**The Walks**

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**Walking at Leisure.**
**Chapter 1 The First Walk**
It had been a long 18 months. We both needed a break. To satisfy that need we booked a week in a wood lodge on the outskirts of Thornton Dale. There were another dozen lodges on the site. We chose this particular place because it was quiet, amongst stunning North Yorkshire Moors' scenery, and part of Dalby Forest. We were going to walk, rest, dine and drink to our hearts' content.

On the first day after arrival we relaxed and did absolutely nothing beyond feeding ourselves. So on the second day we planned a walk along forest trails. To quote the song it was a beautiful sky and a wonderful day when we emerged from our lodge. Packing the car we were waived at by a pair of pretty young things outside of their lodge a couple of a hundred yards away. Politely we waived back and hurriedly finished our preparations and drove to a spot identified on the OS map as a likely place to dump the car and start our walk.

After 3 miles it was getting seriously hot. Dalby Forest is densely packed with trees and they seem to make the air on a sunny day, close. To compound it the forest is spread over a series of hills so there many trudges up and down. It was a warm summer Sunday in the month of July. Alice (my beautiful wife) and I were enjoying some quality time in the countryside. The picnic was eaten and we were chatting away whilst enjoying the solitude.

As was common I raised the subject of how sexy Alice looked and praised her lustiness last night during our love making. The conversation became more fruity as we went along. We kissed. I then dared her. We hadn't seen anyone for over an hour, it was hot, it was sunny. I dared her to remove her light blouse and bra. She refused. I persisted. She refused again, calling me a pervert. I dared a third time and this time whilst laughing she agreed.

To me the air was electric. We stood and whilst staring at me she slowly undid the buttons down the blouse front. Being short sleeved, that was all. Just as slowly she eased her arms out and handed the garment to me. I thanked her. Her hands disappeared around her back and after a small movement her bra came loose. Her hands returned to the front and covered both cups. We stood and stared at each other for it seemed ages before she lowered her hands taking the bra with them. Her beautiful breasts emerged. I held my hand out to start walking again and to my surprise Alice put the bra in it. I lowered my rucksack and secured both the blouse and the bra inside.

Alice's face and chest were flushed red and her nipples were engorged and hard. I thanked her, took her by the hand and we set off again. The walk took in extensive periods of shade interspersed with more open aspects that exposed us both to the warmth of the sun. After just one of these I helped Alice liberally apply sun screen to protect her nakedness. And she looked lovely. I admired how with each step both breasts would respond with a small tremor. She was all woman and I love her.

Our plan was to take in a roughly circular walk which meant we had perhaps another 3 and a half miles to reach the car. Still the ground undulated and on one particular rise Alice fell some 10 yards behind me. As I puffed and panted my way to the top I called encouragement back to her. At the top I placed my rucksack on the floor and rested against a tree waiting for Alice to arrive. And then it happened. With hardly a sound the two pretty young things (about 20 years old) from this morning came alongside of me from the other direction and said Hello.

I mumbled my greeting and looked quickly towards Alice, who chose that moment to also draw level. The two young women stared. I stared and Alice looked trapped. Thinking quickly she brought her arms up and covered her naked breasts. That flush reappeared. One of the women spoke, "Hi, my name's Madeleine and this is my friend Kathy. And you look great."

It was Alice's turn to mumble "Thanks."

"Where's your top?" Madeleine asked.

More out of nervousness than anything I said "In my rucksack."

"Cool" said Kathy and Madeleine agreed.

They were then both full of questions. Did we do this often? Why were the clothes in the rucksack? Surely we realised we would be discovered? But also they praised Alice for her boldness. Alice asked for her clothes back and being a gentleman I started to open the rucksack. Madeleine surprised us both when she touched my arm and said "Don't."

Stupidly, I just stared at her. Alice, however, asked with a certain edge to her voice

"Why not?"

"Because you are brave and I bet excited and because we want to join this game" Madeleine replied.

"I don't want to play anymore" Alice said.

Madeleine took the step to reach Alice and held both of Alice's shoulders, looking directly at her.

"Of course you do, you are brave, sexy and fantastic looking and this is a real sexy adventure."

Alice was still flushed and I watched spellbound as Madeleine gently moved her hands and slowly moved Alice's hands from her naked breasts. Again, at least to me, the atmosphere was electric.

"Come on, be brave and let's continue with the walk" Madeleine seemed to breathe in the quietist of whispers. She was still looking directly at Alice and now without me seeing she had taken Alice's hands in her own.

"We've parked our car a couple of yards from yours and we are just as happy to walk back the way we've come, aren't we Kathy?"

"You bet we are" replied Kathy with ill-disguised enthusiasm.

It was at this point I shook myself out of my statue-like state and suggested Alice could have her clothes back if she wanted. I realised this came out all wrong and made it sound really weak and unhelpful. Madeleine batted that away with ease,

"You don't want them now, do you?" And maintained her closeness, her hand holding and her eyes looking intensely into Alice's face.

"Come on let's continue with the walk. We've told you our names so what are yours?"

"Mine's Alice and that's my husband Les"

And whilst she was saying this Madeleine had half turned and started back the way she had come but this time holding Alice's right hand.

With her free hand she silently urged Kathy and me forward. As easy as you like Kathy fell in beside me, even helping me to get the straps straight of my rucksack. She talked easily and whilst I started my response she took a pace behind me and refastened the opening of the rucksack. Madeleine and Alice were perhaps 5 yards or so behind us. I turned to see if all was well and noted that Madeleine had released Alice's hand as they walked in step side by side.

I wanted to find out who Kathy and Madeleine were. Kathy was easy to talk to and told me that they were students from the university at Hull. They were doing research during the vac and so had borrowed Madeleine's father's lodge for the duration. They were botanists. They were in the second year of their studies. Alice and Madeleine had fallen back over 50 yards so Kathy and I stopped to wait.

"Don't you think this is fun?" Kathy asked. "I mean here we are walking in Alicepest nature with a husband and wife and the wife is naked from the waist up. Not only that, but Madeleine has persuaded her to remain so. You've got to admit this is fun."

"Well, yes I think it is" I replied laughing.

"How long do you think Alice can be persuaded to stay as she is now?"

"I think as soon as we get back to the cars the spell will be broken."

"I like that, really Freudian. Spell as in magic; as in control. It's like a spell isn't it? Madeleine has a real way with her. You want to see her in lectures, how the tutors treat her with understandable respect. Oh they're nearly here."

And with that my spell was broken. Alice and Madeleine were within a couple of yards and Alicep in conversation.

"Hi both" Kathy said and Madeleine smiled.

Alice was still flushed and her nipples looked rock hard.

"Hi you two" Madeleine replied. "Les, get Alice a drink please she is parched. It has been some haul to here."

I removed the rucksack and searched for the water. I had to remove Alice's bra and blouse to move stuff around and again stupidly stood up holding the two garments. Madeleine softly said just one word

"Kathy"

and Kathy stepped forward and removed the clothes from my hand. Alice just looked on impassively. I offered her the water. Alice took it and drank heartily. I was delighted to see some escape. The small spill ran tantalisingly down her cleavage. She gave me the bottle back which I returned to the rucksack. I turned to Kathy and held out my hand for the clothes but Kathy shook her head

"No, it's alright, I'll carry them." And carry them, she did.

Without a second thought I heaved the rucksack onto my shoulders and again Kathy helped me get the straps sorted. We set off. I looked back and noted that Madeleine was holding Alice's right hand again and they were stationary. I kept a discreet check whilst Kathy entertained me with stories of the world of botany. As soon as we were again some 50 yards ahead so Madeleine and Alice set off and as soon as they moved Madeleine released Alice's hand; very curious. My thoughts were brought suddenly back to now by Kathy's question

"Don't you thing Alice would look fantastic if she was dressed like that all the time?"

"In fantasy yes but sadly the real world intrudes."

"And ...?"

"Well there's the law (public nuisance) and then there's the whole thing of neighbours, family, work and so on; as said, great fantasy."

At this point we passed a fork in the path to the left (we were going right according to the map) and coming down the leftwards fork was a couple with their dog. It only took a second or two to realise they would see Alice in her nakedness. I turned to warn, when Kathy put her hand on my arm and whispered

"Don't, let's see what happens."

Why did I just accede to her instruction? I just shrugged and we kept on our way with both of us stealing glances. The dog was first to emerge and seeing new friends sprinted to Madeleine and Alice. Madeleine bent down and petted the dog whilst Alice stood impassively by, with her arms at her side. I really wanted to know what was going on in her head. Then we could here the couple calling the dog (who was taking absolutely no notice). The couple came out onto the main path a moment later and I clearly heard the woman say

"Tom, she's naked!"

They hardly missed a beat though and continued to walk towards Madeleine and Alice. Madeleine was still petting the dog and Alice looked distinctly unhappy turning her head this way and that. Kathy gently took my hand. I looked down at her and she smiled back. I looked again at the scenario unfolding before us and saw that Madeleine had stood up and was standing next to Alice. The couple arrived to claim the dog and we could hear that there was a conversation going on though couldn't hear what was being said. They all shook hands followed by more conversation. Alice raised her arm and pointed at us and the couple turned and looked our way. Kathy halloed and waved with her free arm. The couple and Madeleine waved back. Alice again was standing there with her arms by her side. The couple then moved on.

Again we waited until Madeleine and Alice joined us. Kathy asked what had happened and Madeleine said she would tell her later. Alice said nothing but was again flushed with very large and hard nipples. I asked her whether she needed another drink but Madeleine said she didn't. Alice said nothing. We set off again and again Kathy and I were allowed to get some 50 yards ahead before Madeleine and Alice moved. We crested a rise turned a corner and there below us were the two cars with several others parked about. Kathy still holding my hand led me down to their car which was nearer. I was concerned now. This was a far more public place and we, or rather Kathy, had Alice's clothes.

When we reached the car (a mini) we stood there with Kathy continuing to hold my hand. After a short delay Madeleine and Alice came into view and made up the distance soon after. So there we were stood outside of the mini. Madeleine unlocked the mini and stood next to the open passenger door with her hand resting gently in the middle of Alice's back. I said

"I think we should be getting back now" and both Madeleine and Kathy agreed. Madeleine added

"We'll go in the mini. Why don't you follow behind in yours?"

Not on message I said to Alice

"Come on then let's go."

Madeleine quickly responded

"No. Alice is coming in our car; we have a lot to talk about. Kathy give Les, Alice's clothes"

Which she did. Throughout this Alice remained silent and impassive. Confused I walked to our car and got in. I was busy mulling all this over when the mini started and drove off, Alice in the back. Kathy was driving and Madeleine was leaning back over her seat and seemed to be talking to Alice. We followed in convoy back to the lodges.

When we got there the mini drove to their lodge (a couple of a hundred yards away from ours). I parked in front of ours, got out and waited. This was now getting worrisome. There were several families out in front of their lodges enjoying the sunshine. Madeleine got out first carrying something which she handed to Kathy when she got out. Alice emerged on the far side of the mini. She and Madeleine talked for a couple of minutes before Madeleine led Alice round to my side of the mini. My breath stopped. Alice was wearing only the black panties she put on this morning; no shorts, no socks and no boots.

I was aware all the noise coming from the families stopped. I looked and could see they were all staring at Alice. Madeleine led her slowly across the grass to our lodge. They were again holding hands. When they arrived at our lodge Madeleine handed Alice to me. Alice was again very flushed with her nipples sticking out rigidly. Her breathing was shallow and fast. I took Alice's hand and was about to make good our escape into the lodge when Madeleine spoke

"You look after her Les, Alice is one brave lady. She will need your best lovemaking tonight, won't you Alice?"

Alice nodded silently.

"Alice has agreed we will all meet up tomorrow, so see you then."

And with that she was away striding across the grass. I quickly led Alice inside. And we did make love. It was exciting and very satisfying.

Chapter 2 The Picnic

In the morning, a beautiful Monday morning, the sun nudged me awake through the curtains. Alice was still sleeping Aliceply. I very gently extricated myself from the bed and room and headed to the loo and after the bathroom I headed to the kitchen and the first cup of tea of the day. The kitchen had a beautiful view over the wooded hills. The scene was improved by a blue sky and bright sun. Dressing gown, cup of tea in hand, I sat and drank it all in. It didn't get any better than this. After cereal I noted the time -- 7:30. I knew it had to be the fresh air and perhaps because I was on holiday and after all we were burning daylight.

There was a knock at the door. I ambled over and was surprised yet not surprised to see Madeleine and Kathy. They were dressed plainly in khaki tops, shorts and walking sandals. They were packed and ready to go. They followed me in with Kathy chattering away about the day, the walk and how we would have such a good time. I said

"You'll have to forgive us. Alice's still in bed and as you can see I'm not even dressed."

Kathy insisted they would wait whilst we got ready. Madeleine interrupted Kathy and looking directly at me said

"I'll help Alice up and to get ready."

And with that she picked up one of the day bags they had brought and headed off to the bedroom. Falling quickly into stupid role I again just stared. Kathy as though on cue piped up again and suggested I make us both a cup of tea.

"I'll make us all one"

"No don't do that; just you and me. Madeleine and Alice will want one when they are ready."

"What do you mean `when they are ready'?"

"You know what I mean, `when they are ready'. Now can you and I have a cup of tea? I'm gasping here and if we are going out today we are going to need all the liquids we can get."

