**Vanessa’s New Life**

by Vanessa Evans

Hi, my name is Vanessa, and this is a journal of my life since I decided to make some drastic changes to it.

# Background

As I said, my name is Vanessa. I am a 22-year-old Hairdresser, long, almost Blond hair, 5 foot 1 inch tall, with a 34AA-24-35, 95 pound figure. I’m not a stunner to look at, just your average young woman. I’ve never had a great deal of luck with men, and have been on my own for a few months now (I live on my own in a little Flat). My friends say that I should be more outgoing, but that’s just not me. I live in a small town in North Wales where life is so dull and boring, and everyone knows everyone else’s business.

I started getting ideas when one of my colleges, Mandy, found a Bondage and Discipline magazine with the other magazines in the Salon’s waiting area. She was going to throw it in the rubbish bin, but I asked her to leave it where it was, saying that it would spice-up the place a bit. That afternoon, I deliberately kept myself busy, and hung around until all the other girls had gone home saying that I would lock-up when I’d finished, nothing special in that, one of us often stays back to finish something. Next afternoon, Mandy was looking for ‘that’ magazine, but couldn’t find it. I said that one of the customers had probably pinched it. What I didn’t say was that it was me that took it home with me the previous afternoon.

Ever since I was a little girl of about 10 or 11, whenever my Dad spanked me for being a bad girl, I used to get these funny feelings, not the pain, but I suppose that that must have had something to do with it. As I got older, I used to get a bit ‘wet’, and couldn’t understand it. I used to almost look forward to the spankings, especially the ones where Dad would make me take my skirt and knickers off before putting me over his knee. Once I’d discovered masturbation I would always have a good play with myself in bed afterwards. The last spanking that Dad gave me was when I was nearly 18. I’d stayed out late with my friends once too often, and Dad could smell the alcohol on me when I got home. He really gave me a good thrashing that night, and he was so mad that he made me take all of my clothes off first. My Mum wasn’t any help, she just said that I had been bad and deserved to be punished. It didn’t help that my 13-year-old brother was in the same room all the time. I was so embarrassed, and boy did my backside glow, but at the same time I was getting so wet that I was sure that Dad would say something.

A few months later, I got the chance to move into a Flat with a female friend and I did. In a way I missed the spankings, and the feelings that went with them. I once managed to get one of my boyfriends to spank me, he didn’t enjoy it, but I did.

Right, that’s enough of the history, now to how I changed my life forever.

When I got home with ‘that’ magazine, I read it over and over. I was really intrigued by the stories and the pictures. It was all new to me, nobody around me ever talked about anything remotely like that. I kept reading it over and over again over the next couple of weeks, and when it was quiet in the Salon I usually ended up thinking about what I had read and seen. I had to wash a lot of knickers at the end of each of those weeks. One time when I was reading the adverts again, one suddenly jumped out at me, and I started thinking ‘could I?’ Well, after a few days I decided that I would reply to the advert and see what happened.

The ad was from a middle-aged man in the East Midlands of England who was looking for a ‘submissive, live-in house-keeper’. I wrote a letter explaining a bit about myself, and after a few times of losing my nerve, I finally posting it. About a week later I received a letter from him and got all excited reading it on the bus on the way to work. In the letter he explained that the job would not be very demanding, and wouldn’t pay much, but there again, I wouldn’t have much to buy, as he would buy everything for me. He also explained that I should expect to be punished every time that I made a mistake or was disobedient. He also enclosed a photograph of himself, and asked that if I was still interested I should write to him again and enclosed a photograph of myself, preferably without clothes on. Well, I didn’t have any photos like that, so when I wrote again, I enclosed a photograph of me in a bikini, and apologised saying that even if I had dared to get any nude photographs taken, I could never get them developed in the town where I lived.

When Jon wrote to me again, he told me a bit more about the job, the hours, and what he would expect of me. He also explained that punishment comes in more forms than just spankings, and referred me to the magazine that the advert had been in. He then stated that I was to go over to his place for the weekend for a formal interview, and for us to ‘get to know each other’ before a final commitment would be made by either of us. He also assured me that no harm would come to me, that I could leave at anytime and that he would pay all my expenses. I was to send him a letter stating which bus or train I would be arriving on, and that he would meet me at the station.

Well, it’s one thing writing to someone, but another thing actually going to their house for a weekend when you haven’t even met them. I was in a right quandary. I spent the next couple of days trying to make up my mind what to do. I wasn’t concentrating on my job, and got told-off a few times. Looking back, I suppose that that helped me to make a decision. I checked the bus times, booked a ticket, and wrote a quick note to Jon. I would be arriving at eight-fifteen the following Friday evening. For me this took a lot of courage and if it wasn’t for the fact that I desperately needed for something interesting to happen in my life, that Jon’s letters and photograph gave me the impression that he was an alright sort of man, that the thought of the magazine turned me on every time I thought about it; then, I just wouldn’t have been going.

On the Friday morning before leaving, I got another letter from Jon saying that I was to wear smart clothes for the interview and that trousers or jeans didn’t come into that category as far as he was concerned. That didn’t please me too much as it was April and in the UK April is never a warm month. Never mind I thought, I wanted to look my best, and spent hours deciding what to take with me and doing my make-up. I was glad that I had decided to take the whole day off work. In the end, I decided that I would wear a mini-skirt and white blouse, both of which I had made myself. I was quite proud of the fact that I could make a lot of my own clothes, and this short pleated skirt and thin blouse looked good on me.

The journey took five hours, and I had to change twice. If I hadn’t been so excited, I’m sure that I would have been quite tired when I got there. Not a good way to be at an interview. The excitement stopped me from getting any sleep.

When I finally got there I had my bag in one hand and the photograph of Jon in the other and walked all over the bus station without finding him. I was just beginning to get a bit worried when a car stopped beside me and Jon jumped out. He just apologised for being late, told me to put my bag in the back, and got back in. As we were driving away he said that he often had to work late, which was one of the reasons why he wanted a housekeeper. Before I knew it, we were pulling into a pub car park. I followed him into the pub, and we sat at a table and waited to be served. This was one of those pubs that have a restaurant attached and Jon had just assumed that I was hungry. Over the meal and a few drinks we just talked about our lives in general, never touching on the subject of discipline at all. Well, not until a couple of hours later after I had had a few drinks. I was a bit nervous, and was looking for some Dutch courage. All of a sudden Jon stated asking about the times that my Dad had spanked me. He wanted to know all the details, everyone who was there, what state of dress I was in, what I was feeling, during and after the spankings. He even asked me to describe how I played with myself afterwards. This was something that I would never have dreamed I would talk about, yet here I was telling this stranger all my most intimate thoughts. It just seemed right; and I imagine the alcohol helped.

As we walked out of the pub, I was feeling quite happy, and was beginning to like Jon. We got back in the car and drove to Jon’s house, which was only a few hundred yards down the road. It wasn’t a big house, just your average small-detached house with four bedrooms, and a view out the back over the fields. Jon showed me round the place, and which room I was to use, and then made some coffee. It was just general chat over the coffee, and then Jon said that he had had a hard week and was going to bed. The real interview would start at nine in the morning. I went to bed thinking that this was going to be easy. It was a very happy Vanessa that went to sleep that night.

# Saturday April 18 1998 - The Interview

I woke up at eight fifteen the next morning, got washed and then thought about what I should wear. I didn’t want to look too casual as I was going to an Interview. I decided on a different skirt and blouse, got dressed and went downstairs. Jon was in the kitchen eating his breakfast, and after saying good morning, told me to help myself to anything I wanted. I put some bread in the toaster and poured some coffee. At nine o’clock Jon called me into the living room and said that he was ready to start.

To start with, he told me that the hours I would have to work would not be specific times, as he was at work a lot, and came home at different times most days. I would be expected to work as and when required to complete my duties. These included keeping the house clean, the cooking, the washing and the shopping. He would get me a credit card to use, but he would carefully monitor the bills. I would be permitted to have friend over to the house whenever I wanted, and could use the telephone for reasonable calls. As he did not expect that my duties would take up a lot of my time, he would not mind if I was to look for a part-time job, perhaps working in a pub. I was then asked if I had a driving licence, and if I could sew. I was suddenly glad that I had spent the money on learning to drive.

He then asked why I had applied for the job, so I told him again about being in a ‘rut’, and wanting a change. “But why reply to my advert in the magazine he asked.” I told him all about my feelings when reading the magazine, and decided that I wanted to give it a try. Which is precisely why the advert was in that magazine he said. “But there would have to be a strict set of rules, and if broken, you must expect to be punished, and by punishment, I just don’t mean spanking he said, punishment can be mental as well, for example embarrassment or humiliation.” I then asked him about the rules, and he produced a piece of paper and passed it to me. He said that it was only fair that I knew what I was letting myself into, and that I could leave at anytime that I wanted to.

# This is the list of rules: -

Smoking will not be permitted under any circumstances.

Unless specifically directed to, you will be expected to wear dresses or skirts at all times.

Trousers, leggings or tights will not be tolerated. Stockings, either self supporting or with a suspender belt are acceptable.

All clothes purchased or hand made will be approved by me before being worn.

Unless specifically directed underwear will not be worn.

Spankings will be administered by means of hand, paddle, tawse, or any other item deemed appropriate.

Whenever you have had enough, and wish to stop, you will say the phrase ‘chocolate teapot’ 3 times. Once you have, you will no longer be employed by me, and you will be expected to leave the premises within twenty-four hours.

Your employer reserves the rights to change these rules at any time.

I read the list, and whilst a little shocked, although I didn’t really know what to expect. I thought that maybe it wouldn’t be that bad, certainly worth a try. “OK” I said, “I’m happy with everything so far, what else is there”?

# The test

He then told me that I would not know if I were going to be offered the job until I was leaving to go home the next day. If I decided to accept the job, then I was to hand-in my notice the next day, and return with all my belongings the next weekend. There was one more issue that had to be established before a job offer was made, and that was my level of obedience. This would be established between now and my leaving time the next day. Was this acceptable to me? After I said it was, he said ‘stand-up and take all your clothes off’. Well, talk about sudden shock. It took me a couple of minutes to take in what he had actually said, but I did it, slowly, and with a very red face. I stood there with my hands trying to cover my breasts and my pussy, but he calmly told me to put my arms by my side. I was then told that sometime over the next day, I would receive one or two painful spankings, and that this weekend would be the only time that I would receive one without just cause. This didn’t do anything to stop my embarrassment, but it did make me feel a little happier. He also said that from now on, when there was only the two of us around, I was to call him ‘Master’, and only to speak to him either when spoken to, or when I wished to ask a question.

Jon then got up and walked over to me. He told me to open my feet about a foot, which I did, and he then proceeded to walk slowly round me. When he went behind me for the second time I felt a sudden pain in my right rear cheek. He had spanked me with his hand. I was then told to keep my legs straight and to touch my feet. This was very difficult and hurt my legs, but I made it. Then I thought about the view that he must have and started to get those stirring feelings where he must have been looking. Just as I was starting to get wet, he told me to stand-up and he walked round in front of me and started to prod and then grab my breasts. He smiled and said, “Nice chapel hat pegs”. He was referring to my large prominent nipples, which by this time were rock-hard.

My face was still bright red with embarrassment, but there was worse to come. His hands slid down my chest and stomach and stopped at my light brown bush. He grabbed hold of it, tugged it and said, “This will have to go”. My mouth dropped, I had never even thought about shaving it off. I had never even had to trim it to wear a bikini, there wasn’t that much of it. I started to say that I couldn’t possibly do that, but he reminded me of what I had agreed to and asked me if I wished to change my mind and wanted to go home. My brain was saying yes, but the feeling in my pussy and the juices running down my leg said no. I thought for a minute and remembered that I needed to change my life, and one of the stories in the magazine jumped into my mind. “No” I said. Jon suddenly said, “This is the one and only time that I will remind you to call me Master. Be slow in answering, and be insolent like that again, and you will suffer”. “Yes Master” I replied. “Now go and get my razor and shaving cream from the bathroom. When I got back downstairs, he had moved into the kitchen. I went in, and he said, “Right, get what else you need, get on the table, and get that hair off”. As you can imagine, Jon got an amazing view as I got on with the job.

Just as I was finishing, my hand slipped off my slippery leg and knocked over the bowl of water. Jon was not happy and told me to clean up the mess. After that I was asked if I deserved punishing for making the mess. “Yes Master” I said, and was then told to bend over the table, open my legs about 2 feet, and grab hold of the other side of the table. “You are about to get ten slaps with my hand, I will not be counting, so you had better - out aloud, I’d hate for you to get more than you deserve”. “Thank you Master” I said, and waited for him to start.

Wow, he certainly had a strong arm, and by the time I had counted six, tears were rolling down my face. At eight, I lost my grip of the table and stood upright. “Right, that’s another five he said, and that will happen every time you get up before being told to”. I was about to scream “NO”, but managed to keep my mouth shut - just.

When it was finally over, Jon told me to get up, and then walked out of the room. When he came back ten minutes later, I had just about stopped crying, but was still gently rubbing my sore backside. “Right he said, two more things before we go out, firstly sit on the floor, legs apart, and masturbate yourself to an orgasm, the kitchen tiles will cool down your ass”. Well, I though, today is full of surprises, but the feelings that I was having in my pussy got rid of any doubts that I had and I got down on the floor, opened my lips and put one finger inside me while my other hand got busy on my clit. My clit has always stuck out from between my lips, but by now it was hard, and the centre was trying to push its self out of its hood. It didn’t take long before my head was rolling from side to side. I wanted to hold back with the scream as I came, but the build-up since my last orgasm weeks ago was just too great. I screamed a little, and Jon just smiled. After a couple of minutes I asked what the other thing was. Jon said, “I like your bald pussy so much that there is a new rule, you will shave-off all your hair below your neck every day. Now go and have a shower before we go out.”

The shower was very nice, and I didn’t want to get out. After a while I did though, and got dried. Jon was waiting for me as I came out of the bathroom and I asked what I was to wear. “Shoes and a coat only” was the reply. “Master” I said, “I can’t do that, someone might see something, and beside it’s cold out there”. “You’re not trying to argue with me are you”? “No Master”. “Right then” he said, “get ready”.

As we walked to the car I was very nervous, I felt so strange, I felt so exposed, yet I was covered by my coat. It took a while to realise that people couldn’t see my body, but my bald pussy made me feel even more naked. We drove to the shopping centre in the middle of town and parked in the car park at one end. Instead of going into the shopping centre we walked down this shabby street and went into a sex shop. Yet another first for me. Jon told me to look round while he bought something. He didn’t show me what and I wasn’t looking. I was very busy looking at all the ‘toys’. We left and headed back to the shopping centre, which pleased me because I was getting cold. In the centre we wandered round a few shops then went into a pub for a drink. After a couple of gin and tonics I started to relax a bit. It was then that Jon said, “Another rule - from now on, whenever I am near you, you will not cross your legs or feet”. I was beginning to get used to these surprises by now and did as I was told. The coat was long enough for me not to worry about what was showing.

Just as I thought that we might be leaving, Jon gave me a little box and told me to go to the ladies room, put the contents of the box into my vagina, and then return. He said that I might like to warm them in my mouth for a couple of minutes before inserting them. All this puzzled me, and as I was walking to the ladies I was thinking ‘what on earth could it be, or was it a them?’ When I was safely locked in a cubicle, I opened the box and just didn’t know what to do.

The box contained two metal balls about half an inch in diameter, and were gold in colour.

What were these for I thought, and if I do put them in, how can I keep them from falling out? After all, I didn’t have any knickers on, and I didn’t want them falling out onto the floor as I was walking along - in public! What was I going to do? This was becoming a time when I had to consider ‘what the hell was I doing here? Am I mad? Or am I just changing my life, and finally getting the excitement that I crave for?’ Well, I was certainly getting plenty of excitement and I was getting lots of sexual excitement as well, even if it was embarrassing at times.

Life had been so boring before this weekend and I was starting to enjoy the thought of knowing that I was doing things that a lot of boring people would be shocked by. It was giving me a thrill. So, without even thinking, I put the balls into my mouth. After a couple of minutes I squatted down and inserted one of the balls. I pushed it up as far as I could, and then did the same with the other one. As the two came together, I’m sure I could hear a ‘clink’ as they touched. The thought of me ‘clinking’ down the street made me smile as I stood up and fastened my coat. As I opened the cubicle door and walked out I stopped because I could feel them moving around, and thought that they were moving down me. I decided that I would have to walk squeezing my legs together. By the time I got back to Jon I had a rosy smile on my face. The experience was turning me on. Amazing, two little balls were turning me on. Jon told me to lift the back of my coat and put my bare backside on the seat and calm down before we moved on.

“What the hell are these Master and how did you know I would like them”? “There called ‘Ben Wa Balls’ and I’ve read a few stories from women about them. They’re a present from me and you don’t have to wait to be told to wear them, you can wear them anytime you like”. “Thank you, thank you Master, I wish I had heard of them years ago they’re just amazing”. “And that’s when you’ve only walked 20 yards” said Jon. After a couple of minutes, Jon said, “Right then, let’s go”. We walked slowly out of the pub and down the road. All the time, I was struggling to contain myself. Just as I thought I was going to have to stop Jon pulled me into this little dress shop.

There was just one young female assistant and a couple of teenage girls in the shop. The assistant smiled at me and said that I looked happy. I blushed and said that I was. Jon and I both started looking at dresses, but in different racks. We both found ones that we liked at about the same time so Jon told me to try them both on. I went into the changing cubicle, took my coat off and put the first dress on. It was way too big and had just taken it off when Jon pulled back the curtain. There I was, stark naked in full view of the whole shop. It was a good job that no one was looking. I told Jon what the problem with the dress was, and Jon turned and called the assistant over. I hid behind Jon as he asked the assistant to swap it for a smaller size. As Jon walked away, I pulled the curtain closed and stood there waiting for him to return.

I was stood facing the curtain waiting, when it opened again, but it wasn’t Jon, he has asked the assistant to bring the smaller dress to me. We both stood there shocked, me stark naked with her staring at my bald pussy. She was the first one to recover and started unfastening the dress saying that she would help me with it. I was still too shocked to object. It was a front buttoning dress and she put it on me and started fastening the buttons. As she was moving down them she was bending down and holding the unfastened part of the dress open. There she was down on her knees with her face right in front of my pussy, struggling to fasten the bottom buttons.

I was beginning to get embarrassed because of my arousal, and I could feel that my lips were all puffed up, and I was so wet that I thought she might drown if she got any closer. Just then Jon came back and the assistant jumped up and left. This was the dress that I had picked and Jon said that he didn’t like it and told me to take it off. Just as I was about to try the other dress on Jon opened the curtain and left taking my coat. Again, there I was, stark naked, in full view of the shop. This time I wasn’t as lucky, the two teenage girls were looking right at me, so was the assistant and another couple that had come into the shop. As I closed the curtain I saw the assistant smile and one of the girl’s mouths dropped.

This dress was quite nice, except for the fact that it was very short, and was slightly see-through. I stood there looking at myself in the mirror and waiting for Jon to come back. After a while I looked round the curtain looking for Jon. He wasn’t far away and when I caught his eye he told me to come out and have a proper look at myself. As I was looking in the big mirrors the bright light made the material even more transparent. This dress was very short but that didn’t stop Jon telling me to ‘give us a twirl’. Now the skirt part of this dress was ‘A’ shaped, and as I spun round, the skirt part lifted up revealing everything that I’d got. The assistant was smiling and licking her lips, the girls were just staring, and the woman from the couple was pulling her man out of the shop. As I stopped, I realised that I was smiling at the couple, and wasn’t at all embarrassed, in fact, I was enjoying it. Jon said ‘very nice, but not quite you, take it off and I will find another for you”. I don’t know why, but I did take it off, right there in the shop with Jon and three young women watching. What had got into me? I suppose that Ben Wa had something to do with it.

Jon took the dress from me and asked the assistant to help him find something else. While they were looking I just stood there transferring my weight from one leg to the other, cupping my little breasts and looking at myself in the mirrors. The two girls were frozen. After a couple of minutes Jon and the assistant came back with another dress and Jon asked the assistant to help me with it. I went into the cubicle and the assistant followed leaving the curtain open. Jon stayed outside just watching, like the girls, but they were not smiling, just frozen.

This dress was a pull-on, and was a very tight fit, so tight that the assistant had to put her hands all over me to be able to pull it down. As she was pulling it over my breasts her hands seemed to linger and rub my nipples. I would swear that she was gripping them between the backs of her fingers and pulling them with the dress. With nipples as big as mine, it was easy, and nice. When she got the dress down to my pussy she held it front and back and pulled. Not too hard because her fingers were right in between my legs, and her fingers were probing my pussy. I just stood there smiling and moaning a bit. Ben really was working hard. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she stopped before I climaxed, blew a kiss at me and walked out.

I followed her out to show Jon what I looked like. Jon didn’t like it and told me to take it off, give it to him, and look for one myself. Before I knew it, I had taken the dress off and was looking through the rack right in front of the two teenage girls. This seemed to snap them back into life and they suddenly giggled and walked out. After looking through a couple of racks I realised where I was and what I was doing. I walked over to Jon and put my coat on. Jon thanked the assistant and said that we might be back, and we left. The assistant said we could call anytime, and thanked us for calling.

This was all getting too much for me, and I asked Jon if we could go home. It took us ages to walk back to the car, Ben was getting to be too much for me, and I didn’t want to have an orgasm in the street. When we got into the car Jon told me to take my coat off and finish the job. This didn’t take long. Afterwards Jon wouldn’t let me put my coat back on and we drove home. I was glad that it gets dark reasonably early in April and Jon gave me my coat when we pulled into his drive.

Back home Jon decided that we were hungry and told me to prepare a meal. Jon let me remove Ben but he wouldn’t let me wear any clothes, even when I pointed out that I might get something burnt. I wanted to go up to the bathroom to remove the balls but Jon told me to squat down and get them out with a finger right there in front of him. I put them in the box in my handbag; I wasn’t going to lose them.

