Vacation Vacancy.   
  
I was late as I hurried along the deserted corridor to the lecture room at my   
college. I turned the corner to see the secretary finish pinning a notice on the   
‘Vacation Vacancies’ board. I slowed to see if it was anything better than the usual   
fruit picking and potato harvesting which seemed to be the main jobs available to we students.

Wanted!   
Girls to help on Naturalist Holiday Complex.   
Situated on the south coast of France.   
Food and accommodation provided.   
Wages dependant on experience.   
Phone XXXXXX.   
  
Just the sort of job I was looking for - and how. I eased the drawing pin out and   
popped it onto the end of the line at the top of the board before slipping the card into my pocket. I didn’t want any competition!   
I apologised nicely to my tutor explaining about the late bus, the traffic and all   
that sort of thing. The card was burning a hole in my pocket and I could barely wait   
for the break to make that all important phone call.   
A few burps buzzes and click later and I was through.   
‘Hello. You want a girl to help in your holiday complex this summer?’   
‘That’s right. You are?’   
‘Jenny.’   
‘And what experience do you have?’   
‘Well, I’ve helped in the local pub during term time, I can cook and I am taking   
an office practice course here at the college.’   
‘Sounds great. Can you start as soon as the term ends?’   
‘Yes I could.’   
‘Great. we will send you details of how to find us, some money for your fare,   
details of wages and so on. Look forward to seeing you. Bye.’   
‘Bye.’   
That settled it then. In a weeks time I would be in the sun in the south of France.   
  
I did not go by train or by bus but in my faithful 2CV Citroen which I somehow   
thought appropriate for France. Even if it took two days to get to the area where the complex was sited. The overnight stop came out of the money I was sent and was spent in one of the multitude of roadside auberges which abound in France. The car went well, singing along in the land of its birth far sweeter than it ever did in England.   
I eased to a stop at the roadside near where I expected the complex to be. In my   
best quality schoolgirl French I asked for directions to the site. By the waved arms I   
gathered where the complex was even if the huge grin on the face of my informant   
was unexpected. The SeaSun site was on the left of the coast road and with a few   
pops and bangs from my flat twin engine I pulled into a parking space and stopped.   
The sun was bright and the air smelled of herbs and suntan lotions as I got my case   
out of the back of the car gave it a pat for getting me there and followed the signs to ‘RECEPTION’.   
I shoved the door open with my shoulder and hefted my bulky bag through it   
before dumping it in front of the counter. A tallish man of about 35 with dark, hair   
dark eyes, a big grin, a broad chest and no shirt but a fine tan greeted me. I could do with a tan like that I thought.   
‘I’m Jenny,’ I said holding out my hand to shake his, ‘I hope you are expecting   
me.’   
‘Of course. I’m James. Did you have a good journey? Did you find us OK? I’ll get   
Sandy, my wife, to show you the caravan you’ll be using. SANDY,’ he called through   
the door at the back of reception, ‘Jenny’s here.’   
‘I’m just finishing off. Come on through, Jenny.’   
With a grunt I picked up my bag as James opened the swing door at the end of the   
counter for me. Sandy was sitting at a desk staring malevolently at the word   
processor. ‘Do you know how to work these things?’ she asked as I dumped my bag.   
‘I have use..........’ I started as I turned towards Sandy. She was topless behind her   
desk and it was clear from the lack of tan lines that her boobs never saw a bikini top.   
‘d one at college.’ I finished weakly and sat down on a chair with a bump.   
Sandy finished beating the computer into submission and stood up. Not only was   
she topless she was bottomless as well. Not only was she bottomless she did not have to worry about her bikini line she didn’t have any hair there to worry about.   
‘You’re naked,’ I said rather obviously as she grabbed one of the handles of my   
bag.   
‘Of course. What did you expect at a naturist site?’   
‘Naturist - you mean Nudist?’ I gasped, ‘The advert said Naturalist. I thought you   
ran courses in bird watching, flower identification. That sort of thing.’ Sandy was   
dragging my bag towards the door at the back of reception and I found myself almost involuntarily helping her, ‘Will I be expected to take all my clothes off if I work here.’   