I was defeated. I filled the kettle whilst Kathy's chatter started again. This time it was about the fascinating flora hereabouts. Whenever she took a breath I could hear murmurs from the bedroom. Nothing distinct, just murmurs. As I was filling the two mugs I looked down the hallway to the bedroom and saw the door open. Madeleine and Alice (who was wearing her dressing gown) came out and went straight into the bathroom. Kathy warned

"Careful you're spilling it."

And I was. Cursing under my breath I cleaned up the mess and carried the mugs to the table. Kathy was now explaining the joys of the larch. From the bathroom I heard first the flush and then the bath taps running. I must admit my curiosity was piqued. With half an ear tracking Kathy I concentrated on the sounds emanating from the bathroom. The murmuring continued once the taps stopped. This was interspersed by silences, giggles and splashes. I realised that Kathy had stopped talking. I apologised.

"Don't be silly. You must be interested to know what is going on."

"And that is?"

"Let's wait and Alice can tell us."

Compliant again we sat there in almost total silence listening to the quiet sounds coming from the bathroom. Time goes slow this way but eventually the bathroom door opened and Alice came out with her back to us. She was naked and quickly followed by Madeleine. They returned to the bedroom. Taking this as a cue I rushed into the bathroom and thoroughly cleaned myself for the day. Whilst in there I could hear lots of laughter and the voices of Madeleine and Kathy. Once dressed in my shorts and t-shirt I returned to the kitchen. We were all together again and Alice stood out.

She was wearing a frock I hadn't seen before which came down to some 3" below her knee. She had makeup on and her fingers and toe nails were crimson. The G3 flowed off her in lovely clouds.

"Doesn't she look beautiful?"

"She certainly does Madeleine" I replied. "So what's the plan for today?"

I posed this question to all three. Again it was Madeleine who spoke

"Well we've packed food, drink a couple of blankets to sit on and an itinerary. We have it all planned. Now put your boots on Les and Alice I have a special treat."

We all watched as Madeleine produced a pair of gold coloured kitten heel court shoes and gave them to Alice. Alice examined them and leant forward as though to put the shoe on her lifted left foot. Madeleine just said

"Kathy?"

And Kathy quickly knelt taking the shoes from Alice, and placing them one at a time on Alice's feet. Alice steadied herself on Kathy's shoulders. I couldn't understand why Alice was going to wear those if we were all off on a hike.

"Why those?"

"Because they are beautiful and Alice looks exquisite in them. Now shall we go?"

And with that, taking Alice's left hand she, Alice and Kathy walked out to the car. I was left with 2 day bags and securing the premises. This time it was our car and I was the chauffeur. Madeleine guided Alice into the back and promptly got in beside her. Kathy sat beside me and immediately restarted from where she had left off over tea. It seems there is a lot to be said for broadleaf trees. The rear view mirror afforded me a steady view of what was going on. Madeleine and Alice had their heads inclined together. Alice had her eyes closed whilst Madeleine was talking and staring at me via the mirror. I was the first to disengage.

Following Kathy's directions we wound away along several forest roads before turning off into a small clearing. At Madeleine's suggestion I reversed the car in. We decamped and after Kathy and I took the day bags, I followed Kathy out of the clearing on a climbing woodland path. Just like yesterday Madeleine and Alice waited until we were a good way in front, before setting out. We climbed steadily. Kathy being younger than me could and did chat happily whilst I puffed and panted my way upwards. At the top we stopped for my benefit and I happily slumped against a tree.

Madeleine and Alice soon joined us and I was innocently pleased to see that Alice was breathing hard too. Madeleine asked me kindly for water for Alice. Like yesterday she drank quietly whilst we all watched. Madeleine thanked me and we resumed our journey, again with Madeleine and Alice waiting before following. We walked perhaps another half a mile before Kathy, after consulting the map led us off to the right on a much smaller path. Now we proceeded in single file. After 20 minutes Kathy stopped and we entered a small sun-dappled clearing. Kathy offloaded her day bag and I gladly did the same. She started to unpack. I did the same and in no time a hearty picnic was set up surrounded by 3 blankets. Incongruously there was also 1 pair of flip flops. I flopped and Kathy sat down. Some 10 minutes later Madeleine and Alice joined us. Madeleine sat down and Alice remained standing at her side.

"Go on, you can do it" Madeleine whispered.

As she said this, her hand touched Alice's left leg and disappeared above the hem of Alice's frock. Alice didn't flinch. As I pondered this, Alice started to slowly undo the strip of buttons that ran from the neckline to the bottom hem. There were a lot of them, so if the intention was to undo them all this was going to take some time. And it did. Madeleine offered praise and encouragement in equal measure

"Go on Alice, you are doing so well. Take your time this is just so sexy."

It seemed to be taking Alice about 20 seconds for each button. She stared solidly at me. Her look was one of concentration with the occasional play of a smile around her mouth. All three of us watched intently. About half way she stopped and looked down at Madeleine. Madeleine retrieved the water from the centre and passed it up to Alice who drank a couple of mouthfuls. Once the water was back in the centre Alice's hands continued their descent.

Finally she had to pull the dress up to reach the last few buttons without bending. I could see Madeleine's hand gripping the back of Alice's thigh. When the last button was undone Alice let the dress open and let her arms return to her sides. My eyes wandered down from her exposed breasts to the real surprise of a nude pubis. There wasn't a hair there. Both Kathy and Madeleine cheered. Alice blushed and looked at me. I smiled and she returned it.

"Now take it off" Madeleine said quietly and Alice leaning slightly back let it slip from her shoulders.

She stood there in only her shoes and looked magnificent. Kathy then said

"Let's eat."

Madeleine kneeled forward and chose food for two plates. Alice and I watched this though out of the corner of my eye I saw Kathy fold and roll up Alice's dress and put it in the day bag. Madeleine handed one of the plates to Alice and bade her to sit down. She did and sat with crossed legs. I feasted on the view of her nakedness. Kathy pulled me out of this cerebral meal and handed me a plate. We both took our fill and sat down; Kathy the other side of Alice and me next to Kathy. Other than Alice's nudity this was a lovely setting for a picnic. Three of us talked but mostly Alice kept her counsel. Madeleine talked with her but the responses were mostly nods and shakes of the head with some whispers.

Part of me wanted to know what was happening (inAliced what had happened over the past couple of days) but the other bit of me was loving the sheer eroticism of seeing my wife naked at the behest of another person. And this was a person we hardly knew and was another woman in addition. There was some mystical thing happening here but I didn't want to spoil it by "intruding" on the conversation between the two. Instead I chatted amiably with Katy. We were now into deciduous things. Their only value I could see right then was the privacy they afforded for our discreet tableau.

The sandwiches were tasteless, as was the quiche and as for the road kill in breadcrumbs, the less said the better. However, the cold soft drinks were a delight in the sultry heat of the clearing. After the drinks Madeleine suggested we play a game. Kathy gushed her agreement and I was puzzled, a game at our age? Alice had her head bowed. Madeleine suggested we could play Blind Man's Bluff. Kathy and I agreed. Madeleine asked

"Alice?"

and Alice nodded her head slowly. So we all got to our feet and Madeleine produced a silk scarf which she tied round her own head. She spoke quietly to Alice who took Madeleine by the shoulders and turned her around three and a bit times. And we were off. It took 5 minutes for Madeleine to catch Alice claiming that she had been led to her quarry by the perfume. Alice was blindfolded and spun rapidly by Kathy. The game caused a lot of laughter and we all kept close until Alice caught me. Having her that close and naked caused me to become very excited. Alice lifted the scarf smiled at me and then kissed me tenderly on the lips. My stay in Heaven was interrupted by Kathy suggesting we should get a room.

We parted and Madeleine held out her hand which Alice took and followed. Kathy and I packed the picnic away and then we stood and waited. Alice and Madeleine were Alicep in quiet conversation. Madeleine had her hands on Alice's shoulders and Alice seemed to be resisting something. Alice bowed her head listening and Madeleine bent down so that she could look into Alice's eyes. All the while Madeleine's lips were moving. Madeleine then asked Kathy to exchange the flip flops for the kitten heels. The close conversation then restarted as Kathy returned to my side. Whilst putting the kitten heels into my day bag Kathy whispered to me.

"I wonder what they are talking about. Aren't you fascinated?"

"Yes. I'm not sure why I should be nor why I'm telling you, but I am."

"What do you think Alice will do next?"

"What, you think Madeleine is going to persuade her to do yet more?"

"Don't you?"

"Yes."

And at that point Madeleine told us we were on our way back. She asked Kathy and me to take point, as with yesterday, she and Alice waited until we were some 50 yards ahead. Thinking about this I guessed she wanted me in particular to juggle with my conscience whenever other walkers came towards me. After all it was my wife who was naked, and it was my wife who would have a 50 yard view of the alarm coming her way. I suggested this to Kathy who agreed that that was likely. She explained that she had known Madeleine for two years yet this was the first time either of them had been involved in anything like these last couple of days. She added that Madeleine had a regular boyfriend and inAliced there was to be a party at their lodge tonight. Madeleine and Kathy's boyfriend plus other students would likely be there. Kathy was sure all of those people would be shocked if they knew of all this.

Once again we were in single file until we joined the main track and took our left turn. Kathy once more launched into a lengthy verbal treatise on evergreens compared with deciduous things. I had half an ear on this so that I could nod or shake my head appropriately. The rest of me was perched between watching my footing and discreetly looking back to see my beautiful naked wife walking alongside Madeleine. If Madeleine saw me looking she waved and drew Alice's attention to me. Alice would look and I fancy smile but make no sign of recognition. So on we walked.

After ten minutes the path started the descent. The slope was steep and this was just as painful on the legs as going up except this time it was a different set of muscles. Kathy was still on with the botany lesson as was I with the split perspective. This was getting into a routine. Alice being naked was becoming acceptable and not out of the ordinary; beautiful day all round. But then, weren't those voices? Yes they were as a grey panther rambling club hove into view.

There were ten of them all done up in multicoloured Goretex. Padding patiently alongside was a couple of dogs; Border collie and a fat Labrador. They seemed to be all taking at once. Kathy, in almost a whisper said

"Goody."

And we, being seen were swamped with "hellos" which we returned. Because it was a climb our greeters stopped alongside for a breather under the guise of a friendly conversation. The dogs, of course, having found two new friends added to the conviviality by jumping up and general tale wagging. The collie then barked drawing the attention of its owner to something further up the path. At that moment I was listening to a short woman's reasons why Yorkshire was God's own country. The dog's owner (a wizened pensioner) exclaimed

"Well! Will you look at that? There's a girl coming down the hill stark naked."

Caught up in this moment Kathy and I joined the rest of the group and strained to see Madeleine and Alice making their way deliberately to join us. Silence reigned. Some five yards off Madeleine helloed us all. And English manners being what they are our ramblers all helloed back whilst Kathy and I did a lame "hi". Once alongside Madeleine stopped and introduced herself and Alice to the group. Blithely, she asked the ramblers what they were doing, where they were going, from whence they had come and how long they would be hereabouts. This completely, disarmed them and their spokeswoman launched their communal reply

"We are from Leeds and are part of the University of the Third Age. We have been coming here for the past five years. We are all retired (which was no surprise) and all good friends. From the left there is Don ("Hello"), Sheila ("Hello"), Alice ("Hello"), I am Vera, and this is Marie ("Hello"), Phil ("Hello"), and I don't know these two young people ("I'm Kathy and this is my friend Les and Hello from us both -- Madeleine smiled and Alice went more crimson than she was already -- "and back to you Vera"), thank you and this is Babs ("Hello"), George ("Hello"), Lige ("Hello") and last but far from least Elizabeth ("Hello"). We are going to be around here about a week and we are staying in a hotel in Malton, the Crown. Now what about you two; where are you from and what are you doing?"

Madeleine didn't miss a beat

"Well hello all. It is so nice to meet you all. We are here on a week's break which we are spending in the company of friends. You have probably passed them 'cause they are someway ahead ("No we haven't seen them, have we, everybody" -- and along with everyone else we said No in unison). "Oh, well they must be back at the car."

"Well that's nice. I hope you enjoy your stay and have a good rest as we are hoping to have..."

"For God's sake Vera, ask the question we all want an answer to" said Lige. I noticed that Don and Phil were surreptitiously taking photographs of Alice.

"Yes, well, I was getting to that. Please excuse me for being so forward but Alice dear, why are you walking around, as it were, naked?"

Madeleine again didn't miss a beat

"Alice is far too shy to talk to relative strangers (I nearly choked), so let me explain. Alice you see has taken a vow to remain nude. She hopes you don't mind."

"No (and that again was all of us)."

"Well we mustn't tarry, come on Alice, bye everyone" and with that Madeleine and Alice set off.

"Bye" we all chorused. Kathy was obviously after a bit of mischief because as we watched Madeleine and Alice (and especially Alice's bottom) descend the hill, Kathy said

"Really wasn't that disgusting!"

The response pleased me. For all but Alice disagreed with Kathy. Comments abounded to do with Brave, Strong and so on. Kathy bid them farewell and we set off after my wife.

They reached the car before us. And of course I had the key so Madeleine and Alice had to wait. When we arrived Madeleine was leaning against the bonnet whilst Alice was standing in front of her. This meant Alice was the road side of the car. Madeleine was keen to talk to Kathy and me about the meeting on the hill. All the time Alice stayed still, arms to her side head slightly bowed. Kathy was thrilled by the deception played on the ramblers and invited me to enjoy it too. I admitted that I couldn't understand the deception. With condescension Madeleine explained that that meant Alice was alone with her during the encounter. It meant also, she explained, that I could enjoy the tableau as a stranger would. I had to admit there was merit in that argument though I wasn't going to admit how exciting I had found it.

