house sitting

Posted by Christine Dubois

At the party described in my last story I met a guy named Roland . That got me started on a a torrid affair which lasted the whole summer. Now I had to finally finish my Ph.D. dissertation, which was due at my university back in Canada. I got a house-sitting “job” in Southern France for the month of September, since I really needed both the solitude and the free rent.

The house was a huge villa near the beach, which I had all to myself, and where I spent most of the day next to the pool working without the hindrance of clothing. The pool maintenance guy caught me a couple of times, but I didn’t worry about it. He was just an old guy and not a real threat.

One day when I was lying back taking a break I noticed a guy on the balcony of a neighbouring villa checking me out. It didn’t bother me – actually it added a little excitement. At a distance he looked sort of attractive, although you can never tell. I took a chance and posed a little while still pretending I didn’t notice him.

The next day we were playing the same game when he disappeared. I went back to work, sort of relieved and feeling silly for allowing this distraction.

About the time I began to think seriously about lunch , I heard a knock on the fence. There was a gate in the middle of the back fence which opened onto a stream. On the other side was nothing but another fence. I was bare-assed naked, but went to open it anyway. OK, a good girl wouldn’t, but I did.

The fellow from the balcony was standing there with a picnic basket, a bottle of champagne and some flowers. His looks were no disappointment and his timing was impeccable.

He introduced himself as Marc. It turned out he was an artist, did both drawing and photography, and was interested in me as a model. In some ways that was a disappointment. However, he made it clear that it paid well. At that point I did need income more than a boyfriend.

After lunch he invited me to visit his studio, so I said I’d put something on. “Come as you are,” he said. I will have to admit that I had my doubts about walking off naked into a strange house. Maybe it was his charm, maybe the champagne. I didn’t hesitate much.

He had a gate on his side, too, so we went into the house through his back yard. I asked him if he was house sitting, too. I guess in my youthful innocence, I couldn’t imagine an artist his age affording a villa like that. He said that his pictures sold well, but that his tenants were paying for the villa. He rented rooms and studio space to other artists and writers. At this point I realized that I could be walking into a group situation. “Is anyone else home?” “Most likely.” Again, I knew that a cautious girl wouldn’t do it, but I’d gone this far, and didn’t feel like backing out.

There were two men and a woman at a table on his back porch with a bunch of plans spread out. I didn’t notice them until we were within a few meters, probably long after they had seen me. Marc introduced me without explaining or even mentioning my nudity. They tried to act as though nothing was unusual, but the guys didn’t do a very good job. They couldn’t get their eyes off me. I should have been embarrassed but wasn’t. I tried to strut my stuff without being obvious, while we made small talk. Guess I’m just a slut at heart.

We went to Marc’s studio, where he printed out some model agreement forms for me. He put them in an envelope and told me to take them home and look them over. Some were between him and myself and some had the name of a university on them. He said he wanted me to model for his classes, too.

We talked for awhile, and he showed me his portfolio. They were all photos and drawings of female nudes. Some were very innocent, but a lot were basically gynaecological. He told me that he found the vagina a fascinating subject which was different in every woman. I asked if he wanted to do that kind of picture with me. Only if I would be comfortable with it, he said. I’ll admit that it was disturbing but excited. I figured I’d have to think about it.

While we were talking some guys arrived to install lights outside and then some caterers arrived. All of them took a good look at the naked lady, of course.

Marc told me that they were having a costume party that night. The occasion was a local arts festival , and there would be costume parties at various locations throughout the area. He invited me to come. Poor innocent me says that she doesn’t have a costume, to which you can guess his answer.

I told him that I would come but was noncommittal about the (non)costume that he had suggested.

I went back home through the two backyards. This happened to coincide with another pool maintenance visit, which seemed to follow a totally unpredictable but very frequent schedule. The regular guy had two extra assistants this time, but neither of them was actually working on the pool. I said hello nonchalantly and locked the back door very securely.

So what would I wear or not wear to the party? I knew what I wanted, but didn’t think I had the courage. On such short notice I didn’t have a lot of costume alternatives. I settled on a compromise – a string bikini I had gotten the year before on a trip to Brazil.

I didn’t want to go through the backyards, so I had to walk through the streets, which was probably about a kilometre altogether. It was surprisingly complicated, and there were few street lights or sidewalks, so I got lost. I did feel pretty awkward, wandering around lost at night in a string bikini.

I got there pretty late, and you could hear that the party had already started. Marc met me alone in the entry way and was displeased with my “overdressing.” “Come on, pretty Christine, let’s take this thing off.” He stepped around behind me and undid the tiny top. I didn’t resist. “Go ahead – you take off the G-string yourself.” I guess I’m easy – I pulled if off and stuffed both parts into my purse.

Well, it wasn’t my first naked appearance at a party, so what did I need to worry about? Still my heart was pounding as he lead me inside for my grand entrance. Needless to say I got a lot of attention, but the people were all quite nice to me. No one hassled or tried to humiliate me. All were in costume, some very elaborate, and a few revealing. One woman was wearing a bikini almost as tiny as the one I had planned to wear. No one else had dared to go bare.

Marc had obviously spent a lot of money. The party was both inside and outside with food tables and bars all over the house, veranda, yard and pool area. There must have been 100 people there altogether. I probably danced with every single male at the party. At first I wouldn’t let them touch me at all, then I said only on the back above the waist, but eventually I let a few of my cutest dance partners put their hands on my ass, which felt nice. Yes, I know that I’ll be going to Hell someday.

I had been there for an hour, maybe two, and was dancing alone with a circle of appreciative guys around me, when Marc stopped the music.

He announced that it was time to send delegations to other parties. It turned out that it was a custom at this festival for groups from each party to circulate to other parties. He announced four groups, one including me. I was supposed to drive around town naked with strangers?

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