**Our New Villa**

by[Biggalute](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4211029&page=submissions)©

"I'm really looking forward to this holiday; hopefully all the paperwork will be sorted before we go and we can just sign on the dotted line."  
  
"Yeah, hope so." Berni didn't sound half as enthusiastic as she had been and I wondered if everything was ok.  
  
"What's the matter, having second thoughts about buying the place?"  
  
"No it's not that, it's just that..."  
  
"What?"  
  
"We'll talk about it later, I've gotta go before I'm late for work." And with that Berni left the house and left me wondering what the hell was going on.  
  
Myself and Berni, short for Bernadette, had been together for over three years. I'm not sure about love at first sight, but very shortly after meeting we both agreed that we wanted to spend the rest of our lives together. I moved into Berni's one bedroom apartment and we set about saving for a house and to get married. We were both twenty five and I had just finished the 'Knowledge', the intensive course of study that London taxi drivers have to undertake and pass before they are allowed to drive the traditional black London taxis. It had taken me three years of hard graft. Learning and memorizing the name and location of virtually every street in London.  
  
Berni worked as a civil servant and we reckoned that if we put our minds to it and I put in the hours my cab then we should have enough money in three years for a large deposit and a nice wedding. We came up with a plan; we would go out once a week, either to a movie or for a drink and we'd have one holiday a year. It suited us, we were very much in love and in lust, happy to spend our evenings cuddled up or shagging.  
  
Our first holiday was to Portugal and it was amazing. Nice hotel, great pool and a large sandy beach across the road. I'd been on a couple of sun holidays but that had been with mates, where the main emphasis was on getting pissed, behaving like twats and getting off with as many girls as possible. Berni had had similar holidays with her friends. This was a quieter, more family orientated hotel, although it was mainly couples as the schools were yet to break up.  
  
On our first day at the pool I was a little surprised when Berni immediately removed her bikini top. She must have seen the look on my face because she shook her shoulders, making her tits wobble.  
  
"Stop it, people are looking."  
  
"I know, that's the idea. Other women here are topless, do you have a problem with me being topless."  
  
"No."  
  
"Good, because these boobs are staying out till we go home."  
  
We were both fit and enjoyed the gym, Berni even considered becoming an instructor till she realized the money wasn't great. Berni was pretty with small freckles on her nose and dark hair and eyes, a result of her Irish ancestry. She said her ancestors were gypsy's which probably explained the fiery temper as well. She was a toned 5"5' with firm 34c boobs (I knew from doing the laundry occasionally) which looked big on her small frame.  
  
I was the opposite, a big lump or a big galute as she christened me. I was 6"2', broad shouldered and built to do the manual work of my forebears, big arms and big shovel hands. We were both proud of our bodies and adored each other's, both happily walking around our apartment butt naked. Being partially naked with other people was a new experience for me.  
  
After removing her bikini top and putting me in my place, Berni stood up and looked around her before bending and searching for something in her beach bag. After retrieving the sun lotion she sat back down and asked me to rub some into her back.  
  
I'd always been able to process my emotions quickly. My first date with Berni was an eye opener; it was the first time I'd been out with someone who would actually turn men's heads as she passed. Her skirt wasn't too short but clung to her ass and I found myself turning to glare at men who were ogling her. Berni stopped me and explained that she'd always drawn attention from men and that if I couldn't get use to it, I would drive us both mad. She said I was the only one she wanted and that I would have to get use to it and get my head round it. It took me only a few minutes to realize she was right, I also knew that I'd done my fair share of ogling in my time and that I thought there was nothing wrong with admiring someone. So it was besides the pool.  
  
As I was rubbing oil into Berni's back and she was sticking her chest out, I couldn't help but chuckle.  
  
"You're enjoying this aren't you?"  
  
"Yes, I love the feel of your hands."  
  
"Not the oil, all the eyes looking at you."  
  
Berni laughed, "I love it when I have sunglasses on and people don't know I'm looking at them. I can see who's gawking at me, who's playing it cool in front of their wives and some who just smiled at me and went back to their books. Some men are adjusting their swim trunks and quite a few women are looking this way, some in disgust and some seem interested."  
  
"They probably fancy me."  
  
"Yeah, right!"  
  
"Does it turn you on, people staring at you?"  
  
"I like them staring but I don't usually get turned on, whenever I was away with the girls I loved being topless, loved the feeling of the sun on me. I actually think it's funny the effect these two lumps of fat have on people." As she said this she cupped her boobs, making them bounce as she let go.  
  
I finished with the oiling and Berni lay down on the lounger, "Do you want me to rub sun lotion into your two lumps of fat?"  
  
"Piss off."  
  
The next day was even warmer and we went over to the beach, there were no loungers so we were laid on towels, on the sand.  
  
"Fancy a swim?" I asked Berni.  
  
"Not really, but we could go for a walk, dip our toes in the water. Actually it'll be a nice way of getting the sun our backs, better than laying face down in the sand."  
  
I stood up and was surprised at how busy the beach had gotten. I looked further down and the beach looked quieter and in the distance there were kite surfers. "We could take all our gear and see what the beach is like down there?" I suggested.  
  
"Yeah, why not."  
  
"Do you want your bikini top?"  
  
Berni smiled, "No, why would I."  
  
I think everyone stares on a beach, particularly at the people walking along the waters edge, there's very little else to look at. I was aware of all the eyes on us and tried to play my part by holding my stomach in as tight as possible and sticking my chest out. Berni took my hand, smiling. "You can breathe out now."  
  
As we walked along I forgot about anyone else, the sun beating down and the two of us just messing and talking, it was perfect. The crowds thinned out to almost nothing. "Should we stop here or keep going?" I asked.  
  
"Let's keep going, this is wonderful."  
  
About five hundred yards ahead was a large expanse of rock sticking out, almost reaching the sea. We decided to see what was on the other side of the rocks and then head back. As we reached the rocks we noticed a few signs sticking out of the sand. I presumed they would be to do with dangerous rocks or swimming. As we got closer I think we both said 'oh' at the same time. In multiple languages was a sign saying 'Clothing optional beach, nude people after this point.'  
  
We looked at each other, "Shall we?' said Berni.  
  
"No." I said without much conviction.  
  
She gently pulled me by the hand and we rounded the rock. It was a small beach, no more than a hundred yards long with golden sand and maybe fifty people on it. There seemed to be a bar in the middle with a car park above it. We took all this in before moving on. The first people we passed were two guys, both bollock naked. They greeted us with big smiles and "Hi".  
  