‘Well you are here and you’ll soon get used to it . If you feel really strongly about   
it you could leave but then we would expect you to refund the money we sent you for your fare here.’   
By this time we were walking across a grassy area towards a couple of caravans   
separated and somewhat older than the rest. Sandy opened the door and called,   
‘Helen?’ No reply. We pushed my bag through the door and up to one end of the   
caravan. ‘I expect she’s out on the complex somewhere. If you like to undress I’ll   
show you round the site. I expect we’ll see Helen and I’ll introduce you.’ Sandy sat   
down and watched me undress.   
Undress, strip, get naked, nude give the money back? I’d spent the money getting   
here so that did not leave much choice. I pulled my T-shirt over my head and dropped it on the bed. Sandy commented that she had not expected me to wear a bra’ but then that road had been a bit bumpy! I unbuttoned the waistband of my shorts and stepped out of them under Sandy’s watchful gaze. ‘You can keep your shoes on,’ she commented as I started to unclip my bra’. That’s nice of her, I thought, fat lot they’ll cover that I’d like to keep covered. I shrugged my bra’ down my arms and shrugged it off to join my other clothes on the bed. Now for the big one. I took a deep breath and slipped my fingers into my panties to ease them over my hips, down my legs and off. I stood there stark naked - well except for my sneakers and socks. I clasped my hands in front of me - should I try to cover my pubes or my boobs? I didn’t have enough hands for both.   
Sandy surveyed my dark haired, 5 foot 8 inch figure with its 36 inch boobs, 24   
inch waist and 34 inch hips, 120 pounds. ‘Nice figure,’ she commented viewing me   
critically, ‘You ought to shave your pussy hair, it’s more comfortable in this climate.   
She stood up. ‘Come on let’s tour the site.’   
I paused at the door. This was to be my first appearance naked in front of a mixed   
audience. Another deep breath and I stepped down onto the hard standing of the ‘van.   
People of both sexes dragging kids behind them going back to their ‘vans did not fall over with shock only pausing to say ‘hello’ as they went on. It was a big site and I got further and further away from my clothes. The restaurant, not yet open for the evening meals, a large pool with a smaller one for kids and finally a climb over the sand dunes and there was the beach. Glorious, golden sandy beach sieved free of any rubbish each morning as Sandy explained, and a deep blue sea with a multitude of naked bodies splashing about in it or toasting themselves in the setting sun. Bliss. Goodness!   
How could I think that when I was naked!.   
Sandy turned back to the site and we walked towards Reception. A young man   
came towards us and somehow I was not surprised that he was naked too. ‘This is   
Sam,’ said Sandy waving in his general direction. ‘He helps out as well as you girls.   
Hi, Sam this is Jenny. She’s joining us. Have you seen Helen about?’   
Sam was at least six feet one and nicely built. Tousled blonde hair, forty-two inch   
chest slim waist and ....... I diverted my eyes upwards again as he shook my hand but he had seen my glance and grinned. ‘Look forward to seeing more of you,’ he said, ‘Sorry, but I could not miss making that obvious crack. Helen is in Reception. Must go, I’m running the disco tonight and I’ve got to set up. See you there.’ He continued down the path to the cafe.   
‘There’s Bill about somewhere too. I expect you’ll soon meet him as well. Come   
on let’s find Helen.’ Helen was in Reception talking to James about the evening   
duties. About my age and figure but a blonde with her hair tied back in a pony tail and a truly all over golden tan, she was totally naked too, that blondes get from gentle sunbathing over a long time. I did that involuntary up and down glance that we all seemed to give one another when we first meet. No hair down there either I noted.   
She kissed me on both cheeks as we were introduced and I felt her firm breasts   
brush against mine. ‘Hello, Jenny. Nice to meet you. I expect we will be working   
together a lot and we are sharing that ‘van.’   
‘You’ll certainly be working together a lot,’ said James pointing to the schedule   
on the wall behind the desk. ‘You can start now by emptying the rubbish bins. I saw   
your motor at the side so you can drive the mini tractor and trailer and help Helen   
load and empty it.’ he handed me a rather scruffy towel from a heap under the   
counter, ‘All nice and clean I assure you. You’ll need it to cover that metal seat on the tractor - they get blooming hot in the sun. Now Shoo - I have work to do.’   
