**My Boyfriend likes to expose me**

or perhaps it should be called

**The exhibitionist in denial**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 10 – Life goes on**

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**Orthopaedic Mannequin**

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A couple of weeks after the party at our place Emma phoned me. She told me that she’d bumped into her Nursing Tutor and mentioned that she might know a volunteer for the plaster casts application training. The tutor had begged Emma to follow it up and Emma wanted to know if I was still interested.

Emma’s phone call was in the evening and Ryan was there so I had a quick word with Ryan then told Emma that I was game for it.

At 8 o’clock on a sunny morning 2 days later I met Emma outside the nursing school and in we went. I was a little apprehensive, but I trusted Emma when she told me that it would be fun and that there would be no pain.

Emma introduced me to the tutor (Mandy) who talked me through what I would have to do (just lay there), telling me that it was much better for the students to learn using a live model rather than a shop mannequin. Mandy then surprised me by producing a document and telling me that the nursing school would pay me 50 pounds for my trouble if I signed a waiver contract. I was a little concerned about the waiver part but Mandy told me it was a standard contract that was used for medical drug guinea pigs and that I had absolutely nothing to worry about.

Mandy also told me that I could keep my bra and knickers on if I wanted to, but there was a good chance that they would get some plaster on them. Before I could say anything, Emma told Mandy that it wouldn’t be a problem. She didn’t tell her that it wouldn’t be a problem because I never wear a bra or knickers.

After I signed the form we went into the lecture hall and I immediately saw that it was more like a workshop with 3 medical tables at one end of the room. Mandy gave me one of those medical gowns and pointed to a door and told me that I could get changed through there. I opened the medical gown and saw that it was small. It must have been for a little kid because it was small even for me. When I put it on it only just came below pussy and the back was all open.

I went back out to Emma and we sat in one corner as the student nurses filed in.

For some reason I was only expecting there to be girls and was a little shocked when a few young men walked in. I turned to Emma and said,

“What are they doing here? I don’t mind girls seeing me naked, but I wasn’t expecting there to be men as well.”

“Of course there are men here. There are male nurses and doctors as well. Doctors have to know how to put a cast on, even if they’ll never actually have to do it. Don’t worry Tanya, they’re professionals, they’ve all seen naked girls before.”

“Not me they haven’t.” I said.

“Just look at their faces and imagine that it’s Ryan that you’re looking at; and when they touch you imagine that it’s Ryan’s fingers on you.” Emma said.

“I can’t do that, I’ll cum, and that’s the last thing that I want to do here.” I said.

Emma laughed.

Mandy started the lecture but I wasn’t listening. I was thinking about Ryan’s fingers touching me. That was probably a bad thing to be doing because I started getting wet.

All of a sudden Emma elbowed me.

“They’re ready for you Tanya.” Emma said then she told me that she’d be back in about an hour or so.

Mandy called me over and introduced me to everyone, then told them that I had volunteered to let them put casts on both my legs and both my arms. She then told me to take the gown off and climb up onto the middle table.

The moment of truth; I was nervous as hell as I let the gown drop and climbed up. As I lay back I suddenly remembered that my thinking about Ryan had got my pussy wet and I hoped that no one would notice.

I lay there looking up at the ceiling as Mandy split the students into 4 groups and allocated one of my arms or legs to each group. Some came to look at me while others got the materials they needed.

A couple of the girls said “Hi” to me; and one man did too, but not before he’d stared at my pussy for ages. I blushed as he looked at my face and said “Hey.” I felt sooo exposed.

All of a sudden my arms and legs were being lifted up, some sort of grease was coated on my arms and legs then this sort of soft, gauzy, stocking things were being pulled onto me. They put them from my ankles to mid-thigh, and wrists to my arm pits.

As I was being man-handled I felt my pussy get a little wetter and had a horrible vision of me cumming as they all worked on me. I blushed.

As I looked up at the students I saw faces change as different students did different things to my limbs.

I felt eyes burning into my pussy and nipples. Were they staring at my goodies; or were they just getting on with their job? I wasn’t sure. I was glad that I wasn’t wearing any of my jewellery.

Some sort of padding was wrapped round my limbs then the plaster started appearing. The student’s hands were covered in it, and some of it was splashing all over them, and me. Mandy sent one group away telling them to add more powder to their mix to get it to a more workable consistency.

With there being so many of them working on me I hadn’t really noticed that my legs had been spread quite wide and high; and that some of them were taking it in turns to hold my hands and feet high up so that others could plaster underneath my arms and legs. For some reason my arms and legs felt quite warm.

I don’t know if it was all those hands working on me, or the fact that I was virtually naked in front of all those people, but I was getting aroused. Not heavily aroused, but enough for me to notice, and for my pussy and nipples to show the effects. I’d had my eyes closed hoping that the feelings would go away, but I suddenly heard a man’s voice whisper,

“I can see that you’re enjoying this, are you going to cum for us?”

My eyes opened wide as I looked to see who had said it but no man’s head was close to my head. There were 2 young men working on my arms but neither were showing any signs of being guilty of the inappropriate comment.

I shut my eyes again and tried to think of anything but sex, but my thoughts kept coming back to me being naked with all those people being so close to me. My brain really did regret telling Emma that I’d like to experience having plaster casts on my limbs; but my body craved those eyes, and that man whispering to me made things worse.

I felt my AF rising.

Why oh why did my body take control of my brain.

Then all of a sudden it was over. I heard Mandy tell everyone to step back.

“Thank you, thank you Mandy.” I thought to myself as I breathed deeply.

Mandy came and inspected the students work and made a couple of comments to them. The students had left me with my legs wide open and I was about to ask Mandy if she could close them for me but before I could she turned to the students and started talking to them about something that I didn’t understand.

About 5 minutes later she dismissed the students then came over to me.

“Thank you so much for that Tanya. Emma has volunteered to cut the casts off you. Don’t worry she does it every day so she won’t hurt you. She should be back any minute. Sorry, but I have to go, I have an important meeting that I have to go to.

Mandy put an envelope by my head and was off.

I was left virtually naked with my legs wide open, alone, in a big room.

I thought that I could at least protect my modesty a bit and I tried to slide my legs together, but they wouldn’t close. I raised my head and saw that there were 2 bowls between my legs. I thought about sitting up and moving them but I remembered that my arms were all plastered and heavy.

There was nothing that I could do so I relaxed and hoped that Emma would be back soon.

A few minutes later I heard the door open and sighed with relief. It was going to be over soon.

But it wasn’t. I heard a man say,

“You didn’t cum for us!”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I thought as 3 of the students, 2 male and 1 female came and stood at my feet.

“Can you get my gown and cover me please?” I asked.

“We want to see you cum for us first.” The girl said.

“No I won’t.” I said. “Please put my gown over me.”

The 3 of them ignored me and started describing every bit of my pussy and tiny breasts. Not in medical terms, but in crude, vulgar terms. Then they described what they wanted to do to me and picked up some of the tools that they’d used that were still laying around.

My brain was thinking,

“No, no, go away, leave me alone, you can’t do this to me; fuck off!”

But my body was preparing for an invasion. I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter as the tirade of descriptive comments kept coming.

6, 7, 8, 9. I felt my AF quickly rise; then it hit me. Even though my legs and arms were restrained by the casts, my body still racked with convulsions and spasms. My head was going from side to side as I moaned and shouted all sorts of obscenities.

“Wow, she squirts too; very nice young Tanya.” The girl said.

“Yeah she squirts. Now fuck off and leave her alone.” I heard Emma shout.

They did, and Emma came over to me and stroked my head.

“Are you okay, did they hurt you?” Emma asked.

“No, no, I’m okay. It’s just that their standing there looking down at me telling me what they wanted to do to me; and me being so helpless; I just couldn’t help myself. I just came, hard.” I said.

“What am I going to do with you? You’re enjoying flaunting your naked body in front of those poor, innocent students. I know what I’ll do, I’ll take you shopping.”

“I like that idea, cut these things off me and we’ll go and have some fun.” I said.

“No, I’m taking you shopping like this. You must be getting hungry as well, how about a Mickey D's on the way?” Emma asked.

“You can’t take me like this, I can’t walk. Hell, I probably can’t even stand up on my own.”

“Oh, that’s not a problem you stay there for a minute; I just need to get something.”

With that, Emma was gone. A couple of minutes later she was back, banging a wheelchair through the door as she came in.

“I can’t sit in that, I can’t bend my knees.” I said.

“Not a problem, look at this.”

Emma reclined the chair (I’ve never seen a wheelchair like that before), then she clamped a couple of leg supports to the sides of the chair.

“Okay, I could fit in that chair, but I haven’t got any clothes on; I can’t go out like this, I’ll get arrested” I said.

“Don’t worry Tanya, we’ll cover you up.” Emma said.

“Who’s ‘we’?” I asked.