We smiled back and found ourselves almost walking on auto pilot towards the bar area. Some of the people we passed had bottoms on but most were naked, all smiling and saying hello. There was a mix of ages and sexes but even the older ones seemed in good shape, like they took pride in their appearance.  
  
As we got closer to the bar Berni asked me, "Should we get a drink before we lay down?"  
  
"I think we'll need one."  
  
There were a few people sat in front of the bar, taking advantage of the shade. The barman was a middle aged guy who I thought sounded German, He was tanned almost mahogany and seemed to flip between different languages at ease. He was wearing board shorts and I remember thinking 'he probably needs somewhere to keep his opener.'  
  
We both downed a beer whilst standing at the bar, thirsty after the walk. Marcus, as the barman introduced himself, was a talkative guy and soon gave us the low down on the beach. Very popular and overcrowded in the height of summer but grand the rest of the time. He said some locals came there at the weekends but it was mostly tourists who were into naturism. He said it wasn't the best known naturist beach but he thought it was the nicest. Even though he was looking at naked people all day I thought he paid particular attention to Berni's boobs.  
  
We got another beer to take away and found a spot to place our towels. Berni sat down and took off her bottoms, "Your turn." She said to me.  
  
"What if I get an erection?"  
  
"For fuck sake Joe, with your big knob it looks more pornographic when it's trying to escape from your trunks. Besides I've already seen a couple of boners and nobody seems to take much notice."  
  
I leant over and kissed Berni before slipping my trunks off and laying back. I closed my eyes and tried to relax, Berni reached over and held my hand, repeating a few breathing exercises we'd learnt at yoga classes she'd dragged me to. The walk, the beer, the sun; I found myself nearly dosing off, it felt wonderful. After a little while, Berni asked me how I was doing.  
  
"Great, this is really nice; I think I need a pee though."  
  
"Me too, you go first and suss it out, then I'll go."  
  
I didn't really think about being naked until I stood up. Berni looked at me smiling before dropping her gaze to my dick, "That looks delicious."  
  
I hadn't been aroused or turned on, but needing to go to the loo had made my dick bigger and heavy feeling. Not wanting to let Berni arouse me further I shook my head, called her a cow and made a point of having a big stretch and yawn. I walked to the bar and asked Marcus where the bathrooms were; he looked down at my dick before directing me around the back. Maybe he checks everyone out I thought.  
  
It turned out there was only one bathroom, used by both sexes. It was busy when I got there and so I stood there naked, waiting. I was becoming a little self conscious when eventually the door opened and a slim blond with the perkiest little tits I had ever seen walked out. She pulled a face and said something to me in German which I didn't understand. I just smiled back and sort of shrugged my shoulders and mumbled something. Laughing, she said in almost perfect English. "Sorry I thought you were German, you look German."  
  
"English I'm afraid."  
  
With a mischievous smile she said, "Nice to meet you Mr English, I'm Steff."  
  
I couldn't help but smile, "Nice to meet you Steff, I'm Joe."  
  
She walked passed me laughing, "Bye Joe."  
  
This was surreal, I'd just been standing naked outside a toilet talking to a gorgeous, friendly, naked woman. I loved it. Whilst I was peeing I was wondering should I tell Berni: I didn't think it would be a problem but was trying to work out how to phrase it. I needn't have worried.  
  
As I left the bar area I saw Steff and an equally blond young man standing over Berni, talking. Berni was sat up, resting on her elbows and they all seemed to be laughing.  
  
"Trust you Joe." Berni said as I approached.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Steff said your eyes nearly popped out of your head when she came out of the toilet."  
  
"I was actually telling you off in German for staring, but when I realized you were English I knew you couldn't help it." "I also thought it was cute when you went red, also very English."  
  
I didn't know what to say so joined in with their laughter.  
  
"And this is Edgar, Steff's brother." Berni explained as she stood up "They've invited us to their villa for a bit of lunch."  
  
"It's only five minutes drive." As Edgar said this he shook my hand, smiling but squeezing hard. He was a slim dude with straggly hair, rocking the surfer look. I was a bit confused, was he being friendly or assy. (After meeting more Germans I found they all seem to squeeze as hard as they can when they shake.)  
  
As this was going through my head Berni said "I'll just go for a piddle first." All our eyes followed her ass as she walked to the loo, maybe it was ok to stare sometimes.  
  
"Piddle?" Steff asked me. I laughed, "Piddle, tiddle, widdle. All English words for peeing or urinating."  
  
Steff just smiled and nodded. Berni returned and looked radiant, smiling as widely as she could, "I love this beach and I love being naked."  
  
It was infectious, we were all smiling and in great spirits as we collected our things and headed to their small car. Edgar was driving and explained that we would have to put on some clothes for the short journey, "It isn't against the law but they still might not be happy if they stop you."  
  
I had my trunks and a t-shirt whilst Berni just wrapped herself in the wrap she had worn to the beach, "No point in putting on a bikini just to take it off again." She explained to more smiles. This was the early nineties and I'd never seen a thong bikini before but that was what Steff had, a string up her ass and a little patch in front. She didn't bother with a top, just putting on a t-shirt that only covered half her ass; it was some sight. Edgar had board shorts, which was what I was expecting.  
  
They had a villa that belonged to Steff's parents; it was in a compound of a dozen or so identical villas with a large communal pool. All the accommodation seemed to be on ground level with a roof terrace on the first floor which was each villas outside area. Steff took us up to the terrace whilst Edgar went to the kitchen to fix lunch. The terrace seemed huge; there was a large table, a BBQ, and numerous recliners and soft chairs. There was also a covered area with cupboards, one of which turned out to be a fridge that Steff took four beers out of.  
  
"This is incredible." Said Berni.  
  
"Thank you. We're very lucky. I've been coming here since I was twelve, over ten years now."  
  
"Do you get to spend much time here?" I asked.  
  
"For the last few years whilst I've been at college I've spent the whole summer here. My parents get down for about a month. Believe it or not it can get quite boring which is why it's lovely to meet new people like you."  
  
As Steff was saying this she pulled off her t-shirt and thong. Without hesitation Berni removed her wrap and placed it on a chair. I was more nervous, aware that I had a semi hard on and not sure what to do, looking at me Berni immediately knew what was going on.  
  
"Don't worry about it, just take your trunks off."  
  
Steff laughed "It's ok Mr English, it is natural and happens some time."  
  
Without much choice I removed my shirt and trunks. Both the girls immediately stared down at my dick, definitely not helping the matter. Steff was the first to speak.  
  
"See, doesn't that feel better and besides, nice things shouldn't be kept under wraps."  
  
This was weird, no one other than a girlfriend had ever commented on my dick before.  
  