I draped the towel on the seat of the tractor - it was blooming hot - and drove the   
little trailer unit as Helen showed me where the bins were and we tossed them in the back before going to the dump and then and back for another lot. I was getting quite used to being naked and cheerfully greeted the campers as they greeted the new arrival. Maybe their being naked as well made me feel better.   
We dropped the unit off behind the Reception building and Helen announced that   
it was tea time. ‘Come on let’s go to the caravan and we can get you settled in. I   
noticed we are on duty together this evening at the entertainment centre. We could do with a rest before then.’   
It was hot even inside the caravan and I did not feel like putting on any of the   
clothes I had in my bags. ‘My,’ said Helen as she lounged on one of the long seats as I unpacked and stowed my things in the cupboards and drawers, ‘You brought enough clothes. When did you think you’d be needing that lot?’   
‘I thought it was to be a job in a NATURALIST club not a NATURIST one and   
as I had spent all the money I was sent I had no choice but to strip off. It doesn’t seem so bad now. I might almost get to like the idea.’   
Helen pointed to the stove and the store cupboards near it. ‘Milk in the fridge, tea   
in the top cupboard, spoons in the drawer underneath and cups above the stove. Get four out, here come the boys.’   
Sam and Bill politely knocked on the already open door. ‘Are you girls decent?   
Can we come in?’ he asked with a grin on his face. ‘Jenny, this is Bill. Jenny this is   
Bill I’m a poet and don’t I know it!’   
Bill and I gave each other the quick up and down glance. Much the same build as   
Sam but with short dark hair. Very nice again. I might enjoy working here.   
The kettle gurgled into life and I made the tea and we all sat round the table with   
the side benches at the end of the van. The two lads spread their obligatory towels at the window end, we two girls sat next to them. I noticed Helen made sure she sat next to Sam. At least there we could not see each other below navel level even if we girls still had our tits on show. I looked at them carefully. Nice tans developing, me as pale as if I had been under rock and I could feel the warmth of sunburn beginning on my shoulders. Helen’s tits were smaller than mine, not a lot and just as perky. Being a blonde meant her nipples were rosy rather than dark like mine. Being such hot weather our nipples were soft and flat. I concentrated on drinking my tea before I started to evaluate the lads equipment.   
Sam sorted in the bag he had had his towel in and took out two cellophane   
wrapped packs. ‘Sandy gave these to me for you,’ he said handing one each to Helen an me, ‘They are the T-shirts with the club logo on. You are to wear them at the disco this evening so that the punters know you are selling raffle tickets for SunSea and not collecting for yourselves.’   
Bill touched me on the shoulder which produced more of a shock than was simply   
due the sun on my pale skin, ‘And you might need to wear one for a while until your tan develops. Some factor five million sun cream might not go amiss either. I don’t want you getting fried particularly -- you know what I mean. He looked at the hairs on the back of his hand and then at Sam. ‘We better get going. I want a shower before we start up the disco. See you girls there by 7.30.’   
Helen and I stood up to let the boys out and in the confines of the caravan some   
touching was inevitable as they slid out of their seats. As they went out of the door   
Helen said, ‘Sam is mine, you can have Bill but don’t let him see you are too keen   
dangle him a bit! Fancy a shower? I’ll come with you then you’ll know where they are when you have to clean then on alternate days with me.’   
The showers were open and unisex and we all stood in a line and washed off the   
effects of the heat of the day even from our private bits. ‘Done?’ asked Helen as I   
scrubbed at my hair, ‘Let’s go and iron our new T-shirts before we put them on. Must look smart.’   
I draped my towel across my shoulders so that it - almost - covered my tits and   
followed Helen back to the caravan and the ironing board. We ironed our new shirts   
and hung them up to air. ‘They are long, aren’t they?’ I observed as they dangled on their hangers.’   
‘Only just about enough,’ said Helen as she finished towelling her hair and   
brushed it out. She peered at my shoulders, ‘I saw you put some after sun soother   
away, if you like I’ll rub some into your shoulders, you caught the sun today and will feel the tingle in bed if you don’t.’   
