Fiona's birthday Party

by Little Joe

Part 1

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Sharing a flat was fun for the three girls: Janey the bossy one, kitty the wild one and Fiona the shy one.

They had jobs which, although they paid reasonably well, left something to be desired in the way of excitement in life. Kitty craved excitement and did everything she could to get it; Janey got her amusement by arranging other people's excitement, and Fiona? Well she said that she liked nothing better than to sit down with a good book. But beneath the surface, deep down, if only she hadn't been so shy she would have loved to do all the other things that the other girls did.

It was of course Kitty who came up with the idea. All the girls had birthdays in March, the month of the mad March hare, and Kitty had the mad idea that each girl should do something mad for their birthday. It was the sort of idea that appealed to Kitty. Fiona knew of course what she meant by mad - she meant funny and naughty. So she had a good idea what the mad suggestions might be.

Kitty was the first to come up with an idea. I know she said, "I'll spend the whole day in my shortest skirt and no knickers. How mad can you get!"

It was up to Jane to try and top that one. She thought hard and eventually came up with the idea of wearing a tee shirt emblazoned with the message 'Please spank me!’. 'Not really that daring,' thought Fiona, when one considered the likely fate of any man who tried to take her up on the offer.

Fiona, on the other hand, would never have dared wear any such message. She would have been mortified by the ribald comments it would have produced.

What Fiona wanted was a nice dare she could just do in the flat on her own. She secretly would have loved the excitement of being daring in public, but she knew she was just too shy to emulate Kitty or Janey.

It was Kitty who came up with the idea that Fiona felt might just suit her. March 9th was her birthday.

“I’ve got just the thing”, said Kitty, “and you don’t even have to leave the flat. It’s your birthday and you can spend the whole day in your birthday suit!”

“What”!” shrieked Fiona.

“The whole day in your birthday suit. It should suit you really, you can just dsit in the nude and read a goof book”

Fiona wasn’t so sure. On the other hand the other girls had come up with really good dares, and she had come up with nothing. And in a way it appealed to Fiona because it seemed really naughty, but at the same time she could just stay in the flat away from prying eyes and, as Kitty said, read a good book. So, shy as she was, it was something she felt she could cope with.

It appealed to kitty and Janey because they felt that they were just the ones to ensure that prying eyes were the last thing that Fiona would be kept away from! It was not just that they wanted to ensure some fun, although that was indeed some of the motivation, they felt that a little exposure might go a long way to curing little Fiona's chronic shyness.

They always called her little Fiona, although if truth be told she wasn’t that small, perhaps a little over five foot five, but she was small compared with the other two girls. She had a fashionably slim boyish figure, with firm breasts, a rather cheeky heart shaped face, and wore her dark hair short and really quite straight in what used to be called a page boy cut.

The day before the big day arrived and Fiona was so worked up about the next day that the girls were still up at midnight studiously avoiding the topic of her birthday so as not to embarrass Fiona. Suddenly a loud ringing noise blasted through the quiet room. Kitty had set the alarm for midnight. The dare had been for Fiona to spend the whole of her birthday in her birthday suit and it struck Kitty that Fiona's birthday started at midnight.

"Get your clothes off," she said, "it's your birthday!"

Fiona was taken aback. She had thought she was safe until she got up in the morning, and now she found that she was having to strip off straight away with the girl's watching. She blushed scarlet. Why hadn't she gone to bed earlier, although of course she realised that they would have woken her up and made her take her nightie off.

Now, of course she had no option. She was going to have to strip naked in front of them. Nervously and with fumbling fingers she started to unbutton her blouse.

"Come on Fi," said Kitty, "get 'em off""

Poor Fiona just had to grit her teeth and do it, and in two minutes she was standing there in front of them dressed only in a pair of demure white cotton panties and her little lacy bra. She stopped, hesitatingly looking from one to the other.

'Come on!' She said to herself, 'they're girls for goodness sake!' And she slipped off her bra, pulled down her panties and took them off. Blushing furiously she turned her back on the girls and took her time folding them up neatly. That way she could hide her blushes and at the same time give herself something to do to take her mind off the fact that she felt very naked indeed.

She turned back to face the girls - better get it over with.

"Gosh! Nice bod," said Janey, "you've certainly been hiding your light under a bushel."

"Hiding her bush under a lightel more likely," added Kitty somewhat mischievously. Fiona blushed even more furiously.

"Er... I'm off to bed now," said Fiona, anxious to escape her nude scrutiny.

"Mind you don't wear a nightie, now," said Kitty, "we'll be in to check on you."

So Fiona slipped between the sheets stark naked. She wasn't used to sleeping in the nude, being rather shy, so it was a rather novel experience for her. She tossed and turned, too excited and nervous of the next day to get to sleep. She found herself so aroused by the prospect that she couldn't help feeling herself to increase her arousal. Massaging her breasts and her nipples, and rubbing her sensitive area gently to evoke the pleasurable sensations there. At last she fell asleep and the next thing she new she was woken up by a banging on the door.

"Time to get up?" she heard Kitty shouting through the door.

She looked at the clock. It was eight o'clock. Fiona crawled out of bed and poked her head round the door.

"I’m going to take a shower," she said.

"Good," we'll come and watch," said Kitty.

Fiona realised it was going to be a long day as she stood in the shower soaping herself down. Janey, watching her, hoped it was going to be a long day. Gosh, she was gorgeous. Janey had never thought of herself as being attracted to other girls, but the sight of Fiona naked in the shower massaging soap into her breasts was enough to excite any girl. She shook her head. Come on Janey, this would never do.

Fiona came out of the shower and picked ups towel. The sight of the two girls obviously ogling her had unnerved her and excited her simultaneously. Had this awakened desires which had long been suppressed? She made to pick up a towel.

"No you don't," ordered Janey, "I rule that a towel would constitute covering, and you have to be completely bare all day."

She turned to Kitty, somewhat mischievously it must be said, as she had noticed the way Kitty had also been admiring Fiona's naked body.

"Kitty will towel you down," she announced, handing Kitty the towel.

So Fiona had to stand there stark naked while Kitty rubbed her vigorously with the towel. Her head, her back, then ever so gently her bosoms. Fiona flushed as the rough towel stimulated her nipples into erection. Janey feigned not to notice, but could hardly taken her eyes off them. Then her shapely legs. Then there just remained the most intimate bits.

"Bend forwards," she said, "I need to dry your bottom."

And Fiona did as she was told feeling her strange arousal increased by the whole experience.

"Come on Fi," said Kitty, "all girls together here. Legs apart so I can do your last bit.."

And Fiona separated her legs so that Kitty could gently rub between them. The effect of rubbing her sensitive area in her already aroused state was so intense that she was hard put to stop herself having an orgasm on the spot.

Eventually Kitty took pity on her and aid, "That's you done, come through and have breakfast."

Fiona's original idea of just staying in her bedroom just seemed silly now that the girls had seen so much already. She followed Kitty into the large kitchen for breakfast. As she entered through the door she gave a little jump. Seated at the kitchen table, cups of coffee in their hands were two girls Fiona had never seen before.

Janey smiled to herself. It had been her idea to invite the two girls form work. She had thought that Fiona might be getting used to bring naked around her and Kitty by breakfast so she had better see how she coped with being naked in front of strangers.

"Fiona," she said, "these are my friends Mandy and Lucy. I invited them over for breakfast. Mandy and Lucy, this is our flatmate Fiona."

She made no mention of the fact that Fiona had appeared for breakfast stark naked, and of course Fiona was not allowed to give an explanation.

Mandy and Lucy tried not to stare. It was a bit random, but everyone to their own taste, they thought; and if she got a little thrill from prancing around in the nuddy good for her. She didn't however behave like a girl who got a thrill from prancing in the nuddy. On the contrary she almost looked as if she would die of embarrassment.

In reality Fiona did feel as if she could die of embarrassment. The rotters! How could they do this to her! Exhibit her naked to complete strangers. It was so embarrassing. But at the same time she felt that little tingle of excitement. That little tingle that came from knowing she was fully exposed, that she was completely vulnerable to people’s gaze and that they were admiring her naked body.

Her hand was shaking so much she could hardly butter her toast. Shaking so much that when she picked up the marmalade jar and Kitty accidentally on purpose jogged her elbow she dropped the jar on her lap causing the contents to ooze out and dribble down between her legs.

She stood up horrified, causing the jar to clatter on to the floor.

"Kitty," she screamed, "look what you've made me do!"

Her lower abdomen and it’s accompanying hair were matted with sticky marmalade. The whole thing had just the effect that Kitty had been looking for. It drew everyone's attention to Fiona's naughty area. And Fiona in an instinctive reaction grabbed a damp cloth and putting a leg up on a chair she started to try and wipe herself clean. It was only after she started that she realised that this action meant that she had spread her legs apart and was displaying everything to the assembled guests. She the sudden realisation of what she was doing brought a bright flush to her cheek, but at the same time a surge of real excitement so that she had a sudden and inexplicable urge to be really, really daring. Gritting her teeth she spread her legs wide apart and gently cleaned where the marmalade had seeped in between them. Short of asking one of the girls to suck it out for her she couldn't have been more daring.

Mandy and Lucy looked on in astonishment. They had been given no forewarning of what was to happen. Was this the shy little Fiona they had heard so much about!

The shy little Fiona was starting to blossom a little bit.

Fiona's Birthday Part 2

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Breakfast over. Fiona crept back to her room, threw herself down on her bed and buried her head in her hands. What had she done! In a moment of madness she had flaunted her most intimate parts in front of two total strangers. Well, they were girls, yes, but it wasn’t the sort of thing a shy girl did in front of anybody. She could hardly bear to face Janey and Kitty again.

Half an hour later she crept back into the living room and tried to nonchalantly sit down and read a book. She was becoming relatively comfortable naked in front of them now, provided that was that she kept her legs together!

“We’re going out,” announced Janey suddenly, “I’m expecting a parcel with my new party dress sometime. I don’t suppose you’ll be going out will you?”

“No!” shrieked Fiona, “considering I’m not allowed to wear any clothes today”

“That’s all right then,” said Janey, “you can take it in for me when it arrives.”

“Of course,” said Fiona, only two glad that the girls were going out so she could be naked in peace. It was only after they’d gone that she realised that she’d committed herself to answering the door in the nude. And she never thought to ask what party it was for.

She sat down alone, rather nervously in the living room, trying to work out what to do when the door rang with the party frock. She would have to answer it. Janey would kill her if she didn’t get her frock for whatever party she was going to. She thought of maybe just slipping on a bathrobe to answer the door. But that would be cheating, and anyway she wouldn’t put it past the girls to check up on her by knocking on the door and pretending to be delivering the dress.

So she decided that she would just poke her head round the door and grab hold of it. Then whoever the delivery man was wouldn’t be able to tell that she was naked.

She jumped suddenly as there was a loud ring on the doorbell. My God! The delivery man was there already. She crept to the door and listened attentively. She couldn’t hear anything. She felt very naked and could feel herself starting to tremble again. She cursed herself. Why did she have to be so very shy! She jumped again as a loud ringing sounded through the flat. She tentatively opened the door and peered round. It wasn’t the delivery man; it was a man in uniform.

“Read your gas meter”, he said brusquely.

Oh no! She could have ignored the doorbell and he would have gone away, and now she’d have to let him in and she had no clothes on.

“Just wait a minute, I’ve got no clothes”, on she stammered, embarrassed even by the mention of the fact, “I’ll just go in the other room and you can come in and read it.

She left the door open and ran into the bathroom. She heard the man come in. She heard a voice shout.

“Where is it?”

“I think it’s in the cupboard by the door”, she shouted back, still hiding in the bathroom.

“It’s locked. You’ll have to come and open it up”

“I’m in the bath,” she lied.

“I’ve got to do it today,” said the man, “your six months behind in your reading and there’s a big rebate due when you get it read. You asked for it to be read this morning special like. We was told there was definitely somebody in”

Fiona knew exactly why he had been told to come that morning. Janey would have rung up and made the appointment specifically to embarrass her. She had succeeded. She peered round the bathroom door.

“There’s a key in the drawer in the kitchen”, she said

“You’d better come and get it,” said the man, “we’re not supposed to go rummaging round in young lady’s drawers.”

He seemed to find the comment amusing. Fiona was in a total quandary. She would be in real trouble if they missed the rebate, but she would have to run across the living room in the all together to get to the kitchen.

“Well, I’ll have to run across the room and I’ve just got out the bath, so keep your eyes closed I’m only wearing a towel,” she lied.

The man made a show of putting his hand over his eyes, and Fiona scampered across to the kitchen. She grabbed the key, scampered back out and opened the cupboard door and made for the safety of the bathroom. She had only got half way back when she heard a sudden, “Cor blimey!” she looked round and there he was looking straight at her. She gave a shriek and ran for the kitchen.

“Sorry Miss,” shouted a voice, I thought you said you was wearing a towel, I thought you was back in the bathroom. I thought…” the voice tailed off.

Fiona hid her face in her hands again until she heard the front door open and shut, then she peered nervously round into the living room. It had been so embarrassing – to be caught naked like that. She had said she was wearing a towel and he had caught her in the nude. What would he think? She could imagine what he would be saying to his mates right now – ‘said she would be wearing a towel, but there she was prancing around in the all together. Never seen the like. Saucy little hussy. Can I read that one next time, Bill?’

Fiona went back to her book, her face burning, but she couldn’t settle, she kept thinking she was hearing noises in the corridor outside the door. But when the loud ring on the door came she nearly jumped out of her skin again.

She crept over to the door and opened gently. A young lad was standing there with what was obviously Janey’s frock. Fiona wasn’t going to make the mistake of asking him in! She tried opening the door to take hold of the parcel round the door, but it wasn’t easy. The parcel was big and flat and awkward to handle so she had to open the door wider and wider. Then she suddenly noticed, not only was the door opening wider and wider but the delivery boy’s eyes were opening wider and wider. He was looking past her towards the far side of the room. It was only then that she noticed that she was clearly reflected in a large full length mirror on the door of the cupboard opposite. The lad could clearly see her full length and completely naked. No wonder his eyes were wide open. She shrieked and closing the door as fast as she could she told him to leave the parcel outside and she’d pick it up later.

She listened at the door until she had heard his footsteps disappearing into the distance and then she peered out through the door again. He’d only gone and parked the parcel about five feet away, just far enough for her to have nip out of the flat in order to pick it up. She became obsessed with the idea that he had done it deliberately to make her come out in the nude to get it. Well if he had done, he had succeeded because she realised she had no choice. She couldn’t risk the parcel being left outside and being pinched.

Fiona peered out of the door. There didn't seem to be anybody about. All she had to do was nip out for a couple of seconds, grab the parcel and run back into the flat. She had to do it, and she couldn't but feel again that little tingle of excitement as she realised she was going to have to do something naughty and embarrassing again. So gritting her teeth again she dashed out into the corridor just at the very moment that one of the other doors opened and the chap next door came out. With another shriek Fiona lifted up the parcel to cover herself, although she was not quite sure if this wasn't actually against the spirit of her dare. She could only just stand there only too aware of her nudity while the man gave her a surprised look and went out. Fiona gave a sigh of relief and headed back to the flat, only then did she realise that the door had slammer shut!

