she started to lift her leg. She hiked up the dress again and the same thing happened. I heard some bloke shout,

“Take it off.”

When Layla hiked up her dress again her hands continued up taking the dress right up over her head and off leaving her totally naked.

Cheers erupted from around the room as my latest video kept getting bigger in size.

Layla threw her dress towards the controller and lifted a leg and put the foot in the man’s hands. Up she went and swung the other leg over the bull and sat on the bull. The man lifted the rope just in front of Layla’s pussy and indicated that she should hold on using it.

When she was ready Layla put her spare arm out ready to balance herself then the bull slowly started going round. I guessed that the controller wanted everyone to get a good look at her before he started the bull shaking and tipping.

To be fair to the controller he made the bull do just about every thing that it could do with Layla facing all parts of the bar. The only thing that he didn’t do is get it to shake violently or spin very fast which meant that Layla was able to hang on and stay on the thing.

Then the controller surprised everyone by telling Layla to turn round on the bull and hold on with the rope behind her. Layla gave the inside of her pussy a good airing, and a lot of people and look at her spread pussy, as she manoeuvred around.

The controller had obviously practised with girls sat like that because he angled the bull so that everyone in the bar, and my phones camera, got a few seconds look at her spread pussy.

I just knew that Layla would be loving every second and possibly be close to cumming.

After the controller was satisfied that he had exposed Layla as much as he could he started more violent moves and inevitably Layla went flying off and landed spread eagle on the inflated cushions.

Layla lay there long enough for me to wonder if she was okay but at the same time I was thinking that she was milking her exposure time in the bright lights.

Finally Layla pulled her legs together, got to her feet and walked over to the controller to retrieve her dress and put it on. When she got back to me I could see that she was highly aroused and as I hugged her I whispered,

“You really are an exhibitionist.”

Layla didn’t reply but she did squeeze me a bit harder for a couple of seconds before letting go and sitting down. She took a drink from her beer bottle then said,

“Did you get all that?”

“Yep, your exhibitionist coming out party is going to have a lot to watch.”

“You’re really going to have that party Jake?”

“I am, and you are going to love every second of it Layla.”

Layla went over to the bar and put her name down for the wet T-shirt competition then we watched other people on the bull until it became time for Layla to go and get ready for the wet T-shirt competition. We’d talked about it and Layla didn’t expect to win because of her small tits but she was hoping that she’s get the chance to flaunt her naked body in front of everyone in the bar.

I moved close to the little stage where I assumed the girls would perform and found Matt and Ethan standing very close to the stage.

“Hoping to get a good look at the girls guys?” I asked.

“Yes, is Layla entering?” Ethan asked

“She is and she’s hoping that she can get naked for you again.”

“You’ve got a good one there Jake.” Ethan said.

“I know mate, I know.”

Matt added,

“Layla was virtually naked in that dress anyway.”

It seemed like hours before the MC finally announced that the competition was about to start. He called number 1 out onto the stage and out she came, the thin T-shirt already showing exactly where her nipples were and the hem of it just covering her knickers.

The guy with the bucket of water tipped it all down her front making it show the exact contours of her tits, nipples and knickers. We could also see the different coolers of her nipples and areolae. She danced to the music cupping and fondling her tits and sometimes lifting the sides of the T-shirt to reveal her wet knickers. I was disappointed as her now wet knickers revealed that she had a dark landing strip.

Numbers 2 and 3 were very much the same except that number 3 had huge breasts with no bra to support them and they bounced about, looking quite painful, as she danced to the music.

Number 4 was Layla. She was full of energy as she danced over to the man to wet her T-shirt, her bullet nipples already tenting the material much more that the previous girls nipples had. Being short, Layla’s T-shirt went well below her pussy but that wasn’t going spoil her fun. As she danced she first ripped the top of the T-shirt so much that it left most of her right tit expose, then she lifted the hem, firstly with her back to the audience, then her front. Each time revealing her lack of knickers.

Layla told me later that all the girls had been told not to expose their bare tits or bare pussies until the second round but that wasn’t going to stop Layla doing it.

When her time was up Layla held the hem of her T-shirt with both hands and did a curtsey, pulling the material up to expose her pussy again as she did so.

Number 5 was a bottle blonde which became obvious when she revealed her wet thong, although she was quite beautiful and put a lot of energy in to her dancing.

Then there was a break where I stopped my phone recording the video and Matt got 3 more beers whilst Ethan and I discussed the merits of each girl.

Round 2, I was told later, was where the girls could rip their T-shirts and knickers off if they so desired. The only restriction that they were given was that they couldn’t let any member of the audience touch them. Well girls 1 through 3 did rip their T-shirts off as they danced but girl 3 took her knickers off as well, but she disappointed everyone when she revealed that she was wearing a G-string underneath.

Layla was again number 4 and she came bouncing out, full of energy again, and within seconds of the music starting she’d ripped the whole T-shirt off revealing her to be totally naked.

Unsurprisingly, the cheers were deafening, but Layla still had a few minutes before her time was up and she spent it by seductively playing with her nipples, slapping her butt when she turned her back to the audience and spread her legs. She lightly ran a finger along her slit then dropped to her spread knees facing the audience. She picked a part of the stage where Matt, Ethan and I weren’t and I wondered if that was to let other guys have a good look at her.

Then Layla surprised even me by properly masturbating for everyone to watch. I so wanted to fuck her right there and then but I stayed back, videoing her display. I’ve never known Layla to fake an orgasm and she has told me that she never would, so I believe that it was a genuine orgasm that she had just as her song was ending.