"It is a nice thing." Said Berni laughing before turning to Steff and complimenting her on her excellent English.  
  
"Thank you; I'm studying English and Business at university."  
  
Thankfully Edgar arrived with lunch, four tuna salads. I took the opportunity to sit down at the table and hide myself. Steff opened a bottle of white wine to go with the salads, at this rate we were going to be pissed.  
  
The food was lovely and fresh and Steff and Edgar were great company, the drink and the chat flowed.  
  
Edgar explained he was only there for two more days before returning to work in Germany, although he hoped to get down again later in the summer. Steff said her parents would be down in about a month and that her boyfriend and some other friends would pop down at various times.  
  
"It sounds wonderful, but don't you get bored when you're on your own?" I asked.  
  
"A little, but I get to catch up on my studies."  
  
We explained a little about ourselves and what we did.  
  
"Ah, the famous London cabby, 'I had that Michael Caine in the back of my cab once'." Steff said this in a very passable cockney accent, mimicking the stereotypical London cabbie, causing us all to crease up with laughter.  
  
"Who's for more wine?" Edgar had actually opened the bottle before he said this.  
  
"We'll be pissed." Said Berni, smiling and holding her glass out.  
  
"So what, you can get a taxi later."  
  
We explained that this was our first time in that part of Portugal and explained how we ended up on the nude beach.  
  
"Did you enjoy it?" "Loved it!" said Berni. I said that once I relaxed I really liked it as well.  
  
"Have you always been nudists?" I asked.  
  
"Yes. It's very common in Germany; we have lots of nude spas and saunas where families and singles can go. It's nearly part of our culture. Most of these villas are owned by German's and most of the people who use that beach seem to be German, with a few Dutch also."  
  
Emboldened by the drink I carried on asking questions. "So tell me about staring, I've seen you both staring at mine and Berni's bodies and Markus did also, but you were annoyed with me for staring at you."  
  
Steff laughed, "That's because it was outside the toilet." I sort of understood.  
  
"Back home in the spas and saunas nudity is not seen as a sexual thing, although obviously sex does sometimes happen. It is ok to stare and admire someone for a little while, in fact I'm disappointed if someone doesn't stare at me." Steff's English was slipping a little and I wondered if the drink was kicking in.  
  
"I'll show you." With this she stood up and went to the other side of the terrace, walking slowly and a little unsteadily back to us. We all just stared at her. "It is ok to look at my body for a few moments but not for too long." We just nodded.  
  
"I'm not standing up for a few minutes." I said, thankfully Steff and Edgar understood my humour and laughed along with us.  
  
"What about getting aroused." I asked. It was Edgars turn to answer.  
  
"Well, both men and women get aroused but obviously it's more obvious with men. Everyone accepts this. It is important to not to be too blatant, you mustn't go swinging it around or sticking it in people's faces."  
  
"Or frightening children." Steff added, to more laughter.  
  
We stayed for a while longer before leaving and promising to see them on the beach the next day. Back at the hotel we were both high on the day's events and the alcohol.  
  
"That was fucking brilliant," Berni said as she undid her wrap, "I love being naked and I love people seeing me naked."  
  
I pulled her to me, making sure she knew how turned on I was.  
  
"Take your trunks off and let me see your dong; every time you stood up it seemed to be getting bigger, I think you fancied Steff or maybe Edgar."  
  
"Piss off."  
  
"Did you fancy her?"  
  
"No, not really; I loved her perky little tits, especially once I had permission to stare." We both laughed at this. "I loved the way they were so relaxed and confident. Did you fancy either of them?"  
  
"No, you're the only one I want to shag, although it might be fun being watched when we do it." Whilst I was taking all this in, Berni got into a fit of giggles.

"What?"  
  
"Shall I let you into a little secret?" I nodded.  
  
"When you were sat in the front talking to the taxi driver I was sat in the back giving him an eyeful, I lifted my wrap and showed him my cunt in the mirror."  
  
I didn't know what to say, although I knew I was smiling. "I know I'm drunk but it felt wonderful showing him my wet pussy."  
  
"No one ever does that in my cab." I said, smiling more. "Show me how wet you are."  
  
Berni lay down on the bed and lifted her legs, bending at the knee. "Play with it." I told her.  
  
She slipped one finger into herself, gasping. She removed it and showed me how wet she was. I took off my clothes and was about to join her when she stopped me, "Just watch me and tell me what to do." I'd watched Berni masturbate a few time but it wasn't a big part of our sex lives; but as she tweaked her clit, it felt electric.  
  
"Put two fingers in, play with your tits" Her fingers slid in easily and she was soon frigging herself hard, groaning and wriggling as she at first massaged her boobs and then began pulling hard at her nipple, much harder than I had ever done.  
  
I was loving this and was struggling not to jump on top of her, I was feeling bold and a bit wicked as I told her to put all her fingers inside herself. I'd seen in it porno but never thought I'd see it in real life. Berni went from two fingers to her whole fist in one go, struggling a bit at the knuckles. She seemed completely lost in her own world as the groaning got louder and her breathing shallower.  
  
"Stop!"  
  
She slowed a bit but really wasn't with me. "Stop!" I said it a bit firmer and Berni slowly removed her fist, making a delicious slurping sound as she did so. She looked at me through glassy eyes, a hurt and confused expression on her face. If I didn't continue quickly I would lose her.  
  
"Turn over and kneel up on all fours." She did as she was told and as I spread her knees apart I was greeted with the most incredible sight, her tight cheeks spread and her gaping pussy and tight bud right in front of my face. I had intended to fuck her but instead slipped my thumb into her pussy, allowing my forefinger to massage her clit. As she started to squirm and push back on my hand I lowered my mouth and stuck my tongue into her ass hole, trying as hard as I could to prize open the tight sphincter. Berni continued to push back as I pushed forward, her whole body trembling as her orgasm shot through her.  
  
We were a sweaty mess as we lay on the bed. No words were necessary as I cuddled her tightly; we had just shared the most incredible sexual experience of our lives and I felt Berni crying gently, I thought I understood and just held her tighter.  
  
We both fell asleep and I awoke to Berni getting off the bed, "I'm just going to the loo." She said.  
  
"Careful there's no Germans in there."  
  
After we were both freshened up we lay in bed, Berni's head on my shoulder and her arm and leg over me and my hand on her bum, my favorite position in the whole world. It was only 9pm but we decided just to stay in bed. We talked about what an amazing day it had been and about the sex. Berni said that she'd always enjoyed our love making but had wanted me to be more assertive and treat her rough sometimes for a long time. I said I wished I'd known as I'd loved doing it. We talked about all sorts of sex and agreed to tell each other what we wanted. We didn't talk about sex with others or being watched and I put the afternoon conversation down to drink talking. As we were talking, Berni's hands started to wander and we made incredible, loving, gentle love.  
  