Poor Fiona was trapped outside the flat stark naked with nowhere to hide! Still, she did have the parcel to cover herself with. It was all she could think of to do. She stood next to the door, holding the parcel with the party frock in front of her while people came in and out of he block of flats. She might have been covered, but she felt completely naked and flushed with shame every time somebody came past. She knew that they all must realise she was naked. At last Janey and Kitty returned at let her back into the flat. She collapsed with embarrassment, but Janey took no notice.

“Time for lunch, Fi” she said, and started to set the table – for four people!

Fiona looked at the extra place setting with horror. The girls had invited someone else for lunch and she was still naked.

“I’m going to have lunch in my bedroom,” she gasped, unable to stand any more exposure, “you haven’t invited a man have you?”

“No, no!” said Janey as the door bell rang, “it’s a woman”

Even, so she scampered into her bedroom. The day was turning into a nightmare, but, even as she tingled with the memory of her exposure in the corridor, a rather exciting nightmare.

Then she heard the voices,

“Do come in, Mrs Thomson,” Fiona could hardly suppress a shriek, it was her mother! They had actually invited her mother.

“Fiona, it’s your mother,” Kitty’s voice could be heard from the living room. Fiona was going to have to come out of the bedroom to see her mother stark naked. How embarrassing could it get! Her mother hadn’t seen her naked since she was 14 years old! What would she think of her, parading round her flat stark naked at lunch time, and making no effort to get dressed. The girls had done it deliberately to embarrass her. But she had no choice. She crept out into the living room. Her mother did a double take on seeing her, then smiled.

“My Goodness, Fiona,” she said, “You have changed. You wouldn’t even wear a low cut dress last time is saw you. Do you often wander round like that?”

“Er… sorry,” said Fiona, struck dumb otherwise

“No need to apologise,” said her mother, “I think it’s rather sweet. I remember the Summer of Love, or was it the Winter of Discontent, I can’t remember now, anyway, your father and I spent five days completely naked, protesting about something. I can’t remember what, but it must have been important. Are you protesting?”

Fiona felt like protesting about the way Janey and Kitty had set her up, but could only mumble, “No.”

The lunch passed in an agony of embarrassment for Fiona and it was past two o’clock before her mother left.

“Enjoy your day,” said her mother as she left, “have a nice party”

‘Party!’ thought Fiona, no way was she having a party, not when she was going to have to be naked for the rest of the day!

“You rotters!” shouted Fiona, as soon as she had gone, “you did that deliberately.

“What us!” lied Kitty, “never! Anyway we’ve got a little treat for you, Fi”

Fiona’s heart sank; she had a feeling she was in for more trouble.

“We’re going out this afternoon”, said Janey

Fiona breathed a sigh of relief, “Oh good!” she said, “Enjoy yourselves.”

“No,” I mean “we are going out. I’m including you in the ‘we’.”

“What, I can’t go out. I’ve got nothing on, if you haven’t noticed.”

“Oh, I have noticed. That’s the whole point,” said Janey, “you’ll enjoy it, Fi. You can ride round in the back of the car, nobody will see.”

“And how do I get into the car?” asked Fiona

“Easy. You walk out the door, along the corridor, out the front door and get in the car”

“But I’ve got no clothes on”

“Oh, nobody will mind. Come on. Be a bit daring. It’ll be fun”

Fiona's Birthday Part 3

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Fiona felt the familiar tingle return to her sex. Suddenly she felt that she did want to try it, bit she just didn’t dare. What if somebody saw her? The thought brought her another tingle. She just had to do it. Just had to dare it. The excitement was too much.

Janey smiled as she saw the thoughts go through Fiona’s mind. She would never have thought she would do it, but she could see now that she would.

“Right,” she said, so quickly that Fiona had no chance to change her mind, “off we go”

She left and brought the car round to the front of the block of flats. All the while Fiona’s heart was thumping, she realised she was going through with it and the excitement made her tingle all over. The door opened and Janey returned. She grabbed Fiona’s arm before she had a chance to protest.

“Come on!”, and she pulled Fiona out the door, straight along the corridor, out the front door, across the pavement and into the car. Fiona didn’t dare look round. She had no idea if anyone had seen her. She sat in the back of the car, trembling with embarrassment and excitement. She had never been so excited in her life, and could hardly contain herself. Kitty looked round from the front seat and grinned.

“Gosh, Fi” she said, “you must be enjoying yourself!”

Fiona blushed, she realised that she had been unconsciously feeling herself. She took her hand away quickly.

“Get going!” she shrieked, “before anyone comes and sees me”

Janey put her foot down and the car roared off! Fiona crouched as low as she could in the back and kept her arms folded across her chest; she had somehow thought that she could not be able to be seen in the back of the car, but now she realised that stuck in traffic she was really rather visible. Passers-by, and people in other vehicles started to stare at the sight of what seemed to be a naked girl in the back of the car. Fiona stuck her tongue out at them and started to relax. Nosey busybodies, what did she care. She was starting to enjoy herself again.

She looked around. Janey was driving them out into the country.

“Where are we going?” she asked. She had just been expecting to drive around for a bit.

“Oh, in the country,” said Janey, “I thought you might like a little walk.”

“What!” shrieked Fiona, “it’s bloody freezing outside. You might not have noticed, but it’s March, there’s snow on the ground out here and I’ve got nothing on!”

“All the more fun!” said Janey, “we’re going out to Moxton Woods, there’ll be nobody there this weather, I think, probably,” she added dubiously.

It took half an hour to get out to the woods and Janey parked in a deserted car park.

“Right! Out you get young lady,” she said to Fiona.

Fiona was terrified of getting out the car, but at the same time there was an extraordinary illicit thrill at the idea of running naked through the snow. She wouldn’t be able to do it for long though. It was freezing cold!

She leapt out the car, before anybody could come and ran into the woods naked. The first thing she noticed was how bloody freezing it was on her bare feet. The next thing was how bloody freezing it was on her bare bottom as the snowball hit her. She turned round the girls were pelting her with snowballs. She ran round trying to dodge them, generally speaking rather unsuccessfully as the soft snow landed on her bare skin making it tingle and glow red with the cold. She was just deciding that she would have to get back to the car to warm up even though the excitement of dodging the snowballs naked in the snow made her glow with then thrill of it, when Janey suddenly shouted.

“Whoops!”

Fiona looked round. A party of hikers was making its way down the path. She wondered about running away. But why should she! She stood there, beaming at them in the excitement of the moment. They stared back at her amazed at the sight. Then grinned back and waved. What a wonderful thing, a naked girl romping in the snow. It had quite made their day.

Janey looked at her. Gosh, she looked sexy, standing there, her skin glowing with the cold and smiling all over her face. She picked up another snowball and threw it, catching Fiona on her unsuspecting behind.

“Race you back to the car, Fi”, she shouted.

Fiona could hardly run. She had lost all sensation in her feet and her skin glowed pink with the exertion and the cold snow.

She leapt into the back of the car.

“Get the heater full on,”she yelled, “I’m bloody frozen and she rode back to the flat in a state of high excitement. She didn’t even stop to look round as Janey parked outside. She just got out of the car and walked back over the pavement, in through the front door and up to the door of the flat. So what if anyone saw her. Who on earth could object to the sight of a beautiful girl walking naked in the street.

She sat down in the living room. It was over. She had survived the day. She almost wished it wasn’t over, she had been so exhilarate by it. She sat down in the armchair by the fire and babbled on about how exciting it had all been. The girls seemed to be doing something in the bedroom.

“Go and have a bath”, shouted Janey, “you must be freezing. It’ll warm you up a bit”

Fiona realised she was still cold. What a good idea. Besides there was something she felt like doing sand the bathroom would be the ideal place for it.

“OK,” she said, and went into the bathroom and ran the water. She lay down in it and felt the hot water soak into her skin. It had been so wonderful. So liberating. She had not realised that nudity could liberate her so much, cold be so exciting, could send such a tingle through her private parts. Her hand slipped down to her sensitive area and she started to rub gently at first….

Back in the flat the girls were putting the final touches to the finale for the day. They had made many plans for the day, and all had gone well so far. But this was to be the pièce de resistance, the coup de grace, the best bit!

Fiona lay back in the bath enjoying herself. Her eyes closed; she gently massaged her pleasure spot, oblivious to what was happening elsewhere, oblivious to the girls peeking in to see what she was up to while the preparations were put in place. Janey looked at her lying there in the bath with her eyes shut. How gorgeous she looked, so happy and contented, not the silly little shy nervous thing she had been and the start of the day. She felt another surge of affection towards her. Oh dear! She’d better watch out, Kitty wouldn’t like it at all!

As the water started to cool down, Fiona stirred. She climbed lazily out of the bath and towelled herself dry. She was going to have a quiet, contented peaceful evening. Not a sound emanated from the sitting room. She switched off the bathroom light and opened the door. It was pitch black in the sitting room as she walked in.

That was strange. Where had the girls gone? Then suddenly she knew. A bright blaze of lights went on and a great cry of “Surprise, surprise!” went up. Fiona looked round. The room was decked out with balloons, food and drink, Janey was wearing her new party frock and… Oh Horror! The room was filled with all of Fiona’s friends and she was standing in the middle of them stark naked!

The Bastards! The Bastards! They’d set her up. Sneakily arranged a surprise birthday party and landed her right in the middle of it without a stitch on. It was one thing feeling liberated and excited at running naked through the snow. It was another thing altogether to be tricked into appearing naked in front of all her friends. All her friends! She screamed, turned, and ran as fast as she could to her bedroom, flung herself on her bed and buried her face in her hands burning with shame. The Bastards! They’d done it on purpose just to embarrass her as much as possible. How could she face them all again! She felt the hot tears of shame welling up in her eyes.

Janey crept into the room and saw the naked figure gently sobbing face down on the bed. She felt another wave of passion sweep over her at the sight of the nude girl looking so vulnerable, shaking ever so slightly. She suddenly felt very guilty. That had been a bit cruel really. She went over to the bed and took her hand gently.

“It’s all right, you can get dressed if you want to,” she said

“Bastard!” sobbed Fiona.

Janey stroked her back gently and patted her on the behind.

“Sorry,” she said, “sorry, that was a bit mean.”

“Sorry!” said Fiona, “I should think so. You’ve just exposed me stark naked in front of all our friends. What will they think? I’ll never be able to look them in the face again!”

“They think it’s great,” said Janey, still stroking Fiona’s bare bottom. She found she rather liked stroking Fiona’s bare bottom. There was something very sensuous about soothing the poor little thing. “They think you’re great, Fi” she went on, “we explained all about our little escapade. They think it’s fantastic. They’re longing for you to come out and see them.”

“I’ll bet they are,” said Fiona, “give them a good laugh, seeing me forced to parade around with no clothes on.”

“Not at all,” said Janey, “you look fabulous with no clothes on,” and she realised that she was only telling the truth. Fiona did look fabulous with no clothes on.

Fiona stopped sobbing and looked up. Somehow the soothing strokes on her bottom had calmed her down. She began to see the funny side of it.

“It must have been funny though,” she said, “seeing me suddenly stuck lit up naked in the middle of all those people.”

“Well it was rather,” said Janey, “funny, and very, very sexy.”

Fiona began to realise exactly how sexy it had been, having all those people admire her naked body. Being exposed like that, vulnerable and shy. Yes it was very, very sexy. She began to wish she could go back in the room. But she couldn’t, she just couldn’t. It was far too embarrassing.

“Come back in,” said Janey

“I can’t, I just can’t,” said Fiona, “I just can’t stand in front of all those people with no clothes on. I’d die of shame.”

“Come on, you can do it”, said Janey, “I mean, you don’t mind me seeing you naked, do you?”

“No,” gulped Fiona

“In fact, I think you rather enjoy it.”

“Yes,” gulped Fiona

“And I think you rather enjoy me stroking your bottom.”

“Yes,” gulped Fiona.

“Come on then, it’s not so different with the others,” and she took her by the arm to led her to the door. Fiona meekly got off the bed and followed her. Her face was flushed, her mouth went dry, her heart was thumping ten to the dozen and her legs were trembling, but she realised that she was going to do it. She was going to walk out into the room and attend her own birthday party in her birthday suit.

An expectant hush fell over the room as the door opened and all eyes turned towards it. In came Janey, and holding her hand as if being led along behind her came a very naked Fiona. A great cheer went up and Fiona smiled weakly. She’d done it. She’d overcome her shyness and she was going to enjoy the party!

At midnight the party broke up. Fiona had completely overcome her shyness, had drunk and eaten and enjoyed every minute of it.

“I’m for bed,” she said, “then a normal day tomorrow! But,” she said pausing for a second, “I might just take a bath first.”

The girls waited while the water ran and then they heard Fiona getting in and lying down in the water.

They had peeked in last time she was taking a bath. They had seen what she was doing. They knew fine well exactly what she’d be doing now. Well, after an evening of dancing in the nude, what else could you expect? The crept over to the door and looked at each other. Ought they to peek in? Of course they didn’t ought to, but they looked at each other again, well, perhaps just a little peek….

Kitty's Birthday - Part 1
Thu Mar 12, 2009 21:01
86.152.5.240

After the excitement of her own birthday Fiona couldn’t wait for Kitty’s birthday to come along. It was on the Friday two weeks later and Kitty had agreed to spend the whole day in her shortest skirt and no knickers. It must be said that when Kitty had first suggested the notion it had seemed to her to be a real madcap idea. She was an extrovert, gregarious girl who loved doing things for a laugh. She wore short skirts and tight blouses and flirted extravagantly with the boys – and the girls. But for all this extrovert tendency she was inordinately embarrassed about her naked body. Showing off the shape of her shapely bosoms in a tight tee shirt and her long legs in a short skirt were one thing. But showing off her bare bosoms or, oh my God, what was between her legs, was another thing altogether.

As the big day drew nearer she began to get more and more nervous about doing the dare. But shy little Fiona had done it; shy little Fiona had shown everybody what was between her legs, Janey had made sure of that, and if there was one thing Kitty was sure of, it was that Janey would make sure that everybody saw what was between Kitty’s legs before the day was out.

Fortunately her birthday was a workday. She could go to work in her tight skirt and if she kept her legs together nobody would know the difference. But Kitty was to be undone at the beginning by the very oversight with which they had trapped Fiona. At exactly twelve o’clock midnight at the start of Kitty’s birthday the alarm went off. Kitty nearly jumped out her skin, she had been hoping to retire to bed gracefully, but she somehow guessed there would be no chance now.

Janey appeared carrying a very short party frock. She held it up for Kitty to see.

“Knickers off”, she said, handing the dress to Kitty, “we’re going to a party. This is your birthday present and it is now officially your shortest skirt. You must remember. You have to wear your shortest skirt.”

