**Female Masturbation Addiction**

by Vanessa Evans

*A girl with a masturbation addiction has lots of firsts.*

**Author’s Note**

This story is linked to another of my stories, ‘Young Ladies Fashion Emporium’, but a different character’s continuation. You can find this story, and all of my fictional and true life stories on one of my websites by entering ‘vanessa evans stories’ into your browser. If you experience any problems finding them, please email me at: - vanessaevans69@hotmail.com

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**Part 1**

Hi, I’m Emma and I’m addicted to masturbation.

Not just sneaking into the bathroom and quickly rubbing one out occasionally, doing it as often as I can. I’ve discovered that my addiction is worse, or should that be better, when I do it in public and even more so when I’m being seen doing it by men.

How did I get like this? I really have no idea. I grew up ‘curious but normal’, pretty much like most girls and there was nothing to indicate that I would turn out like I did.

Once I’d finished my education and got myself a relatively well paid job, I moved out of the family home and I found myself masturbating 8, 10, 12, sometimes more times a day.

A chance encounter, shortly after I moved into my rented town house, of being seen rubbing one out, whilst I was naked in my lounge, by one of my neighbours, produced a really intense orgasm and I quickly found myself looking out for this middle-aged man and when he was outside my house I started putting the lights on and leaving the curtains open so that he could see me masturbating.

I had discovered a new level of pleasure brought on by men seeing me naked and masturbating.

It soon got to be a regular thing whereby I would see him hanging around waiting for me to get home from work, him having discovered that the first thing that I do when I get home is strip naked and masturbate on the sofa as I look out of the front window watching him watching me.

By the time I was through my front door and in the lounge, the man would be right outside my window looking in. After the first time that I saw him standing there I started just ignoring him even though he was less than 2 metres from me.

The other thing that I do when that man is watching me is my daily exercises. I used to do gymnastics at school, so I do all the warm-up exercises that our coach taught us, and I do them whilst naked. It started out as a way of saving washing but after I spotted that man watching me it became a way of helping me to feed my addiction.

Now these exercises include a lot of stretching and leg spreading so he gets a great view of my pussy. I usually do my exercising just before I masturbate on the sofa.

It wasn’t so much the being naked that gets me all horny, it’s the being seen by men and them seeing me masturbating that really turns me on and makes me want to feed my addiction even more.

After the first few months that I was living alone I started doing more ‘adventurous’ things (see below), and I started to enjoy just being naked. As the weather got warmer, I found that it felt nice and natural being naked. Also, it made it so much easier for me to get to my pussy when I needed to rub another one out.

The thing is, I’m basically a really shy girl, so shy that I’d never had the nerve to go out with a boy. Yes, at 21 years old I was still a cock virgin. One time when I bumped into that middle-aged man on the street, he tried to talk to me but I panicked and literally ran away.

I started to think that there was something wrong with me and I plucked-up the courage to go and see a doctor. When I finally managed to get an appointment I nearly cancelled it a couple of times thinking about how embarrassing it would be to talk to someone about my ‘problem’, especially if it was a male doctor. My worst fears became a reality when I opened the consulting room door and saw a man sitting there, a young man that didn’t look to be much older than me.

I’m sure that my face was bright red when I started telling him that I needed to masturbate multiple times a day and that the urge to do so increased dramatically when a man saw me naked.

All credit to the doctor because he very calmly said,

“Ah yes, Female Compulsive Masturbation, let me assure you that you are not some sort of freak. It is a lot more common than you would imaging. Only last week I had another young woman come to see me worrying that there was something seriously wrong with her because she too masturbated multiple times each day. I’ll tell you what I told her.

Firstly, this is not a recognised medical condition, probably because not many women have the courage to come forward like you have done, so no serious research has been done on the ‘condition’.

Secondly, no harm is being done to your body by masturbating, you could masturbate to an orgasm a hundred times a day and the only effect would be that you would run out of energy and fall asleep.

What I have read is that the condition does eventually start decreasing in intensity. I have also read that one patient experienced almost instant relief by having the external part of her clitoris amputated, but I certainly wouldn’t recommend that. Another possible way of reducing the urge is hypnotism, but not everyone is susceptible to hypnotism so what I would suggest is that you just live with it for now, and if you are still worried about it in say, 6 months time, come back and see me and we will explore the alternatives.”

As the doctor was telling me all that I got really scared, there was no way that I was going to let any surgeon anywhere near my clit with a sharp knife. As for hypnotism, I have always thought that that was just a con, that it was all fixed because it couldn’t possibly work.

So, by the time the doctor suggested that I ‘live with it’ for 6 months I was happy to get the hell out of there.

As I walked home I took comfort in knowing that I wasn’t the only girl that had this ‘condition’, and also that I hadn’t asked the doctor to arrange for the external part of my clit be amputated. I shuddered at even the thought.

I decided to not only ‘live with it’ but to embrace it and ‘make hay while the sun shines’ - as the saying goes.

While I’m telling you about things that I am, other than a Masturbation Addict, or Female Compulsive Masturbation as the doctor called it, I’m a little under weight for my height and age, average height with short, light brown hair and small (‘A’ cup), firm, pointy tits. Also, which helps my addiction is that I have virtually no inner labia and my clit hood isn’t big enough to hide my clit so it’s sticking out all the time. Very convenient for diddling for hours every day.

In my quest to get seen more by men, and therefore help me with my addiction, I’ve had all my hair below my neck removed by laser, and I got myself one of those contraceptive implants hoping that it would stop my periods, it did.

Fortunately, my workplace does not complain when I have to go to the rest room every couple of hours, but I do have a reputation for having a weak bladder which is not true but it is a good cover story. So far, no one at work has caught me sitting at my desk with one hand through the pocket of my skirt (see below) with my fingers idly toying with my clit.

Getting back to my early days of living on my own, I quickly realised that being seen masturbating by just one middle-aged man wasn’t enough and my addiction got me searching for ways to be seen masturbating. I started spending all my time at home totally naked and looking out of the windows hoping that some guy(s) would walk by, look through the window and see me. Whenever I saw someone looking at me my legs would spread and my fingers would get busy.

This didn’t happen very often so my next challenge to feed my addiction was to be naked in my small back yard. I still remember the first time that I stepped out of my back door totally naked. My pussy was leaking so much that I feared that anyone who saw me would also see a puddle at my feet.

