Rosie in the Alps - Part 1

Little Joe

Fri Dec 26, 2008 07:58

86.131.108.118

You will be pleased to hear (I hope) that Rosie's parents have dragged off on holiday again. Can she manage to keep her clothes on this time?

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Rosie in the Alps 1

Rosie hadn’t really wanted to go on holiday to Austria with her parents. It was not really her type of holiday – walking up steep hills and admiring alpine flowers – but even at her age, and (she said to herself) she was very nearly seventeen, her parents insisted on taking her with them. But there was one saving grace. There was a wellness spa attached to the hotel, or as the Austrians called it ‘ein Wellness Spa’. And the boys in the hotel were nice as well, and rather good looking in a Germanic sort of way.

Hans, from Munich, looked at her with his big brown eyes. Rosie felt he was undressing her with those big brown eyes and a little thrill passed through her. Her parents had gone off for the day to climb some boring hill so Rosie had pleaded a sore foot and asked to be left behind.

“Mind you don’t do anything we wouldn’t do”, called her mother as they set off up the valley.

Rosie smiled; doing something they wouldn’t do was just what she had in mind. She was going to try the Wellness Spa. She gazed longingly at the beauty treatments and the massage therapies, but she couldn’t afford any of them, and she didn’t dare put them on the bill.

But the hotel brochure said there was a sauna and plunge pool. That sounded good; that sounded better than trudging up a stupid hill.

The hotel provided a towelling robe so she got undressed in her room, put on her modest one piece bathing costume (well she was a modest girl), donned the towelling robe and went along to the spa.

She was given instructions in halting English by a strapping blonde bearing a name badge pronouncing her to be Helga. Helga did not undress her with her eyes. She would like to see her naked, then she could form a judgment. Not quite up to the mark, was her initial impression. It was her impression of most English girls. Soft, she thought them, she preferred the big strapping Scandinavian girls. She looked at her bathing costume disdainfully and pointed clearly to a big sign in English and German. “Naked Spa. No costumes permitted”. Gosh – the Germanic way of doing things!

Rosie blushed, she hadn’t realised that you weren’t allowed a costume in Germanic saunas. But in a way it gave her a little thrill – how sophisticated to be in a naked spa! So rather self-consciously she went into a changing room, stuffed her modest one-piece costume into the capacious pocket of the towelling robe and hung it on the peg. After all she was determined to be naughty and do exactly what her parents wouldn’t do, and prance round a sauna in the nude was exactly what they wouldn’t do. Then she stood there naked wondering what to do next. There was a big notice on the wall with diagrams explaining the necessity of showering fully at all times before entering the sauna and after leaving it. They were really into hygiene these Germans. The diagrams showed in particularly detail the importance of soaping and massaging the naughty bits very carefully.

She had some difficulty finding the shower room as all the signs were in German, but eventually she saw a little drawing of a shower head on a door. She opened the door and gasped. It was an open shower room with six shower heads on the walls. She had expected privacy for showering – a private cubicle. That’s what you would have had in England. But, well, this wasn’t England. She stepped into the shower room. Rather self-consciously she stood under one and turned on the water. She jumped out. It was freezing cold. She tentatively crept back under the shower and soon got used to the cold. Somewhat self-consciously she started soaping herself down. She found it rather sensual rubbing the liquid soap into her cold, wet, bare skin – especially when it came to soaping her girly parts. Well the diagram had clearly shown that they had to be cleaned very carefully indeed. She stood with her legs apart and rubbed rhythmically with the soap. It felt good. She closed her eyes, let the cold water run over her naked body, streaming in rivulets over and between her breasts, making her nipples stand out proud and erect. Yes it felt good soaping down there.

Then a voice spoke to her in German. A loud voice. A man’s voice! She opened her eyes and shrieked. Two boys were standing there – dressed in their towelling robes expostulating. She didn’t know what they were saying. But legs apart with her hand on her…Rosie blushed at the thought of it – she knew what they were thinking!

“I wasn’t…” she blurted out, “I mean I wouldn’t… I mean the diagram said…”

The men were still expostulating and pointing to a sign that said ‘HERRN’. Rosie didn’t know what it meant. Was it something to do with hairs? She didn’t have any – anywhere – except for on her head of course. She had long, brown, silky hair. The men shrugged and left.

Two minutes later Helga appeared

“You in men’s shower room”, she said looking disparagingly at Rosie’s naked body. She regarded her girly parts with contempt. ‘Smooth, hairless pumpernickel - typical of degenerate English types’, she thought. Real women, Germanic women, should be hairy. She looked at Rosie’s ample bosoms, with their erect nipples, with even more contempt. Big breasts, she thought, provokes lascivious thoughts in men. Real women should have slim boyish figures; she thought of her own, so suited to her early morning ten mile run.