Kitty looked at the little woollen dress. It was lovely. She loved it at first sight. It was just the thing to go to a party in. She really, really wanted it, but only if she was wearing knickers. If she had been wearing knickers, she could have flaunted herself; she could have flashed her knickers and displayed her shapely legs. But without knickers! The idea was unthinkable.

“I can’t go in that,” said Kitty aghast, “it doesn’t even cover my bum!”

“It’s not just your bum it doesn’t cover,” said Janey, “so knickers off!”

Kitty snatched the dress and retired to her room to put it on. Blushing slightly at the subterfuge she put on her skimpiest panties. The girls would never notice. She’d hold the skirt down, so even if anyone got a glimpse they wouldn’t see much.

But there was no way she was going to get away with it. As soon as she was back in the room Janey grabbed hold of the skirt and pulled it right up. Kitty’s subterfuge was displayed to all.

“Knickers off”, ordered Janey, “and that’s one penance to pay”

“Penance, what penance?” said Kitty.

“Oh, didn’t I say? Every time you’re caught wearing knickers today – and we will be checking up on you – you have to pay a penance.”

“What sort of a penance?” gulped Kitty.

But Janey only answered enigmatically, “Oh, I think we’ll think of something suitable, won’t we Fiona. To start with – no bra.”

“I can’t do that,” said Kitty, “that wasn’t part of the dare.”

“It is now,” said Janey, “you tried to cheat. Fiona never tried to cheat, did you?”

Little Fiona could only nod in agreement. Oh dear! She could see that Kitty was going to get the same treatment that she had had.

Kitty flounced off back to the bathroom. She had no choice. She always did what Janey told her to do – she didn’t know why; Janey was just that sort of person! And it had been her silly idea! She had come up with what she thought was a really tame dare, just to get Fiona to agree. She knew they could have some real fun with Fiona, but she had never thought of the other girls having fun with her. And now she realised it was her turn, and she knew they’d be merciless!

She pulled off her panties and her bra and returned wearing nothing but the little woollen dress.

Mandy was holding a party in her flat. Indeed Mandy had been told specifically by Janey to be holding a party in her flat, but none of the guests knew anything about Kitty’s knickerless state. Janey thought it would be more fun for them to find out at first hand.

At the party Kitty’s first idea was to try to sit down, but then she noticed that the little woollen dress rode up so much that it was impossible to hide what wasn’t hidden underneath, so she stood up and tried smoothing the dress down as much as she could.

“Oops!” Janey as she ‘accidently’ knocked Kitty’s handbag onto the ground. Poor Kitty had to be very careful as she picked it up, bending at the knees and keeping her legs together, even so the skirt seemed to ride up an awful long way. For all that she really felt she was going to get through the evening successfully until Janey accidentally on purpose spilled a glass of red wine on her.

Kitty shrieked, “Oh God, my dress. It’ll be ruined”

“No problem,” said Janey grabbing her and pulling her into the bathroom, “take it off and I’ll soak it in water. It’ll be fine”

Kitty was a bit reticent about pulling off the dress. Not only wasn’t she wearing knickers, but she wasn’t wearing a bra either. She had nothing on under the dress at all! It wasn’t as if Janey had never seen her naked. Of course Janey had seen her naked, but she found the idea of being naked in somebody else’s bathroom intensely embarrassing even with the door locked. So it was with some reluctance that she took the dress off, but what else was she to do, if it wasn’t got into water soon it would be ruined! And she really, really did love the dress.

She stood watching as her dress was soaked in the water, and only then did she realise that she had nothing to wear.

“Eeek…”she shrieked, “what am I going to wear now!”

“Oh, put this towel round you,” said Janey, “you’ll be all right. It’s quite respectable.”

Kitty wasn’t all that convinced, but what choice did she have. She realised this was her penance. Janey wasn’t going to let her wear anything else, and the towel was at least respectable. She wrapped it round above her bosoms and tucked it in firmly. It wasn’t going to come loose of its own accord!

She made her way back into the room dressed only in the towel to a big cheer from the guests. Guests who were unaware that she was stark naked underneath, presuming that she’d have her bra and panties on!

“Come on dance,” said Fiona, rather shyly, but that was what Janey had told her to say.

So Kitty had to dance. It was her penance to have to dance naked under a towel with Fiona, but at least the towel was respectable and firmly fastened, and would take a really sharp pull to come down. Which was of course what it got. Accidentally on purpose tripping over, Fiona put out her hand, as Janey had told her to do, and grabbed hold of Kitty’s towel. It came away easily enough and she tumbled to the floor grasping the towel while Kitty stood paralysed one hand across her bosom, one hand hiding her sex, slightly crouching with her toes turned in, in the slightly gawky fashion of the embarrassed girl struck naked. And poor Kitty was the embarrassed naked female epitomised!

She just stood there too ashamed even to move as the whole room seemed to stop and stare at her.

“Gosh!” they thought, “Madcap Kitty! What would she do next?”

Fiona stared as well, as the bright flush on Kitty’s face travelled down her neck, across her chest and right down her abdomen. And still she didn’t move. She realised now what they had done to poor Fiona, and that this was her real penance for breaking the rules - to be stripped naked. And this would be her penance every time she broke the rules.
Fiona stared at her. Gosh, she was gorgeous naked, Fiona blushed to find herself thinking such thoughts. But she was. Unlike Fiona who had a slim boyish figure, Kitty was what could be best described as voluptuous. Her bosoms were big and bouncy and her hips were curvaceous. Fiona stared open mouthed, then taking pity on her, picked up the towel and handed it back. Kitty didn’t like to take her hand away from her sex in order to put the towel on, so she asked Fiona to put her hand over it to allow her to make herself respectable again. Kitty grabbed the towel and wrapped it round, and just as Fiona pulled her hand away did she feel something… No… She couldn’t have… Not Fiona… But she could have sworn that as she pulled her hand away Fiona had just given her a little tickle. Right there, right between her… on her most sensitive spot. She looked at Fiona. Little Fiona was blushing bright red. My God! She really had given her a little tickle. Kitty flushed as well and turned away. They were certainly learning a lot about each other on their birthdays!

Once she was covered again Kitty relaxed. It was over. She could be Madcap Kitty again. There was only the rest of the day to get through!

At two o’clock in the morning they got to bed. Kitty was still dying of embarrassment at what had happened at the party, but perhaps she deserved it. She had thought up the whole idea as a ploy to embarrass Fiona but it had backfired and well, in retrospect it had been rather exciting. And what about Fiona, thought Kitty, and she fell asleep giving herself a little tickle as she did so.

Kitty had planned how she was to get through the day at work. Her shortest work skirt was really quite respectable, coming to just above her knees. It was tailored and fitted, and there was no way anybody could see up it if she kept her legs together.

But, like Fiona before her, she was soon to be surprised. Fiona shyly gave her a parcel and when Kitty opened it she found it was another work skirt. A very short, pleated work skirt, a work skirt in which she really would not want to have to bend over.

“That’s not my skirt. This is my shortest skirt that I’m wearing”

“Correction,” said Janey, “that was your shortest work skirt. This is your birthday present, so this is now your shortest work skirt”

“But you gave me a birthday present last night!”

“I gave you a birthday present last night. This is from Fiona. Go and put it on. Remember blouse and skirt. No bra. No panties!”

Kitty had to change. She had no choice. She went off to her bedroom to change. She put the skirt on. It was six inches above the knee. Kitty would have loved it anywhere but at work, but only if she was wearing panties! Without panties she could feel the draft over her bare sex and she felt extraordinarily exposed. She couldn’t go to work like that. She just couldn’t. But she didn’t dare put knickers on, Janey was sure to check. On a sudden impulse she opened a drawer and stuck something in her handbag. She crept back into the room.
“Skirt up. Let’s see,” said Janey

In an embarrassed fashion Kitty lifted up her skirt so the others could see that she had left her knickers off.

Kitty's Birthday - Part 2
Thu Mar 12, 2009 21:04
86.152.5.240

The girls set off for work. They all worked in the same office at Bootiful Bow-wows Dogs Cosmetics. Fiona was a Finance Clerk, Kitty was in Business Support and Janey was the Office Manager, and therefore technically the boss of the other two. Whereas Fiona and Kitty were in the big open plan office, Janey had a little private office of her own

This gave her a great opportunity. She could send poor Kitty to get things out of the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet. In her little skirt there was no way she good do it without uncovering at least half of her bottom. The she was sent up the stepladder to get something off the top shelf; Kitty excused herself to go to the bathroom. She just couldn’t go up the ladder in that little skirt with no panties.

Janey suspected something was up and called Kitty into her office. “Get the Cocker Spaniel file out the bottom drawer” she said. Kitty looked at her quizzically. It was not the normal thing that Janey would ask her to do. She bent over to open the drawer and Janey spotted it. As Kitty’s blouse and skirt separated the tell-tale waistband of a thong appeared. Janey swooped. Kitty had cheated again! She grabbed hold of the waistband of the back of Kitty’s thong and pulled it sharply up delivering the grand-daddy of all wedgies. It was what Kitty deserved, cheating again.

Before Kitty could react Janey hoisted up the waistband and wrapped it tightly round and round the door handle leaving Kitty, back to the door, with the thong wedged firmly up between her… well I’d better not say where it was between, let us just say that it was at the same time both rather uncomfortable and rather stimulating! Janey slipped out the room and went for a coffee, leaving Kitty suspended on tip-toe as punishment. She tried in vain to release herself, but the waistband was so tightly wrapped round the handle that with her hands behind her back she couldn’t do anything with it. She’d been wedgie’d to the door and she could only wait and hope that her calves didn’t give out before she was rescued. What would happen if her whole weight was supported by the thong between her legs didn’t bear thinking about!

She felt the door handle turn behind her back.

“Ooh!”, she shrieked. The effect of the door handle turning was to tighten the thong even more! The door handle returned to normal and then started to turn again.

“Ooh!” she stifled a yell. The door handle turned again, the thong pulled up between her… well you know where, and she grimaced. There was nothing else she could do but grin and bear it. The door opened and Fiona came in.

“Eek..” she said, “what happened to you?”

“Janey happened,” said Kitty ruefully, “I put a pair of knickers on. It was only a thong, but I had to pay for it”

After looking at it for a few moments Fiona announced, “It won’t disentangle, I’m going to have to cut it off,” as she reaching onto Janey’s desk for a pair of scissors. So Kitty was rescued but left rather sore and undoubtedly knikckerless for the rest of the day.

Janey seemed to have forgiven Kitty by lunchtime and Kitty was resolved not to try and cheat anymore. Surely she could just get through the rest of the day in the little skirt and then spend the evening in the flat. But Janey had other ideas
“Work’s finished for the day,” she suddenly announced.

“You can’t do that!” said Kitty

“Of course I can, I’m the boss”

“What are we going to do then?” asked Kitty suddenly becoming alarmed.

“We are going down the park. And we are going to play tennis,” announced Janey

“I can’t play,” protested Kitty, “not tennis – not with no knickers on. Anyway I haven’t got my tennis dress.”

“Oh yes you can. And oh yes you have,”` pronounced Janey, holding up Kitty’s little tennis dress brought specially for the occasion.

Kitty was mortified as she put the dress on in the ladies room. When she played tennis her dress flapped up and down outrageously. It was designed to do that. She loved it normally, flashing her knickers at the boys who were watching. But without knickers! It would be appalling, too embarrassing for words. But what else could she do?

The girls were able to use the outside courts; the weather was so fine for early spring. Kitty playing Janey with Fiona acting as ball boy. Kitty did not play well, she was excessively conscious of people walking past and didn’t dare jump up or leap around for fear of displaying what was under her skirt. Janey won the first set easily.

“You’re not trying!” she announced, “here’s your penance now for cheating this morning”

Kitty who thought she had paid the penance was open mouthed.

“Either you win this set, or you play a game against Fiona in your birthday suit. After all it is your birthday!”

“What! Completely nude? Out in the open! With people watching? I can’t do that!”

“Well you shouldn’t have cheated then!”

Kitty knew she would have to do it. It was her penance for cheating – to be stripped naked in public. But at least Janey had given her a chance. Kitty had to concentrate hard now. She just had to win – she couldn’t play a game in the nude – out there in the open air, but she knew Janey would make her do it if she lost.

She stopped playing as if she had no knickers on and started to play normally. As time went on she got less and less nervous about what she was displaying. The skirt only flew up at the back, and so what if people saw her bottom, they didn’t have to look if they didn’t want to. A few people did do a double take as they went past, and Kitty actually found she was enjoying herself flashing her bare bum. Being English, the passers-by never stopped to watch, that is until the tie breaker. Kitty had played well, but she hadn’t played well enough to win outright. Now she was going to have to win the tie breaker. She just had to hold her service on these two points, and a group of lads had stopped to watch her from behind. Now she suddenly got shy again. If she put all her effort into the serve then her skirt would fly right up and give them all a grandstand view of her behind. She tried to control the shot but it was no good, it just went into the net. Second service. She had to win this point. Regardless of the watching eyes all her effort went into the shot. Her skirt flew up, her bare bottom was displayed in all its glory to the assembled watchers and a huge cheer flew up from behind. Poor Kitty was so disconcerted that she forgot all about the return which went flying past her. She’d lost!

Kitty shrieked. She couldn’t play a game in the nude. Not with all those people watching, but at the same time she knew that Janey would make her. She didn’t know how Janey could make her; she was just one of those people who, when they told you to do something, you just felt you had to do it.

She looked beseechingly at Janey.

“All right,” said Janey, “you deserve to play a whole game but you can play just until you win a point. One point against Fiona. Shouldn’t be too difficult.”

Kitty was so bizarrely relieved at this that she moved to act before Janey could change her mind. In front of all those people watching, and trying not to think about it, she pulled up her dress and pulled it over her head, revealing herself to be stark naked underneath. She didn’t even dare look at the people watching, who seemed to have been stunned into silence by this turn of events.

Fiona took up her position to receive. She was open mouthed at the sight of Kitty serving stark naked, her bouncy bosoms bouncing like big bouncy balls. She was so opened mouthed that she couldn’t even hit the ball. She couldn’t stop staring even as Kitty grabbed her dress again and ran screaming from the court.

The other two grabbed their bags and ran after her before any of the gathering crowd of spectators could react. Only when they were half a mile away down the road did they stop running. Kitty was completely out of breath a giggling hysterically.

“That was the funniest, the most outrageous, the most fantastic thing I’ve ever done before – and believe you me – I've done some pretty wild things.”

They walked back home laughing and panting all the way. Janey and Fiona taking every opportunity to flick up the back of Kitty’s little tennis dress whenever anyone walked behind, and Kitty laughing uncontrollably all the time.

The girls got back home safely. Kitty was looking forwards to a nice quiet evening. She had got through the day, and after all the embarrassment and the fear, it had been really, really exhilarating. She was glad the girls had made her do it. And she didn’t have to worry about a party either. She had made the others swear on their word of honour not to organise a surprise party for her.

They hadn’t organised a surprise party, they’d organised for them to go out clubbing. To the sexiest, smartest and most daring club in town – “Harpo’s.”