My back yard is overlooked by houses on either side, and I was so excited that I might be seen I was diddling my pussy just about all the time I was out there. I don’t think that I was seen but after that first time I was out there laying on a sun lounger whenever I had any spare time and it was sunny. A couple of times I’ve seen curtains move and one time I was sure that I saw a face but it was only for a second so I wasn’t sure, but the possibility that I had been seen was enough for my fingers to get busier whilst dreaming that a man was at the window and that he was watching me.

One of the places that I go to in the hope that someone will see me naked and masturbating is the local leisure centre. Before I first went there I went and bought myself a new bikini. I deliberately got one a couple of sizes too small but that was okay because the little triangles are held together with strings.

In the changing room at the shop I spent ages trying on similar ones, tying them loosely and then jumping up and down to see what happened. Of course, I knew that it could react differently when it was wet but I was satisfied that there was a very good chance that I could have a few wardrobe malfunctions in front of men which was just about guaranteed to make me have to find somewhere where I could rub one out.

Whilst I was trying on bikinis I left the curtain to the changing room mostly open hoping that I could be seen by some men in the main part of the shop. I had been very nervous about doing that and afterwards I cursed myself for not being brave enough and I promised myself that from then on I’d pick shops and changing facilities whereby there was a greater chance of being seen by men.

When I first went to the leisure centre I was really pleased with the bikini. The first thing that I noticed was that the thin, yellow fabric became slightly see-through when I was showering before going to the pool, and also it moulded itself round my bullet nipples. The second thing that I was pleased about I saw when I walked past a mirror and looked at myself. I could clearly see a distinct camel toe and a bulge where my clit was.

As I walked to the pool I was smiling to myself knowing that quite a few men would be staring at me which would cause my arousal to shoot up making me want to feed my addiction.

It worked, and a few minutes after I’d jumped into the pool I had to stand and rub one out under the water. It was easy to get my hand to my pussy because I had tied the strings loosely and the bikini bottom felt like it would fall off me at any second.

I was sure that the fabric or the ties was stretching, either that or the knots that I had tied were getting lose, because whenever I swam as fast as I could, and then stopped, the top had slid below my little tits and the bottoms were hanging down from my pussy and the top of the front triangle wasn’t covering my slit.

I selected a place where a group of older teenage boys were hanging out and with my nipples and pussy tingling like hell, I swam right next to them and waited until most of them turned to look at me then I put my hands on the side of the pool and pulled myself out of the water, swinging one leg up onto the side knowing that the sagging bottoms wouldn’t be covering my pussy and that the boys would be able to see my bare, bald pussy.

I stayed like that for a few seconds pretending to get ready to transfer my weigh onto that leg when I heard one of the boys say,

“Fucking hell guys, look at that pussy.”

Satisfied that my arousal hadn’t risen enough, I continued to get out then turned and stood almost over the teenage boys with my feet shoulder width apart. I listened to a few more comments about my pussy then I jumped over them into the pool before finding a place where my right hand could get busy again.

I also tried swimming a few lengths as fast as I could then standing up in the shallow end. As I’d been swimming I could feel both my top and bottoms sliding down my body and I knew that when I stood up my tits, pussy and butt would be exposed but I kept going and I pretended not to notice for a few seconds until I saw a few men looking at me. Then I pretended to be all embarrassed and quickly ducked down and covered up, but the exposure was enough to have made my arousal level shoot up and I quickly waded to the side, got out and went to find an empty changing cubicle to rub another one out.

When I went back into the water I tried diving in with the strings only loosely tied and I was happy when I surfaced and realised that I was completely naked. It was only when I started to climb up the little ladder to get out and some guy asked me if I’d lost something that I pretended to realise and jumped back in and started searching for my bikini. Fortunately, I found both halves because I had started to really like it, it was nearly perfect for getting people to look at me.

I also practised jumping up and down in the shallow end to see how quickly both part of the bikini started to slide down and I’m sure that I gave a few people a bit of a surprise before I decided that I’d had enough of that for one day, I didn’t want to attract the attention of the lifeguards even though they were young men.

I also discovered that swimming with my tits and pussy uncovered is a wonderful feeling.

The changing rooms and showers at the leisure centre are mixed and when I went for a shower I let the bikini slide down under the jets of water. My nipples and slit were showing when I walked back to my locker where I collected my things then went to a cubicle to get dried and dressed.

I didn’t shut the cubicle door and the bikini came off straight away then I dried myself in full view of the people who walked by. I just had to rub another one out before I got dressed and left.

The leisure centre doesn’t just have a pool, it has a jacuzzi and a sauna. On subsequent visits I have used both of them and I found it truly awesome rubbing one out under the bubbles with other people sat all around me. The sauna is just as good because I go there just wrapped in a towel and I sit or lay there knowing that the men sat opposite me can see up the towel to my bare pussy. I might come out of there all hot and bothered but that still doesn’t stop me rubbing one out as soon as I can, usually in one of the individual shower cubicles with the curtain mostly closed.

As the weeks and months went on, I found myself wanting to do more risky things so that my arousal would go up causing my fingers to get busy and my addiction would be fed, until the next time, the periods between those times seemingly getting shorter and shorter

To feed my addiction all the clothes that I’ve bought since I left home are skirts and tops or dresses and just about all of the skirts and dresses are quite short and have pockets, all of which I’ve cut the bottoms out of so that I can easily get my hands to my pussy which is never closely covered by knickers. I gave up wearing those, along with bras, when I left my parents home. Also, most of my tops have deep scooped necks and some of them are deliberately a couple of sizes too big so that when I jump up and down my tits have a habit of coming out of the top.

As well as sluttish clothes I decided that I needed some girly toys to help me get aroused quicker when there are no men around. What I decided on for starters was an egg-shaped vibrator that is controlled via my phone, a butt plug and a life-like dildo. I went online and bought these, not having the courage to go into the local ‘love aids’ shop.

As I’m sure most young girls do, I’d experimented with hairbrush handles, bananas and cucumbers but a life-sized dildo and an egg vibrator were quite new to me. So was the butt plug, I’d never even put my fingers in my butt before the day that my toys arrived.

I’d got the package delivered to me at work and I’d blushed when one of the other girls there had asked me what I’d bought. Of course, I didn’t have the courage to tell her and just said that it was something for the house.