We were up early the next morning and Berni was full of beans, nearly jumping around with excitement. I cuddled and kissed her and as she squeezed my dick through my trunks she said, "We'd better bring extra sun lotion, don't want you burning this."  
  
It was only eight in the morning and I thought we might have a quickie before breakfast but Bernie had other ideas. "Let's go to breakfast and then the pool."  
  
"I thought we were going to the beach."  
  
"We will later, you'll see."  
  
We were one of the first at the pool, just a couple of older couples there before us. Bernie made a point of saying hi to everyone before settling down on our sun beds and removing her top. I was already sat down and was watching people from behind my sunglasses, she certainly had their attention. She rolled her bottoms as small as she could, "I wish I could take these off."  
  
'Well you can't."  
  
"They seem like nice people, I'm sure they wouldn't mind."  
  
"Don't even think about it." Berni just giggled and lay down.  
  
Around eleven we decided to go to the beach; as we were gathering our stuff I handed Berni her bikini top. "Put it in the bag for me."  
  
"But you'll need it for walking across the road."  
  
"No I won't." and with that she was off, through our hotel compound and across the road to the beach, getting lots of looks and a few hoots from motorists.  
  
...  
  
Over the remaining two weeks of our holiday we spent a lot of time with Steff, sunbathing, going out for meals and to clubs and became firm friends.  
  
On our last full day we were again on the beach, laid beside Steff.  
  
"I don't want to go home, this is heaven." Said Berni. "The thoughts of going to work and wearing clothes all day drives me mad."  
  
"I know what you mean." I agreed, "I think I might become the naked cabbie."  
  
"You must come down again in September, before I go back to college. Stay at the villa"  
  
We immediately agreed, so much for one holiday.  
  
We did go back in September, even meeting her parents in passing, who seemed very nice, if a bit serious. We also went down three times the next year, twice to the hotel and once to the villa. We even tried nudist beaches in England but it was frigging cold and just didn't have the same allure.  
  
...  
  
This brings us back to the beginning of this story and Berni going to work without telling me what was upsetting her. Three months previously Steff had telephoned and said one of the other villas was up for sale as the couple who owned it were old and couldn't travel so easily. If we were interested she could probably get us a good price as they were friends of her parents. Also the other villa owners preferred to have people they knew a little about owning the villas  
  
"I wonder how much they want for it." Berni said.  
  
"I imagine quite a lot. Would you be interested?"  
  
"I would if we could afford it."  
  
"It would mean not buying a house here, at least not for a good while. And what about getting married?"  
  
"Well you haven't properly asked me yet and anyway if I'm honest I don't care if we never get married as long as we're together. I'm happy enough here. Maybe if we can afford it we can spend loads of time in Portugal; just get cheap flights and take off."  
  
"Sounds tempting, shall we ask her to find out how much they want?"  
  
We did and although it was a lot, it was still good value. We arranged a meeting at the bank and within two weeks had agreement for a mortgage. They charged a higher interest rate because it was abroad, but we could still afford it. All the money was now in place and we were signing contracts on Friday and flying out Sunday  
  
...  
  
I was completely distracted as I got into my cab, it had been a big decision to commit to the place in Portugal and now I wasn't sure how Berni felt. Mobiles weren't as readily available as they are now so I didn't have the option of phoning her, bar finding a pay phone and phoning her work. Not an option.  
  
I trudged through my day, trying to concentrate and not crash. At six, a lot earlier than normal, I decided to call it a day, arriving home at the same time as Berni.  
  
"Hi love, why are you home so early?"  
  
"After this morning I thought we needed to talk."  
  
Berni looked at me blankly, "What happened this morning?"  
  
I was a bit nonplussed by her response but managed, "You didn't seem happy about buying the villa and I've been worrying about it all day."  
  
Berni copped on to what I was talking about, "No, no, it's not that I'm not happy about the villa, I am. I think it's brilliant and I can't wait to go down there, it's just that something else has happened."  
  
I couldn't tell by her face where this was going and at the back of my head wondered whether she was just about to tell me she was pregnant, gulp, "What?"  
  
"I've invited Becky and Sarah to come down with us next week."  
  
I didn't know how to feel, relieved, angry, happy. "Why'd you do that, I thought it was going to be just us two, tidy the place up and spend two weeks naked and shagging."  
  
"I know, sorry. It's just that since Becky broke up with that prick Steve she's been really down, I thought it'd cheer her up and Sarah always good for a laugh." As an afterthought she said, "And besides, they've wanted to see you naked for ages."  
  
"Piss off."  
  
Becky was Berni's best friend and Sarah wasn't far behind. I had a bit of guilt about the whole thing, having introduced Becky to Steve, who was an old mate of mine. Berni was right, he was a prick and had treated Becky very badly, even getting violent on a couple of occasions. I'd sided with Becky and had even told Steve I'd smash his face in if he came near her again. This hadn't gone down well with some of my other mates but I really didn't give a shit. I was a bit put out by the whole thing but was happy that it wasn't something more serious that was bothering Berni.  
  
Our flight wasn't till nine on Sunday evening but Sarah insisted we be at the Airport at six, saying she hated being late. Turns out she was scared of flying and just wanted a chance to get a bit pissed before the flight. We were hiring a car at the other end so I couldn't drink, so I just sat there and watched them drink instead.  
  
The girls had been friends for years and whenever they were together they would always be talking about people or events that I didn't know. I would try and join in but would often zone out. As they were getting jolly and I wasn't, I found that I zoned out even more, day dreaming really.  
  
Berni nudged me, "Sarah asked you a question."  
  
"Sorry Sarah, I was miles away, what?"  
  
Sarah smiled a slightly embarrassed smile, "I was just wondering what's it like being naked in front of people?"  
  
I didn't know quite what to say or how to answer, "Ask Berni." Was what I managed.  
  
"That slapper would take her knickers off for a glass of Sambuka." They all laughed, maybe they were more pissed than I realized, "No I meant for a man, what's it like everyone looking at your willy?"  
  
I couldn't help but smile, willy was a word we'd used to describe a man's dick when we were young, it sounded funny and charming coming from Sarah. The three of them were looking at me, waiting for an answer. I tried to play it cool, "It's ok, you get use to it, it's only a body after all."  
  
The two girls nodded but Berni was having none of it, "Fucking tart, tell them the truth."  
  