After dinner Jon said that he had to go out for a while and that I was to rest for a while. Before going out Jon took me to one of the other bedrooms and told me to sit on the bottom of the bed with my feet on the floor. He then put a blindfold on me and told me to lie back. He then proceeded to tie my wrists to the posts at the top corners of the bed. I could then feel him putting some ropes round my ankles and assumed that he was going to tie them to the short wooden posts at the bottom corner of the bed, but no, no sooner than they were both tied my feet were spread about 3 feet apart and my legs were raised up as far as they could go. There I was, spread-eagle, blindfolded, my legs high in the air, and my bottom right at the bottom of the bed. Right I thought, this is it, he’s going to fuck me. But he didn’t, he just said that he was going out and that if I heard anyone comes in calling his name, I was to ignore them; it would be one of his friends coming to collect something. I was not to be afraid because there was no need for him to come upstairs.

It was very quiet and dark, and I was lovely and warm. It wasn’t long before I was fast asleep.

The day’s excitement must have really worn me out.

I woke-up with a start. It took only a couple of seconds to remember where I was, and I could hear a female voice calling Jon’s name, then there was silence. After a few minutes, I could suddenly see little bits of light through the blindfold. Someone had switched the bedroom light on. “Who’s there?” I said, but there was no reply. Everything was quiet. “Please speak to me” I said, but there was no response, instead, I could feel the air moving around my breasts, then something lightly brushed my right nipple, and it jumped to attention. This was embarrassing, there I was, stark naked, with my legs spread wide, with some strange person that I couldn’t even see, touching my breast. I suppose that it was because I trusted Jon, and the experiences of earlier that day that made me feel un-afraid. Instead, I was starting to enjoy it. I could feel my juices start to flow. The hand was very gentle, and slowly wandered all over my body, slowly moving down towards my pussy. Then nothing before I could feel the person breathing near my pussy.

The next thing I knew was that something was being pushed into me. I didn’t take much because I was dripping, and it didn’t take long for me to work out what it was, as soon as it was switched on I knew, then the lights went off and I heard the front door close. At first I was in heaven, I had never had a vibrator before, and was enjoying the experience. It wasn’t long before I orgasmed, then again. After the third time, I was desperate for it to stop, and I was starting think that I would die, I had never experienced so much pleasure in such a short time, and the frightening thing was that I had no control over it. In the end, I must have passed out, because the next thing I remember is Jon taking the blindfold off me, asking if I was all right. I just said, “Yes, can I have a drink please”. Jon must have untied me and removed the vibrator while I was still unconscious, because my hands and legs were free, and there was no sign of the vibrator. I had to squeeze my stomach muscles to make sure that there was nothing still inside me. After a couple of gulps of the drink, I noticed the metal rings on the ceiling, there were 5 of them directly over the bed, so that was what was keeping my legs in the air. Jon then told me that anticipation of a spanking was often part of the punishment, and that he would remember that I had just forgotten to say “Master” when I asked for the drink. I would get the punishment in the morning. Jon then asked me if I was all right, then told me I could go to bed, and that I had done just fine so far, and was I still happy for the ‘interview’ to continue in the morning. “Definitely Master” was my reply as I walked out of that bedroom and into mine.

# Sunday April 19

Next morning I woke up early, had a shower, got dressed, and went downstairs to the kitchen and put the kettle on. I was sat drinking a coffee when Jon walked in wearing nothing but a day’s growth on his chin. His hairless pubes looked as smooth as mine. He seemed a little surprised to see me and then said that if I took the job I had better get used to it as he usually had breakfast before he got dressed.

As I was lifting my eyes above his waist, he asked me why I had some clothes on. Suddenly remembering, I quickly removed them, but it was too late. As soon as I had got them all off he told me to get on my knees, open my knees about a foot, and lean back and put my hands on the floor behind me. This was the position that I was to put myself in every time he said, “assume the position”. He then made himself a coffee and sat in front of me until he finished it. All the time, I could see his dick which was starting to get semi erect, and I was starting to get aroused too. I was getting wet and I could feel my lips tingling and opening; and my clit start to swell.

The coffee cup was put on the table and Jon started walking round me. He stopped behind me and told me to look at him. It was real difficult to look him in the face when his balls and dick was a couple of inches from my face. He was looking up and down my body when he suddenly moved to my left side and put his hand on my pussy, pressed his finger into my very wet slit, and then moved his hand up to my pubic bone. “I thought so; you haven’t had a shave today have you”? “No Master” I replied. “Right, you are about to receive the worst physical punishment that you will ever receive from me. Do you remember the words that will make all this stop”? “Yes” I replied. He then told me to go upstairs and lay spread-eagle on the bed where I was punished yesterday.

When he came up he tied my wrists to the top corners of the bed. Then he tied ropes to my ankles and then pulled my legs over my body and tied then to the top corner posts as well. My wet pussy was left open and facing the ceiling. With that he picked up one of those old school canes, about 3 feet long, ‘U’ shaped at one end, thin and very flexible. He ‘swished’ it through the air a couple of times before bringing it down on my backside.

“OOOOOOW” I screamed, boy did that hurt. That didn’t stop him; neither did the tears that were soon streaming out of my eyes. The fourth stroke was different, it only landed on my right cheek, but the flexibility of the cane made it bend and the end of it hit my pussy. Talk about pain. My scream sounded as if it would wake up the whole neighbourhood. The last 2 were slightly worse as Jon adjusted his aim so that these last 2 hit my clit, which always sticks out between my pussy lips.

He stopped after 6. It took the best part of ten minutes for me to come down from my pain-induced high. I remained almost motionless throughout the orgasm, save for an occasional ‘twitch’ of my thighs or abdomen as the after-shocks diminished in intensity. That was the most intense orgasm I’ve ever had. I thought it would never stop. My butt was still tingling when Jon came back in and asked me if I was alright. He then untied me and told me to have a shower and shave.

30 minutes later, I went downstairs (still naked) and found him reading the Sunday papers. I sat (slowly) opposite him with my legs slightly apart, waiting for him to look at me. After a while he put down the paper and said that we were going for an early lunch before the final part of the interview, and then me going home. This time I had to wear the only dress that I had with me. It was one that buttoned all the way down the front, again, no bra or knickers, and the embarrassing thing was that he would only let me fasten the buttons down to just above my pussy.

We went to a Chinese that did a self-service Sunday lunch. Very nice food and only a problem when I had to walk around without my coat on. Every time I put one leg in front of the other the dress opened at the front and I got a draught on my pussy. Nice feeling, but if anyone was looking ...........

When we got back to Jon’s place we went into the lounge and we sat opposite each other. I deliberately kept my legs apart, and with that dress he should be able to see all my stomach as well as my pussy. I was beginning to think that I was going to be unlucky and that Jon wasn’t going to fuck me. My pussy really wanted his dick inside it.

Anyway, Jon started by asking me what my verdict was on the job, was it what I expected and did I still want it. He said that I had managed to survive the punishments that he had administered quite well, and even looked as if I were enjoying it at times. “It was more pain than I’d ever experienced, but yes, I did enjoy it”. I said. “In fact I had enjoyed the weekend so much that I wanted the job”. Jon said that he wasn’t going to accept an answer at that time, but that I was to go home and telephone him with my answer on the following Tuesday evening. If the answer was ‘yes’, then he would come to Wales the next Saturday and collect me and my belongings. There were just 3 more things that I had to do before Jon took me to the bus station.

Firstly, I had to get myself ready for home, minus all my underwear, that I was to leave there. Secondly, I had to insert Ben and leave them there until I got home; and thirdly, he gave me a pen and a notebook. I was to write a Journal starting with my childhood spanking experiences. I thought that Ben and the lack of knickers would be nice, but a little difficult.

On the bus before starting writing this I went through the weekend in my mind, and, as well as having to lift the back of my dress and coat over my ass so that the wet patch was on the seat, not my clothes, I decided that yes, I needed a change, and that this was right for me. I needed to be told what to do, I liked the feelings when I was being punished, and I liked the excitement when Jon was telling me to expose myself.

Next morning I went to work and handed in my notice. The difficult part was trying to avoid telling my friends what I was going to do with myself. I telephoned Jon on the Tuesday evening and gave him the good news. He said that he would collect me at 10:00 am on Saturday morning. I wore Ben most days that week, and every time someone accused me of daydreaming I blushingly smiled and said that I was thinking about my new ‘adventure’, which was true.

On the Friday evening as I was getting ready to go out for a farewell drink with the girls from work, I decided that I was feeling brave, and went out wearing Ben and no underwear. I had an enjoyable evening (in more ways than one) and after a few drinks, I kept saying that Ben was looking after me. Somehow I managed to avoid telling everyone who Ben was.

# Saturday April 25 - The day I started my new Job

Next morning I wanted to impress Jon and I was ready and shaved before 10:00 am wearing only my coat and shoes. I decided that too much Ben would wear me out before I had started the day. Also, my head was a little delicate after the drinks the night before.

When the doorbell rang I took my coat off and answered the door. I wanted to please Jon, and it was only when I opened the door and saw Jon and one of my neighbours passing by that I thought maybe that that wasn’t a good idea. Jon looked me up and down, put his hand on my pubes, said, “Good, you remembered,” and came in. He had a quick look round, then said, “Coat on and pick up your bags and let’s go.”

The journey didn’t take anywhere as long by car as it did by bus and we were soon at Jon’s house. Once in, he told me to bring everything into the lounge, and that he would inspect everything to see if I were permitted to have it in his house. I was glad that he had left his central heating on as I had to ‘model’ every item of clothing that I had, changing right there in front of him. As the ‘parade’ went on I knew that I was getting wet, and I could see a bulge in his trousers. About three quarters of my clothes were ‘unsuitable’, and were to be thrown-out.

This left we with no underwear, trousers, shorts, tights or leggings. I was then told to ‘assume the position’ whilst Jon read me the rules again. This time there were more rules than the last time: -

# The rules

Smoking will not be permitted under any circumstances.

Unless specifically directed to, you will be expected to wear dresses or skirts at all times.

Trousers, shorts, leggings or tights will not be tolerated. Stockings, either self supporting or with a suspender belt are acceptable.

All clothes purchased or handmade will be approved by me before being worn.

Unless specifically directed, underwear will not be worn.

You will wear tampons when you have your period.

Spankings will be administered by means of hand, paddle, tawse, cane, or any other item deemed appropriate at the time.

Body hair will be removed every day.

Legs will not be crossed whilst in Jon’s presence, unless specifically directed to do so.

Clothing will not me adjusted whilst in Jon’s presence unless, specifically directed to do so.

You will get 2 days off each week - Monday and Tuesday, unless previously agreed differently.

At most, you will wear only a dress and shoes when working.

Whenever you have had enough, and wish to stop, you will say the phrase ‘chocolate teapot’ 3 times. Once you have, you will no longer be employed by me, and you will be expected to leave the premises within twenty-four hours.

Your employer reserves the rights to change these rules at any time.

Jon then asked me if I was happy to continue, “Yes Master” I replied. He then asked me how my Journal was coming along. I went to get it and showed him that it was written-up until the previous night. I was then told that I was not expected to write something in it every day, just for the days that had something of any significance in them. He also told me that he would teach me how to use his PC so that I could use that. This pleased me as I had had very little training on computers at school. Jon also said that once my journal was on his PC it would be easier for him to publish it, that didn’t please me too much. Its one thing keeping a journal that’s private (well between Jon and me), but it’s something completely different having it available for everyone in the world to read.

My first task was to prepare a late lunch. After that, it was on with my coat and we went to look for some more ‘suitable’ clothes. We wandered round a few clothes shops, but didn’t see anything that Jon liked. Eventually we headed for the dress shop that we had the fun in the previous Saturday. I was happy to see that the assistant was the same one and that she was still the only staff person there. The shop was also empty. The smile on the assistant’s face told me that she was happy to see us as well.

As we started looking through the racks I thought about what type of dress Jon was looking for. I guessed that they had to be short, thin and easily accessible. Jon selected a couple for me before I found anything and handed them to me to try on. I went into the changing cubicle and took my coat off. I couldn’t see the point in closing the curtain as I was sure that Jon would open it again. I picked-up the first one, it was made of cheesecloth, and was fitted round my shoulders and breasts, but from below my breasts it just went out in a big inverted ‘V’ shape. If I just stood there, there was nothing touching my body from just below my breasts down, and I was sure that if the light was in the right direction, anyone would be able to see-through it. Jon said that he liked it, but was too long. “Not a problem Master” I said, “I will shorten it, what length would you like it to be?” Jon said that all my dresses were to be no longer than 5 inches below my pussy, unless he specifically said so.

Just as I was taking the dress over my head, the shop assistant came over with another couple of dresses, and asked Jon if he liked them. Jon held each one up in turn, and then said that his Slave needed something that displayed her assets, and that was very short. Whilst he was saying this, the assistant was looking at me standing there listening to Jon. When Jon stopped talking she just stood there and Jon had to snap his fingers to bring her out of her trance.

I took the second dress and held it up. At first I thought that it was a denim skirt, but when I looked closer, it was a dungarees dress. It was obviously designed to have a T-shirt on underneath because when I put it on I could see all the sides of my breasts in the mirror, and Jon had obviously picked a size too big for me because the waist was way too big. If I looked down the inside I could see all of my legs and down to the ground. Jon liked this one, but again it was too long for him.

Just as I was taking the dress off the assistant returned with another 2 dresses and asked if she could help me try them on. When Jon said, “Yes,” she told me that her name was Kelly, and asked me what my name was. After I told her, Kelly held the dresses up and asked “which one first.” There was one white Lycra one, and one black lacy one. I pointed to the Lycra one and Kelly gave it to me and then hung-up the black one. As I started to pull it over my head I was finding it a bit difficult. Kelly noticed this and said that she had brought one a size too small deliberately so that it really showed my assets. Jon smiled approvingly. Kelly helped me pull the dress down and as she was doing so her hands were lightly sliding all over me.

The Lycra was so thin that it almost felt as if I had nothing on, I could certainly see the dark of my nipples through it. I just stood there as her hands wandered all over. After a minute or so, Kelly looked at Jon and said, “May I?” “Be my guest, but hands only” he said. Kelly’s hands moved down to my thighs and then back up under the dress. They went all over my ass then right into the crease of my arse. Her right hand came round my front and found my pussy which was by now getting very wet.

Before the previous Saturday I had never has any form of sex with another woman. Last weekend had been sort of accidental, but this time it was very deliberate. Jon was encouraging it, and I was enjoying it, even though I was a little nervous, after all, this was a public shop. Kelly’s left hand was working its way into my arse, and her right hand was working on my clit and going in and out of my vagina.

All 3 of us were so engrossed it what was going on that none of us noticed a women about my age come in and start going through the clothes on the racks. For some strange reason, I think that I was the one that noticed her first. Well if I wasn’t then Jon and / or Kelly had decided to ignore her. She came round the end of a rack, stopped dead and looked straight at me. There I was, dress up round my waist, another woman stood beside me with fingers from one hand in my arse and the fingers from the other in my pussy. I was too far gone to even care who was looking, but the fact that some stranger was looking was giving me an extra kick.

Anyway, this woman was looking at me, and I was looking at her. After a minute or two, her hands started to rub her stomach and her tongue was licking her lips. All of a sudden, she was gone, don’t know why and I didn’t really care, I was getting my pleasure from Kelly. It wasn’t long before I gave a shudder as I orgasmed. Kelly looked me in the eyes and said, “Now you to me.” I looked at Jon and he nodded, so I started running my hands over Kelly’s dress. She wasn’t wearing a bra either and her nipples were nearly as big as mine. I pinched and pulled them with my fingers before moving my hands down to her stomach and then under her dress to her thighs. As I moved up I came across material and looked and saw a thong. As I rubbed her pussy outside the thong my fingers got wet. I pulled the thong aside and set to work. Kelly came a lot quicker than I did.

After we had both calmed down a bit I pulled my dress down as far as I could, went out of the cubicle and asked Jon if he liked it. He told me to bend down, which I did, and the dress rode up over my ass. When I stood up the dress stayed where it was, showing everything that I had, front and back.

Jon then said that he thought that I had had enough fun for one afternoon, and told Kelly that we would take all 3 dresses. We would come back some other time and try the lace dress on. Kelly composed herself, picked up the cheesecloth and dungarees dresses and waited for me to take the Lycra dress off. When I did, she walked over to the counter and started to ring-up the sale. Jon said, “coat on” and went over to Kelly. While we were waiting for the credit card to process, Kelly said that she would like to see us again. Jon wrote his phone number on the credit card voucher, and we left.

We wandered round a few more shops before heading back to the car. On the way back we came across a Post Office and got a Passport application for me.

Back home - well it was my home now, Jon had me get us some food before he tied me to a chair, legs open, gagged and blindfolded. He then pushed a vibrator in me, switched it on slow speed, and went out. The vibe was doing its job slowly, but I was fighting it, I didn’t want to be too tired when he got back. I had orgasmed twice when he did get back, and was about ready for number 3.

Before he had chance to say anything I said, “Master please fuck me, I need to feel you inside me.” Luckily for me he untied me and then put me over the back of the sofa, took his clothes off and rammed his dick straight into me. ‘At last’ I thought. I was beginning to think that I wasn’t going to get the ‘real thing’. By the time Jon shot his load into me I had orgasmed another twice. That made 5 times that day, no wonder I was tired. When he pulled out, he lay on the sofa and told me to clean him up. I started to walk to the kitchen to get a paper towel, but he called me back and said, “No slave - with your tongue.” I had given an old boyfriend a blow-job a couple of times, and had managed to avoid getting his sperm into my mouth, so I didn’t knew what the taste would be like, especially as Jon’s dick and balls were covered with my juices as well. As it turns out, it tasted quite nice and by the time I had licked him clean he had another hard-on, but he sent me to bed.

# Sunday April 26

Next morning I got up early, and started shortening the dresses. I stated with the cheesecloth one because it was easiest. By the time Jon got up I had finished it so I put it on and went downstairs and cooked us some breakfast. All the time, Jon was sat at the kitchen table naked, reading the Sunday papers. When he was finished he said that I was to go to the Doctors and get myself a supply of the pill and some ‘morning after’ pills. I had to agree with him when he said that I must not get pregnant. He then said that Sunday mornings were one of the times that he often went to the Gym to workout and that today I was going with him. When I pointed out that I didn’t have the proper clothing, he said that we would get some, some other time, and that for today I could borrow one of his T-shirts. “What about the rest Master?” I said. Jon said to bring my trainers and that a T-shirt and trainers would be enough. I hoped that the T-shirt was a long one.

The day was surprisingly warm for the end of April, and Jon told me that we wouldn’t have to be outside for more than a couple of minutes and that I was to wear the cheesecloth dress and my denim jacket. I still felt cold and very naked, and I hoped that it wasn’t windy. It wasn’t, and before I knew it we were pulling into the car park of this big Hotel. Jon said that he was a member of the Leisure Centre there, and that I would be his guest.

We went to get changed and I was out again long before him. The T-shirt came nearly half way down to my knees. We went into the workout room and Jon showed me how to use the machines. I asked him to stand in front of me when I was using the machine that stretched your legs wide apart. I told Jon that I didn’t want to give the old men in there a heart attack. Jon said, “OK - this time, but you’re on your own after this.”

The other machine that I had a problem with was the rowing machine, every time I went back, I could see my pussy in the mirror. I just hoped that no one was looking. I didn’t seem to have an audience so I guess I got away with it. When I came to use the exercise bike Jon raised the seat when I thought he should have lowered it. When I asked him why, he told me to try it and see. He also made sure that my T-shirt wasn’t between me and the seat. Well, I had to slide right over the side of the saddle each time I pushed down on a pedal. After a while I was enjoying it and didn’t really want to stop when Jon told me to.

After about an hour, Jon said that we were going for a sauna. I’d never been into a sauna before, and wasn’t quite sure what to expect. Jon told me to go and strip-off, wrap the towel round me and go out of the other end of the changing room. The towel was only just big enough to cover my breasts and bottom, so long as I didn’t bend down. When I met Jon at the other end, there was a sauna and spa there. There was also a smallish swimming pool, but I didn’t have a costume. Jon told me that if I made myself a bikini and swimsuit, he would take me swimming; he would describe the design he had in mind later.

There was no one else in the sauna, and we sat facing each other with our feet up and legs bent. This was giving me a good view of Jon’s dick and balls so I guess that he could see my pussy. Especially when I held my knees and feet about a foot apart. I was beginning to feel a bit dizzy when Jon finally decided to go out. We took a shower (closed the curtains) and then Jon told me to sit on one of the loungers while he went back in for another session.

I was lying there with my knees up, cooling down, when one of the male assistants came. I wasn’t taking any notice of him until I felt that someone was looking at me. I looked round, and as he was the only other person there, I thought ‘what’s he looking at’? Then I suddenly realised. My initial reaction was to put my legs down, but I suddenly thought ‘what the hell, I’ve enjoyed people looking at me before, so just ignore him’ and I did. I put my head back and closed my eyes. He was still there when Jon came out of the sauna and sat down beside me. Jon whispered for me to open my legs a bit then to scratch my clit. After I had done that I looked at the assistant and he caught my eye, blushed and walked out. Jon said ‘Come on, get dressed and meet me at the entrance.”

The only other thing of interest that happened that day was that Jon started to teach me how to use his PC. He is pretty good at that, but he should be, that’s his job. Oh, one more thing, Jon gave me one of his old white cotton shirts to make a bikini out of. It was to be made of 4 triangles held together with white shoelace like ‘string’. Each part was to be able to slide along the ‘string’ making it very adjustable. The other thing was that the bottom front ‘triangle’ was to start about 6 inches wide, rapidly decrease to 1 inch, then remain at 1 inch as it went over my pussy to the back ‘triangle’.

# Week commencing April 27

Nothing special happened during the week, Jon was at work most of the time. I went and registered with a doctor on the Monday (the Doctor looked a bit funny at me when he saw that I was shaved and didn’t have any knickers on when he examined me before putting me on the pill, but he didn’t say anything). I spent most of the time either sewing, or practising on the PC. I’ve started typing this Journal into it, starting with today’s entry. I’ll go back and copy the rest into it as soon as I can, but I’m still very slow at this.

# Saturday May 2 - The big Shopping Centre

Jon was going to spend some more money on me. We went up to Sheffield to a big covered Shopping Centre, Jon told me to wear the cheesecloth dress again, my denim jacket and the Ben Wa balls. This was going to be slow progress I thought.

During the journey Jon said that we weren’t going home until 10 people had seen my pussy, 5 male and 5 female, and that I was going to count them. If he thought that I was cheating I would get a sore backside when we got home. As we were driving up the Motorway I adjusted the seat back and lay back thinking about the fun I was going to have. It didn’t bother me one little bit that when I was laid back my dress was just above my pussy. If any passing motorist was looking they would count towards the 10. Only problem was that I wasn’t looking at them to count them.