“Me of course,” a voice from near the door said.

I turned my head and saw Karen walking in. What’s more she was wearing a nurse’s uniform.

“What the hell are you doing here? Why aren’t you at work with Ryan? He’s not here as well is he? Whose uniform is that?” I said.

“Too many questions my little patient. Patients are supposed to relax and get better. Just relax and let it happen.” Emma said.

“But there’s nothing wrong with me; well apart from these lumps of plaster.” I said.

“You know that, I know that, but the people who see us pushing you round town won’t know that. They’ll see 2 nurses taking a very unfortunate little girl for a day out round town. You just relax and enjoy it.”

As Emma was telling me that, she and Karen were cleaning bits of splashed plaster off me. Karen took her time cleaning round my inner thighs and pussy, which didn’t help my AF. The thought of being pushed round town like that wasn’t helping. I was so scared and excited.

By that time I was on my feet with Karen holding me up on one side, and Emma and the other.

“At least put some clothes on me before we go.” I pleaded.

“With those casts on your arms we won’t be able to get your dress on and the only other thing that we have is that kid’s hospital gown. Tell you what, when we get you sat down we’ll tuck it down your sides. You’ll be just fine. As I say, everyone will be thinking about how unfortunate you are and not thinking about your clothes.”

Emma and Karen virtually carried me to the wheelchair and eased me on to it. Then they lifted my arms and legs up and rested them on the supports. I was laid back with my legs spread. I just wanted Ryan to kneel between my legs, hug me, kiss me, and fuck me.

It wasn’t to be. Karen started pushing me to the door.

“WAIT!” I shouted; “cover me up.”

“Oh yes, can you get that gown please Karen?” Emma asked as she pushed me out of the room and into the corridor.

“STOP!” I shouted; “people can see my private bits.”

“Stop fussing Tanya. Everyone here is a medical professional; they’ve all seen lots of naked girls before.” Emma said.

“Not me they haven’t; and what about those visitors over there?”

“Oh, I didn’t think about visitors, but not to worry, this is a hospital, they must realise that there are naked people here. I’m sure that they’ll understand.” Emma said.

Karen caught us up and draped the gown over me. I felt instantly better. Not for long though; Emma pushed me into an elevator to go down to the ground floor. It was one of those big elevators, big enough to take a hospital bed; and as we went in I looked ahead of me and saw that the walls of the interior were covered in mirrors. I looked at myself and saw that I looked ridiculous. That was bad enough, but the gown wasn’t covering me properly and I could see my pussy glinting in the bright light.

Emma turned the wheelchair round so that we were ready to go out and I saw 3 men and 1 woman walking in. Thankfully only 1 of the men was looking down at me. As the door closed he stood with his back to the door staring down at me; to be more specific, my pussy.

I felt my face go red and warm, and my pussy get wet. I didn’t dare ask Emma or Karen for help covering me in case it attracted the attention of the others. One person looking at my pussy was bad enough, but 3 more would have been really bad.

When the door opened and the others got out Emma pushed me towards the exit to the street. As the exit doors opened automatically a gust of wind caught the gown and blew it right off me.

“Ooops!” Karen said as she chased after it and brought it back to me.

“Quick, quick Karen, please get me covered. If you’re going to put me through this horrible humiliation, at least get that thing on me properly.” I pleaded.

“Okay, okay,” Emma said, “don’t get your knickers in a twist.”

“Very funny,” I said, “are you trying to make me wish that I’d never stopped wearing them?”

“No, no,” Emma said, “we can’t have you wearing knickers in Mickey D's. Tell you what; if it’ll make you happy we’ll put that gown on properly for you.”

“Thank you Emma, thank you.” I said. I really wanted to be wearing one hell of a lot more than that stupid kid’s gown but at least that would cover my little tits and pussy.

Right there in front of the main entrance to the nurse’s training school Emma and Karen lifted me out of that damn chair and managed to get me standing on my feet. People walking in and out of the building looked at me. One young man asked if he could help us. Thankfully Karen declined his offer.

Karen started to put my arms through the big arm-holes of the gown. Something didn’t seem right so I asked Karen if she was doing it right.

“Of course I am!” Karen said, “How difficult can it be; it’s only a stupid hospital gown.”

Well Karen hadn’t got it right. When she stepped back to straighten it out I realised that she’d put it on like a blouse. It was all open, right down the front.

I heard Emma laugh then say,

“Haven’t you ever worn one of those things before Karen? It’s supposed to be all open at the back, nor the front.”

“Oops!” Karen said, “Never mind, it’ll do; Tanya will only be wearing it for a couple of hours.

Emma giggled a bit then said,

“Let’s get her back in the chair.”

The pair of them put be back in the chair as I protested, telling them that the gown wasn’t covering me.

“Yes it is Tanya,” Karen said as she pulled the gown closed on my front.

“See! I told you.”

Okay, I couldn’t see my pussy or tits, but all it would take was one small gust of wind and I would be exposed again.

“Oh! I nearly forgot,” Karen said as she put her hand in her (Emma’s) uniform pocket. “Ryan gave me this for you; he said that you love wearing it.”

I looked at her in horror as I saw that she had the business part of one of my remote vibrators in her hand. My legs were on the leg stands of the chair so Karen moved in between my legs and pushed the vibe into my wet pussy; right there in the street.

“No, stop it! Not here; there are too many people around.” I shouted, but Karen ignored me and I felt the vibe and Karen’s fingers invade my pussy. I was so relieved that it wasn’t switched on. With a bit of luck I could just ignore it.

“Bloody hell girl!” Karen said, “It’s like a swimming pool in there; Ryan WAS right, you really do get off on being naked in public. It looks like you’re going to have a very knackering couple of hours; but it looks like you’re going to enjoy every second of it.”

“Right then girls, are we all ready then?” Emma asked.

“Yep!” Karen said.

“No! Please don’t do this to me. It’s so embarrassing.” I said; as Emma started pushing the wheelchair along the footpath.

We’d only being going for seconds when the wind caught one side of my gown. The whole left side of my body was exposed.

The inevitable happened and my other enemy, the wind, did its bit and the gown slowly opened further and by the time we’d gone 50 yards my whole torso was exposed.

I looked up to Karen. I didn’t need to say anything because she said,

“Don’t worry Tanya; we’ll cover you up if we think that we need to.”

It was pointless pleading with Karen and Emma so I went into a bit of a sulk. As I sat there watching the passers-by looking at me, or should I say my pussy and little tits, I realised that my AF was rising. No, Ryan couldn’t be right I WAS NOT enjoying this. But why was my pussy so wet and why was I getting aroused?

There got to be more and more people on the street. Some were ignoring us (me), some were staring at my bits, some were shocked; some even looked disgusted. When we stopped at a street corner a middle aged couple stood next to us waiting for the lights to change. Of course they both looked at me. Then the woman looked at the 2 nurses with me. Karen obviously saw the woman looking at her and said,

“A bad car accident; the poor girl has just come out of 3 months traction and has been so depressed. The doctor thought that it would be a good idea to give her a change of scenery and get her out in the fresh air for a couple of hours.” Karen said.

“She’s certainly getting plenty of fresh air.” The man said.

The woman bent down to me and put her hand on my shoulder and said,

“You enjoy the change. I’m sure that you will get better soon; you’ll soon be back at school with your mates.”

I really did want to tell the stupid cow where to go; but I just couldn’t be bothered.

We crossed the street and turned a corner.

“Nearly there!” Emma said.

I looked up and saw a McDonalds.

“NO!” I pleaded, “Please don’t take me in there. I’m not hungry and I don’t want all those people staring at me.”

“Don’t be silly Tanya. You must be hungry, you haven’t eaten for hours.” Karen said. “Here, I’ll cover your goodies so that you can eat before you have your first orgasm.”

“WHAT! I’m not going to cum in there; it would be too humiliating.”

Karen had a big grin on her face as she bent over me and pulled the sides of the gown over my front.

That McDonalds is one of the ones that are in a converted old building. When we got through the door I saw about a dozen tables then a lower floor that has the serving counter, cooking area and more tables and chairs.

Emma wheeled me to the front of the raised area and told me to stay there while they went and got the food. I watched them walk away and down to the queue. Karen turned and looked back at me. We made eye contact and Karen smiled. Then her eyes went down and she grinned.

My eyes went down my body. I breathed a sigh of relief as I realised that I couldn’t see my tiny tits and pussy. But wait, the overlapped hem of the gown was too high and flat across my stomach.

“Shit!” I thought. That meant that it wasn’t properly covering my pussy.

I looked back to Karen, and horror of horrors she now had the remote control for the vibe in her hand.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck! I mouthed the words,

“Please don’t.”

Karen had a big grin on her face as I saw her turn the knob up to full and I immediately felt the vibe start-up.