So grabbing hold of Rosie’s arm she marched her out of the shower, through the changing room and back into the spa lobby. There was apparently no other way into the lady’s changing room. Rosie stood there frozen to the spot. She was standing naked in the reception area where anyone might see her, and she had been given no opportunity to pick up her towelling robe. She tried explaining to Helga that her robe was still in the changing room, but Helga wouldn’t or couldn’t understand.

Helga had no time for stupid English girls. What was she gibbering on about? Well she could just stand there on view while she told her off. It served her right.

“This womans’s” she said – pointing to the other door, and she pushed Rosie into the women’s changing room.

Rosie passed through the women’s changing room and into the women’s shower room blushing furiously at her mistake. Only as she made her way to the sauna did she realise that she had lost her robe and had no towel or anything. Never mind, somebody was bound to have left one somewhere.

She followed the sign which said sauna and was a little alarmed to find that it was situated in a separate wooden building in the hotel gardens at the end of a path about ten yards long. Guests usually made their way along the path wrapped in their towel or their robe, but the path was screened off on both sides by a kind of wooden fence stockade, so Rosie, oblivious of the fact that the people on the hotel balconies above could see everything, thought it would be all right.

She sat naked in the empty sauna; now she could relax. It was warm. It was comfortable. She felt sleepy. She closed her eyes, and the next thing she knew, she was fast asleep.

For Hans and Peter it had been a bit of a surprise to find a naked girl in the men’s shower, and here she was again in the sauna – stark naked and asleep – sprawled out on the bench with her legs wide open… well It was nice to sit in the sauna with a pumpernickel to look at, even if it was pink and smooth.

Rosie awoke with a start. The men were sitting opposite her modestly wrapped in their towels and she, modest Rosie, was – oh my Gosh – lying on her back with her legs apart instinctively rubbing her… oh no not again!

“I wasn’t… I mean I didn’t… It’s rather hot in here”, she said blushing profusely.

Hans spoke a little English, “Why you not try plunge pool” he said

“Plunge pool” said Rosie

“Yes – cold plunge pool. It out through door”, and he pointed to the door opposite the one that Rosie had come in through.

Rosie suddenly thought how good it would be to plunge into the plunge pool. To cool her hot, sweaty, naked body. Anyway anything to escape from her latest embarrassment.

“Oh – right" she said

She jumped down from the bench, opened the door and stepped through. It was in the open air of course, but as she shut the door behind her she found to her horror that there was no protective stockade. Unaware of the fact that guests normally put on their robe to come out of the sauna she found herself stark naked, out in the open air in full, if somewhat distant, view of the guests in the garden. Next to her was what looked like a large tub full of cold water. Quick as a flash she leapt in. The cold water hit her hot naked skin like and electric shock. But she didn’t dare leap out – not when there might be people watching. And people kept appearing – in the distance perhaps, but Rosie was a modest girl and she wasn’t going to get out again until the coast was completely clear. That took half an hour, then seeing that there was nobody about she jumped out and hared back to the sauna. She pulled on the door. Nothing happened, she pulled again. It was stuck. It was only then that she realised that thee was a little notice - Rosie banged on the door, but the message was quite clear in German and English. 'Sauna closed 13.00 to 14.00'.

She was locked out. She was locked out of the building in the nude. The stupid Helga had just chased the boys out the sauna and left her in the plunge tub. And it was after one o'clock, her parents would be back soon. She couldn't be caught naked outside by her parents, it would be just too embarrassing. But what could she do? She couldn't run round through the garden and back in through the front door of the hotel in the nude, not modest little Rosie. And she couldn't wave to passers-by for help, that would be even more embarrassing. There was only one thing for it; she would have to climb over the stockade fence onto the path from the sauna back into the spa and retrieve her robe. She ran round the sauna, painfully aware that she was out in the open with absolutely nothing on. The fence looked quite high: certainly above her head, but there was no time to think. She leapt up and grabbed the top and hauled herself up, eventually managing to swing one leg over. Then she was stuck. She couldn’t work out how to get the other leg over. She was stuck stark naked sitting over the fence, one leg on one side, one leg on the other side and the rough top of the fence digging into her unprotected… well she didn’t like to think where it was digging into. She leant forwards to try and swing her leg over but all it did was leave her bottom in the air swinging from side to side.

Hans and Peter looked own at the scene from their balcony above the sauna with interest. They hadn’t seen such a fine specimen of female posterior since the last Munich Beer Festival.

Hans looked at Peter, “Leave go of your schwanzl, we go rescue”, he said (except in proper German). The two boys ran down the stairs, out the front door and round to where Rosie was still immobile on top of the fence (still rubbing between her legs in a not altogether too unpleasant a manner). Peter hopped over the fence (so easy for an athletic young man). He pulled and Hans pushed and eventually Rosie fell with a loud squeal right on top of him. She squealed even more, and even louder as she ended up tussling with him on the floor. Finally disentangling herself she ran, still squealing, back into the hotel.