At Madeleine's bidding I unlocked the car and she then led Alice inside to the backseat again. Whilst I put the bags away Madeleine offered Alice some water which she took willingly. Once back on the track we drove lodge-wards. On entering the grounds of the lodge Madeleine suggested we drive to their lodge first. I was in the zone now and obeyed. No one was around so we decamped, invited in for a coffee. Alice was nervous and looked round anxiously. Madeleine and Kathy took a considerable time to find the keys, but once found we were both bustled indoors. Once inside I realised that the bags were in the back of the car; accident or design?

Chapter 3 The Soiree

Of course the lodge was the same design as ours but was furnished very differently. Whereas the one we were renting was holiday Spartan, this was in a different league. Nice lighting was the order of the day and the furniture was leather for the most part. It was handsome all round. Madeleine bade us to sit but Kathy made sure she sat next to me on the two-seater settee. Madeleine sat in the easy chair which left Alice the small pouf in the middle of the room. This was very low, small and made of blue shiny leather. Alice settled on it gingerly and in so doing was fighting a battle with her exposure. If she put her legs together but bent her knees, they came up to her breasts. That exposed her naked groin area to either Madeleine or Kathy and me. If she stretched her legs out in front of her we all could see it. Of course her breasts were in view all the time. This kept a satisfyingly crimson edge to her skin.

Madeleine rose and we all agreed to a coffee and something to eat. She summoned Alice who trotted out to the kitchen to assist. Kathy asked me how the day was going. I had to say it was a funny mixture of the relaxing, away from work walk in glorious weather and nature alongside the unbridled eroticism of a nude Alice walking most of the way and being exposed to a group of ramblers. One had to remember that those ramblers had also taken photographs of her. It was clear then as now that she was Aliceply embarrassed as signified by her blush.

The conversation continued for some 40 minutes before Madeleine and Alice returned to the room with a tray of coffees and some lovely sandwiches. Alice was now wearing a white pinafore tied around her waist and stretching just four inches down and thereby covering only her navel. Somehow this was even more sexy than the nudity. Far more arresting was the renewed makeup to her face. She looked beautiful. But there was more; she had now a dark red look to her nipples and to her labia. With this she looked amazingly sexy. I stared. Between them Madeleine and Alice started to lay the table. As Alice bent forward her beautiful breasts with their red nipples swung downwards and almost touched the table as she bent her knees. Madeleine spoke quietly but loud enough for me to hear

"Alice it will be much better if you keep your legs straight when putting stuff on the table or serving"

Serving? Where did that come from? All Alice was doing was helping to bring some food from the kitchen. Yet, Madeleine's words had their effect. Alice stood upright still holding the second plate of sandwiches. She then bent at the waist and whilst keeping her legs straight leant down and put the plate on the side table. She was about to rise when Madeleine spoke again

"No. Stay as you are and let us look at the effect."

Madeleine signalled to Kathy and me with an assertive sweep of her arm. We both got up and joined her. We walked round the back of Alice and three sets of eyes looked at her red labia which were peeking through the gap between her naked thighs. It was fleshy and I'm sure I detected moisture. Madeleine asked

"Well? What do you two think of that view?"

"It looks beautiful, so erotic, Les?"

"I think it looks stunning and am myself stunned thinking of us here looking at this scene."

At those words a mumble came from Alice's lips. Madeleine again spoke

"That means Alice likes it too, don't you beautiful girl?"

"Yesss."

This was the first time Alice had spoken in my hearing since this morning.

"OK you can stand again"

Madeleine instructed and Alice rose. The red labia disappeared from view. Kathy stood there with her chin resting on her raised palm in reflective pose. Alice remained standing impassively in front of the table. Finally, Kathy pronounced

"Alice looks really sexy like that but I think she could look more so without covering the best bits of her nudity. For example, what about that little maid's hat we've got? We could also put a black ribbon round her neck. And what about replacing the cloth belt of the itty bitty pinny and replacing it with that fine silver chain I've got? I've also got mules with kitten heels -- they're pink."

"Yes let's do it"

And with that Madeleine left the room. In a flash she was back and off came the pinny. With that Kathy replaced the cotton belt with the silver chain and it was replaced. The chain was tiny compared to the cotton strip which made the pinny even more striking. Madeleine placed the ribbon around Alice's neck. It wasn't tied; rather it had some sort of catch on it. Kathy now knelt down and gently lifted each of Alice's feet in turn replacing the flip flops with similar size heeled pink mules which were decorated with some feathery things. At the other end Madeleine was clipping this ridiculously small white maid's cap on top of Alice's head. It was white cotton with two ribbons hanging down some six inches at the back. Finally Kathy put white cotton gloves on Alice's hands.

"Turn around Alice so that we can see the full effect" Madeleine asked firmly.

Obediently, Alice turned looking straight ahead. She walked up and down at Madeleine's further order. And what a sight she made. I could have happily leapt on her. She looked gorgeous. Her skin had that flushed pink colour and her red nipples stuck out a good third of an inch. She looked one sexy babe.

"Please get the other stuff Alice" Madeleine said.

Alice then clipped backwards and forwards from the kitchen carrying various things to eat and drink as well as the utensils required to do that. Again I marvelled at how Alice's breasts bounced with each pace; sheer poetry. I was getting into this when the door bell rang. Alice and I froze but Madeleine and Kathy both squealed

"They're here!"

Alice and I looked at each other and I could see fear in her eyes. I asked if she wanted to leave and almost imperceptibly she shook her head. Madeleine said

"That's right. Alice wouldn't miss for the world, so go and let them in Alice."

With that Alice clipped to the front door and dressed as she was stood and opened it so that she was completely in view of those without. Several cries of "Hi" were strangled as the unseen outsiders took in the sight before them. Madeleine went and stood beside Alice who was obviously trembling now, and said

"Come in guys. This is Alice by the way and over there is her husband Les."

I rose from my chair and said my "Hi". Three men and two women entered the room. They were dressed very informally and were in the same age range as Madeleine and Kathy. Madeleine introduced them

"Les? This is Sam, Zak, Jo, Mel and Claire".

They "Hi"ed again in unison and I nodded in return. They all started to talk at once to Madeleine. In the background I noticed Kathy retrieve Alice from the still open front door, and close it. She brought Alice into the circle we had all managed to get into. Madeleine took Alice's hand and led her into the centre of the circle and bade us all to widen its radius. Then quietly she asked Alice to open her legs about to two feet apart. Once accomplished after a few seconds of hesitation, Madeleine asked Alice to turn around slowly so that we could all have a good look at her and see how beautiful and sexy she is. Alice obeyed and shuffled slowly round. She was biting her bottom lip with her eyes cast down. Madeleine said

"Head up Alice you should be proud of yourself. There is no one here who doesn't think you are beautiful and sexy. So meet our gaze as you move round and smile. Look as though this is giving you the same pleasure it is giving us. "

Again Alice obeyed. Her lips parted in a wan smile and she looked at us each in turn. And each in turn we smiled a smile of encouragement back to her.

"You see everyone this is a woman who has suddenly found pleasure in following instructions; first her husband's and now mine. It is co-incidental that those instructions have been to do with displaying her body. Note that lovely Alicep pink glow on her body enhanced as it is by the careful application of make-up. She is embarrassed and somewhat humiliated in turn but finds this all so exciting, don't you Alice?"

We all looked at Alice who stood very still looking at Madeleine

"Yesss"

She hissed and there was a distinct murmuring that came up from the circle. Madeleine continued

"Thank you, for coming here tonight at such short notice. Kathy and I thought it would be nice to hold a little soiree for our best friends. We have invited Alice and Les also, though they didn't know it was going to be a soiree with more people present. Les looks as though he is interested in seeing how the evening develops whilst Alice is going to act as our waitress.

"You will see that she is suitably attired and the food is prepared, so let us start. Sam, Zak, Jo, please get 4 more chairs from the kitchen. Thank you."

Kathy and I fetched a larger table from the kitchen and put it into the middle of the room; this was done at Madeleine's request.

"Now then let's arrange the room so that the table is to the side, over there and the chairs are arranged close together around the table. That's it. Les, you sit there, Kathy you sit next to Les, I'll sit on his other side and the rest of you sort yourselves out around the rest of the circle. Good. Now then Alice, go get eight plates from the kitchen. You will find a tray in there on top of the 'fridge.

"Everyone, please ensure there is no gap between you and your neighbour. Thank you Alice, please put them down on the side table. No, no, no please do it as you have been shown."

Alice had attempted to bend her legs to put the plates on the table. With the table against two walls that would have been the only way to preserve her modesty. Madeleine's intervention stopped that strategy in its tracks. With legs straight she bent at the waist and once more presented all of us with plain view of her labia between her thighs.

"Now please one at a time, give a plate to each of us starting with me, ok?

"Yesss."

Alice went over to the table, the labia nipped into view and she returned with the plate. She made her way round the circle until she reached Madeleine. Alice was behind Madeleine's left side. As we were shoulder to shoulder Madeleine needed to move to allow Alice to put the plate on the table. Madeleine turned to her left to allow Alice the space but in so doing was facing Alice who also had to turn sideways. We all watched intently. Alice once again was keeping her legs straight. This process was repeated with all of us. When she reached me last I couldn't resist cupping her breasts as she leaned forward. I was made to jump by Madeleine's sharp

"Les! This is hard enough for Alice. It is important than any touching should be accidental."

Guiltily, I lowered my hands and felt stupidly embarrassed for touching my own beautiful wife. To cover my embarrassment Kathy kindly started another one of her tree based conversations and as if by magic everyone else joined in except Alice and me. Alice continued her journeys backwards and forwards until all the food was on the table. Madeleine told Alice that she could eat in the kitchen. She clipped off to the kitchen. We started our meal of sandwiches and the conversation then centred totally around Alice. It was obvious she would be able to hear what was said. The conversation consisted of a lot of questions from our new contacts followed by a lengthy speech from Madeleine.

"You ask how Kathy and I came across Alice. Well yesterday we were out walking and we literally bumped into her. It was evident that she and Les were playing a game because when we met she was topless. It was also evident to me that Alice was on the cusp of fright and excitement. I guess if we had been men there would have been a scream followed by a quick cover up. However, we presented no threat and yet we showed no shock or alarm. This, I believe gave Alice enough reassurance to stay as she was (topless) until the gathering of more information (about us) enabled her to make a decision.

"Les was obviously excited by the discovery and just remained quiet until Alice's decision (with a little prompting from me) was made. We managed to persuade her to remain topless to the car and then in the car to here and then across the grass in front of several families back to her lodge. Today has been different because I explained the plan to Alice from the start. It was clear that she preferred me to make the decision so I instructed her to wear a simple dress only. That was removed on the walk and despite her embarrassment she remained naked until we got back here to the lodge.

"Interestingly, she managed to withstand our unplanned meeting with a group of older people who were very inquisitive about Alice's nudity. Equally interesting was the fact that Les and Kathy had already met up with the pensioners yet didn't let on that they knew Alice and me. It made for an entertaining 10 minutes in the middle of the woods. Back here Kathy managed to make a call to you all unobserved and the rest you know. Alice is here for the week as are we so I feel we can explore her cusp further. Shall we?"

There was a chorus of Yes's so that was settled. Madeleine called Alice from the kitchen

"Alice, my guests are interested in you and wish to find out more about you. Now I need you to be truthful and frank. Can you do that?"

Alice walked in and looked alarmed. She stood in the room in front of us biting her bottom lip. Her hands had moved so that they covered her groin. We waited

"Well?"

"Yess."

"Good. Who wants to start?"

"Me."

"Ok, Mel, ask away."

"Alice, are you comfortable being naked in front of us?"

"No."

"Then why do you do it?"

"I feel I have to and I don't know why."

"Please turn round and bend at the waist."

Alice stood and stared at Mel (she looked even younger than Kathy) and then much to my surprise, turned and bent at the waist. Her legs remained straight and once again her red, red labia emerged into view. A murmur followed. That proved to be a precedent. From then on as Madeleine called each guest in turn, the response from the guest was an instruction of a pose in the form of a question, rather than one seeking information. I suppose in a way they were seeking information; seeing how far or compliant Alice was. Madeleine at last, called for Kathy.

"Alice, please open your legs as wide as your shoulders are apart, and then bend at the waist."

Alice as was her habit in this game considered for a moment, and then complied. She bent forwards at 90 degrees and her red tipped breast hung invitingly downwards. Madeleine then called me. I realised I was being seduced into this dominant role but was now far too excited to pass on a chance to get Alice to do what I wanted

"Beautiful, please stay bent at the waist and then turn round so your back is to us."

Without thinking she did and to my delight, Alice's humiliation and excitement and to the other guests' murmuring as she bent forwards so her red labia opened and her sex was displayed to us all. Madeleine called the game to an end by simply calling Alice over. Whilst this had been going on, Madeleine had retrieved the pouf and placed it next to her chair. Alice was now told gently to sit there. As a group we all applauded and Alice flushed a Alicep red.

For the rest of the soiree the conversation flowed easily around the table about things scientific and also on more general topics to which I could contribute. We took it in turns to make drinks and snacks and always Alice was served at the same time. She remained, however, still on her chair and whilst enjoying the various snacks and drinks, she said nothing.

Finally, Madeleine called an end to the proceedings. She bade her guests farewell and they thanked her for a fascinating evening. Each in turn touched Alice on the head or shoulder whilst saying good night and then they were gone. Kathy and I cleared up and quickly dispatched the washing up. Whilst in the kitchen I could hear Madeleine talking to Alice in low tones. I came out of the kitchen and said it was time we left. Madeleine agreed saying

"Alice has shown herself to be immensely brave again today. I'm sure we can arrange another exciting day for you both tomorrow. So once again Les make sure you give her the love she deserves tonight. Good night."