When we arrived we had to walk a few hundred yards through the car park, and it was windy. I lost count of the number of times that I wanted to pull the hem of my dress back down and I will never know how I managed to stop my natural reactions. Unfortunately, there weren’t many people around as we walked in and I didn’t get to start my counting. Ben was doing his job well and just after we got in I had to sit down and calm down before going on.

This rest gave me the chance to start counting, as the seat that we sat on was facing one of the main entrances, and at that time there were quite a few people coming in. The first chance came as 3 young couples came in and walked straight towards us. I told Jon that I was going for it and asked him to watch their eyes. All 3 couples seemed to be engrossed in each other and I thought that my open knee flash had been wasted until 1 of the girls suddenly did a double take. At least I had managed 1 female.

We stayed sitting on the bench for about 5 minutes waiting for other ‘suitable candidates’, but nothing, so we moved on. The first clothes shop that we went in had some nice things and we bought a dress and a wrap-round skirt. Jon said that with slight modifications the skirt, even though it was a full length one, could be made to show a lot of leg each time I put a foot forward. Unfortunately the changing rooms were cubicles in a separate room and didn’t give me any opportunities.

The shop next door was a furniture shop. We went in and went to the part where the beds were. There was a male assistant who looked as if he was still at school, and that this was just a Saturday job. We waited for him to come over to us and Jon started asking him questions about the price and delivery. Jon then told me to get on the bed and see if it was comfortable. There was no way that I could get on the bed in that dress without showing more than most women would want to. “Here we go, number 2,” so I sat on the side, then swung first one leg then the other one onto the bed. The assistant’s eyes opened wide. Jon told me to lay back and then turn over. With a dress that short half my bum was on show. As I rolled back I noticed that a man and a woman were also looking at me. I smiled and thought that that was a bonus. I was now up to 4, 2 of each.

I then got off the bed in a most un-lady like manor, making sure that I gave them their ‘money’s worth’. Jon continued to talk to the assistant for another couple of minutes, but then told me we were leaving. As we were walking out of the shop Jon told me that I had left ‘a snail’s trail’ across part of the bed when I got off it. I had to ask him what he meant, and he said that I had left a line of pussy juice as I slid my uncovered pussy over the bed as I got off. I wanted to go back and look, but he wouldn’t let me.

I was having to walk slower and slower as Ben had more and more of an effect on me. We were passing a Ladies room and I pleaded with Jon to let me take them out. When I explained to him that I wouldn’t be able to go much further he finally agreed. When I came out of the Ladies I was able to walk faster, but at the same time, something was ‘missing’. Whilst I was in there, I had cleaned-up myself, but it wasn’t long before I was getting just as wet. The next shop that we went it was another dress shop. We didn’t find any dresses or skirts that Jon liked, but we did find a bikini that he liked. It was one that had a low-cut, under-wired bra, with shoulder straps that connected at the front, almost under my armpits. It was made of a cotton mix material in orange check.

I selected a top and bottom in my size (34A), but Jon swapped the top for a 34C. He then swapped the bottoms for one that was a size too small. As we were walking towards the changing rooms Jon told me to come out and show him what it looked like on. When I went through the changing room door I saw that it was one big communal changing room, and that there were already about 7 or 8 other women in there. They were all pretty young and in various stated of undress. I took my jacket off, then my dress. This left me naked, and I thought that this was the ideal time to expose my pussy to the remaining 3 women that I needed.

I sat on the bench, and made a big deal of putting the bikini on. I put the top on first, and then started talking to myself to attract some attention. I got the 3 women that I needed very easily, but would Jon let me count them if he hadn’t seen them. Putting the bottoms on was a bit difficult, but I managed it and went out. Jon smiled, and said that I didn’t look bad at all, he then asked me to bend forward, and I suddenly realised why he had swapped the top for a 34C, as I looked down I could see inside the top, and there were my nipples clearly visible, not touching the front of the top. I stood up and they fell back in. Jon told me to go and get dressed.

When I had taken the bikini off, I pretended to adjust my dress before putting it on. I was waiting for another one of the women to notice me before putting it on. I wanted to get the count even higher than I needed. It wasn’t long before a girl of about 15 looked at me and stared at my bald pussy. I have never been aroused by the thought of another woman just looking at me, but I could feel my juices flowing.

When I got outside, Jon was waiting with a matching bikini bottoms that were 2 sizes too big for me. He bought the bikini (top and bottoms) saying that they would be okay, once I had done a few changes to the bottoms; and we moved on. As we approached an escalator, Jon told me to go up and wait for him at the top; he would be up in a minute. I did, and when Jon arrived he told me that I had been followed up by a man who had been following us. Jon said that the man had been a few steps below me and was staring at my legs all the way up. Jon said that next time he told me to meet him at the top, I was to bend down and put a bag on the step in front of me, then pick it up again; but that I could add 1 to my count of men because the man must have had been able to see my pussy.

The last shop that we went into was a Newsagent. Jon kept telling me to pass him something from the bottom shelves, but we never saw anyone looking at me. After that Jon decided to leave and we went back to the car. During the drive home, we went through the whole morning’s events and although there were well over 5 women who had seen my pussy there were only 4 men. Jon said that the extra women didn’t compensate for the shortage of 1 man. Therefore I would receive some punishment later, and that it would take 3 different forms.

Firstly, I would have to be naked for the rest of the weekend, except for when we went out, secondly I would have to spend the night restrained, and thirdly I would receive 10 strokes of an implement that was yet to be decided. He didn’t say when I would get the 10 strokes.

When we got home I took my clothes off and Jon told me that I would get my punishment the next morning. Before that I was to get us some food, and then he would be taking me out for the evening.

Jon had me wearing a low-cut dress that had short full skirt - no underwear of course. We went to a rugby club where the local team were celebrating a win. There were lots of men and only a few women. Jon decided that I would be drinking the same as him that night - beer. I had 2 pints, and he had 4, but I couldn’t hold it like he could and I had to keep going to the toilet.

Only problem was that I had to go through a large group of men that were ‘quite happy’. Every time that I went through them their hands were everywhere. One even held my skirt up, and as Jon was watching, I couldn’t pull it down. I just had to keep moving, and wait for it to come down on its own. A short time later one of the men came over to us and said that I was obviously game for good time and would I put on a show for the lads. Thankfully, Jon said no, but said that I would next time. I asked Jon what I would have to do, and when, but he just said, “Don’t worry; it’s nothing that doesn’t come naturally.”

As it was dark when we left Jon told me to take my dress off and get into the driver’s seat. I was going to drive home naked. It was a good job that it was dark. Once home, I had to walk from the car to the house naked and Jon would not let me run. When we were in Jon said, “Assume the position.” I had to wait like that while he went and got some ‘items’ that I hadn’t seen before.

Firstly, there was a pair of padded leather wrist straps that had a metal hook on, and a similar set of ankle straps. I had to stand up and put these on and follow him to the bedroom that had the bed with the corner posts and the hooks in the ceiling. Once there, he had me lay on the bed, before he tied ropes to my ankles and wrists, before tying them to hooks in the ceiling.

This left me stretched wide apart. He pulled them so tight that I was hardly touching the bed apart from the centre of my back. He then got his video camera and set it up on a tripod so that it was looking straight at my pussy. He started the video and put a vibrator in me, on a low setting. What he did next surprised me a bit, as I had never seen a gag with a ball built into it, but he put that into my mouth and a blindfold on me, then left me. I had already started getting wet when I was naked on the drive home, and by that time I was well on the way to my first orgasm of the night. After a lot of jerking, trying to push the vibe out, and 3 orgasms, I must have passed out. When I came round, I was sweating and very tired, but I was starting again. The next time I came round, the batteries were nearly flat. After what seemed like hours I went to sleep.

# Sunday May 3

Jon released me, and took the camera away while I slowly walked to the shower. It took while for my arms and legs to get back to normal. After that the Sunday started the same way as the previous Sunday mornings, except that both of us were naked, me getting the breakfast ready and Jon reading the papers. After breakfast, Jon said that after the Gym, it would be punishment time.

At the Gym, Jon told me to wear just the same T-shirt, and trainers. I went through the same routine as the previous week, but on the leg-spread machine I was on my own. I had to wait until I thought that no one was looking before each stretch. This put my timings all out, and I only scored 35 out of 100. I enjoyed the exercise cycle again and I left my ‘mark’ on the saddle.

Just when I thought that I was done, Jon told me to do a session on the abdominal exerciser. This is a metal frame that you lay on the floor with, with your head on the headrest. You then put your arms straight up in the air, and press on the front of the frame. This lifts your head and tenses your abdominal muscles. This wasn’t a problem when I kept my legs on the ground, but after a couple of minutes Jon had a look round the Gym, saw that there was no one else at that end of the Gym, and then told me to look at the diagram on the wall. This showed a woman doing the same as I was, except that her legs were pointing to the ceiling. Jon said, “10 like that.” Well, it was a good job that no one else was there, because as soon as I lifted my legs up my T-shirt was round my waist leaving me naked from the waist to my trainers. I rushed the 10.

After that, Jon told me to go and put the white bikini on and meet him in the sauna. Jon was wearing a very brief swimming costume that was made of very fine mesh. It didn’t really hold his dick in one place and it bounced about as he walked about. It was also semi-transparent and if you stared at him you could see his dick, although it was a little confusing with him having shaved pubes. After about 5 minutes in the sauna the white polyester and cotton bikini that used to be one of Jon’s old shirts, was wet with sweat, and quite transparent. None of the other people in the sauna appeared to notice, and when we left, I went in front of Jon. We had a shower, and went to the swimming pool. I had put my towel round me and when I had to take it off to get into the water it wasn’t quite so transparent until I was in the water.

Jon had me swim up and down doing the breaststroke both forwards and backwards. It wasn’t long before a couple of teenage boys with goggles started following me. Jon told me to adjust the bottoms by sliding the front and back triangle to the same side. This left me with my pussy lips and clit exposed. I had to do 2 more lengths with the boys even closer to me before Jon told me to get out and get into the spa. I felt very exposed and excited as I walked to the spa. My bikini was very transparent and even I could see my brown nipples and pussy lips. I jumped into the spa as quick as I could but just as I got in the timer stopped the pump. I had to wait for about 2 minutes in the still, clear water with the young couple that were in there with us staring at me. 10 minutes later, Jon decided that it was time to go; and because he took my towel I had to follow him with everyone looking at me. Time seemed to stop as I walked out of that room. Jon gave me my towel back and I got dressed and met him in the entrance.

Back home Jon reminded me that I was supposed to be naked and that it was punishment time. In a way, I was looking forward to this, and the anticipation had helped to keep me damp since the previous day. “Master” I said, “I know that I didn’t please you yesterday and that I must be punished. I am yours to do with as you wish. Jon took me up what was now what I called the punishment room and restrained me very much the same as the previous night, except that my ankles were nearer my wrists, and I was completely off the bed. This meant that Jon could swing me back and forward.

Jon stripped off and got a tawse out of one of the drawers and gave me the first stroke. After each one I had to say the stroke number and thank him.

His aim was getting better, and the end of the tawse was just bending round my leg and touching my lips. There were a few screams before some of the counts and thank yous, but at the same time, that feeling in my belly was getting stronger and stronger.

When he had finished all 10 I looked up and saw that he had an erection. I said, “Fuck me hard Master, I want you to take your satisfaction from me.” He just stood there, and pulled me back and forward onto his dick. After about 20 strokes, he suddenly stopped me from going onto him again and shot his load onto my belly. The first blob nearly reached my face, but I couldn’t reach it with my tongue. After a few seconds, he pulled me onto him again, and held me there as he got soft. When he had, he let go of me and walked out. A few minutes later, he came and released me and told me to go and get a shower.

Apart from the pain, I felt good after that, I had made my Master happy and I now knew that I was his to do as he pleased, and what pleased him, pleased me. I spent the rest of the day naked, sitting on cushions, and watching TV. At one point, Jon played part of the video of me that he taken the previous day. It was ‘interesting’ to watch myself like that and the bulge in Jon’s trousers told me that he was enjoying it too.

That night, there was a bad thunderstorm that kept me awake. I have always been a bit frightened of thunderstorms, and I went and asked Jon if I could get into bed with him. He grunted and I got in. When I woke up next morning, we were both laid on our sides, with him behind me. His right arm was over me, holding my right breast, and his erect dick was touching my pussy. This stated me getting wet, and after a couple of minutes, I eased myself down and onto his dick. This didn’t wake him, and I practised contracting my vaginal muscles, pulling him further into me. All of a sudden, he squeezed my breast and came inside me. Contented, I went back to sleep, and when I woke up again he had left for work.

# Week commencing May 4

The week was spent shopping, sewing, and working on the PC. During one of my days off, I spent time in town finding my way around. Not a lot on this city, but more than in the town that I came from in Wales. I had managed to find a stall in the market that sold lots of different materials and found some very thin white Lycra for the swimming costume that Jon wanted me to make. It was as thin as some tights and I was sure that if it was stretched I could see through it.

Jon had tried to describe the swimming costume to me, but I was having difficulty understanding what exactly he wanted. In the end he told me to take my dress off and used a ballpoint pen to mark on my skin where it had to go. It started as a thin strap round the back of my neck, and then expanded in two pieces to cover my breasts. It then kept going down in a deep ‘V’ going over my pussy, still in two pieces that were only about an inch wide. They didn’t actually meet each other but were both attached to the back part about half an inch apart just where my arse hole is. The back was like a full, high-cut bikini bottom back that came round to the front as two thin tie cords. These cords could either be tied on top of, or underneath the front part. When I had made it and tried it on every time I leant forwards with it fastened underneath the front part the front part would hang forward leaving my breasts and pubis exposed. I also had trouble keeping my clit inside the 2 front parts.

Jon also had me make 2 pairs of shorts; one was with a top made out of the same white Lycra. They had to be high cut, and with only a 2 inch crotch. The other pair of shorts were running shorts made of very thin nylon cloth. The sides were to be rounded up to the waist, and the crotch was to be 2 inches wide, and 3 inches longer than needed. With a short length of quarter inch rope that I had to sew into the centre of the crotch, they would easily stick out at the front, giving an easy view in from the side. I went back to the market next day and found some suitable green material.

During my trip to the supermarket on the Friday, I noticed a man watching me as I picked up things and put them in my trolley. At first, I was a little frightened, but I started thinking that I could have a bit of fun with him. I went to one of the freezer aisles that had no one around and leaned over to get something from the back. My dress rode up and he must have been able to see my bare bum. I then went to some shelves and squatted down with my knees apart, to read a label on a packet. As he was walking towards me, I could see the bulge in his trousers, and the wet patch. He must have cum. I looked at his face, he blushed and hurried off. I decided that it had been fun and swore to have more fun like that.

# Saturday May 9

As I was slowly getting up I realised that I’m getting used to wearing just a dress or skirt and top now. Apart from when I go outside and get a breeze on my pussy I forget that I have no underwear on. It now seems quite normal to be like that and putting a swimsuit or shorts on feels strange.

Shaving my pubes every day was a bit of a chore, but my skin had got used to it and the itching had stopped. I must talk to Jon about getting an electrolysis machine so that I can remove them permanently. Perhaps Jon will let me use it on him. The other thing that I have realised is that I enjoy exposing myself to other people. I had really enjoyed the previous days experience in Tesco and wasn’t the least bit embarrassed. I was very happy with my new job and very happy being Jon’s ‘slave’. I feel very content having someone to take responsibility for me. I guess that that was what was missing from my life in Wales.

Today was to be different to my previous weekends with Jon. Jon had decided that we were going to decorate my bedroom. We went into town and selected some wallpaper and paint and then got started. Jon didn’t trust me with the wallpaper but told me to do the painting. Before I started, Jon told me to take my dress off; he didn’t want me to get paint on it. After we had been at it for about an hour I accidentally backed onto a wall that I had just painted, and I got light blue emulsion paint on my bum.

Jon said that that gave him an idea, and he took the paintbrush from me and painted a bikini on me. He started with my pussy, saying that he had to get it before my lips got swollen and my juices made the paint run down my leg. It really tickled as the brush went over my pussy.

When he’d finished, it looked quite good, I’m sure that unless you were quite close, you couldn’t tell that it wasn’t the real thing. I was looking forward to testing that theory, but wondered how long it would be before it started to come off.

It took till late afternoon to finish the decorating, and after some food Jon opened a package had arrived by post that morning. It contained a dog collar and lead, a pair of metal handcuffs, some straps that would hold my wrists to my thighs, and 2 butt plugs. Jon told me that I had to wear the collar when we went out that night. When we did go to a pub in town a couple of hours later, all I was wearing was a black dress, collar and shoes. Jon carried the lead, and put it on the table in the pub, but didn’t attach it to the collar. I think I might have been a bit embarrassed being pulled around by a lead but I didn’t get a chance to find out. I wasn’t at all worried by such a short dress, no knickers and not being able to cross my legs because of the painted-on knickers. So far, the paint was lasting well. A few people did a double take, but no one said anything.

# Sunday May 10

This turned out to be the hottest day of the year so far, and instead of going to the Gym, Jon decided that we would go for a bike ride. In his garage, Jon had 3 bikes, all with a crossbar. One had a very narrow saddle and another had a wide saddle, but with a round hole in the centre of it. After Jon had checked out the bikes, he put 2 in the back of his car, and we drove out into the country. As usual, I wore just a dress and shoes, which would be ‘interesting’ getting on and off, and using a bike with a crossbar. We stopped at a big Water Reservoir that has a path all the way round it. To get on my bike I had to raise one leg high in the air to get it over the cross bar. Even though there were lots of people around, I don’t think that anyone noticed. Even if they had been looking they would have only seen some of my blue ‘knickers’. Some of the paint had already come off. Jon told me to make sure that I wasn’t sat on my dress so that my bare pussy was on the saddle.

As I got on I realised that Jon had set the saddle high enough for me to have to slide from side to side as I peddled. I also bent forward and looked back at the top of my legs and I could see my bald pubes as I peddled. If I could see them, then so could anyone who cared to look, but then again they would think that they were knickers. After a couple of miles we came to a little picnic area that went from the water’s edge back about 100 yards to a wooded area. Jon decided that we would have a rest and enjoy the warm sun.

We went to the edge of the wood away from the picnic tables and I un-packed the drinks, snacks, and blanket that Jon had told me to bring. Jon took his shirt and shorts off, just leaving him in a brief pair of briefs. And then told me to take my dress off. I had a good look round and when I was happy that there was no one for about 50 yards, I took it off. There was still enough of the ‘blue bikini’ left to fool anyone unless they were within a few yards. Jon was not happy that I had hesitated before taking my dress off and said that I would get 5 strokes for that.

After about 30 minutes of soaking up the sun Jon said that it was punishment time and told me to follow him. Fortunately he headed for the woods. I would not have been too happy if he had walked towards the water, there were people there. He found a path into the woods, and off we went. I was enjoying walking in the woods in the nude. It was a nice ‘free’ feeling, and anyway, the only person to see me was Jon, and he had seen more of me than was on display today.

After a while, we came across a small clearing with a big fallen tree across part of it. Jon told me to lie over the tree and put my feet about a foot apart. As I lay there I could hear Jon moving about, but I couldn’t see what he was doing. All of a sudden I knew what he had been doing, my backside stung as a very flexible thin branch wrapped its self round my butt. I screamed and said, “One, thank you Master.”

This continued until I had received all 5. As I lay there crying I suddenly felt Jon’s dick enter me. It didn’t have any resistance as I was very wet by that time. As the tops of his thighs and hips touched my butt, the pain started again. I came before Jon - just. When he pulled out, he just said, “come on” and walked off.

When we got back to the bikes he told me to pack things away, get on my bike, and follow him. When I asked about my dress, he said, “Leave it off for now.” Fortunately there were not a lot of people on the path that we took and it was about 15 minutes before we came across a group of 4 teenagers - 3 boys and 1 girl, all about 14 or 15. Believe it or not, not one of the even glanced at me. Neither did the old couple that we passed. In a way I was a little disappointed.

Just after that we were getting close to the car park and a lot of people. I could also see a police car. Jon told me to put my dress on. Once the bikes and us were in the car we started to drive off. Just as we went through the entrance Jon told me to take my dress off again. There was slightly less blue paint now, but still enough to stop anyone taking a second glance at me when we were driving home.

Just as we got back to Derby, Jon pulled into a McDonald’s Drive In. The poor girl at the window wasn’t quite sure what she saw. She didn’t look shocked, just puzzled. I don’t think she knew what she had seen. When we got home I had get out of the car just in my ‘bikini’. I had to help Jon unload the car before going in. Fortunately there was no one around, but I was still ‘excited’ doing it.

That night, Jon told me to take a long bath, and ‘soak’ the paint off. I had to use a scrubbing brush on some bits, and had some red patches by the time I had finished.

# Week commencing May 11

Had an accident on Wednesday while I was doing the washing-up and broke a plate. Jon immediately put me over his knee and gave me 10 smacks with his hand. It was all over before I really realised what was happening. But not quick enough for me to miss the lump in his trousers that was pressing into my stomach. When it was over I thanked him for giving me what I deserved, and asked him if could show him how sorry I was by giving him relief to the bulge in his trousers. No sooner that he had said, “yes,” I unzipped him and took him in my mouth. He has good staying power because it took me nearly 10 minutes to get him to cum. I kept sucking until he had gone soft.

The good weather didn’t hold, and by Thursday we were getting thunderstorms. Half way through the Thursday night, I went into Jon’s room, and ask if I could get into bed with him. As usual for the middle of the night he just grunted and went back to sleep. I woke up next morning, with Jon on top of me, holding my wrists above my head, and pumping in and out of me. It’s a brilliant way to wake up.

# Saturday May 16

It was now 3 weeks since I started my new job, and after breakfast Jon sat me down and asked me what my feelings were. He said that I should speak freely and that nothing I said would be the cause of any punishment. I told him all about the thought that I had had the previous Saturday morning. He seemed pleased but said that I should get out more on my days off and meet a few people. He also suggested that I start looking for a part-time job and asked me what I would like to do. I said that I wouldn’t mind working in a pub for a couple of nights or in a clothes shop for a couple of days a week. Jon said that we would go to the little dress shop where we had had some fun in and ask the girl there if she knew of any jobs going.