But Kitty didn’t know this, not until nine- o’clock when Janey held up yet another surprise birthday present.

“Happy birthday!” she exclaimed, “this is what you’re going to wear to Harpo’s, and you can be really sure, it absolutely is the shortest skirt you’ve got!”

Kitty stared at the skirt and top with a strange mixture of emotions. They were beautiful. The skirt was a sort of spangly wide belt – it couldn’t have been more than four inches deep with a deep notch up one side where it was just held together at the top with a narrow strap. There was a spangly top to go with it too, supporting and uplifting her bouncy bosoms.

“These normally go with it,”` said Janey holding up a pair of tiny spangly panties to wear under the skirt, but not of course tonight!”

Kitty gasped – if only she could have worn the panties it was just the sort of skirt she would have loved – so sexy – so provocative. But wearing it without panties, at a club, with all those people. Even with her new found liberation there was no way she would feel comfortable in that. It would be impossible to hide anything.

But what could she do? Janey had told her to go clubbing and she always did what Janey said. She didn’t know why even, you just did what Janey told you to do. And she had agreed that she would wear her shortest skirt, and there was no getting away from it – this was her shortest skirt!

“Okay,” said Janey, “you can wear your coat when you’re going there; we don’t want you catching your death!”

Kitty put the coat on and huddled in the back of the taxi as they made their way to the club. They were in luck, they had only fifteen minutes to queue before they got in, then came the moment of truth, Kitty had to take her coat off. She stood there in the ladies room trying to will herself to go out into the club. She was painfully aware that the four inch long skirt only half covered her behind and up the side where the notch in the skirt was she could be seen all the way up the side so nobody could be in any doubt about her lack of knickers.

Janey took her by the arm and led her out. It was at least in rather dim light as the music pounded through the room. There were plenty of girls in short skirts and sexy outfits – after all that were what clubs were about, so it took a little time before anyone noticed Kitty’s peculiar state; and then it wasn’t until Kitty was told to go to the bar and get the drinks that it became very obvious. Janey sidling up behind her carefully worked the little skirt round so that the gap in the skirt was right over the middle of Kitty’s bottom so that the crack in her bottom was totally exposed. Kitty never realised until her behind was suddenly and sharply pinched, she put her hands back and felt the bare cheeks of her bottom and ran shrieking back to the table.

“You bastard,” she shrieked at Janey, but Janey only smiled.

Kitty sat sullenly at the table, her bare bottom on the seat so that at least the rest of her was hidden. It was only after a few minutes that she started to see the funny side.

“What did I look like, standing there with my bottom bare?” she asked Fiona, when Janey had left to go and dance a bit.

“Gosh, you’ve got a lovely bottom!” said Fiona, then flushed suddenly realising what she said. Then the two of them collapsed in a heap of laughter together so that Janey, when she returned had no idea what had been going on.

“One dance, Kitty, and then we’ll let you go,” she said

But Kitty was starting to enjoy herself. Nobody seemed to mind that she was showing much more than she ought, and if nobody else minded she was starting not to mind.

“Come on Fiona, let’s dance,” she said, and together they went out on to the floor.

Poor Kitty never understood how it happened. Surely Fiona would never have done it, and Janey was still back at the table, but after she had been dancing ten minutes or so, she suddenly felt a draught round the front. She looked down and somehow or other the skirt had worked its way round so that the little notch was right at the front. Everybody was looking at her. Everybody could see her…. Oh My God! Everybody could see exactly what was between her legs. She knew it, she had known it all along; she would end up displaying what was between her legs to everybody.

She shrieked again and ran back to the table and sat there burying her head in her hands. After a few seconds she started shaking, her hands still over her face. Fiona went round to comfort her, but only then did she see that she was shaking with laughter.

“Oh My God!” she said, “that must be the maddest thing I’ve ever done.”

The girls were in festive mood as they went back to the flat. Kitty had survived her day. She’d been stripped and embarrassed, but in the end it had been all so much fun.

She turned to Fiona in the taxi; she had only one more thing to say,

“Go on Fi, give us another tickle!”

Janey's Birthday - Part 1
Wed Mar 18, 2009 13:58
86.152.5.240

As the date for Janey’s birthday approached both Fiona and Kitty felt that they should do something to make sure that Janey didn’t just get away with a tame dare. After all Janey had been instrumental in making sure that they had suffered some very embarrassing moments during their birthdays, so it was only right that Janey should be made to suffer as well. But things were different with Janey. Janey was the boss. It was not just that she was the boss at work, which she was; she was the boss in everything. She was naturally the one who gave the orders, and Fiona and Kitty were the ones that did as they were told. So on Fiona and Kitty’s birthdays Fiona and Kitty did what they were told. What chance was there that Janey would do as she was told! Fiona and Kitty thought there was very little, unless that was, they could get some sort of a hold over her. Something that would persuade her that it was in her best interests to do as she was told. Not blackmail exactly, well, yes, blackmail, they decided, was going to be the only way.

It was Fiona who came up with the idea. Janey was nothing if not headstrong, and she had taken very badly to her last Performance Review. It was these reviews that decided the annual bonus and pay rise and Janey felt that she deserved an A+ grading. Anything less was unthinkable. She had however only been given a B+ grade. She was mortified. She had demanded an explanation – the explanation that she hadn’t ‘contributed in an exceptional manner beyond the normal expectations of the job’ which was the criterion for A+ had cut no ice with her; what had she done if she hadn’t exceeded the expectations of the job!

The result of this confrontation was that she had gone out, got drunk and done something very stupid. She had taken a close up, and it must be said rather intimate, picture of her bare bottom, superimposed on it the face of her boss Mr Hergreaves, and anonymously e-mailed it to him bearing the, rather apt it must be said, caption
‘Arsehole’.

Mr Hergreaves had not taken kindly to this, and much to Janey’s embarrassment had printed the picture off and put it up on the notice board with the request that if anyone recognised the perpetrator they should report to him immediately. Now most people are not recognisable from a picture of their bare bottom, but unfortunately Janey had a small birthmark which not many people had seen, considering where it was to be found, but Kitty had seen it, and Kitty knew who the perpetrator was. She of course told Fiona, not that she would tell Hergreaves, and it was armed with this knowledge that they tackled Janey on the eve of her birthday as the clock struck twelve midnight.

“Now – the rules for your birthday tomorrow, “said Kitty.

“Rules, what rules?” asked Janey.

“There were rules for me and Fiona,” said Kitty, “so there have to be rules for you as well.”

“I’m not following any rules,” said Janey, “rules are for suckers. I’m going to wear the tee shirt as I said, and I’ll stick my fingers up at anyone, or indeed my fingers up anyone, who offers to take me up on it.”

“That,” said Kitty, “is where you’re wrong. Remember this?”, and she held up the infamous picture.

“You wouldn’t!” Janey exclaimed.

“Well, probably I wouldn’t,” said Kitty, “not if somebody kept to the rules. But you never know.”

Janey started to bluster, but then a strange feeling came over her. Like many dominating girls she had a secret submissive side to her as well, and she suddenly felt it might be quite exciting to be completely at the mercy of Kitty and Fiona. She would never have done it voluntarily of course, but being blackmailed like this gave her the excuse. She could submit to their orders and still maintain her authority, because she was only doing it because she was forced to

“All right, I give in,” she said, “tell me what I have to do, and I’ll do it.”

Kitty and Fiona were rather taken aback; they just hadn’t been expecting such an easy capitulation.

“Right,” said Kitty, “here’s the tee shirt you wear”, and she held up a white tee shirt bearing the caption on the front and the back ‘SPANK ME FOR CHARITY’.

“The explanation is that you’ve been sponsored to wear this for Smiley Face Day, which as you know is this week, and every time you get spanked the sponsors will donate one pound to the appeal, plus any contribution from the grateful spanker. After all, remember the motto for the day: ‘Do something loony for lolly!’

“But that’s cheating; I haven’t been sponsored for Smiley Face Day!”

“I’m afraid you have,” interjected Fiona nervously, “Kitty and I signed you up today. We’ve officially sponsored you for a pound a spanking. Other people have volunteered to sponsor you as well…” she tailed off, as she looked at Janey, it occurred to her that perhaps Janey did not regard this as good news.

Janey flushed bright red. The cleverness of the scheme struck her immediately. She had known full well that if she just had ‘Spank Me’, on the tee shirt people would just snigger and nobody would really take her up on the offer. But by saying it was for charity, by publicising that it was for charity, people were given licence to really spank her. After all they’d be doing it for charity, not because they fancied spanking a pretty girl. And Janey was a pretty girl, with her long flowing hair, her almond shaped blue eyes and her full lips; and to match all this she had a fine curvaceous figure with, anybody would have to admit it, an eminently spankable bottom.

Janey’s birthday was on the Sunday, and the idea was to parade her round the town. They’d managed to get a short bit in the local free newspaper about her, so that people would feel encouraged to, as it were, have a go. The suggestion was that the spanker should give a donation of £5 to charity. After all there had to be something to limit the number of spanks she might get.

But Fiona had had another idea. A really wicked idea. Something that might just pay Janey back for the embarrassment that she had been caused

“Next rule,” she said, “you’re not allowed to turn down a spanking. Any refusal will result in a severe penance

Janey flushed again, but she had determined that she would submit to Fiona and Kitty’s will – for just this one day.

“Right,” she said

“And you are to wear a special pair of knickers we’ve bought especially for the occasion”

Janey breathed a sigh of relief – she had had a horrible suspicion that they would make her go out with no knickers on. In fact Fiona had had an even more naughty idea. Emblazoned on the back of the knickers (which Janey was not allowed to see) were the words ‘PULL MY KNICKERS DOWN AND SPANK ME’. Fiona wasn’t sure if anybody actually would, but she couldn’t wait to see the expression on Janey’s face if somebody did!

So after breakfast on the Sunday morning Janey was instructed to put on her short pleated skirt, her new white cotton knickers (which she wasn’t allowed to see) and her emblazoned tee shirt and she was led by the others into the park. She tried to walk along looking unconcerned, and of course she got a lot of stares and a few sniggers, but of course nobody offered to spank her. Well they wouldn’t would they. They were English after all; they needed more encouragement than that! And they were going to get more encouragement.

Fiona sat her down on one of the park benches and then unfolded her coup de grace. A large white sheet, made into a banner and bearing the words ‘The Famous Charity Spanking Girl. She really means it. Don’t be shy. The more you spank her the more money she earns for charity’.

People came past. People stared. Poor Janey was in a torment of suspense. She knew it would just take one person and they would all be wanting to do it. And of course, inevitably somebody did. Janey had been expecting a man to come forward – I mean there must have been plenty of men who would have been happy to pay five pounds to spank her if they weren’t so shy – but in fact it was a formidable middle aged lady. She put the money into Fiona’s collecting tin and Janey stood up and bent over.

“Go on then,” she said, she wasn’t going to try and get out of it.

Of course the woman didn’t spank her. She patted her on the behind a couple of times, said “Well done!” and went on her way

The girls made Janey walk up and down the main path in the park, making sure that everyone read the message on her tee shirt. It wasn’t long before somebody took her up on the offer. Unfortunately for Janey it was a group of raucous youths and there was no way they were just going to pat her on the bottom. They handed over their five pounds to Fiona’s collection tin and poor Janey was upended over somebody’s knee and her little dress was lifted up prior to a gentle spanking (well they might have been raucous, but they weren’t that raucous!).

It was then that the ‘Pull my knickers down’ message came into view. It was the moment Fiona and Kitty had been waiting for - the moment of truth. How would they react? How would Janey react?

The youths reacted by falling about with laughter, and Janey reacted by turning on Fiona and Kitty in fury.

“You bastards! How could you?” she said, as soon as the hysterical youth had been able to tell her what he was laughing at, unconsciously echoing the words of Fiona when she had been tricked into a highly embarrassing situation. Then she ran. I mean nobody, just nobody, was going to pull her knickers down

Fiona and Kitty caught up with her and marched her back to the flat. They had some serious talking to do to her. It was a strange reversal of the normal pecking order when they got back. Fiona, normally the shy retiring, wouldn’t say boo to a goose, girl took the lead; and Janey, who was normally the boss, had been so chastened by her experience that she had retired into a little submissive shell and stood head bowed in front of the admonishments of Fiona.

“You knew the rules,” said Fiona, “we told you clearly. This is your day to be embarrassed; Kitty and I had to go through with it, and you’re jolly well going to have to as well!”

Janey could only hang her head in shame. She had agreed that she would accept any spanking that was offered and when it came to it she had run away. She knew she would have a penance to pay.

“Right,” said Fiona, not even consulting Kitty, “no skirt for you this afternoon. You’re going back to the park in your tee shirt, your bra and your knickers, and if anyone offers to pull them down – hard luck! And if you think that’s hard, just remember, you made Kitty and I lose more than our knickers

Janey just nodded her head. Fiona was the boss. She would do whatever little Fiona told her to do.

So Janey had to forego her skirt and had to sit and eat lunch in an agony of embarrassment wearing only the silly tee shirt and the even sillier knickers. She didn’t dare think about what might happen in the afternoon

She excused herself nervously and went off to the bathroom to hide. When she returned some of her old confidence seemed to have come back. She joked about the afternoon. She looked relaxed.

When they got back to the park Janey managed to look semi-respectable, pulling her long tee shirt down to hide the fact that she just had a pair of knickers on underneath and making sure nobody could read what was said.

Now that it was afternoon several fund raising events were underway in the park for Smiley Face Day, the annual day when everybody did mad things for charity. There were people having buckets of water thrown over them, somebody sitting in a bath of baked beans and someone had even set up a sort of old fashioned pillory – the sort where you stuck your head and arms through and people would throw rotten fruit at you, except in this case people paid to throw wet sponges at the victim. You could earn money by paying for a bucketful of sponges, or by offering to spend time as the victim!

So, on the upside, Janey wasn’t quite the centre of attention she had dreaded being, but on the downside people were less inhibited, much more likely to take Janey up on her offer of a spanking for charity. Fiona unfurled her banner and it was less than ten minutes before a good looking guy in jeans and a light blue shirt paid over his five pounds. Janey dutifully bent over, now looking somewhat more nervous than she had done at lunch, and more than once Fiona had caught her looking up at the church clock.

Of course, as soon as Janey bent over her tee shirt rode up and ‘Pull my knickers down and spank me’, appeared in view.

The man went bright red. He now felt almost as embarrassed as Janey. Of course he wouldn’t take advantage of the offer but felt he had to give Janey a couple of spanks for his money. And Janey’s behind, covered though it was by her tightly stretched cotton briefs, was rather inviting. In his embarrassment he felt as if he ought to be sure to give her a proper couple of spanks and probably for that reason spanked her somewhat harder than he meant to. Just a couple of spanks though – SPANK! SPANK!

“Ooooh!” said Janey, her bottom actually stinging a bit. She hadn’t been expecting that. She glanced up at the clock. It had actually been a bit of a thrill getting a spank in public, and she was glad she had gone this far, but she was gladder she wasn’t going further.