I fished out the soother and gave it to Helen before perching on the one and only   
stool in the caravan. Helen squirted the chilly cream on my shoulders and rubbed it in over my shoulders and down my back. ‘I’ll do your front as well if you like,’ offered Helen.   
‘No thanks, I can do that myself,’ I grabbed the bottle back off of her before she   
could follow up on her offer. I rubbed some cream into my breasts, tummy and the   
tops of my legs.   
‘You want to put factor 30+ stick on your nipples tomorrow, I do mine, they can   
still burn very easily.’   
‘I’ve got some in my bag so I will.’ I finished brushing out my hair and took my   
new T-shirt from its hanger and pulled it over my head. So did Helen. I started to   
search through my undies and hauled out a pair of decent panties.   
Helen roared with laughter, ‘ What do you want those for? I never wear knickers   
and you’ll get better tips from the happy campers if you show your bare bum a few   
times tonight. Put ‘em away. Just remember to do a Playboy Bunny Bob rather than   
bend over and show your pinky bits’   
Reluctantly I returned my panties to the drawer and followed Helen over to the   
entertainment hall. We sold tickets, we returned lost children to their parents and we - at least Helen answered questions about the activities for the next day. I just   
wondered how we would fit all the work in. Eventually we threw the audience out   
into the moonlit night and their chalets before collapsing in a chair with a snack and a - non-alcoholic - drink. Helen promptly peeled off her T-shirt and Sam ,Bill, Helen   
and I enjoyed a well earned break before sleep. James and Sandy joined us as we   
wandered across to our caravan. ‘Well done, Jenny, you did a good job there. I was   
worried that you might not take to the nudist lifestyle. See you at Reception at   
9o’clock tomorrow.’   
I was worn out and slept like a log in my SeaSun T-shirt.   
  
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The tiger had just leaped out of the tree and I was pinned down on a log when my   
eyes popped open the next morning to find Helen shaking me. ‘Come on, lazybones.   
Time to get up. Nice time for a shower, breakfast and a swim before we start work.’   
I grunted and tried to turn over and found the log which I had been pinned down   
on was my T-shirt which had worked its way up and was tucked in a roll under my   
arms leaving my boobs bare. ‘And for goodness sake take that shirt off it looks silly   
being used as a scarf.’ I sat up and she tugged it over my head so I was naked again.   
I had to give in. I took a towel and we walked across to the showers which were   
empty at this time of day, the campers not having to get up at ungodly hours. The   
shower perked me up and I felt fit for a Continental breakfast followed by a swim.   
We dumped our wet towels in the caravan and picked up two dry ones. It seemed to me that the absence of clothes was accompanied by a great need for towels.   
We set off for Reception to find James behind the desk. ‘Morning Girls, ready for   
some hard work?’ We both groaned together as James turned to look at the   
assignments board. ‘Ah, Yes. You have to check with the doc’ before you get down to any serious work. We do not want you giving our customers any nasty infections or for them to give you any for that matter. I see to that you are due for your monthly re-check, Helen, so you can both wander over to the doc’ then you, Jenny, can do the trash run and Helen you can keep an eye on the kids by the pool. Jenny can join you when she’s finished. Don’t forget it’s the kids face painting this afternoon for you both - I hope you’re good with a paint brush, Jenny. Off you both go then.’   
Once outside the door I turned to Helen. ‘I didn’t know I would have to have a   
medical for this job.’   
‘It’s not a full one. Just enough to see that you are fit enough so James doesn’t get   
sued for overworking you and also that you do not have or pick up any diseases while you are here. The heat and the possibility that somebody with thrush or something has sat on the seat before you need checking out. Remember - always sit on your own towel not the seat - the possibility is still there. Anyway here we are.’   
The surgery was a small building at the edge of the complex. Helen knocked on   
the door and was greeted with a cheery, ‘Come on in.’ She pushed open the door and I   
saw the doctor, 30ish and wearing a white coat with shorts protruding from the   
bottom and sandals. ‘Come for your checks, have you girls?’   
He looked at his notes. ‘Ah, yes, Helen you are due for your fortnightly check and   
this is ........?’   
‘I’m Jenny. I started yesterday.’   