“Oh fuck!” I quietly said as I realised what was going to happen. I looked round to see who was looking at me. Either side of me people were just getting on with their business, but in front of me, on the lower floor, were 2 teenage couples; 2 girls and 2 youths. What’s more, they were all looking up at me and my pussy.

I looked over to Karen. The mischievous grin on her face told me that it was pointless saying anything and that she was going to humiliate me in the worst possible way.

I looked back to the 2 couples as I felt my AF rising quickly. Both the youths had stopped eating and were staring at me; so was 1 of the girls. The other girl looked confused. Either she was sympathising with the poor girl who had both her arms and legs in plaster, or she didn’t realise what was going on. Her friend said something and a grin appeared on her face.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I muttered. These 4 teenagers, and goodness knows how many others, were going to watch me have an orgasm and there was nothing that I could do about it.

I fought it as hard and as long as I could; gritting my teeth, thinking about the story in a book that I’d read, anything to take my mind of the inevitable.

My breathing got heavier and my chest went higher with each deep breath. As I got closer my body rose up and I felt the gown open. I started moaning even though I was doing my best to keep quiet so as not to attract any attention to me. As it hit me I felt my arms and legs jerk and my pussy spasm. It felt like I was squirting and I hoped that I wasn’t.

Then I felt a hand on my head, stroking my hair and the vibe stop.

As the waves receded I heard Emma giving the same spiel about me that Karen had given at the street crossing, but she added some medical words that I didn’t understand. She also added that the ‘little fit’ was just the excitement of being out of the hospital for a while after being cooped up there for so long.

When I was capable I looked round and saw that just about everyone was getting on with eating their fries and whatever; everyone except the 2 couples in front of me; all 4 of them were still staring at my pussy; and 3 youths in the queue waiting to be served.

I had a little after-shock and felt my pussy spasm.

I felt so embarrassed, so humiliated; yet so happy. Why had I cum so quickly? Why had I cum at all? Did I really like being seen naked? Did I really enjoy being watched while I built up to, and had an orgasm? What was wrong with me?

Karen arrived with our meals and she and Emma sat either side of me. As I looked at the food Emma said,

“Don’t worry Tanya, we’ll feed you.”

“Can you cover me please?” I asked.

“Sure I can, we’re not cruel you know, we’re only doing what you know that you enjoy.”

“I don’t enjoy it, it’s horrible.” I said.

“Tanya darling, that orgasm was out of this world. There’s no way that you weren’t enjoying it.” Emma said. “I can’t remember having one that good.”

With that she stuffed a couple of fries in my mouth to shut me up then pulled the gown closed over my front.

At last I had some privacy; well, excluding the 2 couples down in front of me. I looked down at them and saw that they were just gathering all their bits onto a tray so they could leave.

In between mouthfuls I pleaded with Emma and Karen to take me back and get those damn plasters off me, but they were having nothing of it. Just as we were about finished I looked down to the table where the 2 couples had been and saw that 3 youths were sat there. What’s more, they had realised what they could see by looking up at me.

I felt a little gush and hoped that Karen and Emma hadn’t noticed. It wasn’t my lucky day; I felt the vibe start-up again.

“No, please don’t make me cum again.” I pleased with Karen.

“Come on Tanya, you know that you want to.” Karen said.

“No I don’t!” I said, but Karen just ignored me.

Emma gave me one last drink of my cola as the vibe went up to full. I just knew that I couldn’t last long.

I looked down to the 3 youths and saw that they had stopped eating and were just staring at me. That didn’t help my resistance and I felt my AF rise. It didn’t take long before I was cumming again. Somehow I managed to look at the 3 youths and their stares and grins made me cum even harder.

At one point I heard Emma apologising to other customers again.

I was so relieved when I felt the wheelchair moving as we left McDonalds.

We turned another corner and the wind blew the gown up.

“Please Karen?” I asked.

“No, you can stay like that. Tell you what, since it’s a reasonable day, shall we go to the park instead of the shops?” Karen said.

Emma said that she was happy with that and I thought for a minute. I guessed that there would be less people in the park so I felt a little happier.

I got some really funny looks as we went along but no one actually said anything.

That was until we passed a college on the way to the park. The college entrance is lower than the road and there are about 20 steps down. What’s more there were lots of students coming out and up those steps.

Just as we got to the top of the steps Karen saw someone that she and Emma knew. Emma was pushing the wheelchair and she stopped and turned the chair to face the college entrance. The first thing that the students saw as they came to the top of the steps was a wheelchair with a virtually naked girl in it with both her arms and legs in plaster; and her legs spread wide.

My pussy was being displayed to all the students as they left the college.

Both Emma and Karen were talking to a girl while I was getting more and more embarrassed. And why was I getting aroused? I certainly wasn’t enjoying the experience.

“Emma, please can we move on?” I pleaded.

“In a minute.” Emma said.

“Can you at least cover my pussy for me?” I again pleaded.

“Stop worrying,” Karen said, “no one here is going to call the police.”

“It’s not the police I’m worried about.” I replied. “I’m naked and embarrassed.”

“Hi there little girl, I’m Lisa.” The girl who knew Karen and Emma said; “I’m so sorry about your accident. I bet that you’re pleased to be getting some fresh air. Those hospitals can be so stuffy.”

“It’s where I’m getting that fresh air that’s the problem.” I said, “Could you pull the gown back over me?”

Lisa looked down at my bare pussy and said,

“Oh, I see the problem.” Lisa said then grinned; “It looks like you’re enjoying the little ‘problem’ so I’ll just leave you like that.”

With that she bent forward and ran her finger along my soaking and swollen pussy. When she got to my clit she pressed hard on it. My AF went up a couple of notches.

“Definitely enjoying it; and such a young girl as well.” Lisa said; and turned back to Emma and Karen.

I turned to look at the students coming up the steps. When they saw me they had all sorts of expressions on their faces. Some looked sympathetic (mainly the girls), some just stared for a few seconds then moved on; some grinned at the sight of a wet, bald pussy; and a few even stopped their journey and moved to the side so that they could get an un-interrupted view; of MY pussy.

OMG! I was getting wetter and my groin was burning and drowning at the same time. I felt my pussy muscles twitch and spasm as I started to cum.

“NO, NO, YES, YES, Arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!” I said in amongst the moans. I could feel my body go rigid within the restraints that I had.

As the waves receded all I could think was,

“Why me? Why does it have to happen to me all the time? Why can’t I have a quiet life with Ryan? Although I did have to admit that I’d enjoyed the orgasm.

I looked up to see Lisa looking down at me as if I was some sort of freak.

To Karen, Lisa said,

“Did she just……?”

“Yep! Actually, Tanya here is as old as we are, and she gets off by being naked where she shouldn’t be. This is all planned and she hasn’t broken anything.”

“FIH!” Lisa said; then to me, “You randy little bitch. A bit OTT with the casts thought; couldn’t you just streak down the street?”

“It’s not true; I don’t enjoy it and these 2 tricked me. I’m NOT an exhibitionist.” I said.

Lisa bent over me and cupped my pussy with her right hand. Her middle finger slipped easily inside me.

“Hmm! This tells me that you are. Good for you girl; I wish that I was as brave as you.” Lisa said.

“Can we go now; PLEASE; there’s too many people looking ate me.” I said.

“Okay, keep your knickers on. See you around Lisa.” Emma said as she turned the wheelchair and pushed me down the street.

“That was fun wasn’t it Tanya?” Karen said.

“NO!” I replied, but my body was telling me that I’d enjoyed it.

We arrived at the park and went in down the path. The place looked quiet, so I started to relax. At least I wouldn’t get humiliated there.

We followed the path until we came to an area where the path went alongside an area covered in bushes and trees. There was a bench there and Emma and Karen decided to stop there for a rest, claiming that pushing me was hard work.

I offered to let them take me back to the nursing school but they said that they weren’t finished yet. I didn’t dare ask what that meant. Karen was sat next to me and she put one of her hands on my leg above the cast. As we talked Karen’s hand found its way to my pussy and started stroking it and squeezing my clit. Emma saw what Karen was doing, smiled and said,

“Are you going to make our patient cum, here in the park?”

“Maybe, but first I need a pee.” Karen said.

“Yeah me too,” Emma said, “but there aren’t any toilets in this park.”

“I guess that you’ll have to go in those bushes.” I said, hoping to embarrass them for once.

Emma looked at Karen, Karen looked at Emma and without saying anything they stood up and walked into the bushes.

They took forever and while I was waiting I saw a dog wandering around. When it was about 20 yards away its nose went up in the air and it started walking towards me. When it got quite close I tried to shoo it away, but it ignored me.

That damn dog went straight to my exposed pussy and started sniffing it. I had a sudden flash-back of the time in the park near home when another dog started sniffing at my pussy and I was rescued by an old man.

I looked round to see if I could see anyone, but couldn’t. I tried shooing it away again, but it wasn’t interested in listening to me. All it was interested in was my pussy.