"Good night Madeleine and good night Kathy"

And with that we made for the door. Alice was still dressed in her costume but I knew we could return all that tomorrow. Outside it was dark with a slight chill but we only had a few yards to go. We set out and almost inevitably we bumped into a fellow holidaymaker and her son who were walking their dog. We exchanged greetings and I kept walking steering Alice by her arm which I could feel was trembling. As I got to the door of the lodge I took a furtive look back and saw mother, son and dog were standing where we had left them and they were staring back.

Chapter 4 Mystery Tour

When I awoke I found I was alone. Alice must be awake. She was I could hear voices. I strained to hear distinctly but found I could only detect a rumble. Dressing gown on and I ventured forth. Inevitably I found Alice, Kathy and Madeleine in the kitchen. Kathy and Madeleine were both wearing street clothes (as against clothes for walking in the hills). Alice was naked. Her dressing gown was on the back of Madeleine's chair. So today had already started. I walked in

"Good morning."

And I kissed Alice on the lips. They were soft and full and very sensual (something of an afterglow from last night).

"Good morning, Les."

Both Kathy and Madeleine chorused.

"What's going on?"

"We came over to see whether Alice wants to play today, and she does. InAliced she came to the door naked which shows she is prepared."

I looked at Alice and she nodded with a smile.

"So what is the game today?"

"Mmm, that would spoil it if we said. Let's say it's special and it's a stage further than yesterday. If you are not happy with the idea, you can stay behind and we will deliver Alice back this evening."

Alice shook her head whilst looking at me.

"No. It's alright. I'll enlist on the mystery tour."

"Good. Please get yourself ready. We will go with Alice to our lodge to prepare for the day. Say, meet you there in an hour?"

"Ok an hour it is."

As they got up to leave I saw it was 07:30. Alice stood up also and walked past her dressing gown and to the door. She had nothing on at all including her feet. And out they went. (I wish I could bottle what ever it was Madeleine exerted over Alice). I went to the window and watched them amble over to their lodge. In the distance I could see one or two people out on the grass and it was obvious they were watching the procession. Back to the bathroom I washed thoroughly and once ship shape put on some smart summer clothes. It was now 08:15. This was far too early wasn't it? I mean I didn't want to spoil the plans, whatever they were. So I waited whilst listening to the matey babble on the radio. At 08:30 I set off and in three minutes reached Madeleine's door. I looked round and saw there were now several families out putting up patio sets and laying breakfast things. I also noted that Kathy's car had its top down. I knocked.

The door was smartly opened by my glorious wife, Alice. She was, much to my surprise, dressed. Except, yes, no, she wasn't. Her clothes consisting of a tight blue t shirt with 4 open buttons and very red tight shorts were inAliced tight. The shorts came down her thighs a couple of inches and were hemmed at the legs and waist with white patterned ribbons. But something didn't look right. I stared. Then it was obvious. It was body paint. And oh so well done. On her feet she had mules again with a 2" heel. No embellishment this time just a couple of straps across the breadth of her feet.

She kissed me and very demurely invited me in. Madeleine and Kathy were just inside the door. Beyond at the entrance to the kitchen were Jo and Claire from last night. Madeleine introduced them again and explained that they were the artists. I was now very intrigued. I had to know what the plan was for today. I looked questioningly at Madeleine.

"Don't get me to spoil it Les. It's the mystery that will add the piquancy to the day. Just be re-assured that no harm will come of Alice and that we will be setting off in a couple of minutes. It will be helpful if you follow us in your car. I will be sitting next to Kathy who will be driving and Jo and Claire will sit in the back with Alice between them. You will need fuel for a round trip of 10 miles and money enough, well let's say £100.00?"

"Ok I have enough to cover that on both counts."

"Then let's go!"

We trooped outside and the ladies climbed into their car as Madeleine had ordained and I trotted off to ours. The journey was pretty swift. We turned north on to the A169 (Whitby Road) and stopped near the farm at Shaker Stile. I waited behind their car and they waited until a Proctor's coach appeared. It stopped and we got out. Alice was in the middle of the four with me bringing up the rear. I now understood why the money was necessary. Madeleine explained to the driver that we wanted 5 returns to Whitby which I paid for. She then descended then steps and took Alice to one side. The usual low whisper was all we could here. Alice stood impassively. I was fascinated by this up to the point that the driver coughed theatrically. As I was paying, I was first on and with the tickets went to the back of the coach where the seat was free. The rest of the coach was full with a mix of pensioners and families with young children. As I walked down the aisle several people greeted me. This was going to be interesting.

Madeleine was next, followed by Jo then Claire. All three engaged fully with the other passengers on their way down the coach. After a short but noticeable delay Alice climbed the steps onto the coach and started her journey. There was a chorus of conversation which preceded and followed her as more and more passengers recognised that only body paint separated Alice from nudity. She caused quite a stir. I could see that everyone turned to follow her progress; heads over and to the sides of seats. As Alice reached us, so we were all given our instructions by Madeleine.

Inevitably, I ended up by the kerbside window. Next to me was Kathy, then Jo. At The other window sat Claire then Madeleine. Alice stood facing us waiting for us to sort ourselves. It was a 5 place back set and we were 6. Madeleine instructed Kathy to sit on my lap. With a space vacated Alice was then asked gently by Madeleine to sit in the middle with her feet in the aisle. Of course, this meant she was fully on view to the see of faces looking at her. Madeleine said in aloud whisper that she could see that the driver was looking.

And then we were off. Alice sat upright, staring ahead. Our heads were on swivels looking up the coach and at Alice. The audience was transfixed. This carried on for some 5 minutes before interest started to wane and faces returned to the front. Madeleine leaned to the side and whispered in Alice's ear causing a visible shiver followed by a low

"Nooo"

From Alice. Madeleine whispered again and again Alice resisted, this time by shaking her head. I was now fascinated. Madeleine spoke again and this time groaned audibly. Then all at the same time faces turned to look, Kathy squirmed and Alice opened her legs. One of the younger children a couple of seats ahead was standing on the seat squab and asked her Mommy loudly

"What's that funny lady doing?"

I thought that this was the moment things were going to get unpleasant when Mommy replied

"Being very brave dear."

On hearing this, the passengers around the back broke into spontaneous applause which we joined. Alice smiled shyly. The journey continued for another couple of minutes like that. Madeleine then whispered again followed by Alice's groan, followed by Alice putting her hands on her head at the same time as the faces returned. This had the effect of raising her breasts which just looked so magnificent. And that is how we travelled for another 20 minutes or so. There was a flash which came from a man taking a picture of Alice from the aisle. That seemed to be the signal that everyone wanted. Thereafter a queue formed so that people didn't spoil the shots of others. It was noticeable that several children and teenagers also took photographs. It was positive that the other passengers on the coach approved of Alice's attire.

Finally, she put her hands down just as the coach pulled into Whitby. We rapidly parked by the river and the driver announced our return at three sharp. We were warned that he was waiting for no one. The coach passengers all crowded to get off and Madeleine ensured we stayed until last. She ushered Alice out of her seat and promptly guided her into the seat space in front. We were all waived by and got off of the coach. Outside the coach all the other passengers were waiting and as we got off Kathy guided us to a good vantage point. Madeleine got off first to hardly a murmur and joined us. At last Alice came into site at the top of the coach steps.

She stopped for a couple of minutes, half turned to talk to the driver. I knew she hadn't volunteered this which meant that the driver wanted his share. And then she descended the steps to cheers and applause. Amazingly, people thrust bits of paper and pens into her hands, demanding her autograph. Again, this included children. Once again I marvelled at the disguise that Jo and Claire had created. I knew Alice was naked but it still looked as though she was wearing very tight sexy clothes. More photographs were taken, including a large number where a variety of the passengers insisted on posing with Alice. The adults took her agreement as licence to drape their arms round her. Then the press started to disperse. The woman who had pronounced Alice as brave called back as she walked away

"Don't forget, 3 o' clock. I'd hate for you to be left here dressed like that. Bye."

Madeleine asked for ideas and we (including Alice) all voted for a coffee and something to eat. We went down New Quay, crossed the bridge and went into the White Horse and Griffin Inn just past the bridge. The chap behind the counter seemed pleased to see us until he saw how Alice was dressed. He started to say "...such brief clothing wasn't", when I guess he saw it wasn't clothing at all. At that he reddened and suggested we should follow him to the table by the window. He happily left me to one side as he helped each of the ladies into a chair and that included Alice. I was left to fend for myself. Menus were distributed and Mein Host having decided Alice had lost her wits as well as her clothes as he explained its contents in intricate detail. This entailed him down on his haunches pointing things out. This caused a lot of giggling with the ladies. Alice was crimson and her nipples were erect.

We ordered simple fare. Madeleine had tuna salad. Kathy had tuna salad. Jo had some cream cheese concoction, whilst Claire had tuna salad. Alice wanted a mackerel dish but Madeleine did another one of her whispers. Alice chose tuna salad. I had steak with fries and some salady bits. Kathy and I were left out of the alcohol. Alice's weak lager was translated into a white wine to accompany the other drinkers. Kathy went for diet coke and I settled for water. With the helpful host away to the kitchen the conversation started.

There was lots of interchange between the four about how exciting it had been and each kept praising Alice. Madeleine sought Alice's opinion of the morning's adventure and in barely audible tones she said

"I thought I was going to die of embarrassment. I just felt completely naked all the time. When people cuddled close to have their pictures taken I wanted to scream but I kept remembering what Madeleine had told me. In a silly way it's also exciting. I can't believe I'm doing this. I curse Les for first coming up with the idea; and myself for agreeing. But Madeleine's taken that to a whole new place; frightening yet exciting, humiliating yet, to use Madeleine's word, empowering. I'm just so mixed up."

I found that fascinating. This whole thing was far more complicated than I realised. Madeleine responded

"Alice, you really must accept how proud we are of you. I don't think anyone else in this place could do what you do and with such sexiness exuding from you. I think that is just marvellous. Don't we agree?"

And with that we all applauded. The rest of the clientele looked across. Kathy spoke up

"Take a bow Alice."

Madeleine, Claire and Jo all agreed and started to chant

"Take a bow, take a bow."

Alice coloured especially when the rest of the clientele joined in. Madeleine leaned across, placing her hand on Alice's arm and whispering something in her ear. Alice looked at Madeleine and then raised herself to a standing position. I realised immediately what would happen now. Alice was facing so that her back was to the rest of the restaurant. She bowed, and I'm sure as Madeleine intended, she displayed herself completely. I could here gasps and murmurs from the other diners which quickly changed into cheers from my colleagues and several men present. Alice turned through 180 degrees and bowed again to more cheers. She quickly straightened and sat down again. She was saved from any further embarrassment by the arrival of our food; a bad day for tuna.

Mein Host was again his ever helpful self, this time attempting to place the napkin just so on Alice's lap. Both Jo and Kathy protested and asked him to leave Alice alone. It was his turn to flush red and he retreated smartish. The meal was convivial with much conversation and a very light atmosphere. Having reached the coffees the discussion moved on to our next destination. It was no surprise that the Abbey was chosen.

Madeleine, Jo, Clare, and Kathy surrounded Alice and headed for the door. I realised I was being left with the grubby capitalist bit and headed to Mein Host for the bill paying ceremony. My attention was drawn to a lot of movement to my right. I witnessed some over-nourished and loud Americans busily complimenting the ladies on providing the most original entertainment they could remember during a meal. At the same time several of them were taking pictures. Alice's efforts to keep herself behind one of our friends were thwarted by the Americans surrounding the whole group. Mein Host momentarily diverted by the vignette by the door quickly returned to the job in hand and produced an eye-watering price of £85.00. Having received my receipt he drew my attention to the service jar. I made for the daylight.

Outside it was a scrum. Our friends and Alice were pressed against the front of the Inn with Humanity flowing past in both directions. As we joined up I was pushed ahead by Claire and set off to the steps; all 199 of them. There was an ad hoc traffic flow system operating with up on the left and down on the right. By the time I reached the top I was very short of breath and stopped to one side to rest. Looking back I could the ladies 30 or 40 steps further back with Alice in the middle of the group. As they drew level I could see that they were no fitter than me so we all stood together at my rest stop to recharge our batteries. Alice came close and I gave her a chaste kiss on the lips, being rewarded with a warm smile. I looked at her and saw the climb had had an unforeseen consequence (at least by me). It was a very warm early-afternoon and the climb had caused Alice to perspire. And that had dissolved some of the body paint, in streaks. At least around her breasts Alice was looking more naked than clothed.

When everybody had got their breath back we set off along the slight rise to the ruins of the Abbey. I led and upon looking back saw that Kathy and Madeleine were each holding one of Alice's hands. This had the effect of preventing Alice from covering herself. Not that being exposed was much of a risk in that mass of pedestrian traffic. However, once we hit the green sward surrounding the Abbey, the mass of Humanity dispersed. So we wandered. Much of our conversation was about Dracula and we all joined in, including Alice. As we rounded the northern side of the Abbey who should we meet other than our American friends.

It was like they hadn't seen us for months. They were a touchy-feely crowd and there was much hugging and many handshakes. Alice was very much the centre of their attention and whilst they pestered her with questions Madeleine dutifully stood guard by her side. Still Madeleine and Kathy held one of Alice's hands, each. Whilst the women were talking a couple of the men were busily taking photographs. It was noticeable also that the animation of our group was attracting the attention of other visitors to the Abbey. They were standing watching from 30 or 40 feet away. But watching they were.