Little Joe
Janey's Birthday - Part 2
Wed Mar 18, 2009 13:59
86.152.5.240

Right on cue at three o’clock Fiona’s phone rang.

“It’s for you,” she said, handing the phone to Janey.

Janey took it and nodded a couple of times to the voice at the other end. She looked up at Fiona and Kitty.

“Sorry guys,” she said, “crisis at the office. Have to go now

Fiona was so disappointed. They couldn’t really make Janey wear the tee shirt to an office crisis.

“Oh,” she said dejectedly, “okay I suppose.”

Janey smirked. Of course she shouldn’t have smirked; it was that which gave her away. Fiona saw the smirk, and suddenly it dawned on her.

“Give me that,” she said snatching her phone back. She quickly got up the call log, and dialled the number of the last incoming call.

“Hello,” said a voice, Fiona heard a voice she recognised, Mandy from the office.

“Hi, Mandy,” she said, “I know you are really busy, but I heard there was a crisis at the office.”

“Oh no!” shrieked Mandy, “that was just a little trick Janey was playing on Fiona, I had to ring her at three and pretend…” her voice trailed off with a dawning realisation, “…oh, that is Fiona isn’t it!”

“Yes,” said Fiona, ringing off, this was going to need a very special punishment indeed! And a very wicked idea came into her head. She grabbed Janey by the arm. Janey, totally deflated and humiliated by the failure of her plan, let herself be pulled along shamefacedly by little Fiona.

Janey suddenly saw where she was being led.

“Oh no, Fi, you can’t, please no!”

But Fiona was not to be mollified.

“Take off the tee shirt,” she ordered.

“But I’ve only got my cotton bra on underneath.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” said Fiona standing Janey in front of her like a naughty schoolgirl, “the message is perfectly legible on your knickers, so it’s bra and pants for you from now on. As you said to Kitty, you shouldn’t have tried to cheat.”

Janey took off her tee shirt and stood in nothing but her white cotton undies. She felt so naked that she was totally cowed now; she would do whatever Fiona said.

“Right,” said Fiona, “you know what your punishment is.”

Janey looked round. They were right in front of the pillory now. There were no volunteers in it at the moment. Fiona went and had a word with the owner. He looked at Janey and smiled.

“Brave girl,” he said, “but anything for charity eh!”

Janey put her head and arms into the pillory and it was closed on her holding her fast.

Fiona put up the banner proclaiming the five pounds a spank.

“Well, I’m off for my tea, look after this for me, will you,” said the pillory owner.
Stuck in the pillory Janey did a roaring trade. I mean, who can resist patting the bottom of a pretty and defenceless young girl, and generally all she got was a pat on the bottom. Not always though, there were those who took the opportunity to give her a sharp stinging spank, and even the daring few who took the message on her knickers literally and exposed a couple of bare chubby cheeks to spank.

Janey was amazed to find that she started becoming quite excited by the whole business. There was something extraordinarily sexy about being helpless at the mercy of the person who paid the money. Would they pat her, would they give her a good spank, would they even pull her knickers down? The excitement with each person was intoxicating.

After an hour though she began to feel a bit uncomfortable.

“When did that bloke say he was coming back?” she asked Fiona.

“He didn’t say, I don’t suppose he’ll be too long.”

“It’s just that I need to go for a pee.”

“Oh, we’d better let you out then,” said Fiona, “how do you open this thing, Kitty.”

“I don’t know,” said Kitty, “I wasn’t watching him.”

“Well you should have been.”

The girls puzzled over the catch on the pillory. They tried pushing, they tried pulling, they tried twisting, but they couldn’t get it to move. And all the time poor Janey was getting more and more desperate.

“Haven’t you got it done yet,” she wailed, “I’ll be going in my knickers if you don’t hurry up.”

“I think it must need a spanner,” said Fiona, “come on Kit, we’ll have to try and find the bloke.”

And off they went running towards the café to see if he was still having tea. Ten minutes of searching found nothing though, and they thought they’d better go back and have another try.

When they got back Janey was alone in the clearing, still locked in the pillory. Her face was bright red, and there was no sign of her knickers.

“What happened?” shrieked Fiona, mortified.

“Don’t ask,” said Janey, “just don’t ask. Let’s just say there’s a troop of very happy boy scouts somewhere in the park who have done their good deed for the day, and I don’t need to pee any more.”

“Oh,” said Fiona, “but where are your knickers.”

“I don’t know,” said Janey, “and to tell the truth, I don’t want to know.”

“Oh!” Kitty interjected, “I see how you do it. You just slide this thing along here!”

“A bit late now,” muttered Janey.

“Hold on a second Kit,” said Fiona, “there’s something I have to do first.”

“Hey, what are you doing,” yelled Janey.

“Just a little extra treat,” said Fiona.

“You’ve unclipped my bra! It’s going to fall off

“It’s not going to fall off,” said Fiona, “it’s a good job it’s strapless so I can just pull it off. And there it goes,” and with perhaps more gay abandon than was entirely necessary she threw it up in the air.

Janey watched it go up, but she did not see it come down.

“Now look what you’ve done, it’s stuck in a bloody tree,” she shouted, “you’d better give me back my tee shirt and skirt.” Kitty and Fiona looked at each other.

“Er, we threw them in a bin,” said Fiona.

“We didn’t think you’d need them again,” said Kitty.

“My God! I’m stark naked,” shouted Janey, though not so loud that it would attract a crowd, “I can’t go home like this.”

“Can’t see why not,” said Fiona, “you made me run round naked in the snow, and you made Kitty play tennis in the nude. It’s jolly well your turn now. So you come home naked with us, or we’ll jolly well leave you like this in the pillory

Janey was beaten. She was stuck naked in a pillory. She’d just wet her knickers, and Fiona was bossing her about. Little Fiona was bossing her about, and she found she wanted to be bossed about.

“All right,” she said, “but we’re going to have to run.”

And she set off at a run, with Kitty running alongside her and Fiona scampering along behind carrying the bags and the very full collection bucket. The charity was going to do very well out of the day!

They ran back through the park, along the main road, into the side streets and then at last home. Janey was exhausted, but she’d made it; she was home. People had stopped, people had stared, but nobody had said anything and nobody had done anything. After all it was Smile Face Day when people were urged to ‘Do something loony for lolly’, and what could be more loony than running through the town stark naked?

It was close on six o’clock when the girls got back and Fiona made Janey stay naked for the evening meal. Janey was wondering what the girls might have planned for her for the evening. If truth be told, the girls were sorry that they hadn’t planned anything. Then Fiona had an idea.

“You take a bath,” she said to Janey, “you’re all sweaty after the exertions of the day. We might have something special for you when you come out

As soon as Janey was in the bath she slipped out the house.

“Keep her busy till I get back,” she shouted at Kitty.

It was with some trepidation that Janey crept out the bathroom half an hour later. Fiona was bound to have cooked up something dreadful. But she was taken aback by what she found in the living room. It was not at all what she had expected. The pillory was standing in the middle of the room.

“I borrowed it from the man,” said Fiona, “he was so pleased with the amount of money you’d made him.”

“But what am I supposed to do with it?” asked Janey

“I should have thought that was obvious,” said Fiona, “stick your head and arms in it. You seemed to like it so much today I’m sure you’d enjoy another go.”

So, still naked, Janey did as she was told. After all, Fiona had told her to, and she was now so used to doing exactly what Fiona said.

“Right,” said Fiona, “you’ll be wanting to know what’s going to happen.”

“Well, yes,” said Janey.

“We’re going to spank you.”

“What!” said Janey

“Well, I thought nobody gave you a real spanking today. And the offer was open to us as much as anyone, so I thought we’d put you in the pillory and spank you.”

“You can’t do that!”

“Oh, yes we can,” said Fiona and she landed a hard stinging spank on Janey’s left cheek.

“Ow!” said Janey, “that hurt.”

“It was supposed to,” said Fiona, “it’s our little revenge for the evenings you cooked up for us. Come on Kit”, and she landed a spank on the right cheek.

Kitty joined in with a will until Janey’s bottom was red and glowing. But a strange thing happened for Janey. Even though her bottom was stinging the sensation was, to put it mildly, very stimulating. She found the excitement intensified with each slap. She started to wriggle her bottom every time with excitement. It was partly the feel of the girl’s hands on her bottom, partly the stinging and very much the excitement of being trapped at their mercy, having to submit to their will.

She grew more and more excited, and more and more aroused.

“Fi! Kit! Oh my God! Help me out!” and they could see what was happening. And they did.

So Janey’s day in the pillory, like Fiona’s in the bath, and Kitty’s in the taxi on the way home ended in an exciting climax.

When she had recovered her self composure Janey had to go and shower to clean the sweat off her skin, and to rub some cream into her red bottom. But when she came back into the room she was greeted by an extraordinary sight.

Little Fiona had stripped stark naked and was held fast in the pillory.

“What the?” said Janey to Kitty

“Well she felt that after today she deserved it, “said Kitty.

But whether she meant the spanking or the orgasm wasn’t entirely clear.

Three Girls on Holiday - Friday
Mon Apr 6, 2009 18:43
86.131.111.246

The girls were deciding where to go on holiday together. Not surprisingly they all had different ideas. For Kitty, the madcap, the only place would be somewhere with plenty of exciting action: somewhere hot (in all senses of the word) with plenty of clubs, plenty of sun and plenty of boys – Ayia Napa perhaps or Ibiza. Janey, the bossy one, wanted somewhere with sophistication, sun, sea and sand, yes, but sophistication as well – Nice, Antibes or that little French island in the Caribbean. Fiona, the shy one, fancied a walking holiday bird watching in the Outer Hebrides (but who took any notice of her). So quite how they ended up in the hotel just outside Penzance was a bit of a mystery. Perhaps it had something to do with Janey not fancying the mosquitoes, or Kitty deciding that she didn’t like flying, or Fiona discovering that a red backed shrike had been seen in the area. Or perhaps it had something to do with the fact that on looking at their savings accounts, and the plummeting pound, they discovered that it was all they could afford. Whatever the reason Penzance offered a bit of something for everybody. It had night life (of a sort), it had sophistication (in limited quantities), it had sun (when it wasn’t raining) and it held out the promise of a red backed shrike.

They were to travel down on the train on Friday from Paddington (£15 advance booking, off peak, limited offer, with special voucher from The Sun newspaper). And they clambered on board at ten o’clock that Friday morning dragging their bags behind them. Fiona had her things in a handy rucksack, Janey had a smart designer suitcase, and Kitty had three of those big floppy carry bags that everyone uses nowadays. Quite why she needed quite so many clothes, Fiona couldn’t begin to understand.

It didn’t take Kitty long to come up with one of her madcap schemes.

“We need to liven this holiday up a bit. I know. I’ve got a little dare for Fiona.”

“Oh no you don’t,” said Fiona, she had all too vivid memories of Kitty’s last madcap dare!

“But it’s just a little dare!”

“I don’t care if it’s absolutely Lilliputian, there’s no way I’m going to do it. Why does it have to be me anyway? Why don’t you do it?”

“There’s a very good reason for that,” said Kitty.

“And that is?”

“I thought of it. Anyway, it’s much funnier if you do it.”

“Girls, girls,” said Janey, “stop squabbling. I’ll decide who does the dares. What is it anyway?”

“Just to go to the loo and leave the door unlocked. Not much really,” pouted Kitty sulking slightly.

“No way!” said Fiona, “No bloody way!”

“Chicken,” said Kitty, “Scaredy-cat!”

She got up and moved out into the aisle.

“Where are you going,” asked Fiona.

“To the loo.”

“What! You’re not going to leave the door unlocked are you?”

“Bloody hell no! I’m not a complete idiot!”

Fiona, didn’t like the implication. The implication being that she, Fiona, was a complete idiot who would be persuaded to do such a thing. She determined on a little revenge for Kitty, a revenge that Kitty well and truly deserved. As Kitty moved down the aisle she put her finger silently to her lips and motioned to Janey to follow her. They were just in time to see Kitty go into the loo at the end of the carriage and they heard the door firmly bolt shut.

They crept up to the door. Now you may not know it, but there is a way to unlock the doors on these toilets from the outside. There has to be, in case somebody collapses inside. Why should Fiona know this? From whence had she obtained this recondite knowledge? That, we will never know, we just know that she put this knowledge to good use and slowly and silently manipulated the lock from the outside so that it slid unlocked.

“Serve her right,” thought Fiona as she and Janey retreated back down the carriage. They looked round and were pleased to see a young man making his way down the aisle. They were even more pleased by the loud shriek that emanated from inside when he opened the door.

Kitty came storming back up the carriage.

“Who did that!” she demanded, “I know it was one of you. Which one was it?”

Janey wouldn’t have let on, but it must have been plain to see, because Fiona’s face turned bright red. Not for the first time Fiona cursed her terrible propensity to blush at the first sign of anything embarrassing.

Kitty looked at Fiona, her dark enamelled eyes flashing and her auburn hair glinting.

“I’ll get you back for that!” she said, her light Donegal brogue just breaking through in her anger, “Just you wait. I’ll get you back for that!”

The station in Penzance was grey and misty, with a light drizzle falling when they arrived. They forlornly bundled their cases into a taxi and headed for The Manor Hotel, where they had booked a weekend break (Summer Super Saver, £60 a day, three in a room, continental breakfast included, no refunds, ten coupons from the Guardian newspaper).

It was, it must be said, a nice hotel. The sort which is converted from an old Country House by the addition of a bedroom block and patronised principally by business conferences, which was why business was slow in August when businessmen go on holiday (to Tuscany, not Penzance).

They had a nice room with a big king size double bed and a put down sofa bed.

“Oh dear!” said Kitty to Janey disingenuously, “I didn’t know we’d be sharing a double bed.”

“It’s all right, we don’t have to sleep with a sword between us you know,” replied Janey winking.

“Why do you assume that I’m getting the little bed,” interposed Fiona.

“Because you’re little,” replied Kitty, as if this were an obvious conclusion.

“Well, I want to be in the big bed,” replied Fiona

“Oh! Three in a bed,” said Janey, “we are getting kinky. I didn’t think you had it in you.”

“Er… I’m taking a shower,” said Fiona, blushing again and embarrassed at the turn the conversation was taking, and she scampered off to the bathroom, carefully locking the door behind her, aware of the fact that Kitty would still be plotting her revenge.

Kitty was indeed plotting her revenge and Janey was all too ready to form an alliance against her. This may be thought a bit mean, but Janey wanted a bit of revenge for being left in the pillory on her birthday. As they heard the shower water start to run, they whispered together.

Little Fiona was in the shower. It had been a long hot day and she was sweaty from the journey. She loved the feel of the hot water stinging against her skin. What she liked to do particularly was run the water freezing cold until her skin was like ice, and then turn it quickly to hot so that the stinging jets turned her bare skin bright red and it tingled all over. It was an amazingly erotic sensation and it made her nipples stand out proud and erect. She rubbed them sensitively. That felt good. Her other hand automatically found its way to its accustomed place and she massaged gently. That felt good as well. She was glad to be on holiday. She could sense they were going to have fun.