When I got home, I was pleased to see the middle-aged man hovering around waiting to see me get naked. How that man gets away with standing around outside the front of my house every day I shall never know, but I am not complaining.

Anyway, the man watched me as I spent going on for an hour experimenting with my new toys, having to stop twice to easily rub one out before continuing. The butt plug was the most difficult item to get used to. For starters I hadn’t thought about lube and after a couple of painful attempts I went and got some moisturiser and used that.

I was really pleased with the way the fake purple gemstone stood out as I bent over and even just walked. I setup my phone camera on a chair and videoed myself walking backwards and forwards.

I kept glancing over to the window and was please that the man was watching the whole show.

I was really settling into my new, solo life. A couple of the girls at work kept telling me that I needed to find a boyfriend, but I was happy as I was, and what man would want a girlfriend who has to get herself off a dozen or so times a day. I bet that every man would say that they did but they’d soon get jealous and dump me.

Something else that I’ve found helps me feed my addiction is being a camgirl. I have really intense orgasms when I can see that there are dozens of men all over the world watching me making myself cum for them. And I get paid for it, a win-win situation for me.

With that extra money coming in I’ve bought myself some more toys on the internet. I use them whilst masturbating in front of my webcam as well as for my neighbour. Along with the toys were a few items that had been requested by some of my camgirl voyeurs, apparently some guys like to see some naked girls in leather cuffs and collars and one well paying man wanted me to wear a butt plug with a fox tail.

One of the toys is very useful, a Lush 3 remote-controlled vibrator. Okay, I don’t have a boyfriend to tease me with it, but I’ve linked it to my camgirl account and I am making more money allowing strangers to control it and drive me to cum. The other great thing about it is that I can wear it under my very short skirts and people will be able to see the antenna hanging down.

Ever since my addiction got ‘worse’, I had started thinking about going on holiday to somewhere where it was hot so that I didn’t have to wear many clothes, and somewhere where there are lots of young men who I could expose myself to and masturbate for them.

The day after I first went out in my back yard totally naked I booked a holiday to a resort on the Mediterranean that has a reputation for catering for rowdy young people. I did some research and before booking it I had discovered that the resort wasn’t far from a clothing option beach. It sounded perfect.

Every time that I thought about being totally naked on a public beach my pussy juices up and tingles like hell causing me to slip my hand to my pussy and rub another one out. I try to think about being on the beach and all I can think of is that my hand will never leave my pussy.

I booked the package holiday to include a hotel that advertised as being an adults only holiday. I’ve never been a great fan of screaming kids but I didn’t want them around when I was masturbating for (hopefully) some of the hotel’s male guests.

I also saw that holiday as potentially being the place where I could finally lose my virginity, ‘love them then leave them’ as the saying goes, get some young man or men ‘to boldly go where no man has gone before’.

Even just thinking about that causes my right hand to get active.

I started searching for some clothes that would be very revealing and I discovered a new shop in town that specialises in clothing ‘for the more adventurous young lady’. When I first went in I was like a kid in a candy store. I spent a couple of hours there that first visit trying clothes on whilst talking to the owner of the shop. She’s a young woman only slightly older than me and I discovered that she and her boyfriend worked for a couple of summers in the resort that I was going to. She told me about the beautiful, clothing optional beach a few miles from the resort and she even told me what buses I needed to catch to get there.

That shop just about only sells skirts and dresses that most girls would never be seen dead in. I mean, some of them didn’t even cover my pussy when I was just stood upright. Others were split right up to my waist meaning that as soon as I moved a leg my pussy was exposed. And as for the tops, just about all of then showed tons of side boob or under boob, or were scooped so low that one twist of my body and a boob escaped.

Talk about wardrobe malfunctions, I’m sure that everything that that woman sells is specifically designed so that the wearer has one wardrobe malfunction after another. I was so excited that I just couldn’t stop diddling my clit all the time that I was there and half way through I just had to take myself to a climax.

The other unusual thing about that shop is that it has no changing rooms, you either have to get changed out in the main part of the shop or go to the storeroom at the back. When I went to rub one out I saw the sowing machine and other things that the woman uses to make some of the clothes that she sells.

I spent over half my time in that shop totally naked as I tried on one garment after another. I kept glancing out the front windows but I never saw anyone looking in. There was one moment when an other customer came in, a girl with her boyfriend and he spent most of his time there staring at the naked me. I loved it and it was just after that couple left that I had to go to the back and rub one out.

Skipping forward in time, I went back there a week before I went on my holiday and had another similar amazing time. The notable difference was that the woman, Bethany, took me to the back of the store and showed me one wall that had been painted green since my first visit. Bethany told me that she used that wall as a backdrop for taking photos of the garments that she sold, and for making videos for her websites. Not only did she give me a card with the web address’ on it, she also asked me if I would like to model for her. That thought really excited me but it was too close to my holiday and when I told her she asked me to come back after my holiday.

I’m seriously thinking about doing that.

Right, going back in time a few weeks, one Saturday afternoon I decided that I’d go out wearing some of my new clothes ‘for the more adventurous young lady’ and I put a top and skirt on, and carrying my little shoulder bag I left my house. I felt so different from when I leave my house to go to work in my knee length business outfits.

As I walked down the street it felt that everyone was staring at me which didn’t surprise me because the top was a little see-through and I could see my areolae and nipples, and when I touched the front hem of the skirt and pressed towards my pussy I could feel my wet labia. I felt like a real slut as I walked down the street.

I’d had the odd wolf-whistle in the past but this time I got more of them and quite a few comments from young men eager to tell me what they wanted to do with my body. All of these just made my nipples and pussy tingle even more.

I had to make a detour from my planned route and find some bushes where I could rub one out before continuing. I also made another detour; I was feeling more confident about being outside dressed like that so I decided to walk along the main shopping street of my area of town.

I was one hundred percent sure that people could see my slit, if they looked, but I was a bit disappointed that hardly anyone gave me a second glance. I’d read somewhere that people only see what they expect to see and that was certainly true of 99 percent of the people on that street. It was only a few older teenage boys that stared at me.

My confidence increased so much that I went into a large store that has an escalator and my heart rate increased when I saw a couple of the older teenage boys get on it behind me.

I had another detour to the rest room to give me some relief.