One of the photographers spoke to Alice who looked to Madeleine. Madeleine answered and the man backed away and adopted the photographer pose. At his signal Kathy and Madeleine both raised Alice's hands and the man and his friends took their shots. Alice's minders then turned her round and after some discussion she looked over her shoulder at the men. They responded by taking more pictures. This went on for some ten minutes. During that time I was approached by one of the Americans. She was called Laura.

"I understand Alice is your wife."

"Yes."

"She is beautiful and so brave to be out undressed like that. Please excuse me for asking but is this her idea or yours?"

"I think neither. It's certainly not mine and I'm sure Alice is far too reserved to think this one up."

"Then who's?"

"Madeleine's. She has become the master of ceremonies as it were.

"Is she your friend or relative or what?"

"Definitely the `what'. As odd as it may seem we have only known her and Kathy a couple of days. It seems ages ago but it's just happened."

"I'm fascinated. I teach psychology back home and this piece of theatre is worthy of at least a conference. But seriously, now is not the time; can we talk again?"

"We're only here for a week."

"Same as us but I wasn't thinking of during this week. Why don't we swap e-mails and I'll contact you confidentially when I get back to the States?"

So we did and she wandered back to her friends. Madeleine called a halt to the activities and we continued our tour. I was accompanied by Claire. Jo was walking with Madeleine, Kathy and Alice. After viewing the various sides and taking our own pictures (during which I too took some beautiful shots of Alice) we set off back coach wards. Now Claire and I were at the back and we could both see and commented on the change in positions ahead. Now Madeleine and Kathy were holding one of Alice's hands each but from the opposite side of her body to them and of course were holding them around her back. It looked as though she were handcuffed. I could see they weren't holding her hands firmly. In fact on a couple of occasions Kathy removed hers and Alice remained in position until Kathy's returned.

The return to the coach was uneventful beyond one or two people staring and the odd wolf whistle. At the coach we met up with the well wishers from the inward journey. The little girl and her mother made their way to our group as we waited our turn to board

"Hello, my name is Sandra and this is my daughter Amie. Are you not feeling a little chill now?"

Alice was kneeling down talking to Amie and replied

"Yes a little but I will be soon warm on the coach, and look it's our turn to get on."

And with that we all trooped aboard. We returned to our original places and the journey back to Shaker stile. I chatted amiably with Kathy who this time explained the evolution of flowering plants. If nothing else this holiday was providing me with an education. I could see that Madeleine was talking to a silent Alice practically the whole way back.

When the coach stopped for us and we got off the other passengers all offered good wishes. We stood and waved as the coach departed and then retrieved the car. The seating arrangement was the same but now Alice needed a blanket around herself as a cold nip had descended. As was becoming a routine the car stopped outside Madeleine's lodge and we all got out. There were lots of families out now, eating and also playing games. As we emerged from the car I detected that they were all looking our way.

Madeleine came to me and suggested I should bath Alice tonight to remove the body paint. She was much more direct in stating that needed passionate love tonight. Alice and I bid them bye and started back to our lodge. Kathy, however, asked for the return of the blanket so even for this short journey Alice was naked. We quickly opened our door and went inside.

Chapter 5 Culture

We were woken the next morning by a loud knocking on our door. Covered in a dressing gown I opened it to find Madeleine and Claire there with a large bag at their feet. With a quick hello they were inside. Madeleine asked for 2 coffees, a Lady Grey for Alice and some toast, marmalade and Marmite for breakfast. They disappeared in to the bedroom from where quickly there was a loud squeal and three people laughing. I set to work in the kitchen. When that was complete I piled it all onto a tray and started to open the bedroom door. Madeleine from within told me to put it on the table as they would be out in a minute. On went the radio and whilst listening to the 7 o'clock news I ate my toast and drank my tea. There was a flurry of bodies and I saw all three (one of whom was naked) pile into the bathroom.

From there I heard lots of plumbing noises accompanied with laughter and giggles. There was also the occasional squeal. I finished my breakfast and waited. Madeleine emerged from the bathroom, struck a pose, threw her arms in the air and announced

"Tada!"

Claire led Alice from the bathroom. I must have looked stupid because Claire said

"Les, close your mouth, there's a pet."

I did and took in the sight. Firstly Alice was wearing a black wig which had two pigtails, one behind each ear tied with a pink ribbon. Her face was made up with bright red lipstick, long eyelashes and rouged cheeks. She was wearing a short bright blue school blazer held together by a golden button. It had piped lapels and a crest on the breast pocket. Underneath, was a tight white blouse with black trim and buttons that ended short of her navel and the skirt below. Its neck was tied with a crimson bow. The skirt was a pleated tartan that ended just below her bottom. Sticking out from the hem were the white ruffles of her knickers. She had knee length white socks and white lace-up school shoes. I had never seen anything like it.

"You obviously need an explanation Les. There's a Kill Bill congress on in York today and we are going. Alice is in the costume of one of the characters Gogo Yubari in the film; the schoolgirl assassin."

"I better get dressed then."

When I finished they were all in the car leaving me with the front passenger seat with Kathy driving. Jo it seems had returned to York last night. We set off at a good clip, stopping after an hour at Whitwell-on-the-Hill. A quick tour of the village revealed the Stone Trough Inn. Inside was a revelation. Firstly we were the only customers and secondly despite it being summer there was a roaring log fire in a huge inglenook. All around were bits and pieces from the agricultural past. All in all a fine place to stop.

The waitress was in her 40s and welcomed us. She took a long hard look at Alice and said

"Welcome Gogo. That is a fine looking get up. I'm sure you will win a prize this afternoon. Now then what can I get you all?"

"Coffees and Danish all round please?" And much to my surprise it was Alice who asked. I should have known though that it would be me who paid. Alice sat next to me and undid the blazer which was tight. I could see that the blouse was tight also. But more interesting was the fact that Alice wasn't wearing a bra. I could see not only that her breast was straining against the cotton but also that her nipple was stiff and very evident. I needed to look away before I embarrassed myself. But I had been seen.

"They look nice don't they Les?"

Eagle-eyed Madeleine had spotted my interest and was after feedback.

"They are beautiful and very evident."

Alice looking puzzled now joined the conversation

"What are?"

"Tell Alice Les."

"Er, your breasts."

Alice flushed red and grabbed the edges of her blazer.

"Alice please don't spoil it. Remember our conversation."

Kathy took one of Alice's left hand gently in hers. Madeleine looked firmly at me

"Les?"

I took Alice's right in mine. I recalled what I had noticed yesterday; that no force was required just the symbolic act. Alice didn't tug or pull. Instead her fingers interlocked with mine and she gripped my hand tight. Madeleine passed judgement

"Good, good. That's better. Kathy, Les if you could both pull the lapels back so that the blouse shows fully. Yes, good, good. Doesn't that feel better Alice?"

"Yesss."

Alice's breasts were visible in outline against the taut cotton of the blouse. It was evident that it was a size or two smaller than she normally wore. Being flushed with a mixture of excitement and embarrassment it was clear that her nipples were stiff and protruding. She looked magnificently sexy.

The coffee and the Danish arrived. The waitress looked at Alice and insisted she would win. I went to release Alice's hand to start on my own refreshments but Madeleine shook her head. Madeleine stretched forward and picked up Alice's Danish and offered it to her. Claire and Kathy stared intently. Alice looked from side to side, then leaned forward and gently took a bite. At the same time she gripped my hand tightly. As she chewed we all relaxed and started on our refreshments. In this way the Danish was consumed. The next test was the coffee. Madeleine picked the mug up carefully and a compliant Alice stretched further forward this time. As the china touched her lower lip, Madeleine tipped the vessel slightly and Alice drank. Once again that was the signal for us all to drink.

After we finished all four of them decided to go to the toilet. I was left to pay the bill. Once outside I waited by the car. It was some ten minutes before they all emerged together. Kate and Madeleine were holding Alice's hands. She was walking with her head tilted downwards. We returned to our places in the car and Kathy set off. I turned and saw Alice looking very serious with her eyes cast down. I looked at Madeleine for an explanation. She said nothing but handed me a fistful of material; a pair of white ruffled knickers. I quickly placed them in my bag.

With only occasional conversation we arrived at York, at the Monks Cross Park and Ride. Once on the bus we were able to sit across the back seat down stairs. Much to my surprise Madeleine sat in the middle facing the aisle whilst Alice was between Madeleine and Claire. Kathy sat next to me. This time the discourse was on Yew trees. The bus stopped close to the Minster and we alighted. Kathy and I were behind Alice and her minders.

Being behind her I could see the effect of the teasing breeze. The effects were fleeting but with my knowledge I knew what I saw was Alice's naked bottom. Walking along to just past the Minster we found the congress, a street congress. There was a stage at one end of the square and a shouting, happy crowd in front. Madeleine led us through to a small table at the side of the stage. There were half a dozen people behind the table and as many in front. Of those in front I could tell some were in costume. One, a big bosomy creature was dressed as Gogo like Alice. We waited in line until Madeleine reached the table. All the hubbub kept the conversation she was conducting secret from us. The girl behind the table who was engaged in the talking with Madeleine kept looking our way. She was particularly intent on Alice. As quickly as it started, the conversation ended with Madeleine returning to us clutching a number and an identity card on a neck loop. She took Alice from me and spoke with several hand sweeps encompassing the stage. Alice put her hands to her mouth for some of this.

Finally, Alice stuck the number on her lapel. Madeleine wearing the identity card then led us off to a refreshment tent at the back of the stage. This, at least, was quieter. I asked Kathy what was happening (as if I didn't know). She happily told me that Alice was entering a competition; stage, parading and audience votes -- the whole thing! I guessed that this was going to be another mix of excitement and humiliation. And of course there was the small matter of the short skirt and absence of underwear -- dirty girl. Madeleine bought us all a coffee and we settled down to wait. As we waited we could here the various contests being called to the stage to do their bit: The Bride, O-Ren Ishii, Vernita Green, Bill and Sofia Fatale.

At the mention of Sofia Madeleine motioned to Alice and both stood and made their way to the back of the stage. A helper there handed Alice a toy whip and we waited. As the various Sofias retreated from their performance Alice was joined by several more Gogo Yubaris. I gave them a silent but professional appraisal. There were those who were too plump and a couple who were far too plain. One would be serious competition though being a willowy young creature with shoulder length strait brown hair. The tannoy appealed for the Gogos and Alice and Madeleine followed by the others ascended the steps. Kathy, me and Claire squeezed our way round to the front of the stage.

We had several hundred people behind us all baying for Gogo and they all trooped on stage. Alice was at the far end of the line that they formed. The master of ceremonies wandered up and down the line asking each one their name. Nonsensically, they all answered Gogo. Each had to do a twirl and immediately I could see the test here. As the first twirled, the short skirt rose giving the baying audience the reward of a full view of the young lady's underwear (plain white). As each twirled there was a cheer and a blitz of flashes from the various cameras and 'phones. Alice stood impassively staring out to the middle distance. Half way down there was a louder cheer than before as the young lady exposed her very brief diamante tanga. . This elicited a much greater flurry of flashes illuminating the proceedings.

The two before Alice both wore G Strings (one red and one black) and again the cheers were loud and prolonged and quickly changed to the word "again". This was chanted and both granted the crowd's wish with a second twirl. And then it was Alice. Much to my surprise she took a step forward and Kathy standing next to me shouted

"Go Alice, Go!"

This cry was taken up by Claire and then by me. We chanted in unison. The crowd round us took up the chant and then it spread. She stood there looking out and soaking up the atmosphere. The master of ceremonies stayed silent and the other contestants stared. The chant reached a crescendo. Alice moved. With both hands she took hold of both sides of the skirt at the hem and lifted. It was only an inch but we all went silent. The air was tense.

She smiled. She released the hem and at the same time twirled. It was as though in slow motion. As she moved so the skirt rose. A quarter round it rose enough to expose her thigh; half way we could all see the curves of her bottom and its cleft. At three quarters the whole thigh was exposed. As the twirl stopped the skirt was high over her abdomen. The jacket prevented it rising any further but it had risen enough. There for everyone to see were her reddened and engorged labia. The crowd and ourselves exploded. I was blinded by the myriad flashes. "Again" was chanted with a deafening rhythm. She smiled again.

As though in a ritual, with the smile came the hands grasping the hem. We went silent knowing our role in this theatre, all 800 of us. The hands released and the twirl began. This time it was slower. We all knew the script. The reveal started with the thigh, then the curves, then the complete thigh and finally the full view. The audience exploded. There was a rush to the stage and endless flashes and the noise! The master of ceremonies was speaking over the loudspeaker system but no one could hear. I saw Madeleine come up behind Alice and lead from the stage. I guessed Alice had won whatever the competition was.

We three forced our way back round the side of the stage to join up at the rear. When we got there Madeleine was talking earnestly to one of the organisers who magically produced a frock. As we crowded around Alice who was scarlet, the frock was thrust in front of her. Madeleine with evident urgency said

"Come on Alice, put this on quick. The police will be here soon if we are not careful."

Madeleine started to take Alice's jacket off and Claire started undoing the buttons of the blouse. Alice stood quietly moving her limbs like a doll at the manipulation of Madeleine and Claire. As soon as Alice's upper half was bared the frock went over her head and she was quickly covered. The skirt and socks were soon off and a pair of flat shoes appeared to replace the one's belonging to Gogo. With the noise still roaring from the front of the stage we set off at a brisk pace. Madeleine and Claire flanked Alice, holding her hands whilst Kathy took my arm.