Jon told me that he was pleased with the progress that I was making with my new life style but was a little disappointed in the lack of mistakes that I was making. I then told him that I was his to do as he pleased and if that meant punishing me for no reason then I would not complain. He could use me as and when he wanted, for anything he wanted. I told him that my only concern was that he would allow other men to abuse my body and that I wanted to keep it for him alone. I was then told that I had no need to worry on that count; there were too many unpleasant diseases around for him to risk getting one. Jon also told me that he was going to be away on business a few times over the next few months and that we might even go on holiday abroad in the summer. I am really looking forward to that as I’ve never been abroad before and now understood why Jon had me send in a passport application form.

After the talk I cleaned up, put a dress on and we went into town. When we got to the centre of the Shopping Centre Jon told me to go to the little dress shop where Kelly worked and ask her if she knew of any jobs going. I was then to go to the market and get some material and a pattern for a Tennis dress. I was then to meet him back where we were in two hours. I was pleased to see that Kelly was on her own in the clothes shop. She told me that she didn’t know about any jobs, but would ask around. We started chatting and before I knew it I was telling her all about Jon and my job. As I was telling her I happened to notice that her nipples were pushing out the front of her cotton dress. After about 15 minutes she said that she had come across a dress that made her think of me and had put it to one side, in case I came in again. She asked me if I had time to try it on, and when I said okay she told me to go into the changing cubicle and that she would bring it into me. As I went into the cubicle I saw her turn the ‘open’ sign on the door, and lock it.

I took my dress and shoes off and waited for her. After a couple of minutes she came round the corner with this white dress, well the front and back of a dress, the sides consisted of what I can only describe as ‘shoe laces’, all the way up. As she was helping lace it up, she said that she really liked the dress and thought about buying it herself. I said that she would look good in it and asked if she had tried it on. She hadn’t so I said she should, and why not try it after me. She said okay and continued lacing. When she had finished I said that I liked it, but would have to let Jon see it first. With that, Kelly started unlacing me. After the dress was off, she hung it up and then asked me to help her out of her dress.

This surprised me a little but I started un-doing the buttons down her front. When I was near her breasts she suddenly turned, brushing her left breast on my hand. She wasn’t wearing a bra. When it was all undone Kelly just let it drop to the floor, revealing that she too had no knickers on. There were now 2 naked women stood inched apart. We both just stood there looking up and down each other. She didn’t have any pubic hair either, and there was something between her legs, but I couldn’t see what.

Kelly broke the silence by giving my right breast a quick squeeze and saying “come on, I can’t keep the shop closed for long.” Helping her pull the dress on I had to bend down and with her legs being slightly apart I could see that the ‘something’ between her legs were in fact 2 gold rings about the size of wedding rings. One in each lip. I asked her about them, and she said that she had had them done last year and that they added more possibilities to her sexual pleasure. She spread her legs wider to give me a better look. “What do you think?” she asked me. “Nice idea” I said, “but I bet that it hurt like hell.” “It was worth it” she said. All this time my face was right in front of her shaved pussy, and I could smell her, see her lips getting bigger, and the juices appearing.

I just couldn’t help myself; I just kissed her mons and slid my hand up her leg. She pulled the dress off, pulled me to my feet, and gave me a long French kiss. My right hand had never left her pussy and was probing deep into her with absolutely no resistance. The kissing and groping went on for a while before there was a knocking on the shop door. That shook us, and Kelly said, “Not the time or the place” and started putting her dress on.

As we walked from the changing rooms I told her that I would talk to Jon about the dress and she said that she would let me know if she found-out anything about a job. With that, Kelly opened the door and I was off.

In the market, I found what I was looking for and went back to where I was meeting Jon. He wasn’t there yet so I say on a bench and waited. Not wanting to have crossed legs when he returned I put the shopping bags on my knees. When he finally arrived he just said, “Come on,” grabbed my hand and pulled me up. From there, we went to the kids department in C&A, and I had to pick the right size school blouse, tie, pleated skirt, and white ankle socks. These were in the colours of a big school in town. On the way out, Jon reminded me that all my dresses and skirts had to be no longer than 5” below my pussy. He also told me to wash the blouse a lot of times to get rid of the ‘starchiness’ and make it thinner.

Nothing else of any real interest happened that day; we didn’t even go out that evening.

# Sunday May 17

Went to the Gym again, and I had to wear my white Lycra shorts and top. I felt funny wearing something over my pussy. Jon made me work real hard and I got quite a sweat on. The leg stretch wide machine was interesting and I’m sure that a couple of men that were looking could see my lips creeping out from the 2” crotch. I enjoyed the exercise cycle again and by the time that I got off the 2” of crotch was deep in between my lips, the short, shorts were revealing the bottoms of my cheeks, and both shorts and top were wet with sweat.

A couple of the men and a teenage girl were all staring at me when we went out. I’m sure that there would have been more men looking at me, if they hadn’t been so engrossed in their own workouts. We went swimming after that and Jon told me to go like I was. The pool was reasonable quiet with only a few young teenagers in there. After we had done a couple of lengths Jon lifted me out and sat me on the side.

I looked down and my white Lycra clothes were virtually transparent. I jumped back in and told Jon. He said that in that case I might as well take the shorts off. Not wanting to hesitate, I took them off and gave them to Jon. He then made me swim another couple of lengths. I got some funny looks from the teenagers but I don’t think that they were sure of what they were seeing. After all, I was under water. The ‘bubble’ machine was nice, all those bubbles erupting from the bottom of the pool. I’m sure that if I had stayed longer, I would have cum.

Jon gave me my shorts, and told me to meet him in the spa. Good, I thought, more bubbles. When I got in he asked me for my shorts again. When I gave them to him he put them on the side behind his head and then put his costume on top of them. It was a good job that there was no one else there as I then had to sit in his lap while he fucked me. It was a bit painful to start off with, but once he got in it was good. We managed to look ‘innocent’ for quite a while, even when two of the teenage girls joined us. If only they had known, and how they missed seeing our shorts I will never know. I didn’t manage to cum, but Jon did.

All this time, the girls were busy chatting and just ignored us. I got ‘off’ Jon and sat beside him with my chest out of the water. When one of the boys came and joined the girls he couldn’t take his eyes off my breasts. I may as well have been completely naked. Jon slid our shorts back into the water and we put them on. When we got out I stepped from the bottom to the top so that I had to take a big step. This really made the boys eyes open. I think I had made his day. I bet he didn’t get anything like that sight from either if the girls he was with.

We went into the steam room and lay on the bench. I ended up with my feet facing a man that was in there. If there hadn’t been so much steam he would have got a right eye full, but that didn’t stop me getting excited thinking about it.

# Week commencing May 18

On the Monday Kelly rang. I was her day off and she had some news for me. She asked if she could come round. Remembering that Jon had said that it was okay to have friends round I said yes. I was doing the vacuum cleaning in the nude when the doorbell rang. Without even thinking I opened the front door to see Kelly. “It’s a good job it was me at the door and not the Postman” she said. It was only then that I remembered my state of dress. “Jon likes me to be in the nude as much as possible, even when he’s not around” I said, “besides, I’ve got used to being like this and I even get a bit of a thrill doing all the housework without any clothes on.” “Well, that’s just fine by me” Kelly replied.

As we were drinking coffee, Kelly told me her news, a Shoe Shop just round the corner from her shop was looking for a part-time assistant, Thursdays and Fridays, but I needed to go and see them as soon as possible. I said that I would talk to Jon, and if he was agreeable I would go there in the morning.

After the coffee, Kelly asked me if she could have a look around the house. I had shown her every room but the ‘punishment’ room and started back down stairs. Kelly said, “What’s in this room?” I blushed a little and told her what I called the room. She said that she MUST see inside and opened the door. Inside she asked me what Jon used to tie me to all the rings that were all over the ceiling and walls. I opened a draw and let her look. She picked up the handcuffs and then the tawse and said, “I bet you have a lot of fun with these, can I try them?”

Before I could reply she grabbed my wrists and put the cuffs on me and pushed me onto the bed. I just lay there as she pulled her dress off. She was then as naked as me. She climbed onto the bed and holding my arms above my head, climbed on top of me, one knee on either side of my chest. I wasn’t struggling so she let go of my arms, held my head and kissed me.

We tried to swallow each other’s tongues for a few minutes before turning round and spreading my legs. She looked down and said, “Wow, what a clit, I’m going to enjoy this as much as you are”. With that she was sucking my clit and pushing her tongue into my hole.

This was the first time that a woman had done that to me and I have to say that I was enjoying it. So much so that when I opened my eyes and saw her shaved pussy and those rings, right in front of my face, I reached up and started licking her pussy. Her clit wasn’t as big as mine but her lips seemed to be bigger.

Maybe it was something to do with the rings or maybe she was just VERY aroused. She was certainly wet enough. I came first and had trouble concentrating on what I was doing with my mouth. A couple of minutes later she came too. I have never heard another woman have an orgasm before and was a little surprised at how much she screamed and moaned. She collapsed beside me and we both lay there for a few minutes. I didn’t know what to say, I had enjoyed it but it wasn’t as intense as when Jon punished me then fucked me.

Kelly got up first, put her dress on, and started walking towards the door. As she reached the door she turned and said, “That was good, must do it again sometime.” With that she was gone. I just had time to get the cuffs of and take a shower before Jon came home.

That evening, I told Jon about the job and he agreed to me taking it, if offered. There was only one condition, and that was that I was to stick to his rules about dress code. I told him that that was just fine with me.

Tuesday morning, I put my least revealing dress on and went to the Shoe Shop. I got the job and was given a skirt and blouse to wear and told to be back there on Thursday morning. I also bought a pattern and some material for a Tennis Dress that Jon had told me to get. He also told me about some ‘alterations’ that I had to make to the style.

When I got home the sun was out so I decided to spend the rest of the day starting an all-over tan in the back garden. At the bottom of the garden there was a 3 rung open fence and then open fields. There is only one small part of the back garden that is over-looked, and that is by a house that Jon tells me has only an old man living in it. Apparently his wife had died a couple of years ago.

I was still laid out on the patio when Jon got back from work. “Like sun-bathing Vanessa?” he asked. “Yes Master” I replied. “Well then, after you have got me some food, you can spend another couple of hours laid on the grass further down the garden.”

Half an hour later I was laid spread-eagle on a sheet of polythene while Jon was tying my wrists and ankles to fence posts, bushes and trees. Anything he could find to keep me spread wide. He then got the garden hose, disconnected the sprinkler and proceeded to play with my clit until I was wet enough for him to push the hose into my hole. It didn’t take long. He moved it in and out until I was close to cumming, then stopped and then went and turned the tap on a little.

Wow, what a feeling. As the water trickled in to me the pressure building up made me cum. As I started to calm down the pressure kept going up and I felt like I was going to burst and started struggling. Jon propped something under my head so that I could see my swollen belly then quickly pulled the hose out. If I hadn’t of seen it for myself I wouldn’t have believe it, the water shot out of me and went about 15 feet. Jon said that we were going to do that again but the next time I had to try to hold the water in and then squirt it out a bit at a time on command. By the third time I had got the hang of it. Jon untied me and I stood up and tried again. I had really got the hang of it and could direct it by leaning my body. Jon said that it was a nice little ‘party trick’.

Thursday saw me going into the Shoe Shop at 11 o’clock. I had shortened the skirt to Jon’s ‘approved’ length and I got a look of disapproval from the Manager but she didn’t say anything. I was shown the ropes and it wasn’t long before I served my first customer. As I was squatting down to help this woman I suddenly realised that I was in the ideal position to flash my pussy to the customers. I would have to be very selective but this could be fun. I was a little disappointed to find that I hadn’t found one suitable person before the end of the day.

In fact it was the Friday afternoon before a young man asked me to help him. Instead of squatting down with my knees facing sideways I let them face him and kept them a few inches apart. At first he didn’t notice, but then I knew he had because a bulge started to appear in his trousers. After I had finished fastening the shoes I asked him if they were all right. He said that they were too tight and could he try a size larger. I nearly asked him if he meant shoes or trousers. When I got back with the larger size I kept my knees even further apart and gave him a better look. He really took his time deciding if the shoes fitted. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he decided that the second pair fitted, bought them and left.

# Saturday May 23

Nothing special happened today, Jon had to go to work, so I was on my own until early evening. When he did get back he was so tired that he fell asleep in front of the TV. I spent part of the day making the Tennis dress from the material that I bought earlier in the week.

# Sunday May 24

We went to a different Sports Centre in the morning and Jon taught me to play Badminton and Squash. The squash was hard work and no one saw me when I had to stretch up for a high shot, but the Badminton was different, the court was one of many in a big hall. I don’t know which was more embarrassing, bending at the knees and risking someone seeing between them or bending at the waist and risking someone seeing my bottom or my breasts.

Jon’s ‘alterations’ were to make the front lower and the arm holes a lot bigger. The worst came when I slipped going for a shot and went full-length face down on the floor. I didn’t hurt myself but I’m sure the view from behind must have been ‘interesting’. In the afternoon, we went for a walk in a local park. I had to wear Ben and the progress was slow. When we were in a wooded part Jon told me to take my dress off and he had me up against a tree. I didn’t need any encouragement because of the effects of Ben and I didn’t even take them out when he fucked me. I was a bit worried when he pulled me down onto the ground and we went into what Jon told me was the ‘69’ position. I didn’t want him to swallow one of my balls. His mouth and teeth sucked and dug into my clit and hole as I sucked him clean. I think we both came at about the same time.

# Week commencing May 25

At work on the Thursday I had ‘flashed’ 2 men and one young woman. Older women just don’t do anything for me at all.

Friday was a bad day and a good day. I got sacked at the end of the day. The manager said that she didn’t think I was suitable for the job. I think that she was jealous of the attention that I got from some of the customers. The good thing was that I had worn Ben all day and it wouldn’t surprise me if I had been dripping my juices when I squatted-down in front of the only 2 customers (1 twice) that I served that day. One woman about my age and a middle aged man. The woman didn’t buy any shoes but came back about an hour later and tried-on about 6 pairs. I kept getting glimpses of her knickers and each time the wet patch was getting bigger. The man didn’t know where to look. I got the impression that he wanted to look but felt as though he shouldn’t. Poor man. Jon wasn’t worried that I had been sacked and I’d certainly had some fun.

# Saturday May 30

The most memorable event of that Saturday was in the Evening. Jon had me put on just a T-shirt and shoes and took me to a swimming pool up the Motorway. All the way there I was thinking that I was sure that I hadn’t seen him pack any swim suites, just towels. As we walked into the entrance I knew I was right and why we didn’t need them. Everyone was naked.

There must have been over a hundred naked people, all of different ages, men and women, boys and girls. I saw quite a number of people who had also shaved their pubic hair off and one woman with metal rings in her labia, just like Kelly. There were some really gross looking people. It was then that I realised that clothes were not just to keep us warm and look ‘pretty’, they were there to cover the fat ugly lumps. I had to admire some of those people, if I had a body like some of those; I could NEVER take my clothes off. Anyway, that apart, I found it a very relaxing, natural evening. There was almost nothing sexual about it at all. Well, there wouldn’t have been except that I was wearing Ben and that had caused my lips to be swollen and open. I couldn’t stop looking at the hundreds of dicks. I’ve never seen so many, of every different shape and size.

It was so natural swimming in the nude and being able to relax doing it. The last time Jon made me swim with no bottoms on I was so nervous and excited, but I suppose that that was the chance of being caught. The water-slides were fun, all that water being forced, at speed against my pussy.

On the way home I told Jon that I had really enjoyed myself and asked if we could go again. Jon told me that we would, and that we would also go on other Naturist events like walking, camping and holidays to warm places. This made me really happy and to show it I asked him if I could, then I leaned over, unzipped him and gave him a blowjob.

# Sunday May 31

This day was very quiet, that was because I was tied-up (literally) for most of the day. After breakfast, Jon told me not to bother to put a dress on because I wouldn’t need it. He told me to ‘assume the position’ and I had to wait like that for ages. When he did let me get up my legs were so numb that I could hardly stand. I had to follow him up to the ‘punishment room’, and lay spread-eagle on the bed. I was then tied to each corner using thick cotton rope. After that Jon put the ball-gag and blind-fold on me. At the time I didn’t know what he was doing next all I could feel was the bed bouncing up and down as if he was walking on it. Then I started to feel something touching my pussy, it was touching me, then stopped, then again. I had no idea what it was until it stopped moving, then rested just touching me.

The bouncing on the bed stopped, then I realised what it was, just as soon as Jon switched it on. It was a vibe. Jon had suspended it from the ceiling and it was just touching my pussy AND vibrating. The next things that I heard were the bedroom door closing, then Jon’s car engine start, so I presumed that he had gone out and left me.

After about 10 minutes I started to get a bit excited and wet. As I started to get higher I was getting really frustrated, I could feel the vibe but it was outside me. I wanted it in me and there was nothing I could do. I tried to shuffle my body as much as I could but with it being suspended it just moved as I did. I was getting desperate for it and I could do nothing.

This was worse than getting spanked or even the cane. Eventually I came, and came again. The next thing I remember was Jon opening the door and untying me. I just grabbed the vibe and pushed it right in. The relief was fantastic. As I got off the bed I noticed a big wet patch on the bed where my butt had been. I guess my juices really had been flowing.

That night Jon took me to a quiet country pub and bought me too many drinks. By the time it was getting to closing time I was a little drunk and Jon had to help me walk out. I haven’t a clue if any of the other customers saw my bum or pussy, I just wasn’t thinking and I can’t remember.

# Week commencing June 1

A quiet week, starting with a headache. Nothing special happened, and I spent a fair bit of time on Jon’s PC bringing this journal up to date.

# Saturday June 6

Jon seems determined to get me fit and Jon took me for another bike ride. This time though, I had to use the other bike, the one with a hole in the saddle. I didn’t know what the hole was for - until then, but knowing Jon as I have learned to, I should have guessed. Just before we set off Jon got the butt plug and pushed it up through the hole. Jon then told me to make sure that it was in my vagina when I got on. We set off and I just hoped that I didn’t have to get off in a hurry.

We cycled out of the suburbs and into the country. The saddle was a bit painful to start with but after a while (and my juices had stated to flow), I started to enjoy it and really started peddling fast. Jon told me to slow down before I got too tired to ride home. We stopped at a pub for some lunch before cycling home.

There was quite a ‘plop’ as I got off the bike and I got a few funny looks and smiles from the locals while we were having lunch on a table outside. By the time I got home I was really desperate for it and pleaded with Jon to fuck me while we were still in the garage. He did, and then told me to go and sit on the fence at the bottom of the garden for 30 minutes as a punishment for being so persistent with my pleading. Oh, forgot to say that I took my dress off in the garage before he fucked me so I was in the nude. I got a splinter in my butt while sat on the fence, and had to ask Jon to remove it. You should have seen him laugh.

# Sunday June 7

Jon thought that we would go to a swimming pool somewhere different today so we drove to a small town towards Birmingham. We went to the sauna first, and that had separate changing rooms. Jon told me to wear just a towel and meet him out the other end of the changing rooms. When I got there, there was a big room with a relaxation area at one end and a small workout area at the other end. When Jon came out we went into the large sauna and sat on one of the benches.

There was one other couple in there to start off with but shortly afterwards a group of 5 teenagers (3 boys and 2 girls) came in. The teenagers all wore swimming costumes but the other couple looked as if they just had towels on. Everyone sat in silence until I whispered to Jon that my feet were cold. As I was sat at one end of a bench and there was still lots of room Jon told me to lift my legs up, turn sideways, and put my feet on the bench. This left me with my knees bent and my feet near my butt. I thought about what I might be showing, but Jon was the next person along the bench so someone would have to lean over him if they wanted to look between my legs.

The teenagers started talking about their previous night in the pub and I stopped listening. I was looking at Jon and thinking that this was different to our previous weekends swimming, when I realised that one of the teenage boys on the bench opposite was whispering to one of his mates. He in turn whispered to the other boy and they kept glancing over towards me. At first I didn’t take any notice of them, but then I realised that they were diagonally opposite me, and although they couldn’t see my pussy by looking between my legs, they could see it by looking between my thigh and ankle.

I decided not to notice and whispered to Jon to tell him what was going on. He whispered that he knew and that the teenage girls, who were opposite him, were trying to look up his towel. With that, he turned his head towards me and opened his knees. I was looking at one of the girls and her eyes opened wide. I wanted to get a better reaction from the boys so I ‘shuffled down’ a bit, giving them a better view. After a few more minutes the heat was getting too much for me and I asked Jon if we could get out.

We went round the back of the sauna where there are a couple of showers facing each other, both with tatty old curtains. We both had a shower and I noticed that Jon had a semi erection. Just as I was about to turn the shower off the other couple that had been in the sauna came round the corner and could clearly see both of us. I smiled at them, turned the shower off, and put my towel round me, and then looked at Jon. He had just turned his shower off and pulled what was left of the curtain back to be confronted by the woman who was looking down at his semi. No one said anything and Jon wrapped his towel round his waist and we went into the relaxation area.

We got a drink of water, and went and lay on 2 of the ‘sun’ loungers. There was no one else there but there were some newspapers so Jon threw one to me. We were both laid there with papers on our bent up knees that weren’t together when the teenagers came in and sat on the other beds talking. I could see from the corner of my eye that they were all quickly glancing over to us, then back, but none of them said anything to, or about us, so I didn’t move. I looked up at Jon once, his knees were about a foot apart so he must have been showing as much as me.

After about 5 minutes Jon put his paper down and said, “come on, we’re going for a swim.” “Grab your clothes and meet me at the entrance to the changing rooms.” As I went into the Ladies changing room I stopped after going through the door, and held it open a bit. I could hear the teenagers saying things like “did you see that?” “They didn’t have any pubic hair” and “he had an erection”. One of the boys said, “Did you see the size of her clit?” This made me pleased and I let go of the door, collected my things from the locker and went to meet Jon.

Back in the corridor I noticed a door that had a sign on it ‘Swimmers Changing Room’. We both went in; it was one big room with about a dozen changing cubicles and 3 small rooms off the main room. These 3 rooms were communal changing rooms that were presumably for school groups during the week. There were a couple of young girls in one of them and Jon told me to follow him into that one. Just as we went in the girls closed their lockers and went out.