Then suddenly she was plunged into pitch darkness. The bathroom was on the interior wall of the bedroom and had no external window, and the light switch was, as required by British safety regulations, on the outside of the door. The girls had switched off the light and plunged her into total blackness. She leapt out the shower, stumbled over to the door and banged on it.

The rotters! If this was Kitty’s idea of revenge, it was a bloody silly one. She banged on the door again. All was silent. She heard the outside door of the room open and close. The bloody rotters! They’d gone off and left her in the dark!

She opened the door. The bedroom was in darkness as well. Still naked she opened the door a bit wider to feel round for the light switch. Suddenly a hand grabbed her wrist and she was pulled out of the bathroom. Her wrist was twisted so that her arm was held behind her back. Then suddenly the light was switched on and she saw Janey standing in front of her holding the door into the corridor open. Fiona suddenly realised what was going to happen.

“Kitty! No, please, no!”

This was Kitty’s revenge. Fiona realised that Kitty was going to push her out into the corridor stark naked. And then how on earth would she get back in!

Kitty held her immobile looking at the open door into the corridor. It was good to let her contemplate her fate for a while. And then Fiona felt Kitty’s free hand feel round her front, down there, where her sensitive spot was, where her own hand was accustomed to go, and she felt Kitty massaging it gently.

“Kitty! Please! No!”

“Got to get you worked up, Fi, we all know you like it,” it would be nice to hear her beg.

“Kitty, please! Please!” she felt herself damp between her legs.

“Say you’re sorry, Fiona. Say you’ve been very, very naughty and you won’t do it again!”, and she gave her another tweak in her sensitive spot.

“Please Kitty. I’m sorry Kitty. I’ve been a very, very naughty girl and I won’t do it again,” she was feeling positively wet between the legs.

“Beg,” said Fiona.

“I’m begging. I’m begging. Please Kitty. No!”

Kitty just smiled. She’d got her apology. Fiona could now go out.

Poor Fiona. Her entreaties had been all to no avail. She found herself propelled out into the corridor and the door slammed behind her. She looked up and down horrified. There was nobody there. She banged on the door and shouted, “Kitty! Janey! Let me in. Please! I’m a naughty girl. I’m begging. Please!”

Kitty shouted at her through the door, “Don’t worry Fi, we left the door key card at the end of the corridor, you’ve only got to run down to the end to get it.”

“You rotters! You bloody rotters!” shouted Fiona, but quietly as she suddenly was aware that she might be attracting attention.

The she realised that she was wasting time. She had to get to the end of a very long corridor and back before anybody came – completely in the nude! There was nothing for it. She was going to have to run! Fortunately for Fiona she was slim, not to say lithe, and quite athletic. She could run quite fast. Running naked though wasn’t really that easy. I don’t know if you’ve seen a naked girl running. If you have you’ll know that unsupported bosoms bounce up and down. Fiona’s weren’t large. But on the other hand, they weren’t small either. She grabbed one in either hand and set off, scampering down the corridor. She passed bedrooms, she passed the lifts, she passed the emergency fire stairs and at last she reached the end of the corridor. With a sigh of relief she found the card key stuck in a potted plant.

She picked it up and turned to scamper back and as she did so she heard an ominous sound. The lift coming to a halt on her floor. Any second now the doors would start to open and she would be trapped. There was only one thing she could think of to do. She fled to the fire stairs and hid in there. She heard the people come out of the lift and stop in the corridor to chat. Oh well! She’d just have to wait until they moved on, except that she heard a noise from further down the stairs. Some stupid super-fit fools had decided to walk up the stairs rather than take the lift. Fiona was trapped. It was the top floor and she couldn’t go up any further. She had two options – to walk out on to the corridor or to wait for the people coming up. Her mouth went dry and she could hear her heart pounding in her ears.

That half remembered sensation – a mixture of excitement and embarrassment – that she had experienced on her birthday came back to her. She was going to get caught – naked! And there was nothing she could do about it. She felt that sudden rush of moisture between her legs again, and her bare nipples hardened as she found her fingers working herself up into the necessary state of excitement: excited enough to give her the courage to act.

For she had determined on a course of action. She didn’t want to get caught skulking on the stairs, so she would have to walk back along he corridor to the room. After all, she reasoned, this was England, the country where nobody likes to make a fuss. The most likely reaction of an Englishman to seeing a naked girl emerge into a corridor would be to go bright red and pretend nothing unusual was happening.

So, legs trembling, heart thumping, face like a tomato and covered in goose pimples she emerged into the corridor and steeled herself to walking back to the room. Three men were standing in the corridor, so that she would almost have to push past them.

At first Jonathan didn’t notice her; then he turned to look – my God, there was a naked girl walking down the corridor. His heart missed a beat, he went bright red and tried to pretend nothing unusual was happening.

Fiona approached him; if nobody moved out of the way soon, she was definitely going to have to push past. At last, when she was almost there, Jonathan moved.

“Sorry, I was about to block your passage,” he croaked, submitting to the uncontrollable urge everyone feels to say something in an embarrassing situation. He suddenly realised he had said something vaguely rude to a naked girl.

Fiona felt another rush of wet excitement and her nipples hardened even more; she was trying hard to control herself as her deep breathing threatened to give her state away.

“Oh dear! Those are big breasts. I mean breaths,” the poor man couldn’t resist the urge to say something, and had only made it worse.

Fiona’s nerve broke and she ran shrieking down the corridor, before she had an orgasm on the spot, and banged on the door, trying desperately to get the key card to work. Eventually she managed to get the door open and flung herself onto the put down bed banging it with her left hand as her back arched and her muscles contracted, her right hand in its accustomed place bringing her to a climax..

“You rotters,” she shouted as she lay there relaxing, drenched in perspiration, “you double dog rotters. There’s no way I’m getting into bed with you now!”

She looked round. The other two had already gone to bed and they weren’t listening. From the sound of it they didn’t seem to have a sword between them.

She climbed into her own bed.

“Rotters!” she said to herself. They weren’t going to get away with it!

Three Girls on Holiday - Saturday

Fiona glowered at the other two over breakfast the next morning, but they only laughed uproariously at the account of her adventure. The girls stared out of the window. The rain was coming down in torrents outside.

“Never mind,” said Kitty there’s a great indoor pool and gym here. We can go there this morning.

The hotel thoughtfully provided towelling robes to wear down to the pool so the girls decided to change into their costumes in the room. Janey slipped on her new skimpy bikini. Kitty looked at her aghast.

“Janey,” she admonished, “you can’t wear that!”

“Why not, it’s not as small as yours.”

“Well, you can’t wear one as small as me.”

“What do you mean. ‘Can’t wear one as small as you’?”

“I would have thought that was obvious.”

“Well it isn’t”

“If you insist on me spelling it out then. My bottom isn’t as big as yours.”

“Are you saying I’ve got a big bottom!”

“I didn’t say that. It’s just that it’s too big for that bikini”

“It’s no bigger than your bottom”

Kitty was horrified. Janey had actually implied that she had a big bottom; she who was so proud of her figure. Her bottom was voluptuous, not big! Janey was going to regret that remark.

They set off down to the pool: Janey in her little bikini, Kitty in her even littler bikini and Fiona in her one piece swimsuit. They slipped off their robes beside the pool. Kitty didn’t say anything; a plan was forming in her brain. She slipped behind Janey as she moved to the end of the pool to dive in. Janey’s little bikini bottom was tied at the side in little bows with tapes. Kitty had noticed this and had worked out that if she just got hold of the end of one of the tapes on either side and held on while Janey dived in, then the little bikini bottom would come right off in her hands. The temptation was too great: as Janey moved to dive Kitty grabbed hold of the tapes and held on. It worked a treat, Janey went headlong into the pool and Kitty was left holding the bikini bottom in her hands convulsed with laughter.

It must be said that she probably wouldn’t have done it if the swimming pool hadn’t been empty except for the three girls, so Janey had no real right to be so upset when it was suddenly invaded by the group of men that Fiona had encountered the day before, escaping from the rain as well.

Kitty laughed even more. Everybody was going to see how big Janey’s bottom was now! Janey glowered at Kitty.

“Do you want some help?” mouthed Kitty

“Bastard,” replied Janey, and Kitty plunged in beside her.

But instead of handing her back her bikini bottom as she had expected she was taken totally by surprise as Kitty unfastened the back of her bikini top. Poor Janey unable to move for fear of exposing her bare posterior suddenly found she had nothing on at all and she was trapped in the water until the men went away.

“Bastard, bastard,” she whispered at Kitty. She would of course have yelled, had it not been for her fear of attracting attention.

If Kitty was pleased Fiona was ecstatic. That rotter Janey had conspired to embarrass her the day before and made her sleep in the little bed; it just wasn’t enough for her to hide in the water. She had to be properly punished. She had to be humiliated and a crazy idea occurred to her. The little, wouldn’t say boo to a goose Fiona, on impulse, turned round and accidentally on purpose bashed the fire alarm button. Janey was going not only to vacate the pool. She was going to have to vacate the building. And they were going to make sure she didn’t have any clothes when she did so!

Kitty and Fiona dashed out taking Janey’s bikini and their clothes with them. Janey was left stranded in the pool hugging the side so as not to be seen. The men started to leave. Jonathan noticed the girl still in the pool; she obviously hadn’t heard the alarm.

“Er.. Miss,” he said, “we have to leave the building.”

Janey pretended not to hear.

“That’s the fire alarm Miss. You have to leave.”

Janey realised she was going to have to get out. She had seen who had pressed the alarm. Little Goodie-two-shoes Fiona was going to have to pay for this.

Jonathan stayed back to make sure the girl got out safely. Oh Dear! He turned bright red as a majestic, and rather broad in the beam girl rose, naked like Venus in a Botticelli painting, from the water and stalked towards him.

“What are you staring at,” she demanded, as if it wasn’t obvious.

“Nothing. I mean er… Just you’re a Botticelli,.” Jonathan blushed even redder.

And Janey blushed even redder. Even he was looking at her bottie! She ran for the changing room to get a towel.

When she joined the others on the lawn, towel wrapped round her, the hotel staff determined it was a false alarm. She glowered at little Fiona.

“Just you wait,” she said. The battle was on.

Fiona, still intoxicated by her success, just got hold of the towel and pulled it off.

Janey shrieked and high tailed it for the hotel.

“Just you wait!” She shouted back at Fiona, “You’ll see. Just you wait!”

By the afternoon the sun had got out so the girls went down to the beach. Kitty remained silent on the subject of bottoms and Janey even more silent on the subject of fire alarms. She had however taken the opportunity to visit one of the local shops which she had noticed along the sea front. Once more Janey and Kitty were in their little bikinis and Fiona put on her one piece swimsuit. The sun was hot the wind was cool and the water was wet. By six o’clock the sun was setting into the western bay and Janey, judging the time right and that by now Fiona would be off her guard, took a little packet out of her bag. She went over to Fiona and before little Fiona knew what was happening she had grabbed the front of her demure one piece swimsuit, pulled the top forwards and poured the content of the packet down the front.

“What are you doing?” gasped Fiona

“Paying you back,” said Janey, unable to hide the grin on her face, “that was itching powder. I got from the joke shop in town and it’s just gone all down your front! Come on Kitty! Run!” and the two girls picked up all the things and hared back to the room. Poor little Fiona could only scamper on behind, the effects of the itching powder already becoming all too obvious. She was not only starting to itch between her bosoms and down her stomach, but the powder had gone all the way down the front, working it’s way down her stomach and right between her legs. And as she ran, once it got there it worked its way in between her private lips where it itched tormentingly and embarrassingly. Fiona began to scratch. And the more she scratched, the more it worked its way in and the more it itched, until she was standing in the hotel lift in her swim suit, poking her fingers inside and scratching for all she was worth between her legs, only stopping when people started coming in. She ran along the corridor to the bedroom and banged on the door.

“You Rotters!” she shouted, “let me in, I’ve got to get this costume off!”

“Well, take it off then,” said Janey, “we’re not stopping you!”

“I can’t take it off in the corridor; I’ve got nothing else to put on.”

“Tough!” said Janey.

Poor Fiona banged on the door and banged again, but all to no avail. The itching ‘down below’ was getting intolerable; she just had to get the costume off, but she couldn’t just strip off in the corridor. Rubbing furiously with her hand in the front of her costume she rushed to the fire stairs. She was hoping to run down to the Ladies restroom and take it off there, but once she was on the stairs she knew she wasn’t going to make it. She looked around. The fire stairs were deserted. Well only super-fit idiots walked up five floors of fire stairs when there was a perfectly good lift. She tore off her costume. It was heaven. It wasn’t that the itching stopped, but it was so much nicer too be in the nude, so much more soothing. She still needed to scratch, but at least now she could scratch in comfort. She closed her eyes, put her head back, opened her legs wide apart and gently massaged between her labia. Oooooh! It was lovely, just what it needed. Such a relief and well…. Rather stimulating as well. She was thinking what she would have to do. She’d have to go down the stairs and put the wretched costume back on to go to the Ladies, then perhaps she could take it off and rinse it out. She was rubbing gently, soothingly; it was so nice when suddenly.

Aaaatchhoo! A loud sneeze broke the silence.

Jonathan could never be bothered to wait for lifts. Only lazy people took lifts anyway. He reckoned he could run up the stairs as fast as anybody taking the lift. That was unless there was somebody blocking the way! The sight of the girl sent him into paroxysms of embarrassment again. What on earth was going on in this hotel? He knew men who would have taken advantage of the situation, but seeing her sitting there stark naked, legs wide apart rubbing her… well you know what… he didn’t quite even like to say the word to himself. His only thought was to tiptoe back down quietly before she realised he was there. The only problem was that his nose had started itching furiously, almost as bad as if there was itching powder floating about in the air. He mustn’t sneeze, he said to himself, as he backed carefully down. He mustn’t sneeze, but of course he did.

Fiona sat up with a start, ramming her legs together so fast she caught her fingers between them still inside and sat staring at the man with her hand in that compromising position.

“Oh! I wasn’t er… I mean I wouldn’t er….” She was so embarrassed she didn’t quite know what to say.

“Oh I’m sorry,” said Jonathan, bright red, and trying to avert his gaze, “I was just looking up…. Er I mean I saw you getting up er…” his voice tailed away as he realised he was just making things worse. He turned and ran down the stairs as quickly as he could.

Poor little Fiona put the wretched costume back on and made her way in a torture of itchiness down to the Ladies rest room, where she rinsed out the costume and sat morosely in the cubicle until she hoped she had paid enough penance to be allowed back into the bedroom. Then she crept back up the stairs. The door of the bedroom had been left open and the other two seemed to have retired to bed early.