We were back at the car in double quick time and set off home. Kathy and Madeleine spoke excitedly about the street theatre we had just witnessed. Claire also said it was the most erotic thing she had witnessed and then praised Alice for her bravery. Alice smiled but kept her counsel. Claire asked me what I had thought of it. I said that I thought also that it was amazingly sexy and that I thought Alice was incredibly bold. Alice smiled at me and mouthed silently "I love you". I grinned in response.

The journey home appeared far quicker than the outward one. We drove into the lodge area and once again many of the families were out BBQing and playing games. We piled out of the car and I held out my hand to Alice to return to our lodge. Madeleine and Claire stepped forward and started to undo the buttons on Alice's frock. In seconds it was off, over her head and but for the shoes she was naked. Blushing, she took my hand and we set off for our lodge. Madeleine did her usual farewell

"Make love to her well Les, she deserves it."

I knew without looking that everyone out on the site was watching our journey. Once inside we fell into a long firm embrace and I told Alice how much I loved her.

Chapter 6 Art

It was our last day. We got up early and breakfasted on the patio at the rear of our lodge. It was chill but very sunny and promised to be a beautiful day. After a couple of cups of tea and a cafetiere of finest Java we mused about this different holiday. Normally, we would be in the Lakes but something had persuaded us to venture in the Dales. I thought we were going to start talking about our adventures when the dulcet tones of Kathy could be heard coming around the side of the lodge. She was talking to someone who I guessed to be Madeleine. I looked across to Alice and saw from the smile on her face that this interruption was going to be welcome. Sure enough both hove into view and bade us a hearty good morning. Alice and I were still in our dressing gowns but they were both dressed.

We invited them to join us and I offered them some our Java. Both agreed. I went to the kitchen to recharge the cafetiere and kettle. Through the window I could see that both Madeleine and Kathy were huddled forward talking quietly but intently to Alice. For once Alice was taking a full and active part in the conversation. I was obviously getting into this because I made the conscious decision to delay my return to the table. Instead I just watched. The kettle boiled its load and switched itself off. And I waited. The conversation continued. I was jolted out of my watching brief when Kathy looked across to the kitchen and called for the coffee. I rapidly made it and joined the three ladies outside. It was just 8 o'clock.

Madeleine asked me to be mother and both Alice and Kathy laughed. All conversation ended whilst I distributed cups and saucers and sugar. I returned to my breakfast place sitting opposite Alice. Madeleine and Kathy were between us on either side. After nursing her coffee for a short while Madeleine called us to order and started her presentation.

"After yesterday we were eating our supper when Kathy realised that today is your last day. We discussed this at length (including Claire who is having a bath) and even discussed it with Jo."

"Is she here?"

"No Alice, we talked about the plan for today on the mobile. Unfortunately, she can't join us as she is busy, but she thinks it's a good idea and is excited at the thought. So we made preparations last night and have come along this morning to sell the deal to you. What do you think?"

It was obvious that "You" was in the singular and didn't mean me. Whilst I was making the coffee they must have explained today's programme to Alice and were now awaiting her response.

"Well, yyes" Alice replied.

"Good then as soon as we have drunk the coffee, let's start. Kathy please let Claire know and remind her to tell Jo. Now Alice let me help you get ready."

And with that I was left alone at the breakfast table. There was still some toast (cold) but edible and that would have to satisfy my curiosity for the moment. Another coffee helped to wash that down by which time Alice and Madeleine had made for the spare bedroom. Madeleine called through and told me that the bathroom was free and that I should get myself clean. Dutifully, I obeyed. Thereafter, I decided smart casual was the call for today. Rather than wait I wandered outside in front of the lodge.

Kathy hailed and asked me to help load the car. We put three fair sized and weighty cases into the boot. The plot thickened. I now learnt about privet and its adoption by the compleat gardener. This lesson was easily long enough for Alice and Madeleine to finish their preparations and join us. Alice was in jeans, trainers and a sweatshirt. Knowing that it was best to remain quiet I sat with Kathy in the front whilst Madeleine and Alice conferred in low whispers in the back. I recognised the route. We were heading to York again.

There was no park and ride this time. Instead we drove into the city. We stopped illegally on Nunnery Lane and the three of us piled out. Kathy swept off as soon as we extracted the cases. The look I received from Madeleine made it clear that girls do not carry cases such as these. Manfully, I tucked the smallest under my arm and with another in each hand I trailed after them as they ambled up Micklegate, hand in hand. A pleasant walk was ruined by the hordes of tourists. Then again it was York after all. Our destination was Ziggy's; a night club. Madeleine knew her way in and I followed.

The exotic interior was crossed and into the rear we ascended the stairs to a much more refined room. It must have been some 30 yards square. The décor here was far more restrained than Vegas in Yorkshire downstairs. Here there was a lot of plush velvet upholstery with ever-changing mood lighting. Madeleine turned to me and asked me to stay where I was; in the middle of the floor. She and Alice went behind some foliage and I heard a door open. I put the cases down and prepared for a lengthy wait. Instead I was joined by Kathy who gushed about how beautiful and tasteful this was sweeping an encompassing arm around us both. I agreed more out of politeness than agreement. She was about to launch into another view when a very pretty young woman glided to us from the side.

"Hello. I'm Crystal and I work here. You must be Kathy and you, Les."

Stupidly, I just nodded. This was one very high maintenance lady. Her tone was well educated with no trace of accent beyond RP. Interestingly, the permanent smile stopped just below her eyes. To me she looked very bored. She continued

"Could you put the cases over there, please?"

I followed the languid finger which drooped in the direction of another door to our right. I knew she meant me so putting on my best strong man routine I heaved the wretched things over to their appointed place. Stifling the shortage of breath I sauntered back to the centre of the room.

"The show isn't on until 10 tonight. May I suggest you go and explore. Kathy, here's a pass for you both when you return. Just come down the alley at the side and present it to the Health and Safety guys at the door there. So see you then."

With that, she turned with ease on the tall heel and whilst strolling away called over her shoulder

"Bye."

I knew we were dismissed. Kathy and I left, down the stairs and out into the street. The crowds were still there. It was a little before lunch and we had until this evening before returning. We looked at each other and decided to eat. Then it was shops. She likes clothes and I like gadgets so we took it in turns to choose the next store. After a rigorous campaign with shops screaming for mercy, we had a coffee. So off to the art gallery and a museum and another coffee. It was now 4. More shops occupied enough time to get us hungry enough to book an early evening meal. It couldn't come too soon as my feet were dead.

After that a gentle walk got us to 7:30 and enough patience expended to head towards Ziggy's. This time a drink was in order a couple of doors down. At 8 Ziggy's opened and we were able to go past the very large Health and Safety duet on the side door. I felt neither healthy nor safe in their company. We were met inside by Crystal who led us to the first floor and a table near the edge of the room. We were first there. We were brought a complimentary flagon of water and two glasses. Crystal warned us quietly, against purchasing alcohol. A quick look at the price list showed she had reason.

Over the next hour and a half the room filled out nicely with smartly turned out people. It was evident there was money here earned one way or another. We certainly stood out as the poor cousins with our informal dress and protractedly nursed water. At 9:45 Crystal appeared with a microphone and welcomed us all to the show. I was now curious as there was no stage. A sexy jazz music started to play over the sound system and the lights changed so that each table was lit by a narrow focus bulb from on high. The rest of the room had its lighting subdued. There were perhaps 100 of us in the room. I certainly felt the oldest there. From the one corner emerged a more or less naked woman.

She was wearing a Venetian ceramic-style mask. On her breasts were crimson tassels. She had a bejewelled navel and a tiny golden chain slung low over her abdomen. From this hung a very short `modesty' panel of white cotton. On her feet were very high silver and strappy sandals. Her toe nails were crimson. She was a picture. Kathy nudged me

"Les, close your mouth, you are drooling (and I was!)."

This show pony of a woman walked with exaggerated steps around the room and between the tables. As she went past our table it was clear from the back that there was only the chain. We were wafted with her perfume. And then another emerged.

This one had a long brown pony tail, dark glasses and another set of high heeled shoes. There was nothing else. All her womanly charms were on display. She followed the same route around the tables. I was surprised to see a shiny jewel lodged between her buttocks. I looked at Kathy who said

"Use your imagination."

And I did. Gosh this was troublingly erotic. I feigned indifference and took a sip of my warm water. At that a third emerged. It was Alice. She wore a small painted horse mask but I knew it was Alice. Her breasts were exposed and from each engorged nipple hung a small bell that tinkled as she moved. Her pubis was naked but decorated with delicate henna designs. She was bare footed except for the crimson nail varnish. Her arms were around her back. As she tinkled round us I was surprised to see that her wrists were constrained by a short red silken cord. Shockingly her bottom was half covered from the back by a long blond `horse's tail'. As she moved sideways on to us I could see that the tail was attached somewhere between her buttocks; as before I used my imagination.

There were now three naked women, including Alice parading around the room in front of these evidently wealthy men and women who continued to talk. Finally, two more appeared. One was dressed in a male suit and the other was completely naked. They stayed still in the middle of the room with the naked one sitting at the feet of the suit. She sat carelessly so that her sex was open and on display. The other three took up positions around the room and stood. This was a signal.

People started to get up from the tables (both men and women) and advanced on the naked forms. Both men and women then started to caress the statues. I saw one women lift the modesty screen from the first girl and thrust her hand between the girl's legs. The girl squirmed and her face lifted upwards. A man had lifted Alice's tail and was caressing her bottom whilst another huge man caressed her breasts. Alice too was squirming. The third had been lifted onto a table and was surrounded by some ten men and women. There was a lot of animated chatter as she swayed in her kneeling position. No one approached the two in the centre. Kathy asked

"Do you want to get up?"

"Er, No. I think I prefer to stay here."

"That's Alice you know, the one with the horse's head. They will not leave her alone until she orgasms. You do realise that don't you?"

"I didn't but I do now. And if she doesn't want to, what then?"

"I don't think she will have much choice. Look! They're ensuring her hands stay round the back..."

"Well they can't move they're tied."

"You are silly. They aren't tied. The cord is wrapped round her wrists and the open ends are in her own hands. She can release her hands from the cord whenever she wants to. It's there for her modesty -- she is being forced. That's the modesty. Look."

"How can she release herself if they are holding her?"

"Because they are holding her the same way the cord did; loosely and completely under her control. This pseudo-slavery stuff is just artifice; none of it is real and no one is being coerced except for Jo in the middle."

"Jo?"

"Yep, that's her with Madeleine. Madeleine's the one in the suit. They are made up of course but that's them. You see Madeleine effectively owns Jo. Jo is ultra submissive and does as bid."

"They are lovers?"

"No! This is a power thing. Madeleine likes men too much to do that. Jo started out being adventurous and flashing people. You know, in shop changing rooms, never quite closing the curtain properly, and all that sort of thing. Then she met Madeleine who took her to a whole new level. She's had her naked in all sorts of places. She has even watched as Jo has been arrested for gross indecency. It's been a very bumpy trip for Jo. The daft thing is she loves it. She will be proper wet now. Oh look Alice's wet too."

She started laughing. I looked across and could see that the teasing men had achieved their aim and Alice was now floating accompanied by cat-like mewing. But they didn't stop and were joined by some women friends. Alice had some 7 people around her and all were active. I scanned round and saw all three of the women were so engaged. Those guests not actively playing a part were clapping and exhorting their friends on. I looked at my watch. It was 11:30.

The activities continued for another hour. By this time the three were exhausted. Madeleine and Jo hadn't moved. Finally Jo stood up completely naked and said loudly

"Enough!"

The place went silent for a few seconds and then all the guests moved back to their tables. Crystal re-entered the room and with Madeleine and Jo assisted the statues down from their tables and out of the room. There was a spontaneous round of applause from the guests.

It was then all over very quickly. Crystal came over and led Kathy and I through one of the doors to a small corridor. There we met Madeleine leading a naked Jo and a more or less naked Alice still wearing her mask and tail. She was, as I was used to by now, bright red and evidently excited and humiliated in some exquisite mixture. We followed the three down a back set of stairs to a large limousine. Our journey to the car was accompanied by the faint tinkling of Alice's bells and the swish of her tail. A chauffeur appeared and picked Alice up and put her in the car. I noticed she rested on her side. My imagination had been right. The tail was too painful to sit on. We joined Alice and drove silently back to the lodge.

There was no one out now. Alice and I manoeuvred until she was able to clamber on my back and we returned to our lodge. I had a wonderful time divesting Alice of her costume and we made passionate love despite the hour.

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We had an early start the next day and set off. The journey home was peaceful and Alice slept most of the way. We saw no more of Madeleine, or Kathy or Jo or Claire. At home we discussed the events of the holiday for a while but soon enough work intruded and it faded back into our routine.

Several weeks later I had a call at work from Alice. It was mid-morning.

"Les, can you talk?"

"Yes, what's the matter?"

There was a rustle and some voices murmuring. Then a new voice came on the 'phone

"Is that you Les?"

"Madeleine?"

"Yes. I thought I'd pay you both a visit."

**The Walks Ch. 02**

That evening I arrived home first and paced the floor. The adventures of the holiday were all well and good in the privacy of anonymity but this was here. This was neighbours and family and work colleagues. Fun is fun but this is serious; where was all this going to go? What if people we knew were witnesses to new adventures? What then? Both of us worked in organisations that took a dim view of adverse publicity, especially that caused by employees indulging in fantasies that resulted in public exposure. Normally Alice arrived home between 17:30 and 18:00. It was now 19:00 and still no word. I had rung the mobile three times but no response. It was turned off. Under normal circumstances I would be worried for Alice's safety should she have been this late home with no warning. That wasn't the concern now. Instead I was concerned and it was not about her safety. It was about what Madeleine had persuaded her to do.