The damn thing started licking my wet pussy.

“Go away mutt.”

“Get lost.”

“Leave me alone.”

“Karen, Emma, help me!”

No help came and the damn dog licked and licked.

“Stop it you randy animal.”

“Oow!”

“Arrghhh!”

“Ohhhhhhhh!”

“Stop it. I don’t want to cum.”

“Ohhhhhhhh!”

“No, I don’t want to…”

“Arrghhh!”

“Ohhhhhhhh!”

“Oh fuck!”

“I’m cu…….”

My jerking didn’t put the damn dog off and its tongue was pushing into my hole to get at more of my juices.

I didn’t care anymore and I rode the waves of ecstasy.

All of a sudden I heard Karen shouting at the dog. She was obviously more threatening to it than I was and it ran off.

“We leave you alone for 2 minutes and you’re getting a dog to get you off. I was going to do that but I can see that you couldn’t wait. It’s a good job that dog wasn’t any bigger; if it was it might have been able to get high enough to fuck you. Now that would have been a story to tell Ryan.” Karen said.

“No, please; please don’t tell Ryan.” I pleaded.

“Don’t worry little girl, nurses know how to keep secrets about their patients.” Emma said.

“Karen’s not a nurse.” I said, “Besides where have you 2 been? Did one of you pee on your knickers?”

“You can’t pee on something you’re not wearing.” Karen said.

“You didn’t say that you wouldn’t tell Ryan.” I said.

“No I didn’t. I guess that you’ll have to trust me. Besides, that little fact might be useful one day,” Karen said.

“You mean you’re going to blackmail me?” I said.

“I wouldn’t use that word and I have no plans at the moment, but maybe one day;” Karen said. “I guess that you’ll just have to keep doing what I tell you.”

“Can we go now?” I asked.

“Fuck Karen; I was hoping that you’d forgotten about that thing.” I said as I felt the vibe kick into life.

“Oh no my little cum slut, you’re going to be completely knackered by the time we start cutting you free.” Karen said.

As Emma pushed me out of the park back towards the nursing school Karen tormented me with the vibe. By the time we got out of the park I didn’t care that the gown had blown open all the way up. I didn’t care who saw my naked spread pussy and little tits; all I wanted was to cum.

Karen is nearly as good as Ryan at taking me to the edge and then backing off. She must have done it 4 or 5 times before we got to the hospital and the nursing school. Just as I could see the entrance Karen gave me my release. I must have looked like I was having some sort of epileptic fit as the spasms and convulsions racked my body and my moaning made a few people look at me.

I vaguely remember Emma telling her little story about me having an accident to a couple of people, but I didn’t care. I needed to cum and didn’t care who saw me.

Afterwards, as Emma pushed me into the lift I got so embarrassed as I realised what I had just done. Karen saw my face and said,

“The important thing is that you enjoyed it; right!”

“I didn’t enjoy it (I lied). It was horrible and really humiliating.” I said.

“Come on girl, your pussy tells me that you loved every seconds of it.” Karen said. “Besides, if you really didn’t like it you would have squeezed the vibe out right after I pushed it in.”

I kept quiet as the 2 of them lifted me out of the chair and onto the table. Karen was right, I could have squeezed it out but I didn’t. What does that mean? If I discuss it with Ryan he’ll just tell me that it proves that I’m an exhibitionist; but that can’t be right.

I got really scared when Emma got this electric grinder thing out and started cutting the casts. She told me to keep perfectly still and I was so scared that I just froze. It didn’t help when Karen kept flicking my clit; but all credit to Emma, she got all 4 casts off without cutting me.

When I was free Emma showed me the casts. She’d cut them off by splitting each one into two. She told me that I could take them home and that Ryan would easily find a way of putting them back on and sealing them. I wasn’t sure that I ever wanted to have them on again; but Karen was right; I had had some wonderful orgasms.

I was so relieved to be free again and I wanted to get up and dressed again quickly, but Emma insisted on washing the plaster residue off me with a sort of bed-bath. Karen made it take a lot longer than it should have by playing with my clit and nipples. Emma had to keep telling her to get out of her way.

Free and clean, and a bit horny, I jumped off the table and stretched my arms and legs. It felt wonderful. While I was doing that Emma went and got my dress, shoes and bag, and some big bags for the casts.

We parted with a kiss and promised to meet up again soon.

The casts weren’t easy to carry on the bus but I finally made it home in time to get Ryan’s meal ready. When I told Ryan all about my day he was ecstatic; I’ve never seen him so happy, for himself and for me. You should have seen how hard his cock was. He really wished that he’d been there to see me enjoying myself. I tried to tell him that I was humiliated and extremely embarrassed but he dismissed it saying that it was all part of the pleasure. He said that I get-off on embarrassment and humiliation, especially if it involves me being naked in front of clothed people.

He got me to admit that I had enjoyed the exposure, but I reasoned that any and every girl would have acted like me. I still do not believe that I’m an exhibitionist.

The sex that night went on forever and Ryan was late for work the next day.

More of Karen and Emma

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Karen and Emma have just bought themselves a car. Both of them can drive and they are sharing it.

Last Saturday night Karen offered to take us for a drink at a pub in the country. Karen was driving so she stayed sober, but the rest of us had a few to drink. In the pub we started talking about our university days (Ryan, Karen and I) and Emma’s nursing school days; and the crazy things that we all got up to. It turns out that Karen and Emma both did things as crazy as Ryan and I did.

It seems that we all did things like streaking round the block for dares. That gave Ryan an idea that Karen supported him on. The idea was that Emma and I strip naked before getting in the back of the car for the ride home.

Karen dared Emma to do it and she agreed. The pressure was then on me to join her. Probably because of the alcohol I agreed to it.

I was glad that it was dark outside and that the car park was badly lit. Karen opened the car and the boot, and told Emma and I to strip and put our clothes in the boot. When we were naked Karen closed the boot and told us to get in the back. Ryan had a big grin on his face as he watched us.

I do admit that taking my clothes off in the car park did get me a bit aroused. As I opened my legs to get in the car I felt that my pussy was wet.

As we drove through the streets both Karen and I kept well down in the back. I had been worried about us stopping at traffic lights but when it happened I found that I was too low for anyone stopped next to us to see in.

On the pretext of feeling hungry Karen decided to stop at a McDonalds. Thankfully only the drive-through was open. That was the good news; the bad news was that at the window where you collect the food, Karen stopped about 3 feet further than she should have done. This meant that Emma had to wind down her window and collect the food.

Emma’s hands were occupied collecting the food, but I managed to cover my bits until Emma decided to pass some of the food to me. The poor guy serving us had a big smile on his face. Ryan said that it must happen a lot, but I wasn’t sure.

To add to our embarrassment Karen parked where the staff could see us while we ate our food. Two ‘would you like fries with that’ people came to the window and looked at us.

Karen told us to take the rubbish to one of the bins, but we both refused and she took it herself.

As payback for taking the rubbish, Karen did a really horrible thing to Emma and I. Karen pulled into a quiet, dark street and told us that we could get dressed, but that we would have to get out and get our clothes from the boot.

Emma and I got out and just as we opened the boot, Karen drove off leaving 2 very naked girls stood in the street.

We shouted after Karen and Ryan but they disappeared back onto the main road. Emma knew straight away that Karen wouldn’t be back for us, but I kept telling her to give it a couple of minutes and they’d be back.

About 5 minutes later a car did turn into the street but Emma quickly realised that it wasn’t their car. We both ran into some ones front garden to hide behind a hedge.

I started getting worried. I told Emma that I didn’t have a clue where we were, or how far it was to her home or my home. Thankfully Emma knew and she told me that we were about 1 mile from my home and 3 miles from her home.

We quickly went through all our options, soon realising that we really only had one option available. We had to walk, or run to Ryan’s and my place. I wasn’t happy, but what else could we do.

Trusting Emma’s sense of direction we set off walking and talking about where and how we could hide whenever we saw anyone. I was real glad that I had Emma with me because I think that I would have freaked-out if I’d been on my own.

Fortunately it was late at night and there weren’t many people about. There were none on the street we were on. We made it along 2 streets before we had to dive behind a parked car as some headlights approached. I watched the car hoping that it would be Karen and Ryan coming back for us, but it wasn’t.

Round the next corner we could see 2 people walking towards us in the distance so we ducked into someone’s front garden and hid behind their caravan. It took ages for those people to walk passed us.

As I stood there waiting I realised that I was aroused. My pussy was wet. What the hell was wrong with me? I looked at Emma, her nipples were rock hard. Also her right hand was cupping her pussy; was she playing with herself? Was she aroused too? I daren’t make any noise asking her.

The people passed and we started off walking again. My senses were working at 100% looking and listening for people and vehicles.

“Is this turning you on?” I asked Emma.