I smiled some more before continuing, warming to the subject, "Actually it's fucking brilliant. Once you get over the first time, it's great, the sun on you and everything swinging in the breeze."  
  
Before I could say anymore Berni interrupted me, "Joe's got a big one and loves the ladies looking at it."  
  
This brought hoots of laughter and noise from the three of them and looks from all the other tables. Once we'd calmed down I said we needed to go so that we could go to duty free before the flight, I'd definitely need a drink when we got there.  
  
There was a local Portuguese woman who looked after and cleaned the villas and the solicitor who had processed our purchase had arranged for her to go in before our arrival and tart the place up, leaving the keys for us under a plant pot.  
  
It was after midnight when we eventually arrived at the villa and I was exhausted and ready for bed but Berni had other ideas.  
  
"You pour us some wine and I'll show the girls around."  
  
As I poured the wine I could hear them chatting and laughing as they got the tour. Alone in the kitchen I took stock, it was a big decision buying the villa but I was convinced it was the right decision and having Becky and Sarah with us was good, it was going to be a fun couple of weeks. I couldn't hear any voices so guessed that they'd gone to the terrace on the first floor.  
  
It was early May and the night was cool, but we'd just come from a wet and miserable London so it felt almost balmy. I managed to carry four glasses and a bottle and went to join them on the terrace.  
  
"This place is incredible, congratulations. You lucky things; I can't wait to see it in the daylight." Said Becky.  
  
"Yeah, it's really nice," added Sarah "Berni said you'd be serving us in the nude." I knew she'd had a good bit to drink but this seemed a bit off the wall. I looked at Berni who just smiled and shrugged her shoulders. I wasn't sure what to say so decided to say nothing.  
  
We sat there with our drinks and Berni was telling them more about the area and the beach we'd be going to. She told them about the bar area and about Marcus the barman who was a permanent fixture. She explained that he was a bit of a character, known for chatting up the women but considered fairly harmless by most of the regulars.  
  
"He'll enjoy having some new tits to ogle, he's particularly fond of Berni's." I said lightheartedly.  
  
"Who wouldn't be?" Said Becky laughing and making a grab for Berni's left tit. When they stopped laughing the conversation changed to talking about their previous holidays and the things they'd got up to.  
  
"Do you remember the time you had to hitch-hike topless?" Berni said this to Sarah and my ears pricked up.  
  
"Where were you hitch hiking too?" I asked Sarah.  
  
"Nowhere, it was a dare. I had to stand on the road across from our hotel and I had see how long it would be before a car stopped. These bitches all took bets on it."  
  
"You should have seen her, flip flops and daisy duke shorts, nothing else. I think she loved it, dirty tart." Becky said this and they were all laughing at the memory, I joined in before asking how long she'd had to wait. They all got into even more kinks of laughter before Sarah said. "Only a few minutes, we thought it'd be a dirty old man or a horny young bloke that would stop but it was an old lady who got out of her car and started telling me off in Spanish."  
  
They carried on reminiscing and some of the stories were fairly wild, stuff that you'd do on a club 18-30 holiday or on spring break in the US. My favorite was about Berni winning a wet t-shirt competition, which I hadn't heard about before.  
  
"She only won because she gave one of the judges a blow job." Said Sarah.  
  
I don't know if I looked angry at this revelation because Becky quickly added, "She was going out with him at the time."  
  
"He wasn't the one whose knob I sucked." Berni added helpfully to cackles of laughter. It was a long time ago when they were all nineteen and I found myself laughing rather than being annoyed.  
  
I hadn't heard half the stories I heard that night but in fairness Berni hadn't heard that many stories about me either. What I did realize was that Berni and her friends were wilder that I imagined and as I sat there listening I found myself getting turned on and thinking about Berni's friends in a more sexual way than I had done before.  
  
They were both attractive girls in their mid to late twenties like ourselves. Sarah was taller than either of the others, maybe 5"8' and slim, with narrow, almost boyish hips. Anytime I'd met her she'd be wearing jeans, t-shirt/jumper, never anything too revealing, just comfortable and well fitted, accentuating her long, slim legs and small bust. Becky was about the same height as Berni, not as toned, but equally curvy, with an ass that looked great in jeans. I found myself wondering what they'd look like in bikinis, or even less.  
  
"I think we should go to bed." I said, looking at my watch. It was just after two.  
  
"More wine." The three of them said in unison.  
  
"We've a long days sunbathing tomorrow." I said to groans. I actually think they were all knackered, just trying to fight it.  
  
The villa had three bedrooms, two doubles and a single that had bunk beds in. I wasn't sure which one the girls were going in, I just knew ours was the master en suit one. Berni was still chatting to the girls when I went into the bedroom. The bed was unmade and I went looking for bed linen, there wasn't any. Shit, we hadn't thought about the villa being empty and what furnishings and fixtures might be left. I called Berni and once we all realized the situation and stopped laughing we went looking for sheets and duvets.  
  
"For fuck sake." Said Berni "There's hardly anything here; I'm surprised they even left the beds."  
  
"And they're not great," Chipped in Sarah helpfully, when we were looking in wardrobes she was bouncing on the beds.  
  
We had bought the villa furnished, thinking we'd add our own stuff as we went on. There were two armchairs, a small table/chairs and a few utensils in the kitchen. The beds were there but the only linen we found was one double duvet, no cover.  
  
"I'll sleep in an armchair." I said.  
  
"Don't be silly, we can all sleep on one of the beds and just chuck the duvet over us." It was Becky who suggested this.  
  
"Great idea." Said Berni, picking up the duvet and giving it a smell, "This has seen better days."  
  
We all got into fits of giggles, I think more at the ridiculousness of the situation rather than anything else.  
  
"I bags cuddling up to Joe." Said Sarah laughing.  
  
"Behave yourself." Berni told her whilst laughing along.  
  
I ended up sleeping on the outside with Berni next to me and the girls next to her. We'd considered sleeping in our clothes but all ended up with just underwear and a t-shirt. Even that felt weird as I always slept nude. I wondered whether they'd be any more messing or shenanigans but I think we all fell asleep quickly.  
  
I woke early and slipped out of bed, the three of them were all spooned, Becky on the outside, then Sarah and Berni behind her, they looked really peaceful and cute, I decided to go and get breakfast for everyone.  
  
There was a local shop that sold the basics and a hypermarket about 10km away. I got into the car and decided on the hypermarket.  
  
I'd planned on only getting a few things but got carried away, not returning for two hours. When I did get back the three women were sat around the kitchen looking thoroughly miserable, hung-over and hungry.  
  
"Where you bloody been, I thought you'd gone to China to get some tea." Said Berni.  
  