From there I walked to the little park. The weather was great for once so I decided to sit on the grass and enjoy the sun for a while. Having already worked out that I didn’t want to cross my legs when I sat down anywhere other than at work, I didn’t and I was pleased when I saw a couple of older men looking right up my bare legs.

I made a note to check that I still had a couple of pairs of sunglasses ready for my holiday. I wanted to watch men watching me.

A couple of times I realised that my right hand was drifting towards my pussy but I fought the urge. I intended to rub one out in public on holiday but in a public park in England was a totally different story, I just knew that I’d end up in jail.

Instead I got up and walked home, very satisfied that I had the courage to go out dressed like I was, but I was disappointed that I couldn’t feed my addiction out in public with people watching me. I took care of that leaning back on the inside of my front door before going and taking my clothes off.

I’d seen videos on the internet where girls ordered pizzas and opened their door to the delivery guy totally naked. On the bus home one night I was feeling tired so I decided to get a Pizza delivered, and yes, with my heart pounding at twice its normal rate I opened my front door to the guy totally naked.

What a rush it was when I saw the guy’s eyes going up and down my bare body. There was quite a few second silence before the guy finally said,

“Pizza for Emma?”

“Yes, that’s me, how much is it?”

“£13.99 please luv.”

“Right, hang on a minute.”

I turned and walked to where I had left my purse, about 4 metres from the door in a straight line from the door, waggling my butt as much as I could. Opening my purse I turned to face the guy and said,

“It will have to be coins, is that okay?”

Nervously I tried to count out the coins deliberately taking my time and trying to sneak a look at the waiting guy who was still staring at me.

Walking back to the door I did my best to make my little tits bounce up and down but they are too small to get a good bounce even when I’m running. As I stood in front of the guy I started counting the coins into his hand. I was so nervous (honestly) that I dropped some of the coins. I swore then turned and bent at the waist pick them up. I was sure that the guy had at least 20 seconds of looking at my bare butt, my cheeks framing my wet pussy.

“Sorry about that.” I said as I stood up and turned to face him again.

“Never done this before have you luv?”

“Done what?”

“Opened the door to a Pizza delivery guy totally whilst naked.”

I blushed and said not.

“Well relax, you’re doing just great, in fact you’re the best one that I’ve had for months. You really do have a nice body. That is what you wanted to show me isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I quietly said as I put the rest of the coins in his hand.

“I can spare 10 minutes if you want me to come in, or are you just a flasher.”

“No, I mean yes, I just wanted you to see me.”

“Okay, I’m not the pushy type, you are doing an amazing job and you have an amazing body, thank you for sharing the vision with me, I’ve got that image burnt into my brain now for ever. Well I guess that I should be going now, you go and make yourself cum then enjoy your pizza. Until the next time, bye.”

With that he was gone leaving me totally naked, holding the pizza box with the front door still wide open.

“Wow.” I said as I closed the door then sank to the ground leaning back on the inside of the front door. Then I spread my legs and let my right hand get to work.

I had really enjoyed my first pizza delivery but after I had satisfied my addiction for a while I thought about how dangerous that could have been. I swore to get myself a Pepper spray to keep by the front door in case I needed it for the next time, and I knew that there was going to be a next time.

Another opportunity presented itself one day when I discovered that my kitchen sink waste pipe was leaking. I phoned my landlord and he said that he’d send a plumber on the Monday. When I told him that I would be at work he asked me if it would be okay for the plumber to use the key that the landlord had to let himself in and do the repair. Well I don’t have any real valuables so I agreed to it.

Later, I had second thoughts about a stranger being in my house on his own so I decided to take the Monday off work. On the Sunday I didn’t set my alarm hoping to have an extra hour in bed and still be up before the plumber arrived.

I slept later than planned and woke up at 10:15 and went to the kitchen to put the kettle on only to be confronted by the sight of a middle-aged plumber, on his back with his head under the sink, but looking to see who had just come into the room.

I should have done what most girls would have done, scream and run away to put some clothes on but I didn’t, the naked me stared at the plumber who stared back at me for what seemed like hours, but in reality was only a few seconds before I stupidly said,

“I was just going to put the kettle on.”

“That’s okay luv, milk and no sugar for me please.” The plumber replied.

It took another couple of seconds for me to realise that he was expecting me to make him a cup of tea and by that time my pussy had juiced up and it and my nipples were tingling like hell. When I finally realised, and being so used to being naked in my kitchen, I just went and filled the kettle and switched it on.

The thing was, I had to stand right next to the plumber who was still on his back on the floor. It was only as the kettle was filling that I realised that the man was looking right up my legs to my uncovered pussy. If my right hand hadn’t been holding the kettle I’m sure that it would have moved to my pussy and started rubbing.

By that time I was starting to think straight and I realised that I had a bit of an opportunity to feed my addiction.

“Erm,” I said, “I’m sorry about the lack of clothes, my alarm didn’t go off and I wasn’t really expecting you until later.”

By that time my right hand had moved to my pussy and my fingers were gently toying with my clit.

“That’s okay luv,” The plumber said as he continued to look up my bare legs to my bare pussy, “don’t mind me, just do what you would normally do if I wasn’t here.”

My brain went into over-drive, was this man really telling me to keep rubbing and bring myself off?”

I looked down on him and thought,

“He knows exactly what I’m doing and he’s telling me to keep going.”

So I did, well until the kettle boiled when I stopped rubbing and went for a couple of mugs. As I made the tea I kept glancing down to the man and saw that he’d made no progress in fixing the leak since I had walked in. As I stood over him with a mug of tea in each of my hands I said,

“So what’s the verdict, are you going to be able to fix it?”

“Yes I am, I’m sure that you could have fixed it if you’d known what to look for, it just needs this tightening up, look, I’ll show you.”

I put the 2 mugs of tea down and squat down beside him. As I went down my knees spread wide leaving my spread pussy about half a metre in front of his face. There was another couple of hours, seconds actually, where the man just stared at my pussy in silence, and I just let him, before he said,

“This compression ‘U’ bend had come lose for some reason, all it needs is tightening like this.”

His hand fumbled for the ‘U’ bend whilst my eyes went from his hand to his eyes which were still glued to my leaking pussy.

After his hand had demonstrated tightening the ‘U’ bend joint I said,

“It’s a pity that everything that leaks can’t be stopped by gripping it in your hand and twisting.”

I think that he must have still been thinking about my pussy because I saw him blush a little.