“Hell yes! I’m almost ready to burst. Aren’t you ready to cum as well?” Emma asked.

Before I had chance to answer we saw some headlights turn onto our road. We both sprinted to some wheelie bins and slid in behind them. My heart pounded even more when it seemed like the car was slowing down right near us, but it suddenly accelerated away.

Emma told me that when we get to the end of this road we have to walk passed a pub. She had a feeling that it was one that closed very late. Emma told me that if we had any problems we had to knee any men in the groin and run like hell.

I started to ask her what sort of problems as we turned the corner. There was no one in sight so we kept walking. Just as we got to the door to the pub 2 men came out and nearly bumped into us.

“Fuck!” Emma shouted, “RUN Tanya NOW!”

Luckily, the men were obviously a little worse for wear and their reactions were too slow to stop us. As we ran away from them I heard one of them say,

“Did you just see 2 naked girls?”

As we ran a car came the other way and we were caught in the headlights beam; but we kept running. We heard a car horn as we turned the next corner and ducked into some ones front garden and hid behind a bush.

“Fuck that was close.” Emma said.

I looked at her and saw that she was frigging herself. I started on my pussy too.

About 5 minutes later Emma looked at me and said,

“Wow! That was good. I’ve needed that since Karen drove off and left us.”

I smiled and said,

“Me too! How far is it Emma?”

“Not far, you’ll recognise places soon.”

And I did; as we turned the next corner I saw the shop just down the road from my apartment. I started to feel a bit relieved but soon heard the siren of a police car. What’s more it was getting louder. Both Emma and I looked for somewhere to hide. The only place quite close was a parked van.

“That will have to do,” Emma said and we ran for it.

My heart pounded even more as the police car started to slow down as it approached.

“Shit, shit, shit.” Emma said; then “Thank fuck for that,” as the police car turned a corner and sped away.

Two minutes later we were running up the stairs to our apartment. The door was open and Karen and Ryan were sat there with a drink in their hands.

“What kept you?” Ryan asked.

“Enjoyed that didn’t you?” Karen said.

“No I didn’t you bastards.” I replied.

“Come on TT,” Ryan said, “I bet you’ve cum at least twice haven’t you?”

Ryan had got me again and I quietly said,

“Just once!”

Ryan got Emma and I a drink and we sat talking for a while before Karen asked if her and Emma could use the sofa again. I got a quilt and a couple of blankets for them and left them to it. I was glad that Ryan wanted to fuck me before we went to sleep.

I woke up the next morning to the feeling of Ryan fucking me again before we went and shared a shower. I went and started the breakfast as Ryan went and put some boxers on.

Karen and Emma were still asleep so I ignored them; but when Ryan came in he didn’t. When he saw that they were still asleep he pulled the quilt off them and slapped both their bare butts before coming to help me.

A short while later 2 sleepy naked bodies walked into the kitchen and asked if they could use the shower.

When they finally emerged, breakfast was waiting for them. We talked about the previous night’s events and both Emma and I admitted that we’d enjoyed it, even though I’d found it horribly embarrassing.

“How many CCTV cameras do you think that you were on last night?” Karen asked.

“Shit!” I said, “I hadn’t thought of that.”

Ryan decided to stir things up a bit more and said,

“Yeah, and how many of them recorded your every move; and how many of the fat old men watching them have taken a copy home to wank to?”

“Eew!” Emma said, “I don’t even want to think about that.”

We were getting towards the end of breakfast when Karen looked out of the window and said,

“I see the perv across the street is still watching you.”

“Yeah,” Ryan said, “we ignore him most of the time but we sometimes put on a bit of a show for him.”

I blushed a bit as Ryan went on to tell Emma and Ryan that I often stand right in front of the window and play with myself when he’s at work.

“I do not!” I said, but my face went even redder.

“You go for it girl!” Karen said.

Trying to change the subject I asked,

“Are my clothes still in the car?”

Karen smiled and said,

“Yep! But you’ll have to go and get them, so will you Emma.”

“Okay! Come on Tanya, there’s no time like the present.”

“But! But; it’s broad daylight, there’re lots of people about.”

“Then we might just make somebodies day.” Emma said.

Emma grabbed the car keys from Karen, then my hand and pulled me to the door. Two naked girls ran down the stairs and out to the car. I squatted down behind the car while Emma opened the boot and passed me my dress. I quickly put it on and breathed a sigh of relief.

Karen had followed us out and was laughing at us as we finished getting dressed in the street.

They drove off while I went back up to Ryan.

Local street carnival

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Ryan came home one evening and told me that he’d volunteered me to help Karen and Emma with a nurse’s entry into the local street carnival parade.

“That sounds like fun.” I said, and asked him for more details.

All that Ryan knew was that the nurse’s entry was a netball team bouncing a ball between them as they walked along the street.

I asked Ryan to find out where and when I had to be, and what I had to wear. I got Ryan to check the time when he said that I had to be at a small warehouse near the start at 8 o’clock on the Sunday morning; and all I had to take with me was a pair of trainers; definitely no piercing jewellery. Everything else would be provided for me.

The early start puzzled me, but Ryan and I met Karen and Emma outside the warehouse just before 8 o’clock only to be told that Ryan couldn’t go in; he’d have to go home and come back when the parade started.

I was a little puzzled by that but kissed Ryan goodbye.

When we went it we met 3 other girls and 2 men fiddling with some big cans of what looked like paint.

“Where’s our team uniforms then?” I asked

Emma giggled and said,

“In those cans.”

“What! Are you trying to tell me that man is going to paint a uniform on all of us?”

“Yep! Great isn’t it?”

“But I haven’t brought a thong with me.” I said.

“Neither has anyone else.” Karen said. “We’re all going to be naked under that paint.”

“Wow!”

I suddenly got all nervous; and a little wet.

“Won’t we get arrested?”

“Very unlikely.” Karen said. “I can’t see anyone complaining. It’s not as if we’ll be taking part in any sexual activity.”

I was still a bit shocked. I was going to walk naked along a public street with hundreds of people watching me. Not only was I shocked, I was scared; and excited.

While we were waiting for the last girl to arrive I was thinking about being naked on the street (I’m not counting Magaluf because that was a different world). The last time that it happened was when Ryan and Karen dumped Emma and I about a mile from home. That was late at night’ there was hardly anyone around and it was dark. This was going to be the middle of the day with hundreds of people close by; all there just to look at us.

I felt my AF rise quite a bit.

The ‘team’ was organised by a girl called Lucy who got all our attention then told us,

“Right girls, we all need to strip straight away. The artists have told me that we needed to give our skin time to get rid of any strap indentation. Also, if any of you forgot to have a close shave this morning there are some razors, wax strips and tissues on the table over there.

The artist tells me that we need to be dry ‘down there’ when the paint goes on so if any of you need any help to get off, then get dry, I’m sure that we can make a team effort to help you with that problem.

Another thing, can you get your nipples hard before he starts on your chest, I know latex paint is flexible but it’s best to get things hard before the paint goes on.”

At that point Lucy got interrupted by another girl saying that it was a shame that there weren’t any men in the team. After a couple of giggles Lucy continued,

“Once you’ve been done you need to stay stood up and not let the paint touch anything for an hour to make sure that the paint is dry. After that, make sure that you don’t rub against anything until after the parade. It’s Latex paint and should be quite tough but please don’t take any chances.

Oh! After the parade you will be able to peel the paint off quite easily.

Any questions?”

One girl asked if the warehouse would be open after the parade. It would.

Another asked if it would be open early the next morning. Karen asked her if she was planning on going home in just her paint. That prompted a couple of laughs and I could see Karen’s brain scheming something up.

All 7 of us stripped naked and stood around talking. Karen asked me if I needed some relief before it was my turn. I said no, but Karen was looking at my pussy when she said,

“Are you sure, because your pussy looks like it needs some attention; your lips look like a couple of wet balloons.”

Both Emma and I laughed at Karen’s analogy and I blushed a bit.

“Well, I am a bit aroused.” I said, “But I’ll be alright.”

“A bit!” Emma said, “Remember the last time you were naked in public, you were gushing.”

“So were you!” I replied.

“Yeah, but I’m dry now. Come on, let’s get you over there on that table and we’ll take care of you. Emma, you go and get some tissues.” Karen said as she led me to the side of the room.

There were some tables and chairs stacked there and someone had already lifted a couple of tables down.

“Up you get, and get flat on your back.”

I obediently did as I was told and before I knew it both Karen and Emma’s hands were at work on my nipples and pussy. Boy, do those girls know how to satisfy a girl? I started out feeling very embarrassed that Karen and Emma were playing with my private bits in a room with 4 other girls and 2 men there; some of them watching me; but it didn’t take long for my desires to override the embarrassment.

Everyone in the room stopped to watch me have my orgasm. I didn’t care, the whole world could have been watching and I wouldn’t have cared.