I saw the car's lights on the drive. I put the kettle on and faced the front door. I heard the key and then the door opened and Alice entered her with her usual "I'm home."

This was a sign for us to advance on one another and kiss. We did. A theatrical cough indicated that Madeleine was also here.

I smiled and invited her in.

"I hope you don't mind me coming to stay, Les?"

With as much calm as I could summon up I said no.

"Good it will only be for a couple of days whilst Alice is on leave."

Leave! I looked at Alice, who smiled and nodded. "We've plenty of room and I'm owed plenty of lieu time."

"Ooh kay."

We had a simple evening meal and whilst I cleaned up Alice and Madeleine repaired to the other room and talked during a stream of soaps played in HD. Whilst washing up the thoughts of the afternoon's events played through my mind. On the one side there was the fear factor. Yet on the other there was no denying Madeleine's re-appearance promised adventure. And then again it had been no hardship for me as the episodes obviously left Alice needing intimacy. I convinced myself that providing any future "games" were played away from here, then all would be well, wouldn't it? So I rejoined the conversation in the living room.

"That's agreed then?" (What was?)

"Hi ladies, am I interrupting?"

"Of course not" Alice said, "Come and sit down."

Now there was an interesting development. You see we have two, two-seater settees set at right angles to each other and it is our wont to sit next to each other but on separate settees where they meet at the corner. Only now Madeleine was sitting in Alice's place with Alice alongside her on the same settee. If I sat in my habitual place I would be sitting next to Madeleine but on my settee. That posed too many unknowns for me so I sat on the opposite side of the square: on the window seat. Now what?

They smiled at one another and then Madeleine spoke "We've had an idea. Would you like to hear it?"

"Well, Yes, I'm all ears."

"Alright if you are sitting comfortably, I'll begin." (We all laughed gently at this quip). "We have decided to take up excitement whilst Alice is on leave and I am staying."

"Let me guess, no clothes."

"I shall be dressed throughout."

"And Alice?"

"That depends on the shoot, mood and location, won't it Alice?"

"Yes Madeleine."

"I have a friend Bobby, who has agreed to do the photography. She is very good. Alice has a car so the world is our oyster. Whilst you labour hard and er.. well, long to keep Alice happy, we shall all be at leisure. What do you think?"

"Well, there's always the worry about local and the news getting out. North Yorkshire is one thing but here, well that's very different. I wouldn't want anything threatening what we have here: jobs, cars, house etc."

"Of course not. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. Bobby takes artistic shots so no worries there..."

"And what will happen to the picks? Who will see them? Who keeps copyright?"

"I'll have the copyright 'cos Bobby's a very good friend. As to the audience, that also will be up to me, and only me."

"Hmm. I can see the benefit for you. So what's in it for us?"

"I don't see "us" here, just Alice. The benefit for Alice is evident. Recall our week together and the enjoyment she experienced. Isn't a repetition of that, enough? I tell you what, let me ask her. Alice, sweetheart, do you agree to take your part in the adventure we discussed?"

"What does that mean?"

"Shh Les, let her speak, well Alice?"

"Yesss."

"See? Sorted."

"Sorry I may be being thick here but what did Alice, my wife, just agree to!"

"She agreed to have her picture taken by Bobby and for the copyright and choice of audience to remain with me. Yes?"

Alice nodded. That relieved the tension. TV was an easy refuge with idle chat about what was on screen punctuating the programming.

Waiting as long as I dare (what with work in the morning) I announced that I was for bed. I invited Alice to accompany me. Madeleine said "She'll be up later."

And Alice nodded in agreement. My heart sank. It wasn't the thought of the lonely trek to bed: rather the shanghaiing of Alice by Madeleine. However, there was no denying that the adventures had introduced a certain vavavoom into our bedroom. What's not to like? So weary trudge it was with exchanged goodnights. After my day I was soon out cold.

In the morning Alice was sound asleep cuddled up against me. I disentangled myself carefully and went through the routine of work preparation; personal and professional. The drive to and from and the period in between at work were filled with the imagery of my naked wife. Throughout the day for some reason I neither rang nor texted Alice as was my wont. And neither did she. So the day was spent musing. I'm pretty sure I didn't even come close to earning my crust.

Once home I called and was met with silence. I wandered round and found no one. Our bed was made but Madeleine's had not been tidied at all. Interestingly it was hardly disturbed. So changed, fed on a simple meal and a book, settled me down for a dull Monday night. Work nights were inevitably dull because they were short and this night more so because of the solitary vigil. Or it would have been if not for the noisy entrance of the happy wanderers at 10 p.m.

There was a lot of chatter and excitement and mutual welcomes. As always Madeleine was the spokesperson and led off with statement that they had had a delicious time. Alice nodded. Now call me silly but already there was an air to this. Their we three were in the living room with the central heating busily chewing its way through a prodigious amount of fossil fuel, yet both the ladies were still wearing their coats, modest to the knee affairs. I didn't recognise Alice's because it was a dull and for Alice, unpopular grey.

I offered tea which was happily accepted and whilst I made the drinks Madeleine and Alice followed me into the kitchen and Madeleine started out on her résumé of the day. It seems that as they both had stayed up late they had started the day late. Madeleine pointed out that I had allowed Alice to backslide. Madeleine had had to attend to Alice's preparation for the day; she had as she put it had to do some gardening. Alice flushed with embarrassment grinned.

Having breakfasted they had dressed as I could see now and ventured forth to Bobby's place in Doncaster. And there the photographs had been taken. I would see them at the weekend. Madeleine sat down (again in "Alice's place") but Alice remained standing. Madeleine looked at me grinning broadly. She then turned to Alice "Take your coat off Alice." Alice flushed but stood and started the removal and in a strange way. As she undid the buttons she kept the coat closed. When she started to remove it she contorted to ensure that it uncovered from the top down. And then I could see why. As the coat made the final reveal so the surprise emerged. Alice's pink jumper ended at her navel. Below that was nothing except her shoes. The gardening now came to mind. Once again her groin was completely bald. Madeleine explained they had left the house like this.

Alice had spent the day with just the coat between her embarrassment and arrest. Whilst Alice stood there at Madeleine's elbow, Madeleine recounted the adventure.

"Alice and I as you know rose tardily. I took Alice into the bathroom and noted the garden had become weedy again. So we sorted that in quick time. We then went down to breakfast and I thought again Alice looked beautiful with the blush of embarrassment. She walked in front of me down the stairs and I could see her breasts jiggle with each step; delightful. As we breakfasted I suggested how we should dress, didn't I?"

"Uhuh."

"And finally Alice agreed so, to cut what could be a long story to acceptable length, we used the pink jumper, the coat and the heels. I put on Alice's makeup and after I was decent we set off. Alice remained wrapped until we arrived at Bobbi's. 'Arrived at Bobbi's' is a bit of a misnomer. You see the car has to be parked in the multi-storey and there's a bit of a trek to get to Bobbi's, which is at the far end of the mall, isn't it?"

"Uhuh."

"So once out of the car we set off. Despite the air conditioning it was hot for poor Alice in the mall. Is it me or are Julys getting hotter? Alice was ever so hot in the coat weren't you dear?

"Yessss."

"Anyway, once at Bobbi's we introduced ourselves to Steve who is the receptionist. It was funny. He asked you for your coat, didn't he and of course Alice refused and hung on to it furiously. Once inside to see Bobbi everything lightened up. Her studio isn't big but it does have all the right stuff. We were shown round weren't we?"

"Uhuh."

"There were light boxes and flash thingies and also slaves and tripods and most important of all sets. Bobbi's got a wardrobe of costumes and all these props to make any sort of atmosphere you want, including fog and snow. Brilliant! Anyway, a bit to my surprise but well within the bounds of the adventure Bobbi introduced to five young men (youths really). They were art students on placement who were doing the photography module. Bobbi asked Alice what sort of piccies she wanted taken. Well you would never guess Les, Alice came over all tongue tied. So I did all the talking."

"Well there's a surprise."

"Point taken Les but it would have been a complete waste if we had gone to all that trouble and then have Alice silent. So, anyway, I said we needed Beauty and Sexy, to be portrayed in every picture. That didn't phase Bobbi at all who promptly went into a tutorial with the kids. 'What do you think she means?' she asks and they are all blank faces. Well she prods them with questions and finally they come out with all sorts of polysyllabic nonsense. Bobbi nods thoughtfully and suggests stuff that's totally different. There was a bit of an edge to the atmosphere now and Alice was holding her coat ever tighter.

"Bobbi told them to get out the gray roll which was like a rolled carpet but quickly was stretched up onto a tall pole giving a mottled gray backdrop. A pile of technical stuff with lights was piled round the front and a single bar stool put in the centre. It now got very interesting." Alice groaned and closed her eyes. Madeleine put her arm round Alice's thighs and cooed gently. "It's ok baby." Alice flushed a lovely rose colour.

"How, interesting?"

"Mmm, well, Bobbi started off with the instructions. 'Lose the coat' was the first. Alice sort of froze at that but a gentle prodding from me effected the great reveal. Alice stood there just like she is now. 'Magnificent' says Bobbi and immediately grabs the camera. From then on there was the constant clicking of the camera before one of Bobbi's assistants guided Alice to the stool. 'Stand this way, stand that way' became a torrent as Bobbi changed position and got the himbo to change Alice's if she were too slow to move. She got Alice to sit on the stool, constantly moving position, including lifting her pink top to expose her left boob. It was very erotic wasn't it Alice?" Alice nodded silently and again went rose.

"The final shot was the real peach. Bobbi got her boys to stand either side of Alice, and got Alice to wrap her arms round each of the nearest legs and then open her own. Bobbi was most insistent that Alice should stare straight at the lens. Bobbi took a dozen pics that way some with and some without the flash. I was dizzy with the sheer sensuality of it.

"We stopped then for lunch. Alice was going to put her coat on but we all chorused she should stay as she was. The boys got some chairs and the four of us sat in front of Alice. We were all sitting lower than the stool and Alice; bless her, stayed rose throughout. Bobbi and I asked discussed the shoot and announced that the pics (or shots as Bobbi called them) were good enough to sell. She asked me what I thought. Well now, I know I own the copyright but I thought it was only, what's the word, right, yes that's it, to talk it over with you, Les."

"What do you think Alice?"

"No! Don't ask Alice. Alice gave the permission to all this, to me. I'm being nice and offering to share it with you. If you like, it's nothing to do with Alice."

"Is that right?"

"Uhuh."

"Is that all you are going to say."

"Uhuh."

"Of course; what else do you expect her to say? Alice has agreed to my control. Haven't you?"

"Yessss."

"See? So with that cleared up what's your view of the publication of the pics?"

"Where?"

"I'm not sure 'Where?' is the relevant question here. After all I have the copyright so I think I should choose the place. Your input is to agree or not to the placement. Should we (or I) or should we not, that's the question?"

"You want me to give you an open ended licence to sell naked pictures of my wife where you please."

"In a nutshell but of course Alice was never naked; she always had on the pink jumper."

"Ok then I don't want this to happen. I don't want the pictures, pics, shots published. We have jobs, neighbours, relatives, things to lose, so no. Is that clear enough?"

"Very much so; yet I think they should be published. Alice has nothing to be ashamed of. She is amazingly sexy and there will be no criticism from any quarter. No I shall publish but thank you for the discussion. Now if you don't mind I must talk to Alice and in private."

"I think I should stay and here this because..."

"It's alright Les there aren't any problems and I'll be up soon. Go get the bed warm."

Alice spoke clearly and lovingly. Madeleine smiled at her, gripped Alice's thigh a little tighter and smiled without triumph at me. Defeated I made my way to bed. Settling in, fuelled by the murmur below, my florid thoughts sent me off into an erotic haze. I felt Alice come to bed but only in my dream.

Alice was there in the morning still wearing the same jumper and sleeping soundly. The clock said 6 a.m. so neither of us needed to be up yet and I rolled to await the radio summons. I dozed fitfully before I heard a faint noise and felt movement of the bed. Gently I slightly opened my right eye and in the shade of the curtains I saw that Madeleine was sitting on the bed next to Alice. She was no more than 18" from me. She leant over and whispered into Alice's ear. I felt Alice shudder and stir. Madeleine stage whispered a "Shhhh". I watched intently through almost closed lids.

Alice's head moved and she was looking up at Madeleine who smiled. Madeleine leaned forward and to my surprise they kissed. As Madeleine disengaged she looked at me and smiled and then clearly I saw, she winked. I was sure she couldn't be certain I was awake so continued to pretend otherwise. I was clear now I wanted to see what would happen next. Alice gently moved onto her back. Madeleine whispered again. As has been so often in exchanges between Alice and Madeleine, Alice said "Nooo".

Madeleine nodded her head energetically and employed the stage whisper with her response "Yes and now if you please".

I felt Alice's hand descend under the bed clothes and a gentle rhythmic movement follow. I could hardly breathe. Alice's head was in profile but Madeleine's was further back and I could see she was watching me intently. Alice's hand got steadily faster and the movements stronger. I could hear her breathe becoming steadily more ragged. Madeleine winked at me again and now said quite loudly "Stop". Alice stopped with an audible groan. I realised I was now trapped. Madeleine's instruction was loud enough to wake the dead. Alice's groan was similarly noisy. How was I to wake?