Whatever it had been in the itching powder having worked its way up between her labia, she was still tormented by an itch ‘down there’. A pleasurable torment in some ways, but a torment nevertheless. ‘The Rotters!’ she said to herself. She decided that she would have to wash herself clean. She crept in through the bathroom door, closing it tight, and then switched on the little light over the mirror which she found could be operated by a pull cord inside the bathroom. She slipped off her costume and allowed herself one delightful scratch before turning on the shower jet. Unfortunately it wasn’t one of those jets she could detach from the wall, so in order to direct the water up her… well just up her, she had to lie on her back in the bath, bend her knees and open her legs wide. The jet of water hit just where it was needed. It was so soothing that she could only close her eyes again and enjoy the sensation.

Janey and Kitty heard her come in, and when they heard the shower turned on they had a good idea what she was doing. She’d be trying to wash off the itching powder. The sneaked over to the bathroom, slowly opened the door and… they had expected to see Fiona in the bath, so the sight of her lying eyes closed, head back, legs in the air, displaying her everything for their delight came as a bit of a surprise. A not unpleasurable surprise however. A sight which gave rise to a temptation they could not resist.

Fiona lying on her back with her eyes closed felt the fingers massaging and soothing her – just where they were needed. And as the fingers worked she felt the pleasure begin to mount; she groaned, and panted, her back arched and as the pleasure exploded within her she found out there were some advantages after all to being extra-sensitive ‘down there’.

Three Girls on Holiday - Sunday

The next day the sun could be seen outside, brightly shining on the curtains. Fiona lay in her little bed plotting revenge for the trick played on her the day before. She rubbed again ‘down below’ where the itch still hadn’t quite gone away. She looked round the room. From the sight of two nighties lying on the floor it looked as if Janey and Kitty hadn’t bothered with the sword in the bed. It must be explained here that whereas Fiona always wore a pair of floral print cotton pyjamas the other two girls wore nightdresses – Janey a fashionable work of French lingerie and Kitty a rather sheer little sexy ‘Baby Doll’ affair. Both these items of clothing could be seen lying unworn on the bedroom carpet. The bedclothes were turned back and the heaving bosoms of the two girls, still sleeping after their nightly activities, could be seen clearly in the morning light. This gave Fiona a wicked little idea.

She slipped into the bathroom where there was a telephone and rang down to room service ordering breakfast in the room for the three of them. Then she sat back and waited. Ten minutes later there came a little knock on the door. Before the other girls could react she had flung the door open and the waiter walked in with the breakfast tray.

His face was a picture, but to his credit he managed to place the breakfast tray down beside the bed without actually spilling anything. His entry however had woken the sleeping girls. It took them a few moments to realise that there was: a) a strange man in the room and, b) they were lying in bed together stark naked and bare breasted.

For the waiter the view made his morning, as he had not seen such an adorable sight for many a long day. Kitty’s bosoms were particularly adorable being so nicely rounded and wobbly, but they weren’t the only sight of interest in the room. His eyes wandered over the goodies on display. He felt himself turn pink and then red and then he managed just a little stammered, “Your breakfast ladies. Bon appétit,” and disappeared out of the room (somewhat reluctantly it must be admitted.)

The girls all dissolved into gales of laughter. Fiona, expecting retribution from the others, looked on slightly confused.

“Fiona!” gasped Kitty, “want do you think your doing.”

“I just thought he’d enjoy the view.”

“I’m sure he did,” said Kitty, “you forgot to put your pyjama bottoms on!”

Fiona looked down in horror. She remembered all of a sudden that the urge to rub herself during the night had been so great that she had taken off her pyjama pants and thrown them on the floor to make it easier. She had been so engrossed in her little plot that she had forgotten all about this. She felt herself again. Oh my God! Her jacket only came down to her waist; hoist by her own petard, she had just shown the poor man everything!

She put her hand to her mouth, and suddenly saw the funny side. She started to giggle, “What must he have thought!” she said and soon the girls were laughing so much that they had extreme difficulty buttering their toast.

“What shall we do today?” asked Kitty.

“I vote we go to the beach, “said Fiona.

Janey was not one for votes. Janey was one for deciding herself what was going to be done. It was a good job she wanted to go to the beach as well.

“We’re going to Sandy Cove,” she said, “according to the Guide Book it’s a lovely secluded beach about a mile and a half down the coast.”

“What are we going to do there?” asked Kitty.

“After that little trick she played this morning,” said Janey, looking pointedly at Fiona, “a certain naughty little girl is going to be stripped naked and made to walk all the way back in her birthday suit.”

Fiona just laughed. Janey would have her little joke.

They dressed in their costumes under their beach clothes for the walk along the cliff top to the beach - Janey in her little bikini, Kitty in her even littler bikini and Fiona in her one piece swimsuit. They took a picnic with them so that they could have lunch on the beach.

For once the weather was good. The sand was golden, the sea was warm and the eye of heaven shined for once, if not too hot, at least hot enough for a liberal application of suntan oil.

“Do me back for us, Fi,” said Janey, lying on her stomach on her towel and unhitching the hook on her bikini top, having liberally oiled her front against the sun’s rays. She put her head on her hands and closed her eyes. The sensation of Fiona’s hands massaging the oil into her back was really rather pleasant - rubbing gently into the small of her back, her feet, her calves, her thighs, her bottom. Her bottom!

She jumped up quickly and her bikini bottom fell down. Fiona had unfastened it at the sides and was even now scampering down to the waters edge, safe in the knowledge that Janey was in no position to chase after her.

“I’m going for a plodge,” she shouted back over her shoulder as Janey struggled to do up her bikini bottom. Janey looked at the retreating figure, trying to work out a way in which she could really make the girl walk back to the hotel in her birthday suit.

The rest of the day passed peacefully enough, but it wasn’t until late afternoon that Fiona at last plucked up the courage to try a swim in the big rollers that pounded on the beach.

She came back up the beach dripping wet.

“I’m having one last lie in the sun to warm up,” she said, and lay down on the sand. “Ugh… this costume’s horrible and wet,” she gasped as she lay back.

“Well, you should have proper bikini like us,” said Kitty, “mine dries off in no time.”

“I don’t want to lie in this, “said Fiona, “and I only brought one costume.”

“More fool you,” said Janey, “you’ll just have to sunbathe in the altogether.”

“Ha ha! Very funny,” said Fiona.

“Seriously,” said Janey, “Take your costume off under the towel, then you can lie on the beach with the towel covering you.”

“Only if you promise, promise, promise, not to pull the towel off when I’ve got nothing on underneath.”

“We promise,” said Kitty.

“Absolutely,” said Janey

“All right then, “said Fiona and she wrapped the towel round herself and slipped her costume off.

No sooner was the costume off, though, and safely put on a rock to dry, than Kitty grabbed hold of the towel and whipped it off, leaving poor Fiona starkers in the middle of the beach.

“You Rotters! Rotters! Double Dog Rotters!” shouted Fiona, “You promised! You promised!” and she tried to grab the towel, but as she went for it, Kitty threw it over her head to Janey standing behind Fiona. Fiona, being only little couldn’t reach it even by jumping as high as she could. Janey caught it and as Fiona made a grab for it again, she threw it back over her head to Kitty. The other people on the beach looked on in evident delight at this game of nude piggy in the middle. Evidently a variation on the game which they had not witnessed before.

Eventually Janey took pity on her and handed her the towel. Fiona took it sulking and lay back on the sand, putting the towel over herself to catch the last rays of the sun. She was tired after her disturbed night sleep with all that itching ‘down below’ and she soon fell asleep. The last words which the others heard before her regular breathing told them she had nodded off were, “Double Dog Rotters! You promised!”

Janey and Kitty let her sleep for a while then Kitty said, “Better be getting back then.”

“Better had,” said Janey and they packed up all the clothes into their bags.

“Better pack Fiona’s clothes then,” said Kitty looking at the still recumbent figure, “she’ll not be needing them.”

“Better had,” said Janey.

“Better take her towel as well,” said Kitty, “she’ll not be needing that.

“Better had,” said Janey, and they gently removed the towel from the still sleeping figure and packed it. The two girls crept silently away and it wasn’t until they were well out of earshot that they collapsed into hysterical laughter.

Fiona woke with a sudden start. Was that a red backed shrike she had heard calling? But in a few seconds all thoughts of red backed shrikes disappeared from her head. The beach was totally deserted, the sun was sinking unseen west and she was in the nude. She shrieked louder even than a red backed shrike.

The Rotters! They had actually done it. They had actually left her to walk back to the hotel stark naked. She looked vainly round for them. They’d really left her naked on the beach. Tears came to her eyes. They were so rotten. They must think it really funny to humiliate her liken that. Not only would she have to walk back along the cliff top in the nude, she’d have to get back through the hotel, probably have to ask at reception for a key to let her in. It was too embarrassing. Too humiliating. They were being so rotten to her! She just played silly little tricks on them and they were being so rotten to her. With tears rolling down her face she started to creep back along the cliff top path. It was late, but still quite light in August and she had to keep a careful eye out for evening strollers. Oh My God! There was a man coming. She went down on her hands and knees and crept off the path.

For Jonathan an evening stroll was one of the best parts of the day, and at least he wouldn’t be surprised by naked girls here. Rather strangely he found himself a little disappointed by the thought that he wouldn’t be surprised by a naked girl here. Little did he know. Fiona, on her hands and knees in the shrubbery, saw him approaching, she realised she was still visible from the path, and she backed further into the shrubbery. Suddenly she felt an intense burning in her bottom.

“Aaaargh!” she leapt out of the shrubbery straight in front of Jonathan. She had unknowingly backed straight into a patch of stinging nettles of the most vicious kind. She rubbed her bottom vigorously; she had been stung all over it.

Jonathan looked on mouth open and eyes even wider open.

“Oooooh! I’ve been stung on my bottom!” gasped Fiona.

“Let’s have a look,” said Jonathan, “Oh sorry, I didn’t mean I wanted to look at your bottom, I meant I could have a look at the stings and well I suppose that it does mean looking at your bottom, but I thought that maybe if I could find a dock leaf then perhaps I could rub it in, in your bottom that is, but I couldn’t do that without looking at it I suppose, so I suppose I do need to look at your bottom, but what I mean was I wasn’t saying I wanted to look at your bottom just for the sake of looking at your bottom,” he stopped, realising that he was gabbling.

“Oh, just look at my bottom and have done with it,” said Fiona turning round and bending over.

“That’s a nasty sting,” said Jonathan, “I think those are dock leaves over there.”

“I’m not really sure dock leaves really help,” said Fiona, wiping her tear stained face.

“It’s probably just the rubbing,” said Jonathan, massaging the crushed dock leaves gently in.

Fiona smiled; there really was something quite nice about having her sore bottom soothed by a passing stranger.

“Don’t stop,” she said, “I think there’s some more dock leaves over there.”

Jonathan was only too happy to oblige, and whether it was the dock leaves or not, Fiona’s bottom felt a lot better for the attention it was getting.

Jonathan lent her his shirt and they walked back to the hotel together. Fiona attracted a few strange looks at reception asking for a duplicate key patently wearing a man’s shirt and nothing else, but I suppose somewhat fewer than if she hadn’t been wearing even the shirt. She promised to return Jonathan’s shirt to him in the morning. She winked, she might be going to get lucky there, she thought. Jonathan thought he had got lucky already.

Armed with her key card Fiona made her way back to the room and slipped in. The girls had already gone to bed, nighties untouched. Fiona decided to do the same. She pulled out her little sofa bed, took off the shirt, put on her pyjamas and slipped beneath the sheets. Thinking of her little adventure, and the pleasure of having her bottom rubbed, her hand moved down between her legs. Oh yes! She would have to! She pulled her pyjama bottoms down and drawing up her knees opened her legs wide. She started rubbing, working her fingers, insinuating them soothingly inside, it was not only soothing, it was really rather pleasurable. She started working her self up into a state of some excitement.

Janey and Kitty could hear little groans coming from Fiona’s bed. Janey nudged Kitty and they both giggled.

“Sounds like Fiona’s enjoying herself,” said Janey

“Is that what they call it?” said Kitty, “I’d have called it something else entirely. Well I think she should start enjoying us instead.”

At that moment the shouts of Fiona’s ecstasy echoed round the room.

“Come on Fi!” said Janey, “You don’t have to keep it all to yourself. There’s room in the bed for three, and for God’s sake take those ridiculous pyjamas off, Kitty’s already thrown the sword on the floor!”

Fiona's Treasure Hunt 1
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Fiona's Treasure Hunt

“Hey Guys, I’ve got a great idea for Sunday,” said Fiona as she burst into the room after returning from her meeting at the Local History Society.

Janey and Kitty looked aghast. Fiona’s idea of a great day out was sitting in a bird hide looking for the great crested shrike or attending a slide show on mediaeval brass rubbings.

Fiona was not slow to notice the looks on their faces.

“No, honestly,” she said, “the Local History Society is running a Treasure Hunt. You know, one of those things where you have to solve a series of clues to find your way to a prize. I thought we could go in for it together.”

“Boring, boring!” said Kitty.

Janey looked pointedly through her diary, “Oh dear,” she said, “I find I’m doing the crossword on Sunday.”

“Seriously Guys,” said Fiona, “it’ll be fun.”

“Boring,” said Kitty

“Crossword,” said Janey.

“Just because you’d be useless at it, it doesn’t mean you wouldn’t enjoy it,” said Fiona, “you needn’t worry about the clues – I’ll solve all of those. You can just come for the ride.”

“What do you mean – you’ll solve all the clues,” said Kitty, “I’ll have you know there are people who’d say I was the best clue solver in Donegal.”

“Yes, if you paid them enough,” said Fiona.

“If you want clue solving, I’m the one for that,” said Janey, “I fill in the Times crossword in under fifteen minutes every day.”

“Yes,” said Fiona, picking up Janey’s latest effort, “but you’re supposed to fill it in with the correct answers. Since when was ‘SGBRVT’ a word…”

“It could be Polish,” interjected Janey.

“…and you’re supposed to fill in the blank squares not write on the black ones,” continued Fiona oblivious.

“Well I bet you we could finish the course quicker than you,” said Kitty.

“A bet is it then,” said Fiona, “then you’re on. What’s the stake – five pounds?”

“Boring,” said Kitty.

“Twenty then.”

“I was thinking of something a bit more exciting. A bit more spicy,” said Kitty.

Fiona groaned, it sounded like another of Kitty’s madcap ideas.

“I’m not doing it stark bloody naked, if that’s what you mean,” said Fiona. She knew Kitty of old.

“Well, something along those lines,” said Kitty, “what are you – a scaredycat – afraid to put your money where your mouth is. If you’re so clever then you’ve nothing to worry about.”

“What do you mean – ‘Along those line’,” said Fiona, distinctly worried but not wanting to back down after her proud boast.

“Well, I thought, we’d race to see who gets first to each clue – you or the combined team of Janey and me. Whoever loses has to pay a forfeit. Something embarrassing to be thought up by the winners. I don’t know – doing the next clue with no knickers on. Harmless fun with a bit of spice. That might make it worth doing.”

Fiona thought it over. She had promised the group that she’d get the girls to take part. There wasn’t really any risk as she was bound to win. She could think up some harmless little dares for Kitty and Janey to do. No problem.