‘Perhaps we should start with you then. I must admit it saves time not having to   
ask you to undress. Perhaps we should start with the eye test. Would you read the   
chart, please.’ I read the chart. ‘Now your throat. He checked this and took a swab to send off to the lab to see I had no infections. ‘Everything looks fine but rules are   
rules.’ He peered in my ears with a little light and again pronounced himself satisfied.   
He then put his stethoscope in his ears and listened to my heart and I breathed in and out for him as his dabbed it over my back and chest, including my boob area. Again he was satisfied. ‘I do not really expect to find anything wrong,’ he explained, ‘ but I must check.’ He stood in front of me and ran his hands down my neck and shoulders. I then had to lift my arms and he ran them again under my armpits and down onto my boobs - just. Helen watched all this most carefully.   
‘Now just hop up onto the examination couch and I’ll check out the rest.’ he said   
as he made up the my form. I sat on a couch with a tall back where my legs dangled over the end. He came across and stood beside the couch. ‘I’ll just check your breasts first. Put your hands on your head please.’ My breasts pulled upwards as I did so and I felt his cool hands swirl around my boobs and, despite the heat which had kept them flat so far, my nipples perked up alarmingly at his touch. I saw Helen grinning at my embarrassment. Why hadn’t she waited outside? She was enjoying seeing me examined, that’s why!   
‘And finally the embarrassing bit,’ said the doctor extending two supports from   
the end of the couch, Put your feet on the stirrups, please, and spread you knees well apart. I’m afraid this is the area which is most likely to become infected in this heat.’   
He took up and instrument looking rather like a shoehorn and stood between my legs and carefully noted the appearance of my most intimate area. One which was not really on show even when I was nude. My girlie bits nestled neatly between my legs normally but in this position they could not have been more fully exposed. Doctor slid his fingers between my labia and held them open with his spreader as his checked them out, his fingers sliding from top to bottom. I felt my clit engorge and pop out from under its protective hood as his fingers slid it back. Again he took up a swab and ran it the full length of my slit before putting it aside to be sent off to the lab: for analysis. Helen, I could see, was thoroughly enjoying the view and had in fact moved seats to see better.   
‘Internal next,’ he said cheerfully picking up a speculum, ‘try to relax.’   
Relax! How could I relax? He slid his KY Jelly lubricated, rubber gloved fingers   
into my hole and opened it so he could slip the end of the speculum in before sliding it fully home and then, Oh! ..... opening it! I thought I knew how far I could be stretched from my smear checks but this time it was even fuller. Luckily my   
dampness from the intimacy of the examination made it slip in reasonably easily but did nothing for the stretching it gave my vagina. Again a swab was taken for analysis and he checked inside with a light before closing the speculum and drawing it out.   
No! I was not going to climax!   
He moved to the side of the couch and placed one hand on my tummy before   
again opening my labia and my vaginal opening and pushing two fingers inside and   
moving them around as he checked out my internal decorations. The fingers came out and I was asked to slide even further down the couch. I had never been asked to do this for my smear tests. My legs were pushed right back against my chest and I could feel the edge of the couch against the base of my spine. The cheeks of my bum came open and I could feel the cool air from the fan on the desk blowing on my anus. Again he stood for a while between my legs for a visual inspection before holding my buttocks apart with the fingers of one hand and sliding one of the fingers of his other hand deep into me. God! How could I restrain myself from climaxing! Luckily again the finger came out just in time and I was allowed to weakly get off the couch and stagger over to his desk for a final assessment. thorough these French doctors!   
‘Well, subject to the tests being OK I can find no problems. You are a very   
healthy girl but I would advise you to use high factor suncream until your tan builds   
up and...........’ he hesitated and I saw the grin on Helen’s face broaden ‘............I   
would suggest you shave off your pubic hair like Helen has. It does mean that any   
dampness dries off much more quickly and lessens the chance of infection.’   
I looked down at my lush, dark pubic hair. I had trimmed my bikini lines quite   
neatly but I had to agree there was still a lot of it down there.   
‘Well, that’s you checked out. I will let you know if there are any problems with   
the swabs. You’re next Helen. Up on the couch.’   
‘Do you want me to wait outside?’ I asked as a nice, well brought up girl should.   