"Sorry I went for breakfast but got carried away, they sell everything in that supermarket."  
  
"What'd you buy?" Berni said, perking up a bit.  
  
"Everything, I bought a coffee maker, a kettle, tea and coffee. Bread, eggs and enough other food and alcohol for an army. I bought new duvets and covers, new sheets, pillows, pillow covers and the new beds will be delivered this afternoon." I was very pleased with myself and stood there smirking, waiting for the plaudits.  
  
"I bet the duvet covers clash with the colours in the bedrooms." Berni said, all three of them were smiling and I joined in, Berni came and gave me the loveliest kiss.  
  
"A provider and a big dick, I'd keep him if I was you." Sarah said to much laughter.  
  
We ate as if we'd not eaten in months, all of us in great humor. It was nearly eleven when Berni said,  
  
"Beach or upstairs on the terrace?"  
  
"I'm not sure what time the beds are arriving, we should probably stay here in case they come early."  
  
"Did you really order new beds?" Berni asked  
  
I just nodded, Berni gave me an even bigger kiss.  
  
"I'm dangerous with a bit of plastic in my pocket."  
  
We had discussed sunbathing before we came away, Berni saying she was stripping off but I wasn't so sure.  
  
"Would you still go topless or nude if it was two of my mates coming with us?" I asked her.

"Definitely; and I'd make sure to keep dropping things so I could bend over in front of them." She said this with a wicked smile on her face, making me wonder how serious she was.  
  
We were in our bedroom, sorting though our cases and getting ready the day. I was sat on the bed watching Berni, she removed her knickers and pulled off her sleeping t-shirt, "Ready." She said with a big smile. God she was gorgeous.  
  
"Nothing else, you're not serious."  
  
She looked at me for a few seconds before smiling more and saying, "Silly me, almost forgot." She turned and bent at the waist, giving me an incredible view as her firm cheeks parted. Searching through her case she came up with a sun hat. "Now I'm ready."  
  
I was instantly turned on, my dick trying to burst out of my jeans. I stood up and went to cuddle Berni. "Not with those clothes on, strip!"  
  
I stripped off, trying to look alluring as I slowly undid my zip. "For fuck sake, hurry up." Was Berni's opinion of my stripping.  
  
As my dick eventually sprang obscenely into view Berni laughed, "Wow, I think that's the biggest I've ever seen it, you really are looking forward to sunbathing."  
  
"I'm looking forward to fucking you, when you bent over in front of me I nearly had a heart attack."  
  
"I don't believe you." Berni mocked, "I think you can't wait to see Becky and Sarah's tits."  
  
I moved closer to Berni, pulling her in tight so that my dick was wedged between us, almost reaching her boobs. "Do you want me to help you with that?" Berni asked in a sultry voice.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Too bad, it'll be more fun having you turned on all day. Anyway I've been telling the girls about your dick for years, now I want to show them." I don't know why I was surprised, especially given some of the conversation the previous evening, but I was a bit taken aback by Berni's words. Before I could say anything Berni grabbed hold of my dick and tried to pull me out of the room. I didn't budge.  
  
"Come on." Berni said  
  
"I can't go out there like this and besides, it's one way to get you to pull on my dick.  
  
Over the previous few days I'd been thinking that I would sunbath with trunks or shorts on but could see that wasn't going to happen.  
  
"Come on Joe, the girls are gonna see your dick sooner or later, might as well be while it's mahoosive, give us something to talk about. Anyway I know you like showing off and being ogled, you're a bigger tart than any of us."  
  
I couldn't deny that the thought of us all being naked together and me being the only fella was making me even hornier. I was so caught up in my own head that I hadn't noticed how excited and turned on Berni was. Her nipples were hard and without warning I put my hand to her pussy, letting one finger slip into her moist hole. Berni gasped and pulled back, "Don't start that, we'll never get out the bedroom." I just smiled and licked my finger.  
  
The girls weren't in the living room or their bedroom so we guessed they must already be on the terrace. "We should make a bit of an entrance." Berni said.  
  
"What did you have in mind?"  
  
"Not sure, they've seen me naked so that's no good, Sarah said something about be served by a naked waiter, why don't you bring a tray of drinks out."  
  
"It's a bit early to get pissed, how about I make spritzers for everyone?"  
  
"Good idea, nice and refreshing also. We'll have to get your todger up to attention, just for the effect."  
  
My dick had softened a little and whilst still engorged, wasn't standing to attention the way it had been in the bedroom.  
  
"I'll make the drinks, you can look after my dick." This got me a dig in the ribs and a 'piss off' from Berni.  
  
Berni led the way as we sneaked up the stairs, planning on surprising Becky and Sarah. The door to the terrace was open and you could hear music coming from the stereo. As she reached the top of the stairs Berni stopped and signaled with her finger for me to be quiet. She was looking through the door and called me forward, pointing and urging me to look. I couldn't see Becky but Sarah was lying on one of the loungers, only visible from her belly up. She was topless and her right arm was supporting her breast, which was topped by the longest, most erect nipple I had ever seen. I couldn't see where her hand was but I had my suspicions.  
  
"Do you think she's..?" I whispered, not having to finish the sentence for Berni to know what I meant.  
  
"Probably, look at the size of her nipples."  
  
"I know, you could friggin navigate by them."  
  
Berni managed to suppress a giggle "Keep looking and don't spill the drinks."  
  
Her head bobbed beneath the tray and I could feel her hand on my already hardened dick, the sight of Sarah having had a positive effect. When I was this engorged Berni could never get much of my dick in her small mouth but as she licked and teased the end with her tongue I thought I was going to explode. She stopped as quick as she started and stood up with a wicked grin on her face, licking her lips before turning and walking through the door, shouting, "Drinkies!"  
  
Sarah was certainly surprised, sitting up a little and pulling her hand up quickly, a flushed look on her face. Becky had been out of site but just put her book down and sat up, her large boobs bouncing and swinging as she did so.  
  
"I was nearly asleep, you surprised me." Said Sarah, trying to explain her flustered demeanor. Myself and Berni just smiled knowingly, I think letting her know that we knew.  
  
"Oh my god, look at the size of that." It was my turn to blush as Sarah stared at my dick which was only a few feet in front of her face and Becky just lowered her sunglasses, peering over the top, sexy secretary style.  
  
"You can look but you can't touch." Laughed Berni.  
  
"Spoil sport." Said Sarah  
  
"Yeah, spoil sport." I added. We all laughed but looking at Berni I sensed she was a little put out or annoyed which struck me as strange as this was her idea. I was a little confused.  
  