Jon told me to put my white bikini on while he put his brief costume on. We went into the pool and swam around and used the little slide a few times. There weren’t many people there and no one took any notice of the fact that my bikini was virtually transparent, and that my pussy lips were having trouble staying covered. Jon did pin me against the side once and finger-fucked me for a while. I didn’t quite have an orgasm, but I was close. While Jon was doing that I was wanking him and I managed to get him to cum. There was a young pool attendant wandering around keeping an eye on the swimmers, but he never even glanced at me when I walked passed him to use the slide. I think he might have been gay.

When we went to get changed there were 3 boys of about 12 or 13 there just starting to get dressed. Jon whispered to me to give them a show so took my bikini off, faced them and slowly stated drying myself, taking my time drying my hair. All this time they were really taking their time packing their bags and looking at me. When I had finished my hair I looked at them and said, “what are you looking at, haven’t you seen a naked woman before?”

Only one of them managed to open his mouth and say “Nnnnnoooooo.” With that I walked up to them, put one leg on the bench and said, “Go on then, have a good look.” They looked at each other then moved closer to me. They even bent down to have a close look at my pussy. All this time Jon was stood at the door to make sure that no one else came into the room. I said to the boys “go on, you can touch me there” so they did. One of them was even brave enough to push his finger in me. After a minute or so Jon said that there was someone coming and the boys hurriedly picked up their bags and left.

Jon had just said that to get rid of the boys and then told me to go and take a shower. Not wishing to argue that I had just dried myself, I grabbed my towel and went to the showers. These were cubicles with doors on. I shut the door but didn’t lock it, hung my towel on the back of the door and turned the shower on. After a couple of minutes the door suddenly opened and a middle-aged man started to come in. I turned to look what the noise was and we both stood there facing each other. I didn’t attempt to cover myself and the man looked me up and down, said he was sorry, and left. When I got back to the changing room Jon was there waiting.

As I was drying my hair the 2 teenage girls from the sauna came in and saw me. I don’t think they saw Jon because they started taking their swimsuit off and drying themselves. One of them kept glancing at me as I faced them naked, drying my hair. Jon must have moved slightly or something, because one of them suddenly jumped and grabbed for her towel and said to her friend “there’s a man over there.” The second towel came out quickly. Jon then told me that he would wait for me outside, and left.

I finished drying myself with the 2 girls watching me as they got dressed. Once dry I got my Ben Wa balls from my bag, rolled them in my hands to warm them, then put one leg on the bench and put them in me. The look on the girl’s faces was a picture. It didn’t change when I put just my dress on and walked out.

# Week commencing June 8

Nothing much happened early in the week but Jon came home from work at lunchtime on the Friday and said that we were going camping for the weekend. I had never been camping before and had never been in the Girl Guides so I had no idea what was involved. We packed the car and set off. We drove to a campsite just outside Blackpool and we put the tent up and unloaded the car.

After that, we walked to the nearest pub for a drink. This was full of teenagers and I felt a bit ‘old’ being there. No one seemed to notice my short dress and un-crossed legs. I suppose that was because there were dozens of young girls there, most of them with skirts just as short, or even shorter than mine. Back at the campsite I made some coffee and we went to bed. There was only one sleeping bag, a double, so I climbed in with Jon and snuggled-up to keep us warm. Jon’s hands started wandering, and it wasn’t long before we were fucking.

# Saturday June 13

I woke up early, probably the hard ground and started licking and sucking Jon’s dick. I wanted him to wake up feeling good. It didn’t take long for him to get a hard-on but I couldn’t get him to cum. I had to climb on top and ‘ride’ him for ages before he would cum and then open his eyes. I think that he had been awake for a while but he didn’t say anything.

When it came to getting up Jon sent me to the Shower Block wearing just a towel. A group of lads whistled at me, and said a few things like “Can I dry my hands on your towel please?” and “She can share my sleeping bag anytime,” but I didn’t respond.

In the Shower Block the showers weren’t working and I had to have a good wash in a sink. To do that I took the towel off and stood there in the nude whilst washing with a face cloth. While doing that 3 women came in to get washed, 1 of them totally ignored me, but the other 2 took every opportunity to stare at me, so I made a big deal of washing my breasts and pussy. I put one leg on the sink, spreading my pussy as I did so, and slowly washed every nook and cranny. The 2 women had a really good look and only left when I wrapped the towel round me.

Back at the tent I put a dress on and started cooking breakfast while Jon went and got washed. I was a bit jealous when he told me the men’s showers were working and thought about using them that night. I hadn’t thought about it before but when you’re camping, all the cooking is done near the ground so I was squatting down most of the time. The young lads in the next tent took a long time to get ready to leave for the day. I have to say that I didn’t do anything to discourage them; on the contrary, I kept doing things between my legs when I was squatted down.

After breakfast Jon decided that we would go to the Fun Fair for the day. I had a great time, especially the rides where we went fast through the air. My dress kept flying up in the air and I was enjoying every minute of it. There was a place there which was full of mirrors that made you look funny shapes, and one with that picture of Marilyn Monroe with the wind blowing her white dress up next to it. I didn’t see the relevance of that till I stood in front of it and a fan suddenly started. My dress was a relatively lose full one, and before I knew it, it was up round my armpits. I just reacted and pulled it down and held it to my sides. Jon told me that that action would cost me.

He told me that I had to walk back in front of the mirror when the next 2 groups of people came round the corner. I wasn’t to do anything with my arms, but count to 5, and then walk off the fan and let my dress fall down on its own. Well, the first group was couple in their late teens. The boy just stopped and smiled and the girl gasped and then stared. The second group was a middle-aged couple with 2 sons about 12 or 13. When the boys saw me they sniggered and pointed to me. The parents didn’t see me until it was nearly too late and I don’t think it had time to register with them. Well there wasn’t any reaction at all.

When we got back to the campsite I cooked us some food and then told Jon I was going for a shower. This time I wasn’t going to miss out and went to the men’s showers. There was no one in there when I went in so I went into the shower cubicle and started my shower. The cubicles were very small and the coat hooks were outside so I had to leave my towel out there. To make sure that anyone who came in knew that I was there I started singing. When the water stopped I just opened the door and stepped out not knowing if there was anyone there or not. There was, 2 of the young men that had been making silly remarks that morning. I just ignored them, slowly drying myself. That didn’t stop them watching my every move, and making a few more remarks.

We walked to the pub at the end of the road that night, and we both had about 4 pints of lager. I had a few people give me looks of either disapproval or delight as I sat there with short skirt and un-crossed legs. We had one game of Pool near closing time and I know that 2 or 3 people got a good look at my butt. I didn’t care because Pool is one game that I was good at. Back in Wales we played a lot in the pubs, there was nothing else to do. I was leading for most of the game, but decided that I had better let Jon win so I deliberately missed a ball.

Back in the tent I took the initiative and climbed on Jon as soon as he got into the sleeping bag.

Sometime in the middle of the night I needed a pee and climbed out of the tent without putting a dress on. I just went behind the tent, squatted down, and let rip. As I was about to get up I noticed a youth get out of the next tent, go round the back and have a pee. He had no clothes on either. I waited until he was in full flow then got up and walked round the front. He didn’t hear me until I was next to him and I said, “Nice out tonight isn’t it?” I didn’t wait for an answer and didn’t get one; I think he was too embarrassed.

# Sunday June 14

Next morning I had similar fun with the shower, only there were more men in there. As I came out of the cubicle there were 2 men having a pee and another getting washed. That one said that I should be in the ladies next door. I just said that the showers in there were not working and carried on getting dried. I think that one of the men having a pee was a bit flustered because when he turned round he had a wet patch on his trousers, he’d peed on himself.

After breakfast we went for a walk, I think that it was for Jon to walk-off his hangover. After that, we packed the car and headed for home. On the way, we pulled off the Motorway and had a pub Sunday Lunch at a posh Hotel.

# Week commencing June 15

Nothing special except for one of the young lads in Tesco staring at me as I leaned over the freezers, and followed me around the rest of the store.

# Saturday June 20

We went into town in the morning, and Jon bought a new suit, but nothing for me. In the afternoon Jon told me to pack my white bikini, a pair of his briefs and a couple of towels. We drove North to a sports centre in a large village somewhere or other.

There was a small swimming pool, a sauna and spa, a football pitch, and a cricket pitch. We went to the sauna and spa. It was quite small and grotty with only one changing room with no door. One side of the changing room was an outside wall made of wood. The whole place looked at least 30 years old and it looked as if it hadn’t had any repairs or decorating for 10 years. The wooden outside wall was going rotten and had a couple of holes about the size of my fist through the rotten wood at the bottom.

I took my dress off, and was about to put my bikini on, when Jon said, “don’t bother with that, there’s no one else here and not likely to be.” We both walked nude into the sauna and lay on the benches. After about 10 minutes a couple of girls about 14 came into the room. They had their swimsuits on and had obviously come from the swimming pool to have a look. They saw us and then went round the back. I could hear them talking to each other. One was saying that she had been in a sauna on holiday in Spain where people didn’t wear anything and she asked the other girl if they should take their costumes off and come in. After a bit of debate they chickened-out and left.

After a while, we went out and into the spa. Just as we had settled-down up to our necks in bubbles, 2 women about my age came in and went and got changed. They came out of the changing room wearing bikinis which was a disappointment. They climbed into the spa which meant that it was full. After a while, the bubbles stopped and the water cleared. I could see Jon’s dick, so I assume that the women could as well, but neither of them reacted. The bubbles started again, and when they stopped again Jon told me that we were going back into the sauna. We both got out and walked into the sauna. I could hear one of the women say that she didn’t know that the place was a clothing optional place. The other woman said that she didn’t either and that they should come into the sauna to have another look.

Jon smiled and I could see his dick swell a little. We were laid on the bottom bench when they came in and sat on the top bench. They kept looking at us, particularly Jon who by then had a semi and when Jon caught their eye they smiled back, but said nothing. After a while we went back into the spa and I sat on Jon’s lap while he fucked me. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the 2 women didn’t come out of the sauna until after he had cum and I had climbed off. They joined us in the spa for one more session of bubbles before leaving carrying their clothes. I presumed that they were going for a swim.

When we went to get changed we could hear voices and Jon looked out of one of the holes in the wall. There was a game of cricket going on and there were a few kids just on the other side of the wall. As I was drying myself I noticed that the beam of sunlight through one of the holes had gone. I looked over to the hole and saw an eye looking in. We were both still naked at that point and when I whispered to Jon he told me to sit opposite the hole with my legs open and to play with myself. Jon carefully looked out of another one of the holes and saw a boy and a girl of about 11 or 12 taking it in turns to look in. Jon came and sat next to me, opened his legs and got me to use my other hand to wank him. I kept this up until I came, he had already cum and I finished myself off with 2 hands. All the time I kept looking at the hole and kept seeing the eyes change. As soon as I had finished Jon told me to get dressed, we were leaving.

# Sunday June 21

I dropped a plate when I was doing the washing-up after breakfast and Jon immediately put me over his knee, and gave me 20 slaps. Again, after each slap I had to count them and then say “Thank you Master.”

After that we went to the Gym and I wore my white shorts and top. There was one young man there who obviously wasn’t taking his workout too seriously as he kept looking at me. That made my nipples very hard which made him look even more. The exercise bike was enjoyable again. After the Gym we went into the swimming pool, me in my white bikini and Jon in a semi see-through pair of briefs. We only did a couple of lengths before Jon said it was time to go. Jon didn’t even want me to try to excite any of the men there, which was a bit of a disappointment. As soon as we got home Jon said he had to go out and didn’t return until late that evening.

# Week commencing June 22

On the Wednesday a lorry reversed into out driveway and a man unloaded some scaffolding. I thought that I had better not answer the door without any clothes on and put a dress on before signing for the delivery. Jon hadn’t told me that that they were coming and I had no idea what they were for. That night Jon had me carry them round the back of the house.

# Saturday June 27

After breakfast, Jon told me to help him with the scaffolding poles. We built what was a bit like a big bed but about 10 foot long and six foot wide; but there were only 2 cross members and one missing from one of the ends. Jon then put some padding that looked a bit like some of the insulation that plumbers put on pipes, but bigger, on the 2 cross members. He then finished-off by adding some straps that looked like car seat belts, from side to side, across the top.

At the time, I had no idea what it was for, but I found-out later. After lunch Jon told me to go and cover my whole body with sun protection cream and then come outside, minus the dress that I was wearing. He then told me to walk to the middle of the ‘bed’ and bend over the middle bar and grab the top bar. He then proceeded to tie my wrists to the top corners and put one of the straps under my forehead and another under my chest, just below my breasts. I then had to lift my legs one at a time while he tied my ankles to each of the bottom corners.

This left me looking as if I was laying face down on a bed about 3 feet above the ground. The only problem was that the only things between me and the ground were a bar under my waist and 2 straps under my chest and my forehead. This left my pussy easily available for him to just walk in from the bottom of the ‘bed’ and do whatever he liked. In a way, it was quite comfortable.

Jon did take advantage of my position and gave me a right good humping; and I couldn’t even see him. Later that day he released me and then tied me back on, but facing the sky and humped me again. As soon as he had finished he put a butt plug in my hole and told me to keep it in until I went to bed that night. This left me full of his sperm. We went to the pub that night and it was quite uncomfortable; and I’m sure that one or two people caught a glimpse of the plug.

# Sunday June 28

As it was a warm day Jon decided that we would go for a walk in this large park. Quite a nice place really, with hills, wooded area, a small lake, acres of grass, and a golf course. I had to wear the dungaree dress which, when I was just stood there, felt as if I had nothing on. The straps were on my shoulders and the front rested on the tops of my breasts, but apart from that there was no other body contact and when I looked down at the sides of my waist I could see right down the inside to the ground.

We walked for ages, enjoying the warm weather and ended-up in the wooded area. This had some open areas in it with grass and picnic tables. There was an out of the way little grassed area and Jon decided that we could improve our all-over tan. After we had been laying there for awhile I fell asleep and the next thing I knew there was a couple of teenage boys riding their bikes straight at me. They managed to miss me and disappeared into the trees. I stood up and looked for Jon, but couldn’t see him. I put my dress on and went and sat at the picnic table and waited. I didn’t have to wait long before he came out of the trees fastening his zip.

We went home, covered ourselves with sun tan lotion and spent the afternoon sunbathing in the back garden. Jon told me to keep my legs wide open so that the insides of my legs didn’t stay white.

# Week commencing June 29

Jon went away on the Tuesday morning, and didn’t come home until the Friday evening.

Nothing interesting happened that week, even the trip to the supermarket was boring.

# Saturday July 4

I didn’t see much of Jon all that day; he was working on his PC most of the time. When I asked him what he was doing, he said that he was ‘Surfing the Net.’ I hadn’t a clue what he was talking about and asked him to explain. He wouldn’t, saying that he was too busy at the moment, and that he would some other time.

# Sunday July 5

Jon added an extra bit to the scaffolding frame today. This was to the ‘open’ end, and consisted of 2 uprights with a bar across the top. After he had finished he told me to get the wrist and ankle straps, some rope and a stool from the kitchen for him. I had to put the wrist and ankle straps on then stand on the stool. Jon then tied my wrist to each corner of the top bar, but left enough slack for me to hold the top bar. He then removed the stool which left me hanging there, and then he tied my ankles to the bottom corners. This left me spread-eagle hanging there.

I didn’t know how long I could hang on, especially when Jon started flicking my clit. After a while my strength gave and I slipped off so I was hanging by my wrists. I thought that it would be agony but it wasn’t too bad. I survived for ages before pleading with Jon to let me down. I think that the time I was hanging like that was extended by the fact that Jon was playing with me with a vibrator and his fingers and tongue. A good orgasm or two takes your mind off pain.

Jon really made me plead for a long time before he let me down and during that time he took some photographs of me. When he started with the camera I said that he would have trouble finding someone to develop the pictures but he said that that wouldn’t be a problem. When I was released he showed my why.

He plugged a lead into the camera and the other end into his PC. In no time at all there was me, naked on his PC Monitor. That was new for me and I asked him to explain how it all worked. Jon is very good at explaining things about computers in simple every day words and I think I understood what he was saying. He also explained what the Internet is and some of the things that you can do on it. He connected the PC to the Internet and connected to one of the ‘chat’ lines. I asked him if I could use the Internet while he was at work but he said that it was very addictive and that long telephone calls during the weekdays are expensive. He also reminded me that he got itemised telephone bills. Other than that I could experiment with it and teach myself as much as I liked. I stayed playing with the PC for a while and before I knew it, it was time for bed.

# Week commencing July 6

I took a few photos of myself and loaded them into the PC on the Monday and Tuesday. It was strange zooming in on pictures of my own pussy, especially the ones where I held my lips open. I frigged myself to an orgasm just looking at the photos. The rest of the week was quite boring; I didn’t even manage to get anyone watching me lean over the freezers in Tesco.

# Saturday July 11

While in town that day, Jon and I searched all over for a theatrical shop. He didn’t tell me why until we found one and Jon bought a large tin of black body paint. We then went all round the clothes shops (except the one that Kelly worked in - for some strange reason) and eventually found the dress that Jon was looking for. It was made out of a black sort of lacy net and was very see-through. I then realised what the body paint was for.

We went to a pub in town that night (wearing my white Lycra dress, not the new lacy net one) and while we were there Jon saw an advert for bar staff on a Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and asked me if I fancied the job. I thought about it for a minute and said that it could be okay, especially as the girls didn’t wear uniforms and were all quite young.

I didn’t get anyone looking at me or trying to grope me when I went to the toilet that night. It was a bit disappointing in a way, but I suppose it was because most of the women in the pub were a lot younger than me, and the all wore skirts just as short, if not shorter than mine.

# Sunday July 12

Just to prove that Jon isn’t always predictable, after breakfast, Jon painted a pair of shorts and a top on me, wrapped some polythene round me and we went to the university sports field. The students had left for the summer and the place was deserted. We parked right at one end of the car park which was close to the running track, got out and started jogging round the running circuit.

Jon was all right in his shorts and vest but I felt very exposed. Jon said that you couldn’t tell the difference from a distance of about 20 foot away, but any closer than that and you could start to see that there were no joins in the material and you could see my crack. We did about 5 circuits and then another car came into the car park and a couple of men got out. They did some warming-up exercises well away from the track then started jogging towards us.

My heart was pounding to start with but when they came towards the track it went into over-drive. I thought that I might get away with it, just so long as they didn’t come up behind us, or go the opposite way round. When they did start jogging round the opposite way to us I said to Jon “that’s it, they are going to notice.” Jon just told me to keep my cool and act as if they weren’t there. Fortunately they were running in the outside lane and we were on the inside, and when they went passed the first time they just glanced at us and said, “good morning.”

The second time round, one of them looked at me for a long time, and I’m sure that he was trying to decide on what he had seen. Before the third time, we pulled off the track, and stopped near the car. Jon told me to do some stretching exercises on the grass, and ‘supervised’ while I did all sorts of aerobic type exercises.

Other people started arriving and one carload even parked close to Jon’s car. The 3 girls in it got out, took their track suites off and walked passed us within 6 feet; but didn’t even look at me. I was both relieved and disappointed, I don’t know what I would have done if they had said anything. We kept the ‘aerobics’ up for about 5 more minutes then headed for home.

Being naked in a place like that with all those people being so close had really turned me on. On the way back home I pleaded with Jon to give me some relief, but he refused saying that he didn’t want to risk getting black paint all over him and that I mustn’t do anything myself until we got home and I’d had a shower.

Once I’d done that, he restrained (that’s the word that Jon says I have to use) me on the scaffolding in the back garden. He strapped me in and fingered me until I was about to cum then left me for about 30 minutes. Then he did the same again and again. By the time I eventually came I was so desperate for it that the neighbours must have wondered if there was a noisy party going on or someone was getting attacked.

I asked Jon to show me how to get onto the Internet again and we spent about an hour ‘talking’ to someone called Emma16 all about exhibitionism and dares. She gave Jon a few ideas and I think that we gave her some. She couldn’t make up her mind about having a ‘Master’ and said that she would have to think about it. We exchanged e-mail addresses so I might write to her.

# Week commencing July 13

I had a quiet week, with nothing really happening, except that I genuinely forgot to cover-up when I answered the door to the postman on the Thursday morning. You should have seen his face.

# Saturday July 18

At breakfast I talked to Jon about me having to shave every day. I explained to him that I wanted to be smooth for him and that I knew about other ways of getting that way. Electrolysis was the obvious way because it was permanent, but those machines cost a lot of money and you need to have a needle stuck on each hair follicle at least once, sometimes 6 or 7 times. It would take weeks and you had to let the hair grow before you could start.

Another way, I explained, was wax strips. These also required a few days growth of hair but were very quick. The only problem was that I didn’t know if I could stand the pain of having it done to my labia. Jon said that I should make enquiries about electrolysis machines but not to shave until Wednesday and to get a supply of wax strips. He also told me that I was going to get my head haircut that morning, and that it was going to be short. In fact I was to get a ‘short back and sides’ just like a man.

When we went to the hairdressers it brought back lots of memories. Some were good but they were all very dull compared with my new life. As I sat there watching the girl cut off my long almost blond hair, I thought about the last couple of months how I had changed from a boring, dull person, to someone with confidence. Someone who now liked her body and wasn’t ashamed to show it. I had to give Jon the credit for that, his dominance was what I needed. The girl brought me back to reality asking me how short I wanted it. I looked round and saw a man whose hair was no longer than an inch, and I said, “Like him.” As we left the hairdressers Jon smiled at me and said that with the right clothes and walk I could get away with pretending to be a boy. I didn’t know whether to take that as a compliment or not.

# Sunday July 19

A quiet day really, Jon took me to the Chinese restaurant for lunch, and I had to wear my white Lycra dress. Jon decided that he thought that I had had enough exercise for the weekend, and that we wouldn’t be going to the Gym. Beginning to get used to my new hairstyle.

# Week commencing July 20

By the Monday morning the hair on my pubes was getting quite noticeable and really itching.

I all most shaved it off without thinking but stopped myself just in time.

Wednesday night was a night that I will remember for a long time. Jon thought that it would be best to restrain me to the bed before starting. He also said that he would start with my lips, because he just knew that I would get very wet, and he thought that he might have problems with the wax if my lips were wet.

When Jon whipped the first strip off the pain was just as bad as when Jon had caned me and the end of the cane had hit my clit. I screamed and Jon asked me if I wanted the ball-gag. I said, “No, as long as you don’t mind the noise.” He reminded me that none of the neighbours would be able to hear my screams and that he didn’t mind. With that, strip number two came off. My lips were smarting something wicked and Jon was right, I was getting excited and wet. By the time Jon had finished my whole pubic area was bright red and stinging one hell of a lot. After releasing me Jon told me to go and sit in a bath of cool water.