“You’re on,” she said.

“Pity,” said Janey, “I was looking forward to that crossword.

The girls had only one car between them so it was decided that Fiona would do the hunt on her bicycle. That would, suggested Kitty, act as a sort of handicap seeing that Fiona was so very clever.

They loaded up the car with the folding up bicycle on the roof-rack and the lunch in the boot.

“What’s for lunch,” asked Janey. Fiona always did lunch.

“Salad,” said Fiona, always the healthy eater.

“Tomatoes and cucumber. Ugh!” said Kitty, “what on earth do you want cucumber for?”

“I haven’t brought a cucumber,” said Fiona, and they were still bickering when they arrived at the start of the Treasure Hunt.

The members of the Local History club met in the car park at eleven o’clock and the sheets with the first clue were handed out.

Kitty and Janey looked at theirs, puzzled frowns on their faces. They looked across at Fiona, she was nodding to herself. Suddenly she leapt on her bike and pedalled off furiously.

They looked back at the sheet it read:

‘You first find this building. We say it has sails.
It’s old and it’s corny and doesn’t catch whales.’

“A building with sails,” must be some kind of sailing boat,” said Kitty.

“Well, you’d hardly call a sailing boat a building would you!” said Janey.

Kitty frowned then a gleam of understanding came into her face.

“I know! Woolworths,” she said.

“Woolworths,” said Janey puzzled.

“Yes,” said Kitty, “it’s in that old building next to the corn exchange.”

“But it doesn’t have sails.” Said Janey puzzled.

“Yes, it does. Closing down sales!”

“That’s spelt different,” said Janey.

“But the clue is ‘we say it has sails’. When it’s said ‘sales’ sounds like ‘sails’.“

“You’re right!” said Janey and they dashed to the car. If they were quick enough they might just catch Fiona on her bike.

Thirty minutes later Fiona was still waiting for them beside the old windmill. The next clue in her hand. The clue had been too easy, she thought, only windmills have sails, they’re old, and they were used to grind corn.

Kitty and Janey rolled up sheepishly. They had been all round Woolworths looking for the man with the next clue, before giving up, going back to the start and having to ask for the answer.

“This calls for a stiff penance,” said Fiona, when they had found there way to the windmill eventually.

Fiona delivered her decision on the penalty the girls would have to pay for their failure.

“Bras and knickers off, girls,” she said. She thought that was very daring, but it wasn’t really that hard for the girls, though they wished they’d dressed in jeans rather than sun dresses. They should have known it was coming.

They pulled them off and handed them over to Fiona who tucked them in her little rucksack.

“You’ll get them back, if you win the next one,” she said, “and, oh, I’ll take the car and you can have the bike.”

“But the two of us can’t ride,” expostulated Janey, “it’s not a tandem.”

“You should have thought of that before deciding I should take the bike,” said Fiona, snatching the car keys and running off. She had already worked out the next clue.

Kitty and Janey looked down at the scrap of paper with the next clue on it.

It read ‘An angry place for selling things.’

Kitty looked at it and grinned, “I know,” she said, “Woolworths. They’re all pretty angry at Woolworths.”

Janey, with great difficulty, restrained herself from pushing Kitty over.

“Climb on the bike,” she said, “I’ll give you a backers. You sit on the seat and I’ll pedal. We might catch her yet.”

“Where?”

“Oh, didn’t I say – it’s the Market Cross”

Janey set off pedalling furiously, although it would be a miracle if they could catch Fiona. Sometimes however in this life miracles happen. And that’s what happened this time. As they came over the top of the hill they saw their old Ford Fiesta parked at the side of the road with Fiona standing next to it holding an empty petrol can.

Of course! Janey realised that the car had been almost out of petrol. If Fiona had taken the bike she’d be home and dry, she was now stuck as the other two girls hurtled past her waving characteristic gestures. Hurriedly she dropped the petrol can and raced after them. But it was no good, they were freewheeling down the hill on the bicycle and Fiona could only run. She was soon out of breath, and it wasn’t long before she was reduced to a walk.

But then something happened that gave her hope. Riding a bike giving someone a backers, it wasn’t easy to keep the bike balanced, as they entered the edge of the village the bike hit a pothole and Kitty went flying off. Fortunately she made a relatively soft landing on the grass verge; unfortunately the soft landing involved her being upside down. And upside down is not the position you want to be in wearing a short skirt and no knickers. Kitty suddenly felt a cool breeze blowing over her bare behind, and realised that she was bottom up with her dress over her head.

Unfortunately for poor Fiona the sight was so hilarious that she stopped running and started laughing. But for that she might even have won. But for that Kitty might not have decided to put her plan for revenge into action.

As it was there was a mad dash to reach the market cross first.

Janey and Kitty were there first and grabbed the next clue.

Fiona dug into her little rucksack and handed over the underwear. Nervously she put her hands up her skirt and started to pull her own knickers down.

“Not so fast,” said Kitty, “we’ve got a different plan for you.”

“Oh,” said Fiona in some trepidation, hastily pulling her knickers back up, “What?”

“Take your skirt and blouse off.”

“What!”

“Come on – that’s your punishment. You can’t back out now.”

“But I can’t go and find the next clue in my bra and knickers.”

“Perhaps not, but we have arranged a little bit of fun. Come on, take them off.”

Fiona went and hid behind a wall, took off her blouse and skirt and threw them out to the waiting girls. She cowered nervously in hiding. She just couldn’t walk round just in her knickers, however respectable they might be.

“What sort of fun?” she asked nervously.

“This fun,” said Kitty, removing from her bag one of those straps with a combination lock that people put round their luggage when they go on holiday. She put Fiona’s skirt and blouse in her little rucksack and wrapped the strap with the combination lock round and round. Until Fiona worked out the combination, she couldn’t get her skirt and blouse back.

Fiona's Treasure Hunt -2
Sun May 3, 2009 13:42
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Fiona gets a chance to indulge in her favourite pastime (and it isn't bird watching!)

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It was a nice dilemma for Fiona. Either she wasted time finding the combination (it was a three number lock so it would take her about twenty minutes to try all the numbers) or she ran back to the car grabbed the petrol can and went off to fill it up in her bra and knickers. It was hopeless. She’d have to give up all chance of winning this clue. get her clothes back and get the car filled up. She’d just have to hope that Kitty and Janey couldn’t solve the clue.

She looked at the clue:

‘I keep things shut up but haven’t a key
But if you’re skinny you can get through me’

She knew the answer immediately. The lock on the canal. A lock without a key, which the narrow boats (that is to say skinny) went through. She stood a chance. Kitty and Janey would no doubt be off to Woolworths. She would just have to brazen it out. She put on her rucksack and stepped out into the road. She just wouldn’t look at anyone. She was quite respectable in bra and knickers, it was just that they were, well, bra and knickers.

Fiona ran back up to the road to the car, hoping that if any one noticed her (well it was hardly likely that they wouldn’t) they would think she was just in a little white bikini.

She grabbed the petrol can and ran back down to where there was a little petrol station at the edge of the village. It was only when she was half way there that she realised that she hadn’t got any money and had to run back up to get a few pound coins from the little supply they kept in the ashtray for parking meters. She ran back down to the petrol station.

Tom, sitting in his little pay office at the filling station, thought he must be in the most boring job in the world. He thought this was probably the most boring day of his life, the most boring day in fact since Boris the Bore bored himself to death boring for England. Then he looked out of the window and changed his mind. A rather slight girl of small stature was tentatively filling a petrol can at one of the pumps. He did a double take. She couldn’t be! She was! She was wearing only a pair of skimpy white cotton panties and a white bra. He blinked. This sort of thing didn’t happen to him. The girl looked up, saw him and blushed furiously. He looked quickly away, but his eyes were inevitably drawn back to the sight.

Poor Fiona could feel herself turning bright red. Why did she have to blush so easily! She felt so embarrassed but she just had to continue on. But mixed in that embarrassment was that old feeling of naughty excitement that she had learned to feel when she was being embarrassed. She felt the old tingle in her sex as it moistened and longed to give it a sly rub. It was, she knew, a thing that she shouldn’t do. But she did so enjoy doing it. It was shy little Fiona’s secret vice. Every night when she was tucked up in her little bed her little pyjama bottoms would come down and her little fingers would be put to work to pleasure her to sleep. She found her hand involuntarily slipping down there. She just had to do it. One quick feel under the cover of putting the hose away.

Tom couldn’t tear his eyes away. And here she was coming towards his little office to pay.

Fiona knew she would have to pay in the office as you could only pay at the pump with a credit card. She would just have to brazen it out. She marched up to the counter and handed over her money.

Tom’s eyes were inevitably drawn down to the point where her legs met. He couldn’t believe what he saw. Oh My God!

It wasn’t until she was leaving the office that Fiona looked down and saw what Tom had seen. The moisture had seeped into her panties and left a visible damp patch over her sex.

She shrieked and ran. Her only thought was to get back to the car as quickly as she could. She ran and ran, poured the petrol in and roared off.
If Kitty and Janey had gone off to Woolworths again she might just stand a chance.

But it was no good. When she arrived at the lock they were standing there with the next clue in their hands.

Fiona sneaked out the car in her bra and panties, fearful of what the extra penance might be.

Kitty took her little rucksack, twiddled the dial on the combination lock and opened it up. She held out her hand.

“Let’s have them then.”

“What!”

“Your bra and knickers. Hand them over. You can’t back out now. This was your idea you know.”

“You can’t. You can’t,” pleaded Fiona.

“Oh yes we can, “said Kitty, “hand them over.”

“No please,” said Fiona, “Janey. Kitty. Please. Please.”

But the girls were as adamant. Kitty held out her hand. Fiona knew she was beaten. Nervously she retired behind a bush and slipped off her remaining clothes except for her shoes and little cotton socks. She handed them over and Kitty locked them up safely back in the bag again.

Little Fiona was left naked with her rucksack hiding in the bushes.

“Oh, and we’ll take the car back,” said Kitty, commandeering the keys. And the two girls set off for the next clue leaving poor Fiona naked and holding her little rucksack.

Fiona was left crouching in the bushes. The realisation that she was stranded completely naked led to another surge of that old naughty excitement. Her fingers wandered again to their favourite place.

It was a funny thing with Fiona; she was normally so very, very shy, but when she became excited it seemed to totally release her inhibitions, as if some sort of floodgates had been breached. She suddenly felt the most extraordinary urge to cycle to the next clue in the nude. She looked down at the piece of paper with the clue. It was easy.

‘I’m made out of oats but I’m made into beer.’

It was only a couple of miles away. She could be there in fifteen minutes. The urge to ride down the towpath naked was irresistible. She flung on the little rucksack, grabbed the bike and set off.

There she discovered a funny thing about riding a bike when you’re a girl with no clothes on. The saddle is situated right between the legs, and Fiona found that as her legs worked the pedals the saddle worked the little delicate spot between her legs, gently opening and closing her private lips and rubbing her pleasure spot between. This was so effective that she found she was being worked up into an orgasm as she rode.

Now if there was one thing that little Fiona, shy as she was, really liked, it was a nice orgasm. The other girls both knew this. After all they had shared a hotel room with her, and her nightly groans and shouts had had them in hysterics. So she pedalled harder and harder. Her skin glistened with perspiration, the tension started to build up inside, she really needed release, but…

Oh no! A man and a woman were riding along the towpath in the opposite direction. It suddenly struck Fiona that she was out in the open riding a bike stark naked. She blushed furiously as the couple approached and sheepishly dismounted.

The man, and earnest sandy haired man in his late thirties, stopped, dismounted as well and addressed her.

“My Gosh,” he said, “don’t say we got the date wrong.”

He turned to his companion.

“It’s naked bike ride day today, Vera.”

Fiona could only stare at him in astonishment. What on earth was ‘Naked Bike Ride Day’?

“Oh Dear, Lionel” said the lady, “how lucky we met this charming young girl.

Poor Fiona, her skin glistening and her sex tingling could only stare and nod her head as the couple stripped off to the buff, stuffed their clothes in their rucksacks and got back on their bikes.

“We’ll ride back with you, won’t we Lionel” said the woman, “you shouldn’t be riding alone with no clothes on.”

“We certainly will, Vera,” replied Lionel, (they seemed to have to repeat each other’s name with every statement as if they might easily forget who they were), and they set off in single file along the towpath, Fiona, as ever, bringing up the rear.

As soon as she was back on the bike, the rhythmical stimulation started again and the old urge came back, enhanced by the site of a large wiggling bare bottom on the bicycle seat in front of her. She felt the tension build up again. Oh Dear! She was about to have a gigantic orgasm on a bike in the open air. They passed crowds of people, the couple in front waved and shouted, “Naked Bike Ride Day,” and the crowds cheered. Fiona tried to fight the inevitable consequences of the ride, she just couldn’t…. not in front of all those people. Unfortunately for Fiona the up-coming climax made her more and more unsteady on the bike, the front wheel hit a stone and she went bare arse over bare tip off the bike, off the towpath and straight into one of those large clumps of giant stinging nettles that someone seems to have deliberately planted next to most footpaths in England.

She shrieked and leapt out, covered in stings, and started vigorously rubbing her itching skin. Unfortunately her pert little breasts had taken the brunt of the nettles and it was her tender nipples that she was rubbing.

Vera quickly dismounted.

“The antihistamine cream, Lionel,” she ordered.

“It’s in the rucksack, Vera,” said Lionel fishing it out.

Vera went over to Fiona still rubbing her nipples vigorously and instructed her, “Arms out, dear,” as if speaking to a five year old child.

Fiona did as she was told, and Vera liberally applied the soothing cream to the affected parts of poor little nude Fiona, much to the interest, and it must be said, enjoyment, of the rapidly assembling on-lookers.

Eventually, Fiona satisfactorily anointed, they made their way back on to the towpath.

They cycled along till they reached the old Oast House (yes, I’m sure you all got the answer as well.)

Successfully dissuaded from another trip to Woolworths, Kitty was standing there watching the extraordinary naked procession arrive.

Fiona blushed again when she met her friends.

“It’s Naked Bike Day,” she explained waving good-bye to Vera and Lionel.

“It’s Naked Fiona Day, rather, “said Kitty, “despite all your boasting, we’re so far behind all the others they’ve all gone home. Get in the car.”

“Can I have my clothes back, “asked Fiona.

“No way,” said Janey, “you only got your clothes back if you won the last leg.”

Resigned to her fate Fiona clambered into the back seat behind Janey and Kitty in the front seats. The bike was folded up and put on the roof rack.

Fiona, still naked and still excited, found her fingers wandering back again to that favourite spot. She started massaging gently, then more quickly then more enthusiastically. Little groans started to escape from her lips. Kitty turned round to look.

“Fiona!” she exclaimed, “not in the car! She’s doing it in the back of the car!” she explained to Janey, who had to keep her eyes on the road. Janey knew exactly what she meant – Fiona was indulging in her favourite hobby.

Fiona looked up sheepishly, “I say, you Guys,” she said, “I don’t suppose either of you two brought a cucumber for lunch.”