I waited until his demonstration ended then got to my feet and my right hand went straight to my pussy and started toying with my clit and the man got to his feet and said,

“Would you like to try it luv?”

I thought for a second then said,

“Okay, you never know when I may want to stop a leak.”

I got down on my hands and knees with my head under the sink and my right hand went to the waste pipe connector and tried to tighten it.

This time the man was squat down behind me and I just knew that he was looking at my pussy again but he did say,

“Yes, that’s it. Grip it and try turning it clockwise.” Which I already was trying to do.

As I backed out and got to my feet I saw that he’d stepped to one side and was right in front of me when I got up and I saw his eyes looking at my tits and their rock hard and tingling nipples.

After another couple of seconds silence I stepped back and picked up my mug of tea. I leant back against the counter and moved my mug to my lips to take a sip.

“So, have you lived here long?” The man finally asked.

“A few months, sorry about the lack of clothes, I slept late and wasn’t expecting you until later.” I replied and then felt stupid because I’d already said the last bit.

“That’s okay luv, you’re not the first naked young lady that I’ve seen on this job.”

“Get many do you?”

“A few, mainly in the student accommodation but you’re the first one that’s been playing with herself.”

I realised that I was holding my mug in my left hand and that my right hand had moved to my pussy.

“Oops, sorry, I didn’t realise, I’m not trying to seduce you, it’s just that I can’t stop myself, I’m an addict.”

“A junkie, drugs and all that?”

“No, hell no, I just can’t stop playing with myself, I have to make myself cum at least a dozen times a day.”

“Wow, a sort of masturbation addict, I’ve never heard of that before, well don’t let me stop you, I’ve watched my wife rub one out for me lots of times.”

I put my mug down and the fingers on my right hand moved a lot faster. With the man watching me, especially from so close, it only took a couple of minutes for me to reach, then go over the edge and I became a satisfied girl.

“Feel better?” The man asked.

“Yes, thank you for watching me. It’s so much more of a rush when a man watches me.”

“Wow, I don’t know what to say, that was amazing, I wish that I could get jobs like this every day. I think that I should go now before my marriage vows get tested.”

I smiled at the man, me still a bit high on the euphoria of just having cum. The man picked-up his tool box and started heading for the door. I followed him and when I let him out I saw my regular voyeur walking down the street towards me. I waited, watching the plumber drive off, and just stood there totally naked with my front door still wide open until my voyeur was right in front of my house. Then I stepped back and closed the door.

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The day of my holiday finally arrived and I was so excited. I’d had my suitcase packed and re-packed for weeks. The only clothes that were in it were those that I’d bought from the Young Ladies Fashion Emporium. During the week between my last going to Bethany’s shop and me going on holiday I’d thought about her offer of me modelling her clothing for images to go onto her website and decided that I’d go back to the shop as soon as I could after my holiday and tell her that I wanted to do it.

I’d also thought about her other website, the one where she has photographs and videos of her naked and having sex, and decided that I wanted to be on that as well. I’d decided that if I didn’t lose my cock virginity on holiday I would volunteer to lose it on camera for her website, if she could find a man, or men, to help me with that problem.

The night before my departure I’d had an extra long camgirl session making me cum 4 times for all my voyeurs. There should be some good money waiting for me when I get back.

The day started early with me spending extra time in the bathroom checking the parts of my body that had been laser treated to remove unwanted hair. I needed to make sure that no hairs had sneakily sprouted and if they had, to pluck them out.

The slutty looking girl left my house wearing a short, lightweight wrap skirt that the wrap parts only just meet when I stand still, and can be twisted round my body to reveal my bald slit when I walk. My very low-cut baggy top was slightly see-through and was designed in such a way that a wardrobe malfunction could happen at any time.

The other potential cause of an ‘accidental’ wardrobe malfunction was the little back-pack that I took with me. It’s a cute pink one with very long shoulder straps so that the bag part of it rests at the top of my butt. I’ve experimented wearing this with a lightweight, short skirt similar to what I was wearing that day and found that it is easy to get the back of the skirt trapped under the back-pack leaving variable amounts of my bare butt exposed. With my skirts being so lightweight it is easy for this to happen and me not realise, unless I deliberately trapped the hem of the skirt myself.

It was still chilly at that time of the morning and my rock hard nipples led me to the train station where I caught a train to the airport.

Fortunately the train journey wasn’t that long but because it was busy I had to stand all the way, although standing did have it’s advantages, firstly, the men stood in front of me got a great view down my top. Secondly, the men sitting next to where I was standing got a great view of my bare legs and probably right up to my bald pussy because the wrap part of my skirt was half way from my hip to my slit, and thirdly, when I was facing the man stood in front of me my right hand could easily get to my pussy to play with my clit.

After going through security at the airport I had over 2 hours to wait for the flight to be called so my first stop was at the rest room to insert my remote controlled egg that I’d carried in the little back-pack. Once in and tested I went searching for a seat opposite some young men so that I could sit with my knees apart and my back-pack on my lap. I planned to masturbate with the help of the egg, with my hand under my back-pack and on my pussy.

All being well, the young men would notice what was visible to them and I could make myself cum faster.

Unfortunately, the young men’s flight was called long before mine so I had to go looking for more lucky victims.

Some of the time I sat sideways with my feet up on the next plastic chair and my knees bent so that anyone passing could see my pussy if they looked. Unfortunately I didn’t see anyone looking.

After only being able to make myself cum twice my flight was called and I finally got onto the plane. I had booked a window seat on the right side of the plane and I got to it before the occupants of the other 2 seats in that row arrived then I adjusted my clothing to how I wanted it to be, fastened my seatbelt and got myself comfortable with my back-pack on my lap.

I’d arranged my top so that my chest from just above my areolae was bare and that anyone looking from above would be able to see right down between my tits. The fabric was so loose fitting that it wouldn’t take much for a nipple to escape.

The join of the wrap skirt was in front of my right hip so that I could easily slide my right hand under the front of the skirt to get to my pussy.

Finally I reached into my back-pack, set my mobile phone to flight mode and the egg vibrator app to gentle vibrations then I relaxed. It was going to be a long two and a half hour flight, but also a pleasurable one.

I was feeling very excited, happy and relaxed when a couple around my age came and sat in the 2 seats beside me, the girl next to me. I had imagined it being 2 older men so that I could have some wardrobe malfunctions but hey, it was only for a couple of hours and I could still feed my addiction easily.