By the Friday I was getting used to my new hairstyle and even tried to think about how I could dress like a boy, how I could strap my breasts down. There isn’t a lot to hide, I must try it sometime.

# Saturday July 25

Wow, what a surprise that day. Jon woke me up at 3 am and told me to pack a bag, we were going on holiday. At 5 am we arrived at East Midlands Airport and were checking-in for a flight to Ibiza. Jon had told me to wear my black pencil type dress and Ben. I had fun getting through the metal detector; it kept going off each time I went through even though I had taken all but my dress off. I’m glad the woman stopped at that point, there were too many people behind me and most of them would probably be on the plane with us.

I had never flown before and I was very nervous. As we were taking off I was sweating and gripping Jon’s hand and / or leg. That didn’t stop me noticing one of the Stewards looking at my lap every time he walked up and down the aisle. Jon said that if it had been a long-haul over-night flight I could have joined the mile-high club. He had to explain that one to me.

We landed at about 11 am, spent another hour waiting for all sorts of stupid reasons, before finally leaving for the Hotel. As in turned out this was only a few miles away in a place called Playa d’en Bossa. Our room was quite nice and the view from the balcony was partially looking out to sea. The other part of the view was the swimming pool and then about 100 balconies from the Hotel next door. Jon told me that everyone on holiday was more relaxed about nudity and that I was to strip-off every time that I came into the room and stay like that, even on the balcony.

Jon started stripping off so I quickly took my dress and shoes off. I unpacked our clothes while Jon went and sat on the balcony watching all the people down by the pool.

After about an hour Jon told me to put the short wrap-round skirt that I had made and a top on and we went for a walk along the beach. It was a little breezy and the front of my skirt kept blowing up leaving my right leg exposed, right up to my waist. For some reason the wind only blew the right side up and my pussy never saw the sun. At the end of the beach we turned round, but walked back along the road and went into some of the shops that were there. Spain is so different to England and it was so strange to me, but very pleasant. It was so warm and relaxed.

In one of the shops, Jon bought a couple of big vests with very large armholes. He told me that one was for me and I said that the armholes would probably come down to my waist. Jon laughed and said, “With a bit of luck.” He also bought one of those little over bikini skirts that tie at one side for me. The one he bought was for someone a lot smaller than me, saying that when I was wearing it with nothing under it anyone who looked closely at the fastening would be able to tell that I had nothing on under it.

After that we stopped in a cafe and had a snack and drink. Jon reminded me that the same rules applied when we were on holiday and when I sat down the whole of the right side of my stomach was visible and Jon wouldn’t let me pull my skirt over me. The waiter really took his time serving me and came back twice to see if everything was all right.

It was still the middle of the afternoon when we got back to the hotel, and Jon decided that we would go for a swim in the hotel pool. Jon told me to put on my orange check cotton bikini, the one with the top too big and the small bottoms. Jon picked a couple of sun beds near a group of Germans and made sure that I bent down facing them so that my breasts were hanging out.

We had just settled down when Jon told me to take my top off, he didn’t want me getting white lines. I had a quick look round and saw one other topless woman so I took mine off. Jon told me that I hadn’t done it quickly enough and that I would get my punishment later.

Jon then decided that we should use some sun tan lotion and I had to rub it on him then me. As I was doing my front I had to put some on my breasts and my nipples shot to attention. That started me thinking about sex and they wouldn’t go down. I even started opening my legs a bit and that meant that my lips were trying to spring out of the crotch of my bikini. I think I might just have been a little too ambitious with the scissors when I was narrowing the crotch.

After about an hour we went for a swim, Jon wouldn’t let me put my top back on so we were messing around in the pool with my breasts popping in and out of the water. Jon kept trying to squeeze my nipples which kept them very erect. When Jon had had enough we got out and went back to the sun beds. Jon told me to bend at the waist with my back to the Germans so that they would get a good look at my butt and pussy - if they were looking. I don’t know if they saw me and I don’t know if they said anything, I couldn’t understand them anyway.

Jon then told me that we were going for another drink, and we collected our belongings. Jon wouldn’t let me put my top on and we sat at a table outside the hotel bar with me still topless. That was a funny, but nice experience, but I didn’t see anyone looking at me. After that I had to carry our belongings back to our room, still topless. It was a good job that we didn’t have to go through the hotel’s reception area, just through a back door and up the stairs. A couple of men had a good look at me when we were walking along a corridor.

Back in the room we stripped off and sat on the balcony until it was time for the evening meal. While we were there one set of our ‘neighbours’ came out onto their balcony. They were 3 teenage girls and they were only wearing their knickers. We passed pleasantries and talked a bit about the weather and it was as if we were all fully clothed in an English pub. All very strange to me, but I could get used to it.

Jon told me to wear my black ‘pencil’ dress for dinner and we got a table to ourselves in the restaurant. After dinner we went into one of the bars and had a coffee at the bar. They have high swivel bar stools which made it difficult for me to get on and off without showing too much.

Because Jon will not let me cross my legs I tried to keep facing the bar but it got difficult, especially when we moved on to the alcoholic drinks. I’m sure that I must have given a few people a good eyeful. I only had 4 martinis that night but it took a while for me to realise that the Spanish are a lot more generous with their measures. By the time Jon told me that we were leaving I was well gone and I had to hang on to Jon to stay on my feet. I’m sure that my dress rode up and left my butt and pussy on show, and I vaguely remember Jon saying that it would cost me if I pulled it down.

When we got into the lift and the doors shut Jon said that he was going to adjust my dress and then pulled it up and off me before I realised what was happening. There I was naked in a hotel lift, but I didn’t care. When it stopped at our floor I just walked out and down the corridor not caring if anyone saw me. I don’t remember seeing anyone though, and Jon will not tell me.

# Sunday July 26

I woke up that morning, on top of my bed with the room curtains open and a man looking into the room. It took a while for me to register where I was, but I couldn’t be bothered to move. When I did get up the man from the next balcony was still there and still kept looking into our room. He was wearing a swimming costume but I was still in the nude. Jon came out of the bathroom, gave me a bottle of water, and told me to go and sit on the balcony and get some fresh air and drink some water.

It was only 7 o’clock in the morning but it was quite warm. I said, “good morning” to the man next door and he said the same back before going back into his room. The curtains to both rooms on either side of ours were closed and I asked Jon if we should close ours at night but he said that he wanted to wake-up with the dawn, said it was the best part of the day. I have to admit it was quite quiet and fresh, even though it was quite warm and the sun coming over the horizon was a pleasant site.

After a while, Jon told me to go for a shower. After that he gave me one of the vests that he had bought the previous day, told me to put it on and we went for breakfast. On the way through reception I looked in one of the mirrors and could see all the side of my breast. I decided that I must not turn suddenly or else I might ‘pop out.’ It was self-service in the restaurant and we had to keep going to the food table which was at the other side of the room and we had to wind our way through the other tables which meant twisting. I came very close to coming out and managed to pull the vest straight without Jon seeing me. I wasn’t particularly in the mood to be exposing myself. The vest was slightly longer than my dresses so I wasn’t worried on that score.

After breakfast we went back to the room and Jon told me to put some sun tan lotion on him, then me. We were both stood naked on the balcony with me rubbing lotion all round his dick and balls when one of the girls from the next room came out onto their balcony. We said, “good morning” and carried on. She leaned on the railing and I could see that she didn’t have anything on under her T-shirt. I kept rubbing the lotion onto Jon’s dick and he was starting to get erect. When she turned round she looked at us and went into their room. I thought that it must have looked as if I was wanking him. I wasn’t until that point, but I decided that I should.

As he didn’t tell me to stop I squatted down in front of him and continued. When he came, it shot all over my face and started running down my chest. Jon then told me to rub it in on me along with the sun tan lotion. I had a quick lick of what I could reach with my tongue before doing what I was told.

Jon decided that I needed a walk to really clear my head and we packed a small bag and put the vests back on. Jon’s went just below his bum and just covered his hanging dick at the front.

We went down into the hotel’s reception where Jon changed some Pounds into Pesetas and I had to sit on one of the sofas while I waited for him. They were very low and I’m sure that anyone passing would be able to see my pussy if they looked.

We set off walking along the beach and then up along the cliffs. Once we were away from the hotels and houses Jon told me to take my vest off, and along with him we walked nude. There were no houses or people so I didn’t mind. In fact it was quite nice; the feeling of freedom and the warm sun on all of my body was refreshing. I got a little worried at one point when we came across a road but we were back in the woods without seeing anyone. Eventually we came to beach, but we had to climb down passed a few houses to get there. I asked Jon if we should cover-up first but all he said was “what the hell, keep going.” So we did. There were only a couple of very young kids playing in one of the gardens and they were too young to care.

Once on the beach, Jon decided that we needed a swim to cool down so we dropped our bags and waded in. It was a wonderful feeling swimming and floating in the warm water. So relaxing, so free. I would recommend nude swimming in the Mediterranean to anyone. There were little fish swimming around, and when I told Jon he said that next time we would bring our snorkels and masks and I could get a good look at them.

There hadn’t been anyone else on the beach when we arrived, but by the time we got out of the water there were 3 other couples, all wearing swimming costumes, except one woman who was topless. I asked Jon if we should cover-up but he said no and we lay on our towels. A bit later Jon said that we had started a trend and when I looked up 2 of the couples had also stripped off. I dozed-off and when I woke up my head was a lot clearer. Jon told me that we were going and that too much sun on our first day would not be good for us. We didn’t put the vests on and walked along the rest of the beach in the nude. There were lots of other people on the beach by then and most of them were also in the nude. We did have quite a few people looking at us as we walked up the path off the beach still in the nude but we just carried on.

We walked along a track that went through some woods, and came across a couple of people walking in the opposite direction. We just said, “good afternoon,” and kept walking until we came to a car park. There were quite a few people there and about half way through (and a lot of funny looks) Jon said that we had better put our vests on as we were going to go to the cafe at the other end. We bought a couple of ice creams and the sat on a wall outside near a bus stop. I’m sure that the other people that were waiting could see that we had nothing on under the vests but no one said anything. The only thing that happened on the bus was that I had a look at the Spanish villages and way of life which is so different to that in England. I suppose that it is due to the brilliant weather that they get there. I could get used to living there.

The bus only went passed the end of a road that went down to our hotel and we had to walk about a mile. Jon was walking very close to me and sometimes put his arm round my waist. It felt good.

It was early evening when we finally got back and Jon decided that we would have a swim before getting ready of dinner. When we got to the sun beds I got my white bikini out of my bag and was about to put the bottoms on when Jon said, “take the vest off first then put just the bottoms on and by the way, a new rule, every time that you lay down on a sun bed or on the beach, you will lay with your feet about one foot apart. OK?” “Yes Master” I replied and took my vest off. I was completely naked beside the hotel swimming pool and there were still lots of people there.

I hurriedly put my bikini bottoms on and lay down. I thought that it was a bit risky in a place like that with all those people about, especially when we had to stay there for nearly another two weeks. But I didn’t say anything to Jon. Jon also took his vest off and by the time I has organised myself he was laid next to me in a pair of semi see-through briefs.

After we had rested for a while we went for a swim, me still topless and in the bikini bottoms that were virtually see-through as soon as I got wet. We swam around the pool and came across a jet of water at one side about a foot below the surface. Jon said that it was probably the inlet from the filtration system. I was letting the water ‘massage’ my back when Jon said that he had an idea. Because it was away from all the sun beds and most of the people, Jon told me to face the wall, grab hold of the rails either side of the jet and then lift my knees up and put them either side of the jet. This meant that the jet was ‘massaging’ my pussy.

Wow, was that good. The look on my face told Jon that I was enjoying it so he told me to move. I was disappointed, but only for a minute, because he told me to take my bikini bottoms off, give them to him and then get back into the position. I wasn’t going to argue with that and moved very fast. It was great and knew that it wouldn’t take long for me to reach a climax.

Jon knew that I had cum by the expression on my face and he just said, “Again.” After my second climax Jon told me to move and he put his arms around me and held me close. It was then that I noticed the 2 teenage boys with facemasks on. I asked Jon how long they had been there and he said, “only a couple of minutes and they haven’t looked our way yet.”

Jon didn’t give me my bikini bottoms back, just held on to me and moved us towards the boys. I was very close and facing Jon when one of them saw me and told his mate. They both swam round us underwater, trying to see more, but it was very difficult with Jon and I being so close. Jon then let go of me, turned me round, and then put his arms round my waist. The water was up to our necks so no one outside of the water could see anything, but the 2 boys certainly could.

As they swam round and round us, Jon put one of his hands between my legs and forced them apart. He then started playing with my clit. I think that the boys nearly drowned, forgetting to come up for air. After a couple of minutes, Jon let go of me and told me to follow him.

The boys gave up and we swam back to near where our sun beds were. Thankfully, Jon gave me my bikini bottoms back before we got out, not that they covered much. We lay there for a while before going back to our room, me topless again.

I got a couple of funny looks and one old lady went “tut” which just made me smile at her. Back in the room, Jon went and sat on the balcony, nude, and told me to sit on his lap. As I walked out I could see Jon’s erection and thought that that was what I was waiting for. I slowly sat on him and breathed out a long sigh. Fortunately, none of our neighbours were there and I slowly went up and down on him.

Just as I was about to cum the curtain and door of the girl’s room opened and 2 of them came out onto the balcony, one in just knickers, and the other with just a towel round her waist. I stopped and put my arm round Jon and just sat there watching them. They were giggling and talking about some boys that they had met. Apparently the third girl had gone back to one of the boy’s room. They saw us and we said hellos, but we didn’t talk. It wasn’t long before they went back in.

The excitement of being fucked while saying hello to someone else who was only a few feet away really kept me on a high and it only took a couple more movements for me to cum. Jon followed on my third orgasm. It was ages before Jon told me to get off him and he then told me to clean him up with my tongue. Most of his sperm was just starting to leak out of me and run down my legs but there was still a fair bit of both of our juices on his dick and balls.

It didn’t take long and I was grateful that none of our neighbours came out. It’s one thing being naked in front of others, but to be licking Jon’s penis is something else.

We lie on the bed reading a book for an hour or so before Jon told me to take a shower then put my cheesecloth dress on. We went down for dinner then out to a bar down the road. We sat at a table outside (how often can you do that at 11 o’clock at night in England?) and talked (and drank) about all sorts. He was obviously concerned about my happiness in my new life but I managed to re-assure him that there was no problem on that score. He also told me that I had to make notes for this journal, he didn’t want anything ‘interesting’ missing from it. We had a few to drink, but not as many as the previous night (well me anyway) and as we were walking back Jon put his arm round me and on my bum under my dress. It was still there when we walked into the hotel bar for a coffee before bed.

# Monday July 27

When I woke up Jon was sat on the balcony reading. One of the girls from next door was on their balcony looking at him and licking her lips. I think that Jon was so engrossed in his book that he didn’t notice her. I wasn’t going to disturb the situation and just watched her watching him.

She was in just a pair of knickers and her right hand moved down to the front of them and started run rubbing her pubes then moving down and between her legs. I looked back at Jon, and could see that he was starting to get an erection. Was he just pretending to read? The girl was getting braver and had put her hand inside her knickers and was clearly masturbating. This went on for a minute or so then I heard a noise from next door and the girl stopped and went in. “Poor girl” I thought, I know just what it’s like to get worked-up and not to be able to finish the job.

Jon had me wear my long wrap-round skirt, the one that opens wide when I walk, and one of my short baggy tops that day. We got a bus into town, the journey only took 20 minutes but the bus was crowded and we had to stand. I had to reach up to grab a handrail and my right breast was hanging out of the bottom of my top. This seemed to please the old man that was in the seat next to me and with Jon’s hand stroking my bum through the thin cotton skirt I was happy.

Just before we got off Jon noticed the man’s face and told me to part my feet about a foot. My skirt opened and from the angle that the man was I’m sure that he could see that I didn’t have any knickers on. This only happened for a couple of minutes because we were getting to where the bus stopped.

Ibiza town was very interesting, I’ve never seen a city like that, so different to England. The drivers looked as if they were all mad and I asked Jon if they had any traffic rules. He said that driving there was no worse than driving in London. “Something else that I’ve never done” I said. My flashes of legs and stomach didn’t attract any attention and we walked round a couple of shops before going up to the ‘old town’. Now that was interesting, so old, and everything seemed so small and white. Jon told me that just about every house on the island was painted white and that the island was also known as the ‘white island.’

There’s a couple of places up there that have some fantastic views and at one of them, when there was no one else there, Jon told me to lift my top over my breasts and to hold my skirt wide open while he took a photograph of me with the scenic view in the background.

There are thousands of steps in the old town and I think that Jon picked that skirt on purpose. At one point he was following me up some steps and he grabbed the bottom of my skirt and pulled it right back. I’m sure that he had seen the teenage boys that were coming down the steps in front of me. They came out with all the expected comments but I daren’t do anything about it, Jon would punish me.

We had lunch in one of the many little restaurants before walking back down and to the harbour. There was a big cruise ship there and I only then realised just how big these ships are. In the harbour area there are hundreds of little shops and restaurants and a lot of it doesn’t have traffic in it. It was great wandering around looking in the shops. Jon told me that what I was seeing was nothing and to wait until we went back at night. Life only started late at night.

Late afternoon we caught a bus back to the hotel. It wasn’t very busy and we managed to get a seat. Back in the hotel room we lie on our beds and read until it was time for dinner. Jon had me wear just my short wrap-round skirt and my white bikini top that evening and I had to be careful as I leant over the buffet table to get what I wanted. We had a bottle of white wine with our meal and I let Jon drink most of it, I didn’t want to get drunk again.

Afterwards we went into some of the bars along the main road and found one that was very lively with lots of young people and a comedian cum DJ. He was quite good and we stayed there for a while. He had the knack of getting people up onto the stage and taking part in little funny games. Jon told me to remind him that he wanted to go back there before we went home. It was easy to forget what I wasn’t wearing in that place because most of the girls looked as if they were wearing no more than me. I saw quite a few breasts hanging out, a number of bums, and a couple of hairy pussies. Teenage girls seem to lose their modesty when they are on holiday and they’ve had too much to drink.

# Tuesday July 28

Tuesday was a relatively quiet day spent sun bathing on the beach. We caught a bus to a place called Ses Salines and when we got there I discovered that it was where we caught the bus back from on the Sunday. We walked into the big car park and instead of going straight on along the path that we had used before, we turned off into the woods.

As soon as we did Jon stopped and told me to take my T-shirt off and he took his off. That left us both naked. We walked through the trees and out onto the beach and grabbed a couple of sun beds. I covered us both with sun tan lotion and we settled down to a lazy day. We were towards one end of the beach and there were quite a few other naked people there and the only people that seemed to look at us were some of the more modest people who, for whatever reason, wore clothes on the beach.

I think that we attracted more attention because of our shaved pubes and the fact that I was remembering what Jon had said about keeping my legs apart. It was at the bottom of my sun bed that the old man squatted when he came to collect the sun bed hire money and there seemed to be a language problem that took ages to sort out.

After a couple of hours Jon said that he needed some exercise and we did what lots of people were doing, walking along the water’s edge. We didn’t stop when we got to the end of the area that had naked people but kept going and walked right to the other end of the beach then turned round and walked back. There were quite a few people staring at us and a few nudging their companions and looking as if they were saying “hey, look at those two.” I was a bit nervous but at the same time not bothered because Jon was with me.

At lunchtime Jon put his swimming costume on and told me to wrap my towel round my waist and we went to the beach bar for a drink and a sandwich. There were other topless women there and I didn’t feel out of place.

While we were there a woman came onto the beach with lots of bags and started spreading the contents over the beach near her. She then turned a ghetto blaster on, and kept picking up what tuned out to be sarongs and putting them on. It didn’t take long for the odd one or two people to go and see what she was selling.

On the way back to our ‘spot’ we went over to the woman and Jon told me to pick one of the sarongs and try it on. Of course I had to take the towel off first. I had never worn a sarong before and didn’t know how to fold it so I asked the woman to show me. She must have shown me about a dozen different ways and all of the time she was having to touch my naked body. This was tuning me on a bit and I didn’t notice the small audience that had gathered. I wanted to keep things going and asked her to show me some of the ways with a different, smaller sarong.

I must have been ‘trying one on’ for about fifteen minutes before I decided which one I wanted and Jon paid for it. Jon took it from me and kept my towel and we walked back to the sun beds. When we were about 20 feet away I turned and looked back, the audience had gone.

I topped us up with sun tan lotion and we settled down for another session. I lay on my stomach and noticed a couple laying on their towels on the sand about 10 feet higher up the beach. They were both naked as well, but the thing that I really noticed was that the woman was lying with her feet well apart and I could actually see into her vagina. I had never seen anything like that before and wondered why that was, was she sexually aroused, and would people be able to see up me if I lay like that when aroused.

Anyway, about an hour later I was getting hot and asked Jon if we could go swimming. Jon agreed and we went into the water and started swimming and messing around. At one point when we were about waist deep and I was floating on my back (it’s a lot easier in salt water), Jon grabbed my feet and pulled my legs round his waist. He had an erection and rubbed it against my clit. I had a look round to see how many people were close by and if anyone was watching and thought, ‘what the hell’ and pulled myself onto him.

It was quite easy floating and being fucked. I could see my big nipples sticking out of the water. They were definitely reacting to the situation. Jon calmly pulled me back and forward so that he was going in and out of me for ages. It was so warm, relaxing, natural and nice that I wanted it to go on forever. No one seemed to be bothered by what we were doing, but one or two people did have a good look. I presume that they were trying to make up their minds as to exactly what we were doing. I didn’t cum but Jon did and after he stopped we swam back to the beach and lay on our beds. I was still feeling excited and decided to lay with my feet on the sand on either side of the bed. My lips were still swollen and open and I’m sure that anyone who looked could see right inside me, just like I been able to see inside the woman that had been above us.