My dick was still sticking up obscenely as I handed out the drinks, finally sitting down on a recliner myself and raising a toast, "Cheers everyone, here's to a good holiday"  
  
"Cheers and thanks to you two for inviting us." Said Becky.  
  
After raising our glasses we settled down to enjoy the sun, everyone quiet and lost in the own thoughts. I still felt horny but thankfully my dick settled down and as I relaxed I found my mind wondering. Both me and Berni were naked but the girls were topless, both wearing skimpy bikini bottoms. I started wondering whether they would go nude and about Sarah masturbating, both these thoughts were doing nothing for my overactive libido and I forced myself to think of other things, soccer results, English weather, anything.  
  
Berni asked me to get some more drinks and I decided to make a big jug of spritzer, heavy on the wine, and got beer for myself. I could hear them talking and laughing but they went quiet as I returned, a sure sign they were up to something. After glaring at the other two, Becky stood up and came towards me, looking a bit nervous. I thought she was maybe going to take the pitcher of wine from me but instead she said, "We were talking dirty the way we do and Berni said we should tease you and try and make you have an erection all day, drive you mad." She paused and I looked at Berni who just smiled and gave me an exaggerated wink, causing us all to laugh.  
  
Before I could think of what to say Becky continued, "I lost the dare so it's my turn first."  
  
Even the sight of Becky walking a few steps towards me had caused my dick to twitch a little, but I wasn't sure if this was a wind up, a joke that I was to be the butt of, so I tried to play it cool.  
  
"I see, what did you have in mind, Miss Moneypenny." I have no idea why I thought a terrible James Bond impression would sound cool and I felt stupid as soon as I said it, thankfully they all laughed.  
  
Becky laughed but was staring intently at me the whole time. I'd always thought she was a pretty girl and had admired here figure from afar, but standing there naked and her topless was surreal.  
  
"Remember the rules." Berni called out. Rules? How long had they been planning this. "No touching on either side."  
  
"What other rules are there?" I asked.  
  
"That's the only one and you're not allowed to touch yourself either." Berni's smile had turned to a wicked grin, she was enjoying this far too much. "I've just thought of something else, whoever can make you cum without either us or you touching your dick gets a 100 point bonus."  
  
"And what do points make?" Sarah called out  
  
"Prizes." The three of them answered, before getting into kinks of laughter. I felt like I was in the middle of a bad games show from the 80's.  
  
I was still stood there naked, with a pitcher of spritzer and a beer in my hands, but at least the talking and laughing had taken my mind off of Becky's tits, not for long.  
  
Becky was only two feet from me and as the laughter settled I had no choice but to look at her, deciding quickly in my head that if I was going to play along then I would be bold and enjoy it as much as possible.  
  
Becky held my stare, a little smirk just visible in the corners of her mouth. Berni and Sarah had both quietened and you could feel the tension as we waited for Becky to do something. If I'm honest I was finding the whole situation and her staring at me, quite arousing.  
  
Becky brought both hands up to her long hair and started running her fingers through it, head back like you might see in a shampoo advert. This caused her big boobs to sit high on her chest and stick out. It was an amazingly sexy sight and had the desired effect on my dick.  
  
"Good move." Said Sarah. A running commentary would make this even more bizarre.  
  
Becky brought her hands down, her gaze dropping to my now very erect dick; she smiled and seemed pleased with herself. I looked at Berni who smiled back at me, the look in her eyes giving me confidence and making me feel good.  
  
I wondered if that was the end of Becky's show but she seemed to be relaxing and enjoying herself. After a moment's thought she again caught my attention and held my stare with hers. As she lowered her gaze I found myself following her and looking directly at her boobs. She raised her right hand and started playing with her nipple, circling with her finger and gently pinching. She raised her head to see if I was looking, she needn't have worried. Lowering her head but keeping her eyes on me she brought her boob to her mouth and started sucking. Fuck me, how I didn't drop the pitcher I don't know, I felt my legs weaken and my dick twitch, she was close to getting her 100 points.  
  
Sarah broke the spell by saying, "Lucky bitch, I've always wanted to do that but my boobs are too small."  
  
Becky let go of her boob and said "You can have a suck later." This brought laughter and allowed me to put the drinks down. "Can I sit down?" I asked.  
  
"Only if you keep your hands and your dick where we can see them." Said Berni to more laughter.  
  
We all had another drink, Becky choosing to remain standing. She really did have a sexy body, with curves that I loved and hips that would have been fantastic to hold onto as you thrust into her. All these thoughts were keeping me fairly turned on and not far from a full erection. My dirty mind was in overdrive as I heard Sarah say, "I can't see Joe's dick, is it still hard?"  
  
"It's semi hard, I think he's still thinking about Becky's tits." Berni replied.  
  
I didn't mind being objectified and was enjoying this game but decided I needed a bit more control.  
  
"I was thinking more about what Becky's going to do next." They all looked at me as I said this and I knew I had their attention. "We're both nude and we're planning on spending some time on the nudist beach, so now's the perfect opportunity for Becky to be nude. It seems to be tradition that you walk around slowly so that we can all gawk at you." I could see by Becky's face that she was a bit nervous, but also that she was determined and up for a challenge.  
  
"It's also traditional that you stand in front of us and bend over slowly as you remove your bottoms." Added Berni.  
  
"Piss off."  
  
"I've heard of that tradition, and when in Rome.." As Sarah said this she stood and moved her chair over next to mine and Berni's. Watching her slim, toned figure as she pulled the lounger, had me looking forward to whatever she had in store.  
  
We were sat in a line, Becky stood in front of us, scowling at Sarah and Berni. "Bitches." Was all she said as she turned around. It occurred to me that this whole scenario was more about the dynamics between the girls and about pushing each others buttons than it was about me or my erection, I wasn't complaining.  
  
Becky stood still, shoulders and head back, the sun beating down on her chest. I was expecting her to remove her Bikini bottoms but instead she walked slowly forward to the table. Maybe it was my imagination but she seemed to have more sway to her hips than normal, either way her plump ass looked delectable and very spankable.  
  
"I need another drink." Becky said as she poured herself a glass, downing it in nearly one gulp, before pouring another. She turned and walked back to us, sipping on this glass and maintaining eye contact with her audience. I'd have thought it was my own male horniness, but in a few short steps Becky had us all enraptured.  
  
She stood calmly in front of us, slowly sipping her drink, almost challenging us to look at her body.  
  
I was admiring her body and wondering what she was thinking when Sarah broke the silence, "Pinch your nipple."  
  
"You pinch it."  
  