The couple said hello and I responded in the same way then closed my eyes, shuffled down in the seat a little and slid my right hand under my bag and skirt. Finding my clit I let my middle finger gently push it from side to side over and over.

It was well into the flight that I realised that an orgasm was approaching so I reached into my back-pack, got my phone out and increased the vibrations.

It was no more than 2 minutes later that the orgasm hit me. I tried to keep as quiet and still as I could but my hands were giving the sides of my seat a death-grip, my body went rigid with my butt raised slightly off the seat, and I let out a few reasonably quiet moans. The other thing that happened was that my back-pack slid off my lap onto the floor.

All this attracted the attention of the guy who, up until then, had had his head turned to face his girlfriend and they had been continuously talking and kissing.

The guy looked at me for a split second then turned his head back to his girlfriend, then turned it back to face me for a better look, probably not believing what he had seen. You see my top had slid down a bit and both my nipples were exposed and with my back-pack sliding off my lap my bare thighs were on display right up to my stomach.

After a few seconds whilst his brain absorbed what he was looking at he asked,

“Are you okay?”

At that precise moment I was unable to answer him and it was a few seconds before I managed to say,

“Yes thank you, probably just an attack of nerves.”

By then his girlfriend had turned her head to look at me.

“Are you sure that you’re okay, you look all flustered and err, you appear to be having a bit of a wardrobe malfunction.” The girl said.

I looked down my front then pulled my top up over my nipples, then pulled the sides of my skirt together and said,

“Oops, sorry about that.”

“That’s okay, these things happen, John, stop looking at the poor girl, you’ll make her get all embarrassed.”

“That’s okay,” I replied, “I’m sure that you will see a lot more skin that this on the beaches where we’re going, I’m Emma by the way.”

“Hi, I’m Jane and this pervert is John, sorry about him staring at you, are you sure that you’re okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine now thank you.”

I picked-up my back-pack and returned it to my lap so that my right hand could start discretely diddling my clit again as the girl and I chatted for a little while, all the usual stuff that people talk about in that situation and nothing exciting. Then the girl turned to her boyfriend and they started tongue wrestling again.

However, the guy was in the ideal position to look passed his girlfriend to me, and in particular my chest and lap. After I’d seen him looking a couple of times I decided to take advantage of the situation and firstly pulled my top down a bit so that my areolae were on display, then I moved my back-pack down to my knees so that he could see my right hand diddling my clit. This, the vibrator and my addiction were enough to start a slow build-up to another orgasm as I watched the guy watching me in his reflection on the window.

My second orgasm on that plane arrived just before the pilot told everyone to fasten their seatbelts because we were starting our descent and I was sure that the guy had realised that I was having an orgasm although he never said anything to his girlfriend.

When it came to disembarking the couple were up and away just as soon as they could and I was left to decide how much I was going to reveal as I got off. I decided that my top was going to be low enough at the front to reveal my areolae and the overlap of my skirt, or lack of it, was going to be in the middle at the front and the back hem was going to be ‘accidentally’ caught under my back-pack.

I wasn’t really expecting anyone to notice because everyone would be more interested in getting through the airport and really starting their holidays but even just my goodies being uncovered in public was making me think about my pussy and how quickly I could get my fingers to it.

Unfortunately, I forgot all about the cabin crew standing near the exit to wish everyone a great holiday and I had to make some quick adjustments as I got near the front of the plane so as not to risk their wrath and maybe get banned from flying home with them.

The walk from the bottom of the plane’s steps to the bus to take us to the terminal made up for my hasty cover-up when the wind took control of my skirt and my slit was on show to all the people already on the bus who were looking back to the plane. Of course I just ignored my skirt’s antics and thought about what that Bethany in the clothes shop had said about the trips to that monument, wherever that was. I made a mental note to try to find a tour that went to it.

Once through customs and security I went to the rest room to engineer a wardrobe malfunction then walked to the carousel with the back of my skirt trapped under my back-pack. No one said anything as we waited for our luggage and when I saw my suitcase I bent over the carousel to take it off and I saw some guys on the other side looking at me.

Not only was half of my butt and probably my pussy on display to the people behind me but my top was hanging very low and my hanging, little tits were totally visible to the guys opposite me.

It seemed to take hours to retrieve my suitcase but it was probably only a few seconds and I walked away from there with a desperate need to feed my addiction.

I rushed outside to the coach park and quickly found my coach then got on and went to the back where it was quiet and I could make myself cum.

The orgasm came quickly as as the waves were receding I decided that I hated being in enclosed places where anyone looking at me could easily make some sort of complaint and maybe get me into trouble.

The coach trip from the airport to the hotel was a bit of a drag but I was sat on my own and I managed to put my hand under my skirt and idly toy with my clit as I looked out of the window.

The hotel looked just like it did in the photos on the internet. After I’d checked-in I went up to my room and the first thing that I did was take my skirt and top off and go out onto the balcony. The sun on my bare body felt amazing and so different to the sun back home in England.

My room was at the back of the hotel and on the second floor. As I looked down on the swimming pool I could see the outside bar between the hotel and the pool. The bar wasn’t taking up the whole length of the pool, the rest of the length taken up by a sunbathing area about 30 metres square, and it was directly below my balcony. I looked at the people in that area and all were just doing their own thing and none of them appeared to be looking up at me as the fingers on my right hand idly toyed with my clit.

In the pool I could see quite a few young people messing about and a plastic football being thrown around. Beyond the pool was another hotel and I could actually see into some of the rooms.

Having absorbed what was at the back of the hotel I decided that I needed to go and buy some bottled water and a few essentials so I unpacked my suitcase then put on the only bra-like item that I’d brought with me, a black, string-tied, soft mesh cupped bra that is quite see-through to the extent that in the mirror I could clearly see my dark areolae and even the little bumps around them. My nipples really tented the cups because they had been rock hard since I left home.

For some bottoms I first tried on a strings-only pair of knickers that I bought from Bethany’s shop but I decided that my slit being uncovered was maybe a little too much for my first day. Okay, I’d seen seen topless girls down by the pool. Some wearing G-sting or thong bottoms and a couple possibly naked, but I wasn’t too comfortable being essentially naked going into a shop until I saw what other girls were wearing so I got out one of the micro mini sarongs that I’d brought and tied it on my left hip. It covered my butt and my right hip but the front narrowed as it went to the knot on my left hip. My slit was just covered.