There was the usual stream of people walking up and down the beach, some naked, and some with costumes on. The naked ones didn’t take any notice of me with my legs wide open, but some of the clothed ones seemed to be spending a lot of time hovering near us. Later on we went swimming again but his time we took the masks and snorkels. We spent ages swimming around and looking at the fish and rocks. It was the first time that I had done anything like that and I was enjoying myself. I didn’t really notice the other people swimming near us or the fact that there were more of them as time went on. It was only when we came to get out that I realised that we were right in the middle of the area of the beach that didn’t have anyone without clothes on. It didn’t bother me because Jon was with me, but we got more of the looks that we had got in the morning.

When it got to about 5 o’clock we packed up and put our T-shirts on and headed back to the cafe where the bus stopped. We had an ice cream and sat on the same wall. There were a lot of other people waiting and I had to sit right at the end with only one bum cheek on the wall. I don’t think that I was showing anything. As soon as the bus stopped everyone rushed to get on. Jon said that is only the British that queue in an orderly manner and then only in Britain.

We ended up having to stand together with lots of others. It was quite cramped and as the bus bounced along. I felt a hand on my bum. It could have been Jon, he was in the right position, but so was another man. Jon’s face didn’t tell me anything. Anyway as the bus bounced along the hand was getting more ambitious and was in between my legs, then my pussy.

I was getting finger fucked on a crowded bus and I didn’t know who was doing it. In a way that fact alone was enough to get me worked up. When the bus stopped and we got off I said to Jon “was that you doing that to me Master.” Jon just said, “I wasn’t doing anything, what are you talking about Vanessa?” I didn’t know what to say so I didn’t say anything. We went straight to the room when we got back and after a shower we lay on the bed reading until it was time for dinner. Jon had me wear just my sarong and a baggy top that night. The sarong was tied at my right side which meant that all my right side had little covering and I had to be careful sitting down. I hoped that Jon didn’t tell me to move the knot round to my stomach. We went out after dinner, and had a few drinks in a couple of bars before having an early night.

# Wednesday July 29

I was a bit lazy first thing and wasn’t rushing to get up. My pubic hair was starting to show again and Jon told me to go and have what he calls the 3 S’s , shit, shave and shower. When I reminded Jon that I had brought some wax strip with me he told me not to bother with the shave part and that he would ‘wax’ me on the Thursday evening.

We had a lazy day by the hotel pool with me wearing my orange check cotton bikini, well the bottom half anyway. I did manage to go swimming in the pool on my own once and I made use of the water jet again. It’s a very lazy way of having an orgasm. I tried to experiment a bit and tried to get the jet to fill me up but I couldn’t manage it. I decided that the pressure wasn’t great enough to force its way in.

When we got back to our room we stripped off (as usual) and sat on the side of my bed looking out of the patio doors talking. After a while we lay back with our feet still on the floor still talking. The next thing I knew was that I was waking up because of a noise outside. I was still half asleep and realised that we had both fallen asleep on our backs on the bed at right angles to the window, with our feet on the floor.

As usual these days my feet were apart. Anyone looking in would get a real good view of our genitals and they could take as long as they like because we were asleep. I glanced outside without moving my head and realised that the noise was a camera automatically winding on to the next frame.

One of the girls was taking a photograph of us. The other two girls were also there and they were all whispering to each other. Not really caring what they were thinking but wanting to get a bit of excitement out of the situation, I lifted my hand and scratched my belly button and then put my hand on my pussy. I kept it still as if I had just scratched myself in my sleep. I waited a few seconds then started to stroke my lips and clit, slowly at first, then getting faster.

I could hear the girls whispering but couldn’t make out what they were saying. I started going for it, just as if I were having a ‘wet’ dream. I even let my other hand grope about until it found Jon’s dick and started playing with that. Jon was starting to get erect but didn’t wake up. At one point I thought that the girls had gone because I couldn’t hear them. But after a while I heard the camera again. I kept going until I had an orgasm then stopped and pretended to go into a peaceful sleep.

A few minutes later there was a loud noise and I ‘woke up’. I sat up and noticed that Jon’s erection had gone and that one of the girls was still on their balcony. I picked up my book and went out and sat on a chair. The girl looked over and said hello. I said ‘hi’ back and started talking about the weather and started a conversation about where each of us had been etc. The usual idle chitchat. The last time I had spoken to someone in that way was when I had been in Wales all those months ago.

The girl’s name was Louise and all 3 were on their second week from Manchester. They were having a great time and getting a lot of men. Louise asked me if I was worried about being seen on the balcony naked. I told her that a year ago I wouldn’t have dreamed of it and I told her about how I had changed my life, not about the punishment part, I didn’t know if she would understand. I said that it didn’t matter because it was 3 girls next door, not 3 rough drunken lager-louts and I wasn’t sure that there was anyone on the other side. “What about the hundreds of rooms in the hotel next door?” she asked. “Too far away” I replied. Louise then said that lots of people take binoculars with them on holiday, “I hadn’t thought about that” I said, “but I’m not worried, I’ll never meet them, and anyway, I’ve got Jon to protect me.”

I asked Louise if she had ever sunbathed or swam naked but she hadn’t so I said that she should try it. I suggested that she start taking her clothes off somewhere where she felt safe, like on a balcony with her friends there, safety in numbers and all that. Louise said that she would think about it and talk to her friends.

I told her about the beach that we had been to the previous day and how good it felt sunbathing and swimming naked. I told her that I enjoyed the feeling so much that I had even stopped wearing knickers, that I didn’t even own any anymore. That surprised her a bit but I could see that she was thinking about it. Just then Jon came out of the room and I watched Louise’s eyes looking him up and down and hovering round his hips. I introduced them but Louise excused herself and went in.

We had a late dinner that night before we got a taxi into Ibiza town and went down to the harbour area. I was wearing just shoes and my dungaree dress and had had a difficult time in the restaurant making sure that I didn’t turn too quick and end up with a breast hanging out. I got a few funny looks from the ‘oldies’ in the restaurant. Jon was right about Ibiza town being a different world at night, the place was buzzing with life. Restaurants and bars had sprung up everywhere and there were thousands of people moving about.

I got a bit of a surprise at the number of gays and transsexuals all out dressed as flamboyantly as they could. It was great. I didn’t feel at all under-dressed because about 50% of the people seemed to have something showing, on the contrary at times I felt over-dressed. The whole place was a bit like a giant street party. The shops didn’t seem to want to shut and we went into a few and I tried a couple of dresses on. One of the shops didn’t even have a changing room and I had to change behind a rack of dresses, virtually in full view of the hundreds of people that were passing. The shop assistant didn’t bat an eyelid when she saw that I didn’t have any knickers on. Another one of the customer did though.

We didn’t buy anything; the prices were aimed at millionaires. We did find a shop that sold ‘love aids’ and had a good look around. Jon bought a bigish dildo (I was a bit worried about the size), a vibrator with a separate box that I didn’t understand and a pair of knickers. When I asked Jon about the knickers he said that these were latex ones and were for a special purpose, but he wouldn’t tell me what.

In the back of the shop there were 2 small rooms with mirrors on the walls and a sign saying ‘peep show’. I couldn’t see what was to ‘peep’ at so I asked Jon. He said that the people in one room could ‘peep’ at the people in the other room. “That could be fun” I said but Jon just said that the rooms were too small and we left.

We went in a bar that had a lot of English and German people in it and tried to get a drink. It took ages trying to get to the bar then get served because there were so many people. I found out why the bar was called ‘Gropers Palace’, we hadn’t been in there 5 minutes before I felt a hand slide under my dungarees and grab my right breast. I looked at Jon but he just shrugged his shoulder and continued trying to get the barman’s attention.

After a few caresses of my nipple the hand stated wandering down to my stomach and with the size of the waist of the dress it didn’t have any problems. This hand went down to my pussy and started fingering me. I couldn’t even see the face of the man (well I assume it was a man) that the hand belonged to. He was stood directly behind me. It wasn’t long before I got wet but the hand suddenly disappeared only to be replaced by another one, but this one was definitely a man, it was big and rough. After he had got one of his fingers wet, that hand disappeared as well.

I looked round but no one seemed to be in a position to have been doing it. As I turned back, Jon stuck a beer bottle in my hand and we moved to a less crowded corner. I told Jon what had happened and he just asked, “Did you enjoy it?” When I said, “well yes, but I was just so surprised” he said, “take your pleasures when you can,” and then pointed to a ‘man’ that really looked outrageous in his make-up, see-through blouse, mini-skirt and high heels. I nearly laughed but thought I had better not.

It got more crowded and as a man squeezed by he reached in and gave my right nipple a tweak. Jon smiled. The place got more crowded so we moved over to some stairs. They were a narrow spiral staircase, but no one was on them. Jon told me to go up them a bit, that I couldn’t get groped up there. How wrong he was, I was only up about half a dozen steps, but that left the hem of my dress at about head height to the people who were still on the main floor. I then realised that they could probably see straight up my dress. Looking down two men had realised this as well and were looking straight up at my pussy. After a few words from one on the men to the other a hand reached out and up.

First contact was right on target. A finger went straight in me without even touching my legs. There was no resistance because I was wet from the 2 other men. After a couple of minutes Jon turned and looked at me and saw the hand, well the arm actually, and then followed it to the owner. When the owner looked at Jon, Jon just shook his head sideways and the hand withdrew.

Jon grabbed my arm and dragged me into a dark corner of the room, leaned back against a wall and pulled me backwards onto him. He put one arm round my waist holding my back against his front. He then gave me his beer bottle so that his other hand was free and he put it between us and I felt him get his dick out. It was getting hard and he pushed it between my legs and onto my pussy before taking his hand out and taking his beer from me.

I had just found another of the benefits of not wearing knickers. He was virtually fucking me in a crowded bar, my dress looked normal from the front and no one could tell what we were doing, what a turn on. I wiggled my bum about a bit and managed to get him into me. It was great. We couldn’t really ‘go for it’ otherwise people would have realised but I did manage some slow movements. At one point the crowd was really on top of us and I felt hands grab a breast and my pussy. I think that the one on my breast was Jon’s, and I bet that the one on my pussy got a shock when it found a pussy with a dick in it. Shortly after that I felt Jon’s body shudder then I got that warm feeling of his juice shooting into me.

We finished our beers as he softened and then ‘plopped’ out. As we were leaving his juices (and mine) started running down my legs. Not that there was anywhere to do it, but Jon wouldn’t let me clean myself up and it wasn’t long before I had dried cum nearly down to my knees.

We went for a walk round the harbour and up passed where there are a couple of nightclubs. We didn’t go in but we did watch some of the people going in. The things that the girls weren’t wearing. I thought that I was a little close to the line of decency but a lot of these girls would get locked-up in England. There was even one girl wearing only a thong and another whose skirt only reached her pussy when she stood still and pulled it down. As soon as she moved a leg you could see all her trimmed pubic hair. There were some nice hunks of men as well but Jon wouldn’t talk about them. After a while Jon stopped a taxi and we went back to the hotel.

# Thursday July 30

We went for a late breakfast just wearing T-shirts, and straight after that Jon put some shorts on and went out leaving me to get a bit more sleep. I saw Louise on their balcony with one of her friends and I said, “Hi,” but we didn’t chat.

When Jon got back he told me that he had hired a car for the rest of the holiday. It turned out to be one on those ugly Ford Ka cars. Jon had me put on just my sarong and white bikini top only, and we packed our things and went out. We went for a drive in the country so that I could see more of the Spanish culture; Jon wanted to educate me as well.

We stopped at a little roadside cafe for some lunch and learned a little more about the Spanish speed of life. Still, it didn’t matter, we were in no hurry and we were sat out in the sun.

When we got moving again I asked Jon if I could sit in the back and try to get some sleep, I still hadn’t quite recovered from the booze the previous night. He said it was okay and that he would wake me when we got to anywhere worth stopping. I don’t know how long I slept but when I woke I was laid on my back with my head at one side of the car and my feet at the other, one foot on the floor, and the other bent at the knee on the car seat. In effect with my legs wide open.

It took me a while to realise that the car was stopped, that Jon wasn’t in it and that we were in the middle of a town. The bit that really startled me was that there were lots of people walking passed the car. Jon had parked on the side of a main road and left me showing everything that I had got to anyone who happened to look in, and some were. Jon had left one of the windows open a bit and I could hear what people were saying.

When I finally realised that I should move, there were a group of teenage lads looking at me and saying all the usual things. I moved and got out of the car and went for a little walk to stretch my legs and met Jon coming towards me. “You’re awake then” he said, and I asked him what time it was. He said that we had been parked there for an hour, but I’m not so sure, it didn’t seem that long. Well I hope it wasn’t.

We drove off, and came to this little beach called Cala Conta where there are trees and sand dunes. We parked in the trees and went down a bit of a cliff to a small beach that was full of naked people. Jon said that the big sandy part was round the corner. We couldn’t find enough space on the small sandy bit so we went along the rocks and found a place there. No sooner than we had laid everything down Jon gave me my mask and snorkel and told me that we were going for a swim. This was of course in the nude.

We swam round looking at all the fish and the rocks and I suddenly realised that we had swum round the corner to the place where everyone was wearing something, except us. It didn’t really matter because we were in the water, but there were other people using masks who were taking more interest in us than the fish. Jon was oblivious to this but I wasn’t and I was collecting a little gathering of young teenage boys. Not feeling very brave at that moment I swam over to Jon and told him. He just told me to practice my floating, on my back with my legs open. “Let them have a good look, it will do them good” he said.

What else could I do except obey him. Fortunately, after about 10 minutes they got bored and moved on, but not before one or two had got so close that I thought that if I suddenly closed my legs I would give them some bruised ears.

A couple of hours later we left and I again lay in the back. Jon didn’t warn me, but we stopped for some petrol and I discovered that not all Spanish petrol stations are ‘self service’. All of a sudden there was a young man stood next to the car pumping petrol in and looking straight at my pussy. Jon was stood behind him waving his hands trying to tell me to stay still. These Spanish petrol pumps are very slow as well, I could see the pump and it was taking about 30 seconds for each litre. Jon stopped him after 25 litres and gave him some money. Not very bright either, it took ages to sort the change out.

When we got back to our room Jon said that it was time for my waxing and searched for something to restrain me. I realised what he was doing and told him that it wouldn’t be necessary. I could take the pain. I got out the wax strips and then lay on my bed waiting.

Jon started at my ankles and moved up my legs. The pain was bad, but I was expecting worse. The ones on my pubic bone were quite bad, but then Jon told me to lift my legs above my head and to hold my ankles with my legs wide open. Jon asked me if I wanted a gag and when I said yes he put the ball-gag on me. In a way that was a relief because it meant that I could scream knowing that the noise couldn’t get out. And scream I did. The wax really stuck to the inside of my labia quite well, in-spite of the juices that I was producing. At one point I looked out of the patio doors and I’m almost sure that I saw Louise looking at me but Jon suddenly ripped another strip off and when the pain subsided and I looked again, she was gone.

At last Jon was finished and he let me get up and take the gag off and look at myself in the mirror as I rubbed cream on myself. Yes, I was nice and smooth, but I was also bright red. Jon said that the best way to cool down was to go and have a swim.

I put my white costume on (for the first time that holiday) and we went down to the pool. I was having trouble keeping the 2 sides together at the front and I’m sure that my clit was hanging out.

I jumped straight into the water and it was lovely and cool on my pussy. I pulled the sides apart so that the water could circulate easier. Jon dived in and we swam around for a while before I found myself near the jet of water. I looked at Jon and said, “Can I?” “Go on then, but you will have to fuck me afterwards if you do” he said. So I did, it was wonderful, slowly moving slightly so that the jet hit me at different angles. I could feel the orgasm building up from deep in my belly and I nearly sank as I ‘froze’ when I came. Afterwards I put my legs round Jon’s waist and we fucked.

The young kids in the pool were ignoring us but some of the handful of teenagers were looking at us, presumably trying to decide what we were doing. I was glad that Jon had had me make the swimming costume the way he had, and it was a good job that the jet of water is in a part of the pool that doesn’t have any sun beds near. Otherwise we would have had an audience of adults and I’m not sure what some of the older people might have said.

I didn’t cum but Jon did and when I told him that I hadn’t cum this time he said, “don’t worry, you will.” We got out and went to the outside bar for a drink. I had a real job trying to keep the two sides of my costume together and even resorted to holding my towel in front of me. Jon wouldn’t let me do that when we were sat at a table in the bar and I daren’t cross my legs. The waitress that served us had a good look but didn’t say anything.

Back in the room Jon told me to have a shower then sit on the balcony to dry-off properly. After I had been there for a while he brought out the bag of things that he had bought in Ibiza town. He got out the vibrator and put the battery in it. It wasn’t very thick or very long and when he gave it to me it seemed different to the one back home. He told me to move my chair nearer the railings and put my feet on top of the railings about two feet apart. I then had to use the vibe to masturbate without it switched on and to stop just before I reached an orgasm.

Jon could tell when I was about to cum and grabbed the vibe and told me to grab the chair’s arm. I hadn’t a clue what was about to happen but Jon went inside and then came back after a couple of minutes with the vibrator and the black latex knickers. He then pushed the vibe right into me (still not switched on), gave me the knickers and said, “Put them on Vanessa”. They were a very tight fit and it took ages to get them into place. The vibrator had no chance of slipping out. Jon gave me my book and we spent the next hour reading me wearing more than Jon - for a change.

The man from one of our neighbours came out on their balcony had a look down to the pool said, “Hello,” and then disappeared back inside. One of Louise’s friends did the same a bit later. I was going to try to talk to her but she disappeared before I had had chance.

We went down for dinner at about 8:30, me in my lacy net dress. I could see the black latex knickers through the material so I know that other people could. It seemed so strange wearing knickers again, even if they were rubber ones. It had been over 2 months since I’ve worn them.

In the restaurant I decided to have something different to Jon and Jon had got his and was sat at our table before I had even managed to get at the food because the queue was so long. I was just stood there waiting for this fat woman to make her mind up when all of a sudden I got the amazing shock. The vibe inside me burst into life. It only lasted a few seconds but the shock was so much that I dropped my plate. It was so embarrassing apologising to the waiter who came to clear the mess up but I couldn’t tell him why I had dropped it.

When I finally got my food and got back to the table Jon had nearly finished his food and when I told him what had happened he reckoned that it must have been a loose connection. I was also told that I would get punished for dropping the plate. It happened again when I was bringing my ice cream back to the table but I managed to hang on to that.

The third time was when we were in the hotel bar, we were perched on the high stools which were a bit painful, but at least I didn’t have to worry about men looking up my dress. Just before it went off I noticed Jon put his hand in his pocket and when it stopped he brought his hand out. I’d already noticed a bulge in his pocket - no, a square one, and I wondered if it was related to the vibe going off. I’d remembered reading something about a remote controlled vibrator and wondered. When I asked Jon he admitted that it was a remote control in his pocket.

I was already wet when I put the knickers on but these ‘sessions’ when the vibe burst into life, the knowledge that Jon could start it again anytime and the sweat that was building up and couldn’t get out, was giving me a strange feeling. It was a sort of ‘sticky wet’ feeling as I moved about.

After a couple of drinks we set off walking down the main street. Jon told me that we were going to the bar that we had been to on the Monday night. On the way there, Jon spotted a sign that said ‘Live Sex Show - 23:00 every night.’ “There’s an idea, we’ll go in there one night” he said. I didn’t know what he was talking about so I ignored him. In the bar it was karaoke night, I just hoped that Jon didn’t ‘volunteer’ me. There was the usual mix on good, bad and bloody awful singers but in one of the gaps where no one ‘volunteered’, the DJ sang a few songs. One of them was ‘Yesterday’ by The Beatles. Before he started he warned everyone to listen close to exactly what he was singing. He didn’t change many words but the ones he did, changed the whole context of the song. I still remember the words and I couldn’t get it out of my head for days afterwards –

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away

Now it looks as though they’re here to stay

The girlfriends in the family way

Suddenly, she’s just twice the girl she used to be

There’s a shadow hanging over it

Oh, yesterday I came suddenly

Why I had to cum I don’t know, she wouldn’t say

We did something wrong, now I long for yesterday

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play

Now I need a place to hide away

Oh, I believe in yesterday

During the evening Jon kept turning the vibe on and the sessions were getting longer and longer. In the end I gave-up trying to fight it and leaned back in my chair and let it happen. I must have been very red in the face because the woman next to me asked if I was OK. Jon said that it was the heat and that I’d be okay in a minute. If only she’d known. As we were walking back to the hotel I felt horrible and nice inside the knickers. It was so wet. I was glad to get them off and the vibe out when we got back.

# Friday July 31

Jon had me wear just my vest to breakfast. Whilst I was getting some food one of the vest straps didn’t fall back into the right place and a breast was on show for all to see. It was only when I saw a couple of kids pointing and giggling that I realised. We were going to the beach that day and as soon as we got in the car Jon took his vest off and told me to take mine off. We drove to the beach naked and no one even noticed. Well, not until we got to the car park and got out, a middle-aged couple and their teenage daughter just stood and watched us walk into the trees. We were at Ses Salines where we had been before. We walked onto the beach and got a couple of sun beds in about the same place as before.

After a while we went swimming and when we got back there was Louise and 2 friends. They’d got some sun beds just next to us and the best thing was that they were all naked. We went over to Louise and said hello. The other 2 were called Ann and Sarah, and all 3 seemed to be a bit embarrassed that someone was talking to them. I also noticed that they kept glancing at Jon’s dick.

All 3 of them had ‘white bits’ that were very prominent. Louise said that as it was their last day they’d plucked up enough courage to actually try it. We kept chatting and it was funny when the man came to collect the money for the beds hire. Sarah and Ann suddenly had the urge to read and had books in their laps. We all went swimming and the 3 seemed to relax, especially when Sarah produced a ball and we started throwing it to each of us. We started trying to take the ball off the person who had it and it got a bit physical. At one point all 4 of us women were grabbing at Jon and trying to pull him under. I grabbed his dick and noticed that it was erect. I thought that I would try something and said that I was getting out and asked if the others were coming.

Everyone agreed, and we walked out of the water. Jon still had most of his erection as we walked up the beach and all of the girls noticed. I noticed Sarah whispering to Ann. I wondered what they were talking about!

Back at the sun beds we got the sun tan lotion out and before I could put some on Jon, Sarah had started on his chest. I offered to put some on Louise and did her back first. I deliberately took my time on her bum and went right in between her cheeks and down between her legs. As I did so they opened a little to make it easier. I asked her to turn over and started at her shoulders. Her nipples were erect before I got to them but I still had a good play with them before moving down.