I did care after the waves started to recede. I got all embarrassed again, and looked round. Everyone was back doing whatever they were before my moans attracted their attention.

As I got off the table and picked up a few tissues, Karen said,

“Anyone else got a juice problem?”

No one said anything, but I saw that Emma was looking a bit guilty.

“Emma needs taking care of.” I said,

Karen looked at a now blushing Emma. Emma said nothing so Karen put her finger to Emma’s pussy.

“On the table girl.” Karen said.

Emma climbed on and opened her legs.

“Like to help me Tanya?” Karen asked.

Karen and I took care of Emma’s little problem while everyone stopped and watched.

I kept my hand on Emma’s pussy, with my middle finger still inside her, while she calmed down. When she had, Emma reached for my hand and pulled it to her mouth. She sucked my finger then said,

“I love the taste of my pussy.”

Karen passed her a wad of tissues and told her to clean-up.

After about 5 minutes 1 of the artists went up to Lucy and said something. They then went round all 6 of us naked girls (Lucy was the 7th) and checked each of our bodies. They selected 1 girl to be first and went over to where a sheet was spread on the floor. One artist gave the girl a mouth mask then put one on his mouth. Then he got started.

The uniform consisted of a pale teal crop top like many of the tops that the girl athletes were wearing at the Olympics. The girl had largish breasts and the artist had to bend down to spray upwards. Her nipples were rock hard. The top looked a bit boring, but that would change.

Next he asked the girl to sit on a stool and open her legs a bit. He sprayed all over her pussy and around her butt hole.

“Will I still be able to pee?” The girl asked.

“Yes my dear you will, your legs weren’t spread that wide.” The artist said.

The girl then had to stand up while the artist sprayed a pair of those girl athlete’s briefs that look like a pair of boring knickers.

The latex paint gave her a beautiful camel toe.

The first girl was passed on to the second artist who added the trim to the knickers and top. Next he added a small while logo above her left breast and right hip. He finished off by adding the letters ‘GD’ in white, between her breasts.

The finished job looked good and I’m sure that someone would have to be quite close to realise that she was only wearing paint.

Two more girls got ‘done’ in the same ‘uniform’, but with different letters on their chest, ‘WA’ and ‘WD’.

Then it was Karen’s turn. She got the letters ‘GK’. It was then that I realised that the letters were Netball positions.

I was next and I got the letters ‘GS’. How I managed to get my pussy sprayed without getting wet I don’t know. That spray felt good. I’d remembered to tweak my nipples before the artist started on my chest; not that they needed it; they’d been rock hard since I took my dress off.

I went and stood in front of a mirror that someone had brought in and decided that I liked the look. Okay my camel toe was very obvious and when I opened my legs a bit my green clit was very visible, but I liked it. I was sure that Ryan would too.

We were then called back to the artists, told to take our trainers off and we had some black and white, knee length socks sprayed on. We had to wait 15 minutes before carefully putting our trainers back on and get someone else to fasten them for us.

We all spent that time discussing whether or not body paint was classed as clothes. Were we naked or were we clothed?

There were a few theories on both sides of the argument. The main one that I agreed with was that paint covers more than a lot of clothes that girls wear.

Why was I arguing that I wasn’t naked? What was wrong with me? I sure did feel like I was naked; but there again when Ryan gets me to go out wearing something see-through I feel naked as well. I think that just so long as first impressions don’t say that you’re naked, then you can get away with wearing anything. That theory has to apply to all these girls wearing leggings that you can see the shape and colour of their pubic hair through; or in some cases (like me) you can see their pussies clearly.

Anyway, it took over 4 hours for us all to be finished to the satisfaction of the artists, which just left us enough time to collect the ball and walk over to the start of the parade.

No one took any notice of the netball team as we went to find our place ready to start the parade. I guess that everyone there was too interested in their own fancy dress and equipment.

I wasn’t complaining about the lack of attention that we were getting as it gave me time to relax and try to convince myself that I was wearing a proper netball uniform.

On the way Lucy took us all to a hot dog stand to get something to eat and drink before we started. I don’t know if she’d paid them before she’d gone to get painted, or if she managed to get them free because of the way we were ‘dressed’; but she didn’t have any money on her when she came out of the warehouse.

Emma didn’t want to eat the bread roll of her hot dog so she pulled the sausage out and was holding it in her fingers while she ate it. One of the girls told her to be careful which open hole she put it in.

We took our place and the parade finally started. We started bouncing the ball between us and running round our moving area, just like girls do playing netball.

To start off with I managed to stay near the middle of the road, but as time went on I found myself getting very close to the crowd. A couple of times the ball went into the crowd and as I was nearest I had to go right up to people and stand in front of them while someone retrieved the ball and passed it to me.

When I was stood in front of a couple of young men one of them said,

“Fucking hell, I can see her clit.”

That made me blush, but I didn’t turn and run; I ignored him and waited for the ball.

There were a few other rude comments that we heard, but we all ignored them.

There were also quite a few policemen lining the route. None of them said anything about our state of dress, in fact I saw a couple of them smile at us.

Towards the end of the route I saw Ryan. He grinned at me and put both his thumbs up to show his approval for my ‘costume’. He followed us to the end of the parade then came over to us. He had his camera in his hand and was still taking pictures as he walked up to us.

Ryan came right up to me, put his arms round me and kissed me, long and hard.

When we broke the kiss I told him to be careful that he didn’t disturb the paint. He backed off and checked my paint. It was still intact.

“You’re amazing.” He said to me. “Look at you walking around the streets totally naked in broad daylight with all these people looking at you. I’m really proud of you.”

“I’m not naked I’m dressed in this paint.” I replied.

“If that’s not naked then I’m going to buy a few gallons of that stuff and we’ll ‘dress’ you in it all the time. You look fantastic.”

Ryan put his hand to my pussy and slipped a finger inside me.

“And easily accessible too.” Ryan continued as I felt my pussy get wetter.

We turned to Karen and Emma and Ryan said,

“You 2 look fantastic as well. Are you going to come to work dressed like that Karen?”

“I think that our bosses might just have a bit of a problem with that.” Karen said.

Ryan turned to me and asked me what the ‘GS’ on my chest meant. When I told him that it was ‘Goal Shooter, he said,

“Are you sure that it doesn’t stand for ‘ Get Stuffed’ or ‘Good Shag’ or ‘Great Stripper’ or ‘Girl Streaker’; yeah, at the moment the last one sounds good.”

We all had a bit of a laugh at that, just as Lucy came over and told us that we were free to leave so most of us started heading back to the warehouse. We got a couple of rude comments on the way, but in general people only stared at us.

When we got to the warehouse we found that it was locked. I had a quick panic attack but the others were quite calm. We decided that we’d have to go home on the bus and Emma promised to get our clothes the next day.

Karen, Emma, Ryan and I split from the rest of the group and started walking towards where we could catch a bus, but Ryan said that it would be a shame not to have a good look round the carnival while we were there. I wanted to go straight home but I got out numbered, and we started wandering round all the stalls.

I felt embarrassed at times, especially when someone said anything bad about our state of dress; but fortunately that only happened a couple of times. I did notice that I kept seeing the same group of teenage boys a few times. I guess that they wanted to see the naked girls as much of us as they could.

Ryan didn’t help either; he kept sneakily touching my clit and fingering me. A couple of times I had a quick look at my pussy to check that it was still covered in paint.

After about an hour we all decided to go home. I know that all Ryan’s attention to my pussy had made me want to go somewhere where he could fuck me.

We walked to the bus stop and Emma and Karen got on their bus (Ryan had given them some money).

When our bus came the driver stared at me. I thought he was going to say something and tell me to get off, but he didn’t and we went up the stairs to the top deck. I carefully sat down, hoping that the paint would hold.

When we went up the stairs Ryan went in front of me (as usual), and I was followed up by a young man. I tried to not think about the view that he must have had.

When we got off the bus the first thing that I did was to get Ryan to check my butt and back. Fortunately the paint stayed intact. As we climbed the stars to our apartment, our neighbours John and Sandra were coming down. We all said ‘Hi’ and I saw that Sandra had a big grin on her face. As we got further apart I heard John ask Sandra why she didn’t wear outfits like I did.

As soon as we got through the door Ryan pushed me against the back of the door and fucked me hard.

When we were done Ryan checked my paint and we were both surprised to see that it was still intact. Surprisingly it was so after a quick bite to eat Ryan decided that we were going for a walk. I wasn’t too happy, but as usual, Ryan got his way.

As we went down the stairs we saw Sandra and John coming back up with a couple of shopping bags. This time they got a full frontal view of my virtually naked body. I was still embarrassed, even though they had both seen me totally naked a few times before. Why is it always me that people see naked, and not Ryan?

We walked down the street with Ryan holding the hand of a very nervous and slightly excited girl.