No one seemed to notice, or care if they did notice that my bikini top was see-through as I went down the stairs, through the hotel lobby and along the street to a little supermarket that I’d spotted as the coach pulled up outside the hotel. The lack of attention didn’t surprise me as I passed a couple of girls only wearing thongs walking along the street in front of me.

I followed them into the supermarket and I wished that I’d left my top back in my room.

As I walked around the shop looking for what I needed, I gently slid the sarong round me a bit so that the knot moved from my left hip to halfway to my slit. Using my hand I checked what was uncovered and was pleased that the fabric ended right at my slit. I was sure that as I walked it would move a little and reveal my slit to anyone who cared to look. I soo wanted to play with my clit but I fought the urge and continued selecting the items that I wanted, hoping that I had translated the printed names and descriptions some of them correctly.

When I had to bend over to pick up the huge bottle of water I was sure that anyone behind me would have had a great view of my butt and pussy.

The old man at the checkout seemed oblivious to my state of dress and I guessed that he must have seen hundreds of nearly, or actually naked girls in his shop. It may have been nothing to him but for me to be stood, very close to being naked, at the checkout of a supermarket was quite something and my nipples and clit were tingling something rotten.

I was pleased that the supermarket was close to the hotel because the big bottle of water was heavy, the strain taking my mind off my pussy.

Back in my room I decided that I needed to relax for an hour or two so I threw a couple of things into my tote bag, put just the sarong back on and headed down to the pool. No one seemed to notice, or care, as I walked through the lobby wearing just a mini sarong that wasn’t quite covering my slit.

As I walked passed the pool I looked down and saw a couple of guys looking at me and I felt a tingle and wet rush in my pussy. In the ‘quiet’ area I headed for a vacant lounger, spread my towel on it, put my sunglasses on, set the lounger so that I was half sat up, got on it and relaxed.

I was topless (not the only girl) and my micro mini sarong wasn’t completely covering my slit and my legs were only open a little bit and I felt wonderful.

After a few minutes I opened my eyes and looked through my sunglasses. In front of me was a couple who looked to be a bit older than me. The girl was flat out on her stomach on her lounger with her feet nearest to me and the man was on a lounger next to her but he was sat upright and looking straight at me.

My pussy started tingling and my legs started to slowly open some more. I unfastened the knot in the sarong and let the sides slide off me onto the lounger. I was now totally naked and my legs were spreading. The man was staring at my pussy and I saw his right hand slide under his swimming shorts and start going up and down. The bugger was wanking at the sight of my pussy and I loved it.

I couldn’t have stopped myself even if I tried as my right hand slowly moved to my pussy and my fingers got busy.

He couldn’t see that I could see him because of my sunglasses and he pushed his swimming shorts to one side and he got his cock out and was properly wanking. I wondered if he knew that I was watching him through my sunglasses. My fingers got busier and alternated between rubbing and delving deep inside me.

The man started cumming, his load shooting to the end of his lounger, and that sight took me over my edge and I too started to cum. It felt satisfyingly wonderful knowing that a man had just watched me making myself cum, out there in public.

That really helped me relax and before I knew it I had dozed off.

When I woke up the man and his girl had gone and I realised that my legs were still spread wide. I heard young men talking and cheering and at first I though that the noise was coming from the pool but something didn’t make sense. Then it dawned on me that the noise was coming from above me so I looked up and saw 3 young men wearing just swimming shorts on a balcony on the second floor and they were looking down at me and obviously talking about me. When I moved my arm to give my eyes some shade so that I could see the 3 young men better, I heard one of them loudly say,

“Hey gorgeous, want a drink?”

“Do you want a beer luv?” Another one shouted to me as he held out a beer bottle.

I shook my head sideways then realised that the 3 guys were in a room very close to mine. They continued to look down on me as I ignored them, daydreaming about the 3 of them coming into my room whenever they wanted and gang-banging me.

I just couldn’t stop myself as my right hand slowly moved to my still spread legs and my fingers started slowly rubbing my clit.

“Hey Owen,” I heard one of the guys say, “come and look at this, that girl is having some DIY time.”

“What?” I faintly heard,

“Jilling, playing with her pussy, rubbing one out, you know, female wanking. Come and see Owen.”

The third guy came back onto the balcony, looked down at me and said,

“Fucking hell, I want a piece of that, just my type of girl. Do you think that she’s staying at this hotel Jackson?”

“Dunno, probably.” The third guy answered. “I’m getting my phone, I want a video of this.”

I kept rubbing and looking up and less than a minute later 3 mobile phones were pointing down at me.

Needless to say that it didn’t take long for my addiction to be satisfied and it was an intense one, my body going rigid for a few seconds before it started to shake. It wouldn’t surprise me if those 3 guys didn’t hear me swearing just before it arrived.

The waves of pleasure were just about history when I heard a man’s voice say.

“Can I get you anything to drink madam?”

I opened my eyes and saw a guy wearing black trousers and a white shirt and carrying a tray with some empty glasses on. To be honest, I was a bit shocked. In the split second before I opened my mouth to reply, my mind had had many thoughts and questions,

Had he seen me playing with myself?

Had he seen me cumming?

Did he like what he saw?

Was I in trouble for being totally naked out there?

Oh shit, am I going to get asked to leave the hotel?

“Err, no thanks.” I replied.

As he turned to walk away I looked down my body and saw that my legs were still wide apart and my hands were gripping the sides of the lounger. As the waiter disappeared round a corner I heard clapping and I looked up to see all the 3 guys had stopped videoing me and were clapping me.

Thinking that maybe I should have asked the waiter to get me a strong drink I got to my feet, looked up at the guys, smiled and did a curtsey before picking up my belongings and heading for my room. As I got beside the pool I realised that I was still totally naked and that I could see a couple of guys looking at me. My heart was still pounding but I didn’t need another fix right then but I did need to cool down a bit so I put my belonging on a vacant lounger and dived into the pool.

Oh what a feeling, I’d never swum naked before and the feeling of the water rushing passed the parts of me that my old one-piece covered was just amazing. As I surfaces I swore to myself that I’d go swimming every day.