Her parents, returned from their stroll to the top of the Hochspitzensteigenberg, were waiting in the garden for her to have lunch.

“You missed a real commotion behind that stockade fence thing a little while ago”, grumbled her father. Rosie turned a deep shade of scarlet – what had they seen?

“Runaway pig”, said her father

“I’m sure it won’t have been a runaway pig dear”, said her mother.

“I know the sound of a runaway pig when I hear one”, said her father, “and that was a runaway pig. Squealing for all its worth it was. Runaway pig. Definitely. Anyway you could just make out the man wrestling with it through the gaps in the fence. Great big round, fat pink thing it was. Ran away into the hotel. Ought not to be allowed that’s what I say. You wouldn’t get a runaway pig in Chipping Sodbury”

“You wouldn’t get a lot of things in Chipping Sodbury”, thought Rosie.

Rosie in the Alps Part 2

Fri Dec 26, 2008 18:26

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Rosie has a night in and the runaway pig causes mayhem. Don't forget to read Part 1 first:

Rosie and the runaway pig
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Rosie in the Alps 2

“You’re not going, and that’s final!” Rosie’s father looked at her sternly. It was the last night of their holiday in Austria and Rosie's father and mother were going out for the evening. They were to have a special night out to celebrate the end of the holiday. They were going to the local whist drive. They had offered to take Rosie with them but she had said that the excitement might be too much and that she’d prefer to go to the disco in the town square. There was no way her father was going to allow that!

“Why – you’re only sixteen!” he said, “far too young to go to a bisco”

“I’m as near as makes no difference seventeen”, shouted Rosie, “and I don’t want to have stupid dinner all by myself in the big dining room”, and she wouldn’t be mollified until her father made her an offer.

“Well, what about if you get a video thing and then you can order room service, anything you like mind, and eat in your room and watch the video.”

Rosie jumped at the chance. It would be so sophisticated, so grown up to order room service; the hotel had the latest Bond movie and she would be able to ogle Daniel Craig in his shorty bathing trunks (a thing she could not do with her parents present).

As soon as her parents left (her mother waving cheerfully from the back of the taxi) Rosie rushed up to her room and rang down to room service.

"Hello", she said,” this is room 42 can I have room service please"

"Certainly Madame", a suave voice answered.

Madame! He'd called her Madame; Rosie felt so sophisticated at the appellation.

"Can I have steak and chips please?"

"Certainly Madame, and what wine would you like"

Wine! She'd never had wine before. She wasn't sure her parents would approve. But her father had said she could have anything she liked.

"Do you have anything sparkling", she said, "not too expensive", she added hastily.

"Perhaps Asti Spumante' suggested the voice on the phone, “that's very reasonable”.

"Oh yes. A bottle of that please", said Rosie, having no idea what it was.

How best to start the evening? She wanted to be warm and relaxed for Daniel (even if he was just on video).

So she decided to run a hot scented bath, and lounge in it till the food came. It was a posh hotel (you wouldn’t get her father in anything else) and her room had a whirlpool spa bath. She just loved to switch on the whirlpool and feel the bubbles tickling her naked... Well she didn't like to think where she liked to feel it tickle.

She lay lost in reverie until she heard a voice behind her.

"Where shall I put the tray Madame?"

My God! The waiter had come in with her dinner. And she was lying in the bath. She looked round. The waiter was standing in the doorway holding a tray.

Rosie leapt up sending water spraying everywhere and turned to face the voice. Oh my God - she was naked. Instinctively she started to leap out of the bath, but as soon as she got one foot out her feet started to slip from under her. To balance herself she bent over backwards like a contortionist, supporting herself on her hands behind her, one on either side of the bath, until she ended up precariously balanced bent over backwards - one foot in the bath and one foot out, legs wide apart.

"Do not be alarmed", said the waiter smoothly, "I have seen it all before"

"Gosh", thought Rosie, "If he hasn't seen it all before, he's certainly seeing it all now!”

It was a position that she couldn't hold for long. Indeed it was a position that she wasn't sure that she wanted to hold for long, seeing that it provided a perfect view of her...well a perfect view. Her feet slipped from under her and she came crashing down on to the side of the bath. Fortunately it was her amply padded behind that took the blow, rather than her more delicate parts.

The waiter put down the tray.

"Can you make sure to leave it outside the door when you are finished, Madame", he asked in, what Rosie felt a rather snooty voice.

Rosie took her meal and sat in front of the telly to watch the video. No point in getting dressed, she thought, much more fun, much more sophisticated, to sit and watch Daniel while sitting relaxed and naked (no other reason – honestly).