We walked to the park with only a few people passing us; none of them said anything although a couple stared at me. Ryan kept telling me that I wasn’t naked, but I sure did feel naked.

There were a few more people in the park, including a group of youths playing football, Ryan dragged me quite close to them, but none of them took any notice of me.

We walked back home by a different route which took us passed a petrol station. As we approached it Ryan put his hand in his pocket and got some money out.

“Go and get us an ice cream please TT?”

I was a bit shocked at first, he wanted me to go into a shop and buy something, dressed in only a cup full of paint. I had been getting slightly used to being on the streets like that but this was something else. There was every chance that the person behind the counter would be a man, and there was a good chance that male customers would go in while I was there.

The other part of the problem was that I just knew that Ryan would manage to persuade me to do it.

He did. Three minutes later I was walking across the forecourt clutching a 5 pound note. A car drove in and stopped right next to where I was walking. Two men got out and stared at my butt as I passed them.

As I opened the door my worst fears were realised. A man behind the counter was staring at me.

With a pounding heart I went to the ice cream cabinet and opened it. A blast of freezing air blew up to my nipples and they got even harder. The nerves and embarrassment got a bit of a jolt as my pubic bone touched the cabinet as I leant forward and down to get the ice creams from the bottom of the chest cabinet.

I suddenly realised that the man behind the counter would be getting a great view of my bent over butt.

I quickly grabbed 2 ice creams, stood up, shut the cabinet door and turned round. Yes, the man was still watching me. I heard the doorbell ring and 3 men walked up to the counter in front of me.

Just my luck, each one of them wanted to buy something and while each one was getting served the other 2 looked at me. One of them smiled at me but I turned my head away. I was too embarrassed to make eye contact. What’s more, my pussy was getting quite wet.

Finally, they finished and left leaving me stood in front of the man behind the counter. I could see that he was looking right at my painted pussy.

I put the ice creams on the counter along with my money. This brought the man back to earth and he scanned the ice creams and took the money. I waited for the change and left. I almost ran back to Ryan.

As we continued our walk back home Ryan told me that he thought the man in the filling station would be copying the CCTV recording so that he could take it home and use it as wanking material.

We made it back home without any problems. I was feeling very horny and I pounced on Ryan just as soon as the front door was shut.

The next day

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The next morning I was woken by Ryan getting dressed. He’d already had a shower and was about to leave for work. He asked me if my paint job was still intact so I got up and went to the mirror.

We were both surprised that it was, although the ‘socks’ were showing signs of wear. Just as Ryan was leaving he said,

“You should go out for a jog dressed like that before it starts to peel.”

I laughed a bit and said,

“No chance!”

As I drank a cup of coffee I started to think about what Ryan had said. I kept telling myself that it was a stupid idea, but the more I thought about it the more I realised that I was getting turned on, and that I was going to do it. I knew that this was a once in a lifetime chance as it was highly unlikely that I would get some clothes painted on me ever again.

I decided to not have a shower and think about it some more.

An hour later I put my trainers on and headed for the front door. Just before I got there I turned and went back to the bedroom to do another stupid thing. I pushed one of my remote vibes up my pussy and switched it on low. I knew what would happen but I still went ahead and did it.

As I ran down the stairs I was nervous as hell, but excited as hell as well. I even checked my pussy just to make sure that my juices hadn’t dislodged the paint.

Jogging down the street felt good and I started to relax, but not for long. The vibe was starting to have an effect

I guess that most of the people who saw me thought that I was wearing similar clothes to the girl athletes on the Olympic running tracks. It was only those who got close enough to see my camel toe, and realise what it was, that stared at me; but I just kept running.

I decided that I didn’t want to have any orgasms anywhere near any people so instead of going my usual route I headed for the park. Shortly after I got there I had to find something to lean on as my first orgasm hit me.

I decided to hide behind a big tree and leaned back on it. It had rough bark on it but I wasn’t worried by it hurting my back and butt a bit. When I started to calm down I looked round and was glad that I couldn’t see anyone.

I set off jogging again but it wasn’t long before the vibe raised my AF again. I saw the wooded area and headed for that intending to run through it on the path that Ryan and I had walked a couple of times before. In the wooded area the path splits and Ryan and I had always gone in the direction of the open ground that we could see. It was my intention to go that same way, but I guess that my mind was on other things and I missed the turning.

As I ran I was thinking that I didn’t recognise anything but my mind was concentrating on the feelings in my pussy. Before I knew it I hadn’t a clue where I was. I kept going until I just had to stop again. I found another tree and leant back against it. This time I fingered myself and had a wonderful orgasm, even screaming out.

As the waves receded my hand left my pussy and I saw some of the paint on my hand. I leant forwards, looked at my pussy and saw that the paint on my vulva and clit had come off; so had some of it on my pubic bone.

I had a quick little panic as I realised that most of my pussy was uncovered. I moved my hand to the top of my bottoms and pushed the paint. Shit! It started to come off. I put my hand to my right nipple and gently pushed. The paint came off.

I had a sudden thought about my butt and back. I’d leant against that first tree and then against the second. I stood up straight and turned round. Shit, shit; there were a couple of big bits of paint on the tree and judging by their position they were from my butt. I tried looking over my shoulder to see how exposed I now was, but of course I couldn’t see my butt.

After a few seconds trying to decide how I could get home without being seen I decided to keep going along what must be on some sort of nature trail. I was real glad that I hadn’t seen anyone for ages.

Off I set, quickly wishing that I’d left the vibe at home - and myself.

That trail seemed to go on forever. After about 5 minutes I turned a corner and was confronted by an old man swinging a dog lead. He gave me a funny look as I smiled at him and wished him a good morning.

My AF was getting dangerously high when all of a sudden I saw the same man again. WTF; how was that possible.

I smiled at him again, and this time I saw him turn to watch me running away from him. He must have had a great view of what I suspected was my now bare butt. I got round the next corner and had a third orgasm. This time I didn’t lean against a tree. Instead I bent over and leaned on my knees.

When I could I started thinking about how it was possible for me to have seen the same man twice. The only explanation that I could come up with was that I was going round in a big circle and had missed a turning that would get me back to somewhere that I recognised.

I set off again and in a few seconds I saw an elderly couple walking towards me. As I got very close to them I heard the woman say,

“Oh my!” and the man say,

“Wow, remember when we did…”

That was all I managed to hear.

As I ran I tried to concentrate on the path; it was difficult.

I could see the same man in the distance and my heart sank; then I saw it. The path was in the shape of an inverted ‘Y’. I quickly went to my left and roughly in the direction that I had just come from.

That was it; I started to see things that looked familiar then the path ended and I was back on open ground that I recognised.

I was knackered and without thinking I sat down on the grass to have a quick rest. As soon as my butt touched the grass I knew that I’d made a stupid mistake. I didn’t think that things could get any worse that I’d just made them so I sat still to get my breath back and let my AF get back to a very small number.

I sat there with my knees up and well apart, and looked round. I couldn’t see anyone so my right hand went to my pussy. It was very wet and I felt a jolt as I touched my clit.

“Stop it you stupid girl.” I said to myself and lay back on the grass behind me. I closed my eyes and tried to think about anything but sex.

I was somewhat successful but when I opened my eyes and lifted my head I saw a workman standing about 20 feet away in front of me; and he was stood there looking at me. I still had my knees up and open. He must have been able to see everything.

OMG! I got to my feet and ran. Just as I started to run I looked down to where I had been sat and saw a few bits of green paint on the grass. As I was running I wondered just how much of my back and butt was still covered in paint.

By the time I’d got to the edge of the park the vibe had raised my AF dangerously high. Fortunately I hadn’t seen anyone else in the park but I had to go along a few streets to get home. I had flashbacks of the night that Emma and I had been dumped naked about a mile from home; and the places that we hid on the way. I was going to have to do the same to get home without getting arrested.

I mentally planned my route to include streets that had a lot of cars parked along them. I was probably going to need them.

I bolted out of the park and along the first street. Fortunately there were only a couple of people on the street and no moving vehicles. Whenever there was someone on my side of the road I crossed over and ignored them.

The second street was busier; but not that bad. Twice I had to duck down behind a parked car. Whilst behind the second I had to frig myself, My AF was at about an 11and I just couldn’t wait. I crouched behind a parked van and rubbed my pussy. Relief came almost instantly.

I turned into the next street that thankfully looked empty of people. I kept jogging and saw a big van at the side of the road on my side. I still couldn’t see anyone so I kept going. Just as I got level with the van 2 men in white overall and carrying tins of paint, stepped onto the footpath from behind the van.

I stopped dead and they stopped dead. We stared at each other for what seemed like hours, but was probably only a couple of seconds; then I bolted. I brushed passed the men and was off.

“Am I dreaming or did I ……” was all I heard from the men.