A couple of lengths later I climbed out, collected my things and continued my journey back to my room. As I walked into the lobby I was half expecting someone to say something about my lack of clothes but no one said a word, not even the new guests that were queueing to register. Although my brain did register that some of them had seen me.

I almost sprinted up the stairs to the second floor then sauntered along to my room.

Dropping my belonging on one of the beds I went out onto my balcony and was a little disappointed that no one was on the balconies of the rooms either side of mine. But at the same time I didn’t want there to be any guys out there. Although I wanted to to be seen naked and, hopefully, fucked whilst on holiday I was nervous and shy about starting social conversations with guys.

As I stood at the railings looking down and around I decided that if, when, the opportunity arose I would just go for it, after all, I was only there for a couple of weeks and I’d probably never see any of the people that I spoke to ever again so I didn’t care if anyone I was talking to saw me rubbing one out or if I said anything stupid. I would just go for it and if I managed to get some guy(s) to see me rubbing one out or even fuck me then great. If not, at least I’d have a great time there and go back with a satisfied addiction and an all-over tan.

The sun was starting to go down and I realised that I hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast.

“Time to get cleaned-up and ready to go out to get some food and maybe a few drinks. Maybe get hit on and end up finally loosing my cock virginity.” I thought.

Thirty or so minutes later I was all clean, groomed and smelling nice as I stood looking into the drawers deciding what to wear. I decided on something tight but brief, very brief and rummaged through my clothes for the 2 items that I was thinking of. Seconds later I was looking in the mirror at a girl wearing a pink tube top that was only about 6 centimetres from top to bottom although the strip that went over my tits isn’t made of the lycra like the rest of it, it’s made of a fine mesh that’s slightly sheer, I could see my darker areolae and hard nipples and the uncovered bottom parts of my tits

The tube, skirt part is matching pink lycra only about 15 centimetres deep, a firm fit that looks almost decent when I just stand there, after I’ve pulled it into place, but as soon as I move my legs it rides up leaving the lower parts of my butt and my slit exposed.

“Perfect.” I thought as I slid my feet into a pair of matching pink heels.

I smiled to myself as I remembered that shop girl Bethany saying,

“Girls can get away with wearing next to nothing providing they act like they are dressed like a nun.”

I put my room key card and purse into my little shoulder bag and left my room. By the time I got to the top of the stairs half my butt and all of my bald pubis was on display. Things didn’t improve, one way or another, until I got to the bottom of the stairs in the lobby where I pulled the skirt back into place, smiled at the middle-aged guy on reception, then stepped outside onto street.

It felt wonderful being outside at night with the air being so warm even if there was a gentle breeze that was tickling me between my thighs.

I wandered in the direction that most people were going and soon came across the lively part of the resort. Bars, cafes, loud music and people around my age everywhere. It may have only been 8 p.m. but I could see that a few of the people had already had a lot to drink.

No one seemed interested in the fact that my bald pubis was on show and that everyone could see my nipples through the mesh that covered them but didn’t hide anything. But there again most of the girls walking around were wearing skirts that barely covered their pussies and there was the odd topless girl wandering about as well. Some girls were wearing thong bikini bottoms as well. It crossed my mind that I was a bit over-dressed.

Anyway, my stomach was rumbling so I looked at the menus outside a couple of cafe’s then went into one and sat at a table. My stomach wasn’t the only part of me that was complaining, my pussy was begging for some attention as well so I lay back in the chair, spread my knees and my right hand got busy.

I was relaxing nicely when a waiter appeared beside me and asked me if I was ready to order.

“What? Oh err no, not yet.” replied as my right hand stopped moving and just rested over my pussy.

“A drink perhaps?”

“Good idea, I’ll have a beer please.”

Now I’m not really used to drinking alcohol and I’d stupidly expected the waiter to get me a small beer but he came back with a large one. I quickly realised that I hadn’t really drunk much all day and with the air temperature being what it was I decided not to say anything and just drink it. I was actually surprised at how nice it tasted, different to the beers in England..

After nearly being caught playing with my pussy I kept an eye out for approaching waiters and closed my knees whenever they got close but I still did manage to get myself quite aroused before my meal arrived. But that arousal disappeared as I ate and drank my way through the large glass of beer.

When I stood up to leave I realised that the beer had had a bit of an effect on me and I forgot all about my skirt riding up for quite a while. It was only when I heard a drunk young man say,

“Hey guys, I can see that girl’s pussy.” that I remembered my skirt and pulled it back down to cover my butt and pussy.

I wandered up and down the main street taking in the scenery and the people wandering about. I saw a couple of bars advertising wet T-shirt competitions and one had one of those mechanical bulls. I saw a girl on it, her skirt up around her waist and her tits bouncing about in the open, her top having been unable to contain them.

I made myself a promise that I’d enter a wet T-shirt competition and ride that bull before I went home. I also promised myself that I’d walk down that street totally naked before I went home as well.

I was truly amazed by the number of young people walking about and how friendly they all seemed to be. A lot of the guys were saying hello to me but I suspected that that was because they could see my bare slit and wanted to hit on me.

Having walked around for ages I started to feel a little tired so I headed back to the hotel knowing that I had another 13 days before I had to go home.

As I walked from the noisy streets to the much less noisy streets my mind started thinking about my pussy again. It was still very exposed, which I liked, even though there were no men around to see it but that didn’t stop my fingers from finding it and diddling my clit as I walked.

As I approached the hotel I had to decide if I was going to pull my skirt down or leave it where it was. I remembered that it had ridden up as I walked through the lobby to go out so I decided to leave it where it was, just move my hand and walk normally.

The middle-aged male receptionist looked at me as I walked with confidence, smiling at him and saying hello. I’m sure that his eyes followed me as I went to the stairs but I didn’t look back and he never said anything.

“Another thing that I want to do before I leave,” I thought as I ascended the stairs. “walk through the lobby and out of the hotel totally naked.”

Okay I’d walked from the pool area through the lobby and up to my room totally naked already but to go out onto the street totally naked was another level that I swore to myself that I was going to do.

In my room I opened the curtains and the balcony door before stripping naked and going to the bathroom. After looking out from my balcony, out over the resort and the sea for a few minutes I went and lay on my bed, not closing the door or the curtains, or covering my still naked body with the sheet. I wanted to wake up to the sun rising and smell the fresh sea air.

I was asleep in seconds.