I looked at Sarah, a quizzical look on her face as if to say 'really?' She looked to Berni who just stared back, the slightest of grins on her lips. Berni gave a little nod and Sarah stood up, a smile on her face as she approached Becky. I again wondered about the three of them and their shared history, were they just wild, were they settling old scores, how far would this go?.  
  
Although Becky had told her to 'pinch it' and was doing her best to act nonchalantly, her body told a different story, her muscles tight and tense as Sarah stood close to her.  
  
It was the first time I'd seen Sarah stood up in her Bikini bottoms and I was struck by her toned legs and tight ass as she stood in front of Becky, partially blocking my view. Her left hand seemed to glide slowly up Becky's body, Becky stared ahead and her muscles tensed even more, preparing for what was to come. Sarah's hand passed Becky's boob and came to rest in her hair, caressing. Sarah suddenly gripped the hair tight and thrust her face into Becky's, virtually assaulting Becky's lips with her own.  
  
Becky tried to pull away but then seemed to be kissing back as hard as Sarah. Sarah's right hand grabbed at Becky's pussy, Donald Trump style, her fingers trying to push through the thin material of her bikini. I looked at Berni who was just staring, her mouth open and a look of pure lust on her face. Wow! I didn't know what the fuck was going on but I was enjoying it.  
  
Sarah pulled Becky's head back, as they broke the kiss I could hear them both panting, gasping for air. Sarah's hand came up and pinched Becky's left nipple really hard, the muscles of her forearm flexing and tightening. Becky inhaled sharply, her face instantly reddening, lip quivering and a low, guttural moan eventually escaping her mouth.  
  
I was very turned on and very confused, a state not helped by looking at Berni. Her left hand was gently tweaking her nipple and her right hand was heading south, her gaze fixed on Becky and Sarah. Almost without thinking I moved my own hand to my dick, "Don't you dare." Berni said in a whispered, commanding voice.  
  
I was torn, not use to orders, but enjoying being part of the girl's kink. My thoughts were interrupted by an "Ouch!" from Becky as Sarah pulled her hair harder, causing her back to bend as her head went back. I couldn't help but noticed how amazing her big boobs looked in this position.  
  
"Slutty fucking bitch." Sarah growled, "Turn around and bend over."  
  
Becky did this, her head almost level with her knees, her sexy, fat, bikini covered ass right in front of us.  
  
'Thwack!' Sarah slapped Becky so hard that she had to shake the sting out of her hand; Becky just let out a little yelp and struggled to maintain her balance.  
  
I was feeling uncomfortable, thinking this had gone too far when Sarah spoke again. "Do you want more?"  
  
Becky managed a barely audible "No"  
  
"What?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
Sarah slapped her other cheek, not as hard because I think her hand was sore. She pulled Becky's bottoms down to her ankles, completely exposing her and showing us her good work on Becky's glowing bottom.  
  
Berni stood up and stood just behind Becky, motioning for me to do the same. I was so close that if my dick wasn't pointing upwards it would have probably touched Becky.  
  
Sarah pulled Becky's cheeks apart "Look at this cunts dirty cunt." She said before spitting, her drool sliming over Becky's bum hole.  
  
My two brains were in turmoil. My dick ready to explode, the sight in front of me and all the sexual shenanigans driving me to the edge; my head saying the treatment and degradation of Becky is wrong.  
  
"Turn around and kneel down in front of us." This order came from Berni and Becky immediately complied, her hands on her knees and her head down.  
  
"Joe, wank over her, cover this little cunts face and hair with your cum."  
  
Enough was enough, I was just about to tell them to stop when Sarah whispered in my ear "Becky wants you too."  
  
Confused I looked at Berni, who nodded and smiled. Looking down at Becky I still wasn't convinced and didn't know if I could do it, she looked so pitiful.  
  
I felt Sarah's hand on my lower back and I couldn't help but tense, guessing what would come next. Her middle finger slipped between my cheeks, searching out my anus. As she began to apply pressure to my hole I again wondered how much Berni had told them, this was one of my favorite things.  
  
I began to masturbate slowly, the dry friction initially feeling good.  
  
"Lift your head." Berni ordered, "Spit on his cock." Becky did this, briefly making eye contact with me before dropping her gaze.  
  
My rhythm quickened and Sarah applied more pressure, trying to force her finger into my ass. I knew I wouldn't be long and I looked to Berni, as if asking for permission. Berni grabbed Becky roughly by the hair, yanking her head back and providing me with my target.  
  
I spurted three or four times, struggling to keep my legs straight as I trembled, my cum making a gooey mess of Becky's pretty face. As my breathing settled I looked at Becky who was staring straight up at me, a spark in her eye and an almost embarrassed grin on her face.  
  
"Shall we let her go to the bedroom or make her do it here?" Sarah asked Berni.  
  
"I think that's enough for one day, let her go to her bedroom."  
  
Without speaking Becky stood up and left us. "Make her do what?" I asked.  
  
"She'll go and masturbate, frig herself silly. Sometimes we make her do it in front of us."  
  
I'd had enough, "This is too fucking weird, what the fuck is going on?"  
  
Berni smiled at me, enjoying my freaking out.  
  
"Years ago on holiday Becky would always want to do the worse dares, the craziest stuff. One night when she was drunk she started telling us how she sometimes got off on being used and abused. We tried to talk her out of it but she convinced us to help her. Whenever she's in the mood we treat her like shit and she gets off on it." As Berni was telling me this I just sat there trying to take it all in, "it was very weird at first but if we're honest I think both myself and Sarah started to get into it, enjoying her humiliation and the sexual power."  
  
"What can I say, I'm just a good friend." Sarah said grinning.  
  
"Wow." Was all I could say, shaking my head in disbelief.

"That's how it started with that prick Steve, they were all luvvy duvvy and Becky told him her kink. At first I think it was like this then he thought he could use her as a human punch bag anytime he liked, especially when he'd had a drink, fucking cunt."  
  
It struck me how close the girls were and how protective they were of Becky. I was still a bit freaked out but thought I understood some of it.  
  
"I've got to ask, was this all planned, how comes you got me involved."  
  
They both giggled before Berni answered, "We're always talking about sex and your big dick comes up a lot, as it were." Smiling, she continued "It would be a fairly boring two weeks if we couldn't get up to our usual games. I know all their kinks and they know mine. I think you have more than you've ever let on and the three of us are going to find out."  
  
I nodded, trying to make sense of this but the only thing that came into my head was. "Ok, but what's my dick got to do with it?"  
  
They both giggled again, Berni looking at Sarah who had gone a little red, struggling to make eye contact with me she finally said, "I like it rough, up the ass."  
  
But that's another story!