I had one more orgasm before I got home. It was as I was hiding behind a wheelie bin. My right hand touched my clit and my left hand was in my mouth stopping me from screaming.

I managed to get up the stairs to our apartment without incident and the first thing that I did was switch the vibe off. Then went and looked at myself in the mirror. About half of the paint was missing. I spent the next 15 minutes peeling most of the rest of it off before having a shower and relaxing for a while.

As I lay on the sofa I thought back. I confessed to myself that part of me had enjoyed it; and I’d never had so many orgasms whilst out jogging.

I jumped on Ryan as soon as he got through the door that afternoon. When I broke the kiss he asked me how easy it had been to get the paint off.

“Too easy;” but there’s still some on my back that I can’t reach; can you get it off please?

As Ryan obliged I told him all about my jogging expedition. As I got to the end of the account I asked Ryan why he thought the paint had come off so easily while I was jogging, but not the previous day. Ryan though that it might me a combination of the time that it had been on, my natural body oils, the sweat from jogging and my well lubricated pussy.

Ryan also said that next time I’d have to avoid going out in public the next day.

“The NEXT time!” I said, “What are you planning?

Ryan just smiled.

Party piece

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A couple of weeks later Ryan told me that he’d invited another couple of his mates round for a games night.

“Please don’t make me stay naked for them.” I pleaded; but Ryan finally got his way again. To be honest, I didn’t protest that much for 2 reasons; firstly I knew that I’d give in eventually; and secondly, I knew that Ryan would find some way of making me cum in front of them; and I just love orgasms.

The big night arrived and I opened the door to a not so surprised Paul and Dan. Ryan must have told them to expect me to be naked.

I invited them in and offered them a beer. Both Paul and Dan complimented me on my outfit. I could see a bulge in Paul’s trousers.

The 3 men sat on the sofa and started playing their games so I went and sat opposite, put the television on and started drinking my beer.

The 3 guys were concentrating on their game, but as the game they were playing was only for 2 players they took it in turns to not play. Ryan was the first one to miss out, but he was watching Paul and Dan most of the time. Occasionally he would look across to me and smile or blow a kiss to me.

Ryan started motioning for me to open my legs and let him look at my pussy. As the other 2 were engrossed in their game I didn’t see any harm in it, so I did it. It felt good and my pussy got wetter.

After I got fresh beers for us all and put some snacks on the table I sat down again and Ryan indicated that he wanted me to flash him again; so I did.

This went on with me getting wetter and wetter until Ryan was back in the game and Dan sat out. Fortunately Dan seemed more interested in watching Ryan and Paul play than looking over to me.

I got more beers and it was soon Paul’s time to sit out. At the change-over Ryan motioned for me to open my legs again. The beers were loosening me up a bit so when the game started again I left my legs open; not too far, but enough for Ryan to see my pussy.

The game got going again and I soon noticed that Paul was looking over to me quite a bit. I was trying to decide if I should close my legs. I wanted to, but something was stopping me. I kept telling myself that there was nothing wrong with exposing my pussy; that Paul must see his girlfriend’s pussy every day so he couldn’t be interested in mine. I tried to convince myself that he would be more interested in his girlfriend’s tits than my nothing tits.

In the end I just thought,

“Fuck it; let him look, I know that it will make Ryan happy seeing him take long looks at my naked body.”

Shortly after that I realised that I was getting horny. I got up and got more beers.

Dan and Ryan’s game was over quickly, I think that Dan thrashed Ryan, and the guys decided to watch the football. It couldn’t have been a good game because they were all looking disappointed and spending more and more time looking at me.

In a way I felt happy that Paul and Dan thought that I was worth looking at. Ryan? Well his eyes looked like they do when he’s fucking me. They were full of lust and pleasure.

Anyway, after about 15 minutes the guys had had enough of the football. Out of the blue Ryan said,

“Tell you what guys, the game’s crap so why don’t we get Tanya to show us her party piece?”

My jaw dropped. I tried to think what Ryan was on about. I really did hope that it wasn’t what I was thinking that it was.

Ryan switched the television off and said,

“TT, why don’t you go and get that bag of golf balls?”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.” I thought as I stood up and started walking towards the bedroom. “Please don’t make me do this Ryan.”

But I just knew that I wouldn’t say that to Ryan; it was a waste of time because I knew that I would do it; anything for my lover.

When I got back to the lounge the guys were standing up waiting for me. Ryan told me to stand behind the sofa with my butt against the back of it. Ryan then came to me, gave me a kiss and lowered me backwards over the back of the sofa so my head and shoulders rested on the seat. My butt was resting on the back of the sofa with my legs dangling down.

“We need your pussy pointing to the ceiling TT. Can you open your legs and bring them back over your head?”

I did then Ryan told me to hold my ankles.

My pussy was now pointing to the ceiling and wide open.

“Good girl!”

The 3 of them came up close to me with Ryan standing in between Dan and Paul.

“Boy does that look good.” Dan said.

“It sure does.” Paul said. “I can feel the heat from here, and she’s so wet!”

Ryan took one of the golf balls out of the bag and put it on my pussy. It was a bit cold and my pussy jerked.

Ryan put a bit of pressure on the ball and my pussy opened to take it. Ryan felt it start to slide in and removed his finger. My pussy literally sucked the golf ball in.

“Fucking hell!” Paul said, “That’s amazing.”

“I’ve never seen anything like that before.” Dan said.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet!” Ryan said. “Squeeze it out TT.”

The humiliation was deafening me and Ryan had to say it again. I clenched my muscles and the ball started to come out.

“Fucking hell!” Paul said – again. “The whole area around her pussy is moving.”

Ryan caught the golf ball before it rolled off me and onto the floor then gave it to Paul.

“You do it; Tanya won’t mind.”

I certainly did mind; but I didn’t say anything as I felt the ball on my pussy and pressure being put on it.

As my pussy opened and swallowed the ball I could feel my AF rising.

“Here Dan, you try it.”

“Can she take 2?” Dan said.

“Sure. Go on, do it; but don’t push too hard, her pussy will do all the work.” Ryan said.

I felt another golf ball at my pussy then my muscles got to work and swallowed it.

“I just love the way you can see all the muscles around her pussy contracting and releasing to take it in. Tanya, are you controlling that or does it just happen?” Paul asked.

Before I could answer Ryan told Paul that it was totally involuntary. He said that he could probably put a golf ball to my pussy while I was asleep and it would swallow it.

I wondered if that was right.

Ryan gave Paul another golf ball and told him to have another go.

“Blood hell Ryan,” Paul said, “how much space is there in there.”

“Enough to take that.” Ryan said.

Just as the third ball touched my pussy I started to cum.

“Hold it Paul,” Ryan said, “I think that we’d better wait a minute or two.”

“Wow!” Paul said, “Look at those muscles go. The next time that I get a woman I’m going to watch her cum from this angle and see if she does the same.”

When the convulsions stopped Ryan told Paul to try again.

He did, and my pussy swallowed the third golf ball.

Ryan got a fourth golf ball out of the bag.

“Here Dan, your turn.” Ryan said.

“Never!” Paul said.

“Go on Dan.” Ryan said.

I felt the ball at my pussy and my muscles sucking it in.

“Awesome!” Paul said. “Blood hell. It was in and now it’s coming out. Are you doing that Tanya?”

I didn’t answer, but Ryan did.

“Push it in again Dan.”

Dan did, it promptly disappeared the re-appeared.

“You try it Paul.”

Paul did, and the same thing happened.

“I’ve never managed to get that fourth ball to stay in.” Ryan said. Then,

“Okay Tanya, push them all out.”

One by one I squeezed and out they all came. I was just thinking that my humiliating ordeal was coming to an end when Ryan started flicking and squeezing my clit. The inevitable happened and I came again with all 3 of them looking down at the spasms in my pussy and the convulsions that caused my legs to jerk.

“Man; that sure is a beautiful sight.” Paul said.

A couple of minutes later Ryan pulled me up onto my feet. I looked at Dan and Paul and my face got even redder. I wanted to run and hide, but Ryan put his arms round me and whispered “Thank you,” into my ear.

Thankfully, my ordeal was over for that night. Ryan said that I should go and have a shower. When I got out and went back to Ryan, bit Dan and Paul had left. Ryan was feeling very randy and he had me on the sofa before we went to bed.

The next morning I woke up feeling ‘different’, but nice. I soon realised that Ryan had pushed a golf ball up my pussy.

“Did you have to push it in?” I asked.

“Only a little bit, then your pussy did the rest.”

“Ryan,” I said, “I was really humiliated last night; please don’t ask me to do that again.”

Ryan hugged me and said,

“I only ask you to do things that I know that really want to do, things that I know that you’ll enjoy.”

The thing was, I did get quite a bit of pleasure out of it, those wonderful orgasms, so how can I argue with him? He knows what my body wants just as much as I do, maybe more.