She opened the bottle of fizzy wine and poured out a large glass. It tasted good. She poured out another, by the time she'd finished eating she'd practically polished off the whole bottle. She felt sort of woozy, pleasantly woozy, but nonetheless woozy. What did she have to do again? Oh yes, put the tray outside the door. She stood up and her head went round and round in a pleasant sort of way. Better cover herself up when she put the tray out - it would never do to be seen naked in the corridor. She wrapped a towel round herself and opened the door, and stepping outside she bent over unsteadily to put the tray down. Why did the ground keep moving around like that, she thought? Why was it rushing up to meet her? The next thing she knew she had fallen over and was lying flat on the floor. Oh my God! Her towel had fallen off. She struggled to her feet and looked round. The room door had slammed shut behind her firmly trapping her towel, and leaving her stranded stark naked in the corridor. Oh no! She couldn't wait naked in the corridor for her parents to come back. Let her parents see her naked! Let her mother see that she shaved her… well herself – she couldn’t do it. It was unthinkable. She would have to go and get help. She tried to make her befuddled mind work. Yes - help. She would go down to the front desk and get them to let her back in the room. So simple. Why hadn't she thought of it before? The fact that her appearance stark naked in the hotel lobby might cause a stir, didn't occur to her.

She walked along the corridor to the lift and pressed the button. Then she had a thought, riding naked in the hotel lift - not a good idea. Somebody else might get in. They might realise she was drunk. They might tell her parents. It would never do for her parents to know she had drunk to much. Not at her age. Go down the fire escape stairs, that was the thing to do. She crept down the stairs. At the bottom the stairs ended in a large door opened by a panic push bar. There was a lot of writing in funny foreign that she couldn't understand. So she just pushed the door open and stepped through. Three things happened then that brought her to her senses. Firstly the door closed firmly and unopenably behind her, second she found herself not in the hotel lobby, but outside in the cold night air, and finally the hotel fire alarm was going off. The indecipherable words in foreign had been warning her that this was a fire escape door and as such was alarmed, and not to go out of it unless there was a fire.

The cold night air seemed to have a reviving effect on her brain. She suddenly woke up to where she was - stark naked in the grounds outside a hotel where the fire alarm was going off. She looked on horrified as people started filing out of the hotel looking for the fire. She dived behind the nearest bush, a large rhododendron growing thickly enough to conceal her ample form. Just in time, as nearly everyone was now out of the hotel.

What was she to do? She couldn’t stay out there all night in the nude and she was already coming out in goose bumps with the cold. Then it dawned on her, everybody else had left the hotel, there wasn’t a real fire, what better time was there to sneak back in again. Crawling on her hands and knees and hiding behind a hedge as best she could she made a dash for the now wide open fire exit.

Tomas, the waiter caught a glimpse of a strange round pink object dashing through the fire door in the gathering gloom. Perhaps it was the runaway pig that he had heard so much about! The manager had had all the staff searching the hotel for it all day. He couldn’t let the pig be trapped in the fire. He ran for the fire door oblivious to the shouts from the assembled guests. He ran up the fire escape stairs, catching glimpses of the pig just ahead of him. It seemed mighty nimble at getting upstairs for a pig. Finally he heard it going through a door onto the fourth floor landing. The floor where he had had that strange experience earlier in the evening with the girl contortionist.

Quietly he sneaked out onto the landing. He could just make out the pink outline of the pig’s posterior as it seemed to be cowering behind a large sofa. Slowly and quietly he crept up on it.

Rosie was crouched out of sight, or so she thought Who on earth had been chasing her up the stairs; she had only had time to hide behind the sofa before he had come bursting on to the landing. Thank heaven he seemed to be walking past.

She was mistaken; Tomas was only pretending to walk past in order to fool the pig. As soon as he was level with the sofa he pounced.

Rosie shrieked as she was squashed flat by the pouncing body. Tomas got to his feet quickly, for the first time in his life totally non-plussed. What was the girl contortionist doing, crouching with no clothes on behind a sofa. Was this part of her act? Had she perhaps been hiding from the pig?

“Excuse me Madame”, he stammered, “can I be of assistance”.

“Can you just help me back to my room”, said Rosie.

“Certainly Madame”, replied Tomas, regaining a bit of his composure. And brandishing his master key he let Rosie back in the room (and took away the tray).

Next day when they were waiting for the taxi to take them back to the airport Rosie’s father was grumbling again.

“You’d think they’d have knocked something off the bill for having a wild pig running loose in the hotel. I hear it was at it again last night”.

His eyes ran down the items listed.

“What’s this!” he expostulated. “Steak and chips! Asti Spumante! My God girl, what were you thinking of! Don’t you realise it’s only red wine with steak! If the chaps at the Chipping Sodbury Golf Club ever find out what you did last night they’d have a heart attack”.

“Yes”, thought Rosie, “they probably would”