Thankfully, the problem was solved in my favour. John Humphries and Radio 4 announced it was 7 o' clock. I opened my eyes and Madeleine grinned "I thought you were awake already, Alice has made enough noise to wake the neighbourhood".

"Sorry?"

"It's ok. My mistake, anyway Good morning both, I better leave you to get up in peace. Tea?"

"Please." We both chorused and Madeleine left the room. Alice embraced me in a warm kiss. Sadly work beckoned me so as decently as I could I disengaged and left for the morning bathroom routine. It took longer than usual because of what I had just witnessed. Alice was kissed, Alice had tried to pleasure herself, Madeleine had known I was pretending to be asleep and Madeleine had attempted to ensnare me in her game. It's a wonder I didn't cut myself shaving. Anyway, a little later than usual yet fully primped I breakfasted with Alice and Madeleine. They were both still in their dressing gowns and giving no sign of getting ready for the day anytime soon. The conversation was bland but friendly and I received a kiss from both as I set off to earn a crust. Concentration was surely going to be a tad difficult this day.

And what a day; lots of detail and lots of concentration required. Neither of which I had in abundance but at least with flexi-time I was away early. The drive home was deliberately calm though my imagination was on overtime. Inevitably, on arrival there was no one else at home. However, there was a note "See you soon, Alice xxx" and underneath "And Meeee!" What now?

There was food aplenty but no desire to eat at four in the afternoon. TV was nonsense and reading was without meaning. A stroll round the garden ate up some time but was accompanied by further florid thoughts. So I settled down with the paper, a cup of tea, the TV and some music. And still I couldn't concentrate. With frequent interruptions to check the window this multi-media workout lasted until 9 p.m. when the car pulled into the drive. I raced into the kitchen to make tea as much out of that's what I do when Alice returns home as having something to do to disguise my anticipation.

"Hellooo."

"Hellooo you, I'm making tea, want some?"

"Yes please, but don't forget Alice will have water."

"Since when?" As I took the Lady Grey tea bag from Alice's mug.

"Since today, we've turned over a new leaf (pardon the pun) and Alice is going to purge the toxins from her beautiful self."

"What!?"

"Calm, calm. It's our new resolution isn't it Alice?" Alice nodded silently. Alice took off her coat which Madeleine swept out of her hands, and stood there looking amazingly sexy. Again she was wearing a jumper though this time blue, and heels, nothing else; not a stitch. I just stared open-mouthed. Alice gave me a lovely sexy smile and then looked at Madeleine.

"Doesn't she just look magnificent? I find it so sexy to have the top covered with the rest uncovered. Now that we have removed the lower covering doesn't her pussy look beautiful?" Stupidly, I gulped and whispered.

"Yes."

"And now, how's the tea coming along? We'll go into the front room and await the drinks." And with that Madeleine guided Alice out of the kitchen and back into the front room. Tearing my eyes away from the vision in front of me, I made the tea and drew a glass of iced water, and thought. Where was this going? Of course the sheer eroticism of all this was exciting to me and evidently to Alice. But what deep water were we getting in to with this manipulator Madeleine? I turned and delivered the drinks.

Alice, again, was standing next to Madeleine who was sat at the end of the settee. Madeleine's hand was in the same place, nestling between the top of Alice's thighs. Alice was a delightful rose colour and staring fixedly at me. I sat opposite and started the bidding.

"Well you two, what happened today?"

"Tell Leslie what happened Alice and don't leave anything out."

"Mmm, well we um got up and breakfasted with you, you know. And then um we saw you go and um we got washed.."

"Alice."

"Er yes well Madeleine washed me and made sure I was clear.."

"Clear?" I asked.

"You know" Alice said with a flush more of deep pink, "you know, clear."

"Depilated." Madeleine interrupted. "Continue."

"Anyway I was clear so we went to get dressed. Yes I know, Madeleine dressed me." Madeleine's hand relaxed on Alice's left thigh. "She had me kneel before her and put my hands in the air. She lowered this blue jumper on me. Then she asked me to stand and offer one foot at a time so that she could put the blue thong on me."

"Where is it now?"

"That's later in the story Les, wait and see. Continue Alice."

"Um then Madeleine produced the heels and put them on me and did up the straps. Madeleine then did my makeup, squirt of perfume, and also my hair with the Alice band. I waited for Madeleine to get ready and then we went down stairs. I asked about other clothes and Madeleine said they would not be necessary. So I just got on the coat. We went to Madeleine's car and she drove. We went to Sheffield. We stopped at a club with no windows called La Chambre on Attercliffe Road. Madeleine rang someone and we went round the side and were let in. The man refused to give his name but knew Madeleine.

"He said everything was ready and I was led through to Bedroom number 2. It was already full of people and lights. It was hot. I saw that there were 3 men and a lady with a clip board and a pencil. She turned and welcomed Madeleine and me and said she was getting worried, time is money. As my eyes got used to the delight I could see the 3 blokes were operating a couple of video cameras on tripods. One had a small hand held one. Someone yelled cut and the group parted. We could see a couple at it on the bed with no clothes on.

"I was getting worried but the lady told me not to worry, my job was just to sit on the stool and read the paper. I looked round for the stool and could see it beside the pillows. The couple had stopped and got up. It was a really embarrassing scene..."

"You loved it."

"I didn't."

"Alice, you did, I was watching your face. Your pupils dilated, you went deep red and your breathing shortened. You loved it."

"I just found it really embarrassing. Honest, I did."

"Ok." Madeleine smiled a victory smile. "Carry on."

"Yeh um yes. They were both naked and covered in what looked like sweat. She was really big chested and he was obviously excited. I didn't know where to look.." Madeleine sniggered,

"Yeh, right! I saw where you were looking." Alice stared down at Madeleine who was grinning at her. Madeleine urged Alice on with a nod.

"Anyway, they went off to get a drink and I was taken to the stool by the lady. She explained that the woman was my daughter and I was to pretend I was happy for the girl to be "screwed" (her word) by the man who was someone she had met that morning. I was just there as a chaperone. So I sat on the stool but the lady asked me to take my coat off. I checked with Madeleine who said I should. So I did and the lady spirited away. I felt very vulnerable. I looked over at Madeleine but she was talking to one of the camera men. I sat down and had a copy of the Financial Times put in my hands. And that is dry.

"So I sat and pretended to read it. Then one of the camera men came into view, the one with the hand held, and proceeded to film me. I looked at him but he told me not to. He told me to cross my legs and he disappeared round the front. He told me to uncross them and after a bit he came round onto the bed and told me he was now going to film my face. I was to pretend as though I was interested and taking note of what was written. So I did my best and he said that that was fine.."

"She did fine Les; they didn't have to ask for a second take. Continue."

"Well this went on for a couple of minutes and then I was told to relax. Madeleine joined me and we chatted.."

"No. What did we do?"

Alice blushed again. "Er you kissed me.."

"No. Who kissed whom?"

The blush stayed. "We kissed each other." Madeleine nodded.

"And then we chatted until the actors returned. They went into a huddle with the lady and the camera bloke asked Madeleine to move away. He came over to me and said the part I was playing needed to say stuff. When they were at it I was needed to say things such as 'very good dear' and um what else was there Madeleine?"

"You were supposed to say "Make sure you give him pleasure" and "Fuck him back, what have I taught you." It was all very tacky wasn't it Alice?"

"Then why did you both go? What's the deal in this? And whilst I think about it, who gets to see this masterpiece and where?"

"It's going on line Les, for perverts only. They need a constant supply of fresh people. The couple who were performing today were just in their twenties and of course for Alice this was her first film. Continue please."

"Um anyway, I was supposed to read the silly paper and say those things. The worst bit was I had to look at the pair, at it, and then speak. And of course once I'd said one of my lines I looked across at the camera and it was looking at me. I was on film. They told me off for that and so we had to do it again. It seemed to go on for ages but it was only an hour in all. At the end they had me stand up and walk out of the room and they filmed that. They took another bit of film of me walking into the room. Once we'd finished we were ready to come home but Madeleine was asked to see one of the men."

"And what a meet that was. Henry was the producer of the film and he asked me to see him in his office. So I asked Alice to wait where she was. Henry told me that Alice was a natural; he liked the way she blushed. He thought she was a Cougar. I giggled. I said I knew those things and challenged him to tell me what he wanted. He said he wanted Alice in a film. I decided to tease and asked him what sort of film. He was wary but admitted it would be a porno; the amount of sex depended on me and also on the script. I said we would have to think about it. He asked me what my cut was as Alice's manager and without a thought I said 25% of the gross. He didn't react so I guess that that was on the money.

"He waffled on about his overheads and stuff and I reminded him we would want to see the script. We would not be making a decision there and then. Anyway here's his card. And before you worry I didn't give him an address but my Hotmail account. We'll have to wait and see. Whaddya think?"

"I'm shocked the film today and another, and also the pix yesterday. I'm finding this a worry. Somehow all the stuff in Yorkshire seemed ok, private, harmless but this. This is much darker. Where's it going?"

"Alice, why don't you get ready for bed and come back and join us?" Madeleine asked gently.

"Ok." Alice smiled at me and headed for the stairs. Without attempting to wait until Alice was out of earshot, Madeleine fired up again.

"The deal is simple. This is an easy way to make money while giving Alice the excitement she gets off on. No, let me finish. For the hour today I was paid £250.00. Now that's not bad.."

"No, not at all for you but of course you didn't do anything, and, and, you aren't on the film."

"True, true but don't forget I'm Alice's manager."

"Manager?!" I couldn't believe what I had just heard. "Manager? Since when? Where did all this come from..?"

"Questions, questions, so many questions. Yes, Manager. I've come to that arrangement with Alice. I don't think she lacks capacity, do you? No I thought not. Now calm down and I'll explain, OK?"

I remained silent but nodded. What was taking Alice so long and then I could see. Her feet were visible on the step 2 from the top of the staircase. She was listening in.

"Right, I'm Alice's manager. This is not a financial arrangement. Rather it is based on adventure. The deal is straight forward; she remains safe and in return she does as she is told. The result is she gets more excitement than she knew was possible. She's not a slave, she is her own woman and she is someone who enjoys another to take charge and direct her adventure. Come down Alice, we know you are there. It's time for you to explain and agree."

Alice descended the stairs slowly and I could see here was another change. Evidently the "get ready" carried extra meaning for Alice was in a baby doll that was a glorious pink confection with lots of lace, swirls and glimpses of skin. It stopped maybe a couple of inches below her navel. The knickers were of similar hue and were covered in bands of frills. On her feet were the trusty pink mules. I felt a surge of pride and lust. If Madeleine hadn't been sat there I'm sure Alice would not have reached the bottom of the stair. As it was I exhaled slowly and returned my attention to the manager.

Madeleine was staring at Alice's descent. She gave a sharp nod but with a smile. Alice started talking.

"I want Madeleine to be my manager. I want these adventures to continue. I know I will be safe. I know it will be exciting. I love you and will do always." I turned and looked at my beautiful wife. The pink of the baby doll matched the colour of her skin. She looked alive and thrilled. I smiled and nodded my head several times.

"Well that's that settled then. We are all happy. Let the games begin." We all laughed. Alice reached the settee and sat on the arm next to Madeleine. Madeleine pulled Alice's head down and kissed her full on the lips. She gave Alice's bottom a smack sending Alice over to me and this time I kissed her full on the lips. Alice stood between us and we all started to laugh again. We had another drink and then Madeleine spoke with the authority of her fully understood and accepted status.

"I think it's time you went to bed Leslie." And do you know, I couldn't think of a word to disagree. So of I went. Madeleine and Alice stayed behind. I didn't feel Alice come to bed but like yesterday I felt Madeleine sit on our bed in the morning. The stage whispering started anew, followed by the kiss, the move of position and then the rhythmic movement of the bed. This time I kept my eyes firmly closed. The movement became ever more urgent and it was obvious Alice was reaching a climax. I could hardly breathe. Madeleine gently shook me "awake" saying "Come on Les; you'll miss the best bit."

I feigned the befuddlement of a slow awakening, but Madeleine was having none of that. Her shakes became ever more urgent so I "awoke". Alice was on her back, eyes closed, mouth open and her face pulled into a climax tension.

"Doesn't she look sexy, doesn't she look beautiful?"

"Oh Yes." And at the crisis broke. Alice let out a groan followed by a visible shudder. And whilst I watched and Alice descended from on high, Madeleine leaned forward, enveloping Alice in her arms. She pulled Alice from her prone position, supporting the top half of Alice's body from the bed. Madeleine then kissed Alice and how. I stared in amazement. Alice seemed helpless and just lay in Madeleine's arms exhausted. Yet, I saw Alice's mouth move. She was responding to the kiss. I lay there watching.

Finally, Madeleine lowered Alice back onto the bed. She urged Alice to move towards me and without ceremony joined us in our marital bed. Alice pushed up against me and for the first time I noticed she was naked. Madeleine was wearing at least a sweatshirt, that is until she took it off and with a theatrical flourish threw it out of the open door. I guessed Madeleine was naked too. And there's me with but an hour before needing to go to work. I eased myself from the duvet and pulled a cast off shirt from the floor around me. I left my two, to it.

Again work was difficult. Ablutions and breakfast had been bad enough attended as they were by murmuring punctuated with frequent giggles and shrieks. I bade them both farewell on departure and at least they reciprocated. But work was different. Detail demanded by set times was delayed by my failure to concentrate. The failure was caused by my brain concentrating elsewhere. There was so much to think about.