‘No you can stay. I don’t think you will see any more of me than I have of you.   
Have a peer at my pink bits!’   
Helen got up onto the couch and settled back as her mouth was swabbed and then   
with a big smile in my direction put her feet onto the stirrups and spread her knees as far apart as they would go. Being shaved her genitalia were on full view, not only to the doctor but to me also. Her fleshy lips were eased open and the spreader slid between them not only to hold the outer lips apart but the smaller, inner ones as well, for the smear to be taken. I could clearly see the opening of her vagina and her wee hole. As the doctors fingers slid upwards, much to Helen’s apparent pleasure, he slid the hood of her clitoris back and it popped out fully erect and - goodness was mine that big? - did I not notice due to my pubic hair? - a deep pink.   
Helen’s examination was not nearly as thorough as mine and the doctor released   
us with the words, ‘See you both in two weeks.’ We walked back to the caravan, I   
was sure I was walking bow-legged, for a shower and a quick cup of tea before   
starting our work.   
  
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‘Do you,’ I asked Helen hesitantly, ‘think I should shave my pubes? I’ve never   
done it but I’m sure it’s difficult between my legs.’   
‘No problem,’ said Helen cheerfully, ‘I’ll do it for you,’   
Now Helen might have seen me displayed in all my glory at the doctor’s but the   
idea of her carefully holding my fleshy lips open and shaving them gave me quite a   
shock. ‘You, shave me?’ I stuttered.   
‘You can do me next time. No use being nude and shy about our bodies is there?   
Any way let’s have a shower first.’   
We collected out towels, soap and flannels from the caravan, we already had our   
towels, and went to the shower block. From deserted in the early morning to now it   
had become busy, busy. Only one cubicle was empty and Helen pulled me towards it. ‘Quick, that women behind us will be in it if we don’t hurry.’   
‘You go first then, I’ll wait.’ Ever polite I am despite the sticky feeling of the KY   
jelly and my personal juices between my legs.   
‘Don’t be silly, there’s room for both of us in there.’ Helen dragged me into the   
cubicle with her, ‘There you are, told you so.’   
Now there might have been room for both of us standing up but washing the   
lower bits involved a lot of very intimate contact and an even bigger lot of giggling. I soaped between my legs and the sticky feeling went away as I showered it off. ‘Give me your soap and flannel,’ said Helen, ‘I’ll wash your back.’ She did so very   
thoroughly but I never before thought that my back extended to between the cheeks of my bum!   
Finally rinsed off we dabbed ourselves sort of dry in the knowledge that the sun   
would do the rest and walked back to the caravan. I made the tea as Helen sorted   
through her wash bag. ‘Ah! I have a spare razor and,’ she looked at me speculatively, ‘I think I’ll need to start with scissors.’ She found them too. I could not see how I could possibly escape her oh so helpful ministrations.   
Helen spread a towel on the edge of the bed and motioned me to sit on it and   
reluctantly I did so. Helen placed a hand firmly on my chest and the softness of the   
bed made me from tumble backwards onto the towel with my legs dangling over the end of the bed. Helen took up the scissors and patted my knees apart before kneeling between them and setting to work with the scissors to trim my ample dark bush until only a dusting of stubble remained. She then took up a tube of shaving cream and rubbed it generously onto the appropriate area. I could not help wriggling and trying to get my knees together as she reached between my legs. Having none of this Helen prised my legs apart again and edged in between them so that I could not close them again. Razor in hand she started at the top of my carefully trimmed bikini line and worked downwards removing every vestige of hair. When she started to shave my   
labia I kept very still, I felt that one false move and I could undergo an unexpected   
female circumcision. Helen’s fingers intruded between my pussy lips as she smoothed me down to hairless exposure.   
‘All done,’ she said standing up, ‘I’ll let you wash of the rest of the soap.’   
‘Thanks,’ I said sarcastically, ‘I suppose you do not want to touch me down   
there!’ I attacked the soapy residue with a damp flannel. ‘Just wait until you need   
yours done.’   
‘I look forward to it,’ said Helen pouring the tea and gazing intently at the results   
of her handiwork, ‘That looks much better. Why shave bits off and not finish the job.’   