The music stopped but the cheering didn’t, and the MC didn’t intervene until Layla got to her feet thanking her for her amazing display (his words).

As Layla walked off number 5 walked on. As I mentioned, she was a bottle blonde, quite beautiful with average sized tits which she soon revealed. She put as much enthusiasm into her performance as her first stint, literally ripping her thong off revealing a dark landing strip and large lips. She must have been watching Layla’s performance because she did just about everything that Layla did, except have an orgasm.

Again, very loud cheering and applause.

All the girls were called back onto the stage for the winner to be announced, and as Layla suspected, a girl with bigger tits won, number 5. But I just knew that Layla would be happy with her performance, winning wasn’t her goal, that was for her naked body to be seen by as many people as possible performing a sexual act, and she certainly achieved that.

I was so proud of her as I stopped recording, and when she came back to me, her dress in her hand, I again hugged her and told her that I loved her.

Layla was happy and tired so we left the bar and started walking back, it was the early hours and the only people about were people leaving the bars. Layla hadn’t bothered putting her dress back on and was more comfortable carrying her sandals.

We got about half way before she asked me to carry her so I squat in front of her, put her over my shoulder and with that arm between her legs I reached for her arm and held her on my shoulders like that. Her other arm and leg dangling down my back.

Somehow while getting comfortable she managed to spread her legs a bit and with my spare arm and hand I could just reach over her butt and to her pussy.

As we walked along I diddled her pussy, managing to bring her to another orgasm as we walked.

The guy on the hotel reception didn’t bat an eye as I walking into the hotel with her still over my shoulder, her pussy being on the man’s side so he must have got a good look at it.

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The rest of our days there were relatively quiet, if you call going to the beach and putting on sex shows in the dunes or Layla getting naked on pub crawls quiet. There was one notable exception, one evening after dinner, a funfair had come to town and we went to see what’s what.

There were a couple of attractions there that are worth mentioning, both of them involving elastic. The first was a sort of catapult that sent a ball shaped cage high into the air then it bounced up and down until it settled and was captured and lowered to the ground.

We both went on this but just as were were about to get in the cage I asked the guy running the show if Layla could ride naked. His eyes lit up and he nodded. The cage had a video camera installed and we bought the recording.

The other attraction that we went on was a bungee jump from a platform lifted up by a crane. I’d seen these in England and had fancied a go but not really had the opportunity.

We both had a go, Layla wanting me to go first which I did. As the harness was getting transferred to Layla I again asked if Layla could ride naked and again the young man agreed. No video to buy this time but I made one of my own.

Altogether we put on 9 sex shows in the dunes and none of them showed any sign of Layla loosing any enthusiasm for them. As soon as we got started on one of them a young English couple stopped to watch us. They looked okay so I asked them of they would video us using my phone and they agreed. I kept looking over to them to make sure that they didn’t do a runner and after Layla couldn’t cum any more without having a rest I got the phone back and had another holiday video to show at Layla’s exhibitionist coming out party.

We were both very sad when it all came to an end of our holiday and we had to get on the coach to go back to the airport.

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**Epilogue**

When we got home it was back to our separate homes prompting us to make urgent plans to find a place of our owns and 4 weeks later we moved into an apartment where Layla could be her real self.

Layla signed up to be a Life Model at the local college and has been posing for them twice a week since. Her friend Jenny is one of the students that sketches her but had told no one.

One thing that she hadn’t bargained for, but soon got over, was that one of her younger brothers was an Art student at that college. She only put 2 and 2 together when she walked into the room, dropped her robe and looked around to see the reaction on the faces of the students who were about to sketch her. She later collared him and got him to swear to keep quiet about it and she never thought another thing about him being there, even when some of the poses had her legs wide open which aroused her causing her pussy to be quite wet.

Another thing that Layla didn’t realise when she signed the contract was that she had agreed for some of the sketches to be pinned to the Art departments Notice Board as an example of the students work, and for her name to be written at the bottom of each sketch. Layla told me that when she first saw them she was a bit shocked that her name was on them, but she soon got over the shock and became proud to have her name on them and for them to be on the Notice Board.

It took a couple of months to organise it, inviting around 50 people and sourcing the equipment, but the evening at the Black Bull was finally arranged. I had to ‘persuade’ some of the people to come because the description of ‘Holiday Photographs Viewing’ doesn’t sound very inviting.

As the people arrived I kept thanking them for coming and telling them that I hoped it wouldn’t be too boring for them but we’d had a totally awesome time and we hoped that some of that happiness would rub off on them.

Layla and I sat at one side of the room when the show started, Layla being modestly dressed in a summer dress that her mother had bought her a couple of years back.

The show started with a photo of Layla naked on the balcony of our hotel room. I was really happy that I’d setup my phone at the front of the room to record the expressions on all our friends faces because some of them were priceless.

Then the quiet talk between some of our guests started then the silence as everyone watched the show to the end with a few gasps along the way.

Layla and I went and stood at the front in the middle and I announced that we hoped that everyone had enjoyed the show and asked if there any questions.

There were none, me suspecting that some of the people there were too shocked, a few indifferent and most of the males there wishing that they’d been on the holiday instead of me.

Then Layla took hold of my hand and said,

“I guess that some of you are wondering how I could do all those things, well it was exhilarating, exciting and such a turn-on, and I got a great all-over tan. Well Jake here has managed to get me to be my real self, to come out of the closet so to speak, you see, I’m proud to announce that,

“I AM AN EXHIBITIONIST.”