I stood in front of the mirror. Although I’d seen many shaven girls since I’d been   
here it was the first time I realised how far up the front my pussy lips extended, after all I had only viewed my own with their covering bush before. ‘It makes me feel much more naked,’ I commented as I took up my tea, ‘I wonder if anybody will   
notice?’ ‘I think they noticed a lot more that you had got that flourishing bush down   
there,’ said Helen draining her cup. ‘Now come on we have work to do.’   
Sandy was waiting for us as we reported to Reception. She did, of course,   
immediately notice my newly shaven pubes. ‘Hey, that’s a lot better. The paint won’t stick to them like it would have done to all that hair.’   
‘If you want me to paint anything I will want to wear overalls. I’m not getting   
paint on myself and having to scour it off with turps,’ I said indignantly.   
Sandy and Helen started laughing at my protestations. ‘Not painting the site,   
painting yourself, body painting. I want you and Helen to paint a couple of skimpy   
bikinis on yourselves and go down to the beach with the leaflets advertising our body painting contest tonight. We usually get a good crowd in for it. Some of the designs are fantastically good, some are OK and some, well, they are a bit crude. Men do seem to have an obsession with snakes and elephants! The paint’s in the office, Helen will show you how to apply it, Jenny.’   
Helen set to work painting a nice red, very brief, bikini on me with flowers   
bursting out from my nipples. When she got lower down she was extremely thorough with the brush painting between the cheeks of my bum for starters and then coming round to the front and painting my pussy lips most carefully as I stood with my feet apart to allow her access between my legs until the paint on my bum joined the paint she was applying to the front. Thank goodness my inner lips were well hidden by my outer ones at least she didn’t have to wiggle the brush deeply between them even if I did have to breath in deeply to prevent my clit from making too full an appearance and getting daubed with red paint.   
‘My turn,’ I said as Helen stood back to admire her work, ‘Give me the brush and   
spread your legs.’   
‘It’s easier if I lean on the table first, it’ll give you nice free access to my fanny. I   
didn’t like to suggest it to you being a shy girl like wot you are!’ Helen leant with her elbows on the table and her legs spread wide apart. She turned her head and grinned at me. ‘Go on then, start painting or are you checking me out for piles?’   
Her little brown bumhole was well exposed and was her vaginal opening, wee   
hole and her clit which sprung from between her labia in all its glory. ‘I’ve never done this before,’ I muttered standing back from the view she was giving me. I’m not sure I have even seen my own vulva as clearly exposed as this.’   
‘Just remember I saw you in the stirrups at the doctors this morning - and you saw   
me for that matter- or did you look the other way?’   
‘I didn’t actually look ........closely,’ I said, picking up the paint brush and starting   
on my version of a pale blue cossy by painting round her anus and working outwards between her bum cheeks.   
Sandy popped her head round the door. ‘Nice cossy, Jenny. Don’t worry about   
Helen showing her all, she’s a right show off. You might get less worried about   
showing everything when you’ve been here a week or two.’   
‘You can stand up now,’ I said as I finished a tanga g-string on Helen’s bum, ‘So I   
can do the front.’ I painted in a brief front which just skimmed her mount of Venus   
and drew two strings and a bow holding the paint in position! ‘Now for your top.’   
‘I don’t want a full bra today, I think, just draw a couple of flowers on my   
nipples. Must look decent,’ she giggled as I set to work.   
She looked in the mirror at the result of my handiwork on her bodywork. ‘Not bad   
for a first attempt,’ she said, smiling.   
‘It would be even better if I was not worried about losing the paint brush up one   
of your orifices,’ I added putting the lid on the paint.   
The hot air soon dried the paint and we set off with a bag of flyers and a grin as   
heads turned to admire our decorations. I looked down, ‘The paint doesn’t really hide very much does it?’ I asked glancing down, ‘It looks a though my costume is a bit tight and I’ve got camel toes between my legs!’   
‘Wait ‘til you see what some people paint on themselves for this evening,’ said   
Helen as we started to give out the flyers.   
I was very please to see the effect we were having on some of the male members   
of the site as handed out the flyers. Good job they weren’t standing up from the way they were standing up is all I can say!   
  
Jenny.  
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