All this time Ann had finished herself and was lying on her stomach with her eyes shut. Jon was on his back with Sarah’s face only inches from his erection. Fortunately, he had his knees bent up and with Sarah between him and the sea the only way that anyone could see what was going on was if they were right close to us. I continued with the sun lotion on Louise’s stomach.

I then jumped down to her feet and then moved up. I lifted her legs as I did them, and when I put them down they ended up a few inches apart so when I got to the top it was very easy to do her inner thighs. I ‘accidentally’ brushed against her lips and heard a slight moan from her. I was a bit nervous but not wanting to miss an opportunity, I rubbed some into her pubes before going for her pussy. There was no resistance and she was already quite wet. She only had a little clit but when I found it I started playing with it. That and a bit of finger fucking and it was obvious by her moans that she was having an orgasm.

I started putting lotion on my legs but Louise ‘came back to earth,’ and asked if she could return the compliment. And she did. I remember 2 comments that she made, both of which made me feel good. The first was “You’ve got nipples that are nice and big” and “I wish my clit was that big.” When she was putting lotion on my pubes she asked me what it was like to be ‘bald.’ “Great” I said. “It’s a lot healthier, no hair to get caught in zips, and sex is so much better.” “What about the looks that you get, you can see everything that you’ve got, even when you’re just walking. And with a clit the size of yours I would be too embarrassed.”

“After the first few people staring at you, you tend to just ignore them, or think that they are a bit sad if they haven’t seen a woman’s pussy before, and if it’s a nice hunk of a man it can be a bit of a turn on. Try it sometime, if you don’t like it you just have to let it grow again” I replied.

She continued talking to me as she played with my pussy. I remember her asking what we were doing in the room the previous evening when I had my legs in the air, and “what was that in your mouth?” but I didn’t answer, I was building up to an orgasm and wasn’t interested in talking.

After Louise stopped and I calmed down, we sat and talked about all sorts. I told her more about how I came to be with Jon, how much I was really enjoying my new life, and about the punishment. She was fascinated by that and said that she didn’t know if she could stand it. I was quite pleased that she tried to understand me rather than just put me down as most people who don’t understand do. I’d had a look over to Sarah and Jon and they had stopped ‘messing around’, and were also sat talking. I was glad that Jon had had some fun with her.

Jon got up and asked if anyone else was going for something to eat. Both Sarah and Ann put both halves of their bikinis on but Louise only put the bottom half of hers on. Jon put only his vest on and I got my sarong out of my bag and put that round my waist and we all went to the beach bar. We all sat at a table eating and I remember Louise saying that the way we were sitting she could see everything that both Jon and I had got. Neither of us moved as Ann and Sarah had a good look.

When we got back to the sun beds Louise said that they had really enjoyed their morning with us but they had to leave. They’d promised to meet some men that they had met the night before. After they had gone I put more sun tan lotion on Jon then myself and we soaked up some more sun. Later we went for a walk, again, we went right along the sea front to the end of the beach where the unfortunate clothed people were and got a few looks.

After that we went in the opposite direction up onto the path along the rocks. We walked right along passed a sort of lighthouse and ended up on another beach. It was a better beach but more windy, and there were not quite as many people on it but 99% of them were men. Jon guessed that this was a gay’s beach.

We decided to walk back through the woods along a dirt track. On the way we crossed paths with group of young men on noisy motorbikes. I’m not sure but I think that some of them went round in a circle to have another look. As we were getting near the original beach we saw a few groups of people sitting in the shade of the trees. Most were normal ‘family’ scenes, but one was two men having sex. I felt sick, I cannot understand gay men. I’m quite happy to ‘live and let live,’ but that doesn’t mean that I have to understand and like it.

As we were walking I discussed this with Jon and was a little surprised that he agreed with everything that I had said. In his opinion women had a lot more to offer than men. He can understand 2 women getting together but not 2 men. Under another tree there was a young couple who were obviously having sex. He was laid on his back and she was on her knees on top of him and moving up and down.

When we got back to the sun beds we went for a swim as we were quite hot. When it came time to go Jon put his vest on but he wouldn’t let me put mine on. I had to walk back to, and through the car park still nude. There were a lot of people leaving at the same time and I felt a little embarrassed, brave, and excited. Jon wouldn’t let me put anything on when we got into the car, not until we parked the car outside the hotel. Fortunately from the beach to the hotel didn’t involve going through any built-up areas. I was allowed to put my sarong on for the walk to our room and got a number of ‘looks’ as we walked through reception and up to our room.

Back in the room we rested as Jon said we would be up late that night. We both slept lying on top of the beds. I woke as it was getting dark; Jon was already up and had put the light on but hadn’t closed the curtains. Not that I would have expected him to, they hadn’t been closed since we got there.

Jon decided that I had to wear my see-through lacy net dress that night but with what Jon called ‘virtual’ knickers. I got the body paint out and we spent 5 minutes painting 2 little triangles on me, one just above the start of my slit and the other at the top of my bum cheeks. Jon then joined the top of them with 2 narrow bands.

There weren’t many people left in the restaurant when we got there and no one took any notice of me. That evening, we went out in the car (I had to take my dress off and sit very still so that I didn’t rub the ‘knickers’ off), and drove for about 30 minutes before we arrived in a place called San Antonio.

We parked the car and walked round the place which was like a small town. I suppose that it was because of the dark, but I don’t think anyone could tell that I was naked under my see-through dress. It was getting late (or should I say early) and we walked into an area that was full of bars and literally hundreds of teenagers drinking in and out of the bars. Most of them were just kids enjoying themselves and causing no harm to anyone or anything, but there were a few who didn’t know when to stop.

As the night went on we saw more kids who had acquired something that stopped them from standing up. In one bar that we stopped in there was one corner that seemed to have about a dozen girls and boys who were all ‘well gone’ as Jon says. Some of them thought that they could still manage to have sex with someone next to them and it was funny watching them trying to grope each other. I don’t suppose that any of the girls cared that some of their skirts were up round their waists.

Back in the main square the local police were active and we watched 2 of them pick up a youth that a paramedic had just checked out and throw him into the back of a police van. “There’s someone who’s going to have a bad day tomorrow” Jon said. As we walked passed a policewoman and man they both looked up and down me. “That’s it” I thought “I’m about to be arrested,” but they didn’t, they just walked on. My heart was pounding, but I’d got away with it.

As we were walking back to the car we saw a nightclub with a poster outside saying that there was a ‘Miss Ibiza’ contest the next night. Jon said, “You’re going to enter that that tomorrow.” “What will I have to do” I asked. Jon asked me if I could dance. When I said yes he told me to stop worrying. Back at the car I had to take my dress off before getting into the car, just as a drunken couple were passing. There were a few choice comments.

When we got back to the hotel Jon said that I had to get back to the room without my dress. After a quick panic I decided that I could go in the side entrance and up the back stairs and along the corridor. As it turned out I didn’t see anyone and in a way I felt a little let down. I had to have a shower before going to bed, to get what was left of the body paint off.

# Saturday August 1

As soon as I woke up Jon told me that it was time for my punishment for breaking the plate in the restaurant, I had waited long enough. He told me to bring one of the balcony chars in and to lean over the back of it with my feet apart. The position wasn’t quite right for him, he said that he couldn’t get a good swing and he had me move slightly. He gave me 50 strokes with one of his shoes. It took ages and as usual I had to count each one and thank him after each one. By the time he got to about 40 tears were dripping from my eyes. When it was finally over I got up and saw Louise on her balcony watching us. I tried to smile at her and she smiled back. I think the noise had woken her up she was wearing a T-shirt and looked as if she had just got out of bed.

So did the young man on the balcony on the other side of us. He was only wearing boxers and looked a bit stunned at what he had seen. Either that or he was still half asleep. I suppose seeing a naked man spank a naked woman at that time in the morning would be a bit of a shock to some people. Anyway, Jon told me to go and sit on the balcony while he had his 3 Ss. I had stopped crying by the time I went onto the balcony and said ‘Hi’ to Louise. She asked me if I was all right and when I said I was she asked me why Jon had done it. I said that it was okay, I deserved it, and in spite of the pain and tears I had enjoyed it. I put my finger in my pussy held it up and said, “Look, I’m soaking.” I think that all that was too much, too early for the man on the other side, he has disappeared. I heard Sarah shout to Louise, who then said, “I’ve got to go, the coach will be hear in 30 minutes and I haven’t had a shower yet, nice to have met you,” and she was gone.

I didn’t want to sit down so I leaned on the railing and watched the few people down by the pool. I didn’t want to get too close to the railing in case anyone could see me which meant that my elbows were on the railing but my feet were about 2 feet back from it. I suppose that my bum was stuck out a bit and it must have looked inviting to Jon because when he came out of the bathroom he came straight out onto the balcony, stood behind me and grabbed my breasts. His dick was also pressing against my bum and I could feel it getting bigger. He told me not to move and he started to fuck me. He said that he had always wanted to do that and he kept going in and out. I don’t know what anyone below would have thought if they had looked up and seen my head going backwards and forwards over the railing, but who cares.

All the time my breasts were hanging there getting ‘caressed’ by Jon’s hands. We came together and Jon grabbed a chair and we sat down with him still inside me. I felt so happy, and told Jon that I could really get used to life like that. After a shower we put T-shirts on and went for breakfast. I was really getting to like having short hair; I no longer had to worry about drying it. It is just like the advert says ‘wash and go.’

We spent most of the day driving around the island taking in the scenery and local culture. The slightly strange thing about it was that we spent all that time driving around in the nude. When we were going down one dirt track Jon laughed at my breasts wobbling about as the car bounced along. I must admit they did look like a couple of small jellies being shaken about.

We stopped at a little resort and Jon told me to put my T-shirt on and go and get us some sandwiches and drinks, and we then found a quiet little road and stopped to eat. I put some sun tan lotion on us both and we sat on a little wall eating. When we had finished Jon decided to take some photographs of me and had me pose in lots of positions, on the wall, with my legs round a little tree, laid on the wall, and laid on the car.

One pose was like that song says, sat on the bonnet with my knees up and legs apart. The other memorable one was spread-eagle on the bonnet. I can’t wait to see that one on Jon’s PC. Right in the middle of the ‘photo session,’ a little donkey and cart went passed with a little old man and woman on it, both wearing black. They had a good look at us and I could hear them talking, but they didn’t stop.

After lunch we found a little deserted beach and spent a few hours soaking up the sun and resting. At about 5 o’clock we headed back to the hotel and lay on the beds. Jon said that it was going to be a late night and we should get some rest. I woke at about 10 o’clock, too late for the restaurant. Jon told me to pack a bag with my white bikini, white Lycra shorts and top, and my black pencil dress.

I had to wear just my white Lycra dress. We drove to San Antonio and got something to eat before going a nightclub called Extrasis. Jon asked one of the bouncers about the Miss Ibiza competition and was told where we had to go. I was starting to get a little nervous and Jon bought me a drink to calm me down. When it came close to the time for me to perform, we went to the changing room.

There were 3 other girls in the competition and I thought that they were all more beautiful than me. Jon said that that wasn’t true. We were told what we were expected to do then Jon took me to one side and added a bit more. Now I was getting nervous. I changed and put all my clothes on, other than the white dress that I was wearing.

I was on third, and the waiting was agony. Jon had left me to go and watch the others. Eventually, I was called out, and had to start. All the organisers had told me was that we had to dance and take some of our clothes off, leaving on whatever we thought we should, we were supposed to dance to the 3 judges that would be sat on chairs to one side of the dance area.

When I got out the dance area was a circle of about 20 foot diameter with people stood or sat all round. I looked round for the judges and for Jon and saw him sat right next to one of the judges. He was smiling and winking at me which helped me a lot. The music started and I started dancing. I moved slowly to start with then started kicking my legs up as I danced. I started taking my clothes off and throwing them to Jon.

When I was down to my bikini I rolled on the floor again, spreading my legs wide (remember how narrow the gusset of my bikini bottoms are). When I got up again it was time to take my top off. This got a few cheers from the audience. Next was the final item, my bikini bottom, not that it was covering much.

Once off I danced around the edge of the circle letting some of the men touch me. I even bent over (at the waist) so that they could have a good look. I could tell that the music was coming to an end so I ended by sliding on my knees towards the judges so that I ended up in Jon’s ‘assume the position’ position, staying like that until all the applause had ended. It seemed to take ages and there was a lot of shouting and whistling in with it. Even Jon was clapping.

When I got up I went over to Jon and we walked to the side where the first 2 girls were. One of them had put a T-shirt on but the other was only wearing a thong. The first one had only stripped to her bikini bottoms and the second to her thong. The 4th girl was out and ready to start but just as she did a large drunken woman of about 30 staggered onto the floor and started dancing and undoing the zip of her dress. Everyone was laughing at her and the poor girl who was supposed to be dancing just stopped and looked at the judges.

Two bouncers came and tried to persuade the woman to move but she didn’t want to know. She was shouting words to the effect of “if they can strip off, then so can I.” This got lots of cheers from the audience and in the end the compare said that she could have her turn. She staggered around taking her dress of, then her slip, then her large bra. She was left with tights over a pair of white knickers that were big enough for both Jon and me. When she finally got these off the flab was bouncing about like jelly and the audience were in hysterics.

When the fourth girl finally got to restart her turn I think that she had had her spirit broken and she wasn’t very good, she wasn’t dancing to the music. Although she took everything off her heart just wasn’t in it. I felt sorry for her. I hadn’t put any clothes on and the 4th girl didn’t either.

We had to wait ages before the judge finally announced the results. I had won and I had to go and collect my prize, 20,000 pesetas and a large bottle of champagne. Wow, was I happy. Jon looked at me and said, “I told you that you would win.” After collecting the money I turned to face the main part of the audience, got into the ‘position,’ and waved my hand with the money in it to the audience. This brought more cheers. I was very happy and when I walked back to Jon he grabbed my arm and pulled me to the bar saying “let’s celebrate.”

We got 2 glasses and went and sat at a table and he opened the bottle. The cork went flying, but I couldn’t hear the ‘pop’ because of the noise of the music. It was only when I had downed the first glass that I remembered that I was still naked. I looked round but nobody was interested. ‘If they’re not, then I’m not’, and had another drink.

Jon wouldn’t drink much because he was driving so I had to finish the bottle. I was getting quite happy and when Jon pulled me up to dance I didn’t even think about what I was (not) wearing. As we danced, I suddenly thought ‘what are they looking at’ and then realised. I told Jon that I wanted to put something on but he just said that as no one was complaining then sod it, keep dancing.

After a few more songs Jon grabbed me and pulled me to a door that I hadn’t seen before. We went through it and then down some stairs and came to a room with a little bar and a small swimming pool. Jon wouldn’t let me jump in straight away; I think that he wanted people to see that I didn’t have any clothes on. There were certainly enough of them looking. After a couple of minutes he said, “Go on then” and in I went.

That seemed to be a cue for other to strip off and jump in. It wasn’t long before most of the people were in the water with clothes everywhere. People were generally messing about and most of the women were screaming as they were groped. I certainly remember a few hands on me. Jon had a coke at the bar and when he had finished he called for me to get out.

Reluctantly I did, the groping was fun, and I had groped a couple of men, one with a big hard on. Anyway, Jon gave me my white dress to put on but as soon as I had it was virtually see-through with the water, and it didn’t help as my hair was dripping down onto it. We went out of the club and back to the car. By then it was about 5 o’clock in the morning and the place was still very much alive. Got a few shouts and whistles from some men because my dress had ridden up and my bum was hanging out.

Just before I got in the car, Jon told me to take my dress off so that I didn’t get the car seat wet, and we drove back with me naked. It was still lovely and warm at that time of night. Back at the hotel, Jon wouldn’t give me my dress back, so I had to get back to the room naked. Fortunately, I remembered the way I had gone a few nights ago, and managed it without seeing anyone. Back in the room, I remember having a bit of a giggle, then nothing until the next morning.

# Sunday August 2

Sunday started slowly and I only just managed to get up and get to the restaurant before they closed the doors. Jon had tried to wake me up and given up and gone for breakfast and then a walk. He was back in the room when I returned. Jon said that it was pointless trying to do anything with me that morning and he told me to get some sleep and then he went out and left me.

I took my T-shirt off and lay on the bed and dozed off. When I woke up our new neighbours were out on their balcony. On one side there were 2 girls in their late teens and on the other side there were 2 girls that looked about 15. Each set were looking round and talking as if they had just arrived. I think that they all looked into our room and saw me at some time. I heard one of the younger girls say to her mate “hey look at this,” but I don’t know if they were referring to me.

After a few minutes they all disappeared and I grabbed a book and a bottle of water and went onto our balcony and started reading. After I’d read a few pages the younger girls came out again. Our eyes met and I said, “Hi” to them. They seemed a bit nervous talking to a naked stranger but after a few minutes of idle chat they settled down and we had a good chat about nothing special.

They were twins from Leeds and were there with their parents, brother and a friend of his. They told me that the boys were coming to collect them so that they could go and have a look around the place and one of them (Rebecca) asked me if I was going to cover up. They both seemed a little surprised when I told them that it didn’t bother me and that my friend wouldn’t let me wear clothes in our room. Anyway a couple of minutes later there was knock on their door and in came the 2 boys, both about 14. When they came out onto the balcony and saw me their eyes nearly popped out of their heads. Especially when I said, “Hi” and introduced myself. The girls wanted to go and get on with their exploring but the boys managed to drag out their hellos for ages before they finally left.

Jon got back about mid afternoon and told me to put a T-shirt on and pack a bag with my white bikini, a pair of his brief, briefs, and some towels. We were going to the Water Park about a mile down the road. When we got there we found an area of grass to spread out on and then Jon told me to take my T-shirt off and then put my bikini on - in that order.

I looked around then did it. Jon chastised me for hesitating and told me that I would be punished for it. I tried to tell him that I was worried about all the people but he just said that I had to trust him and that the punishment would be doubled for trying to argue with him. I apologised and told him that I did trust him. As it turned out no one was interested in my display, well, I didn’t see anyone looking at me.

We went on most of the water slides and had great fun. The only problem was my bikini. The top kept coming off my breasts and at one point I lost the top completely and spent ages looking for it. At first I thought that it must have been caught up on something back in the tunnel but a woman found it and passed it to me.

I was also having trouble keeping my pussy covered and a couple of times I had to pull my bikini bottoms straight after the movement of coming down the slides had made the crotch disappear between my lips. All that water being forced against my pussy, with very little protection, was also getting me a little excited. In a way I was glad that everyone seemed to be more interested in enjoying themselves rather than in me. However, I did get a few stares when we went for an ice cream and it didn’t help when Jon pushed his iced-lolly into my right nipple and it jumped to attention.

When it came to the time to leave Jon had me take my bikini completely off and dry myself with the towel before he would let me put my T-shirt on. This time a middle-aged man lying on the grass near us was looking and I was watching the bulge grow in this costume - until he turned onto his stomach.

Back in the hotel we had a quiet night (for which I was grateful). We had a drink in the outside bar before going to shower and change for dinner. Jon had me wear my short wrap-round shirt and a baggy cropped top. I had to be careful as I bent over the buffet table to get my food. We spent the evening in the hotel bar and lounge drinking and playing cards. I nearly suggested playing strip poker or something but I realised that I would lose and end up naked in the hotel lounge. I didn’t think that that would be a good idea.

When we were in the lounge we sat on the big low sofas and I really had to squeeze my legs together to stop people from seeing my pussy. But as the night wore on, and the alcohol started to work, I wasn’t quite so caring and once or twice I caught a man looking at me.

Back in our room we took a last drink out onto the balcony and I sat on Jon’s knee as we drank. I could feel him getting hard and I stood up, faced him and moved forward. When I was over him I lowered myself onto him. We were just sat like that drinking when the 2 young girls and 2 boys came out onto their balcony. The boys had a good snigger they could see my breasts and I guess that they thought that they knew what we were doing. The girls just said, “Hi”, and then ignored us. We just drinking and having a motionless fuck. The kids gave-up and went in before we finished. Neither of us came, but it was nice just sitting there.

# Monday August 3

Jon was up bright and early and full of life and had decided that we needed some exercise. He told me to pack a bag with my white shorts and top, his shorts, our trainers and towels. We put our vests on and then went for breakfast. Later we drove around looking for a Gym that we could use, but the ones that we found didn’t open until after lunch so we went to Ibiza town and went shopping.

We found a department store and wandered round. We found some nice dresses that were at realistic prices and Jon selected a couple for me to try on. The only changing rooms that they had were cubicles in the main shopping areas with curtains for doors. I went into a cubicle and half closed the curtain so that Jon could see me, and took my vest off. The first dress was a sort of blue silk with flowers on it and a bit oriental, it had a high neck and no sleeves. The interesting part was that the skirt part was split up both sides right to the waist. The dress was a tight fit, but I guess that it should have been. I put my arms in the bottom, and lifted up so that I could slide it down over my head. When my head ‘popped’ out of the top I looked out and saw a young female shop assistant looking at me. When she caught my eye, she turned away.

The dress fitted quite well and I liked it, but Jon didn’t. The second dress didn’t have any sides from top to bottom, except for a cord that was zigzag threaded from top to bottom. It was plain white with a low cut ‘V’ neck and as I put it on the same way there was the girl again. Jon said that apart from the cord going below my waist it was quite nice, but was too big. I took it off and he went to swap it for a smaller size. He told me not to touch anything while he was gone, so I just stood there with the curtain open.

Six people went passed while I was waiting, but only one looked in and that was another young female assistant. She stopped and had a good look before moving on. I just looked back at her. When Jon got back I put the dress on and Jon decided to buy it for me.

After wandering round a few more shops we went to a cafe and sat outside at a table on the pavement and had a coffee and a sandwich. Jon had sat us so that we were both facing down the street with me on the outside. Jon had crossed his legs so that no one could see what he had got but of course I couldn’t, and anyone who walked towards us and looked could see my pussy. I told Jon about this and he just said, “Good, open your knees a bit.” I regretted saying anything but did it.

It was only the kids that looked and when I told Jon he told me to close my legs if anyone that looked under 14 looked. I got a couple of giggles from a group of girls and one lad must have gone round the block because he went by twice.

About 40 minutes later we left, and went back to the car and drove to one Gym that we had seen. It was open and the price was acceptable to Jon. We both went into the first changing room that we came across. I think that it was the gents but it didn’t matter because we were the only ones there.

After getting changed, we went through into the workout area. Again, no one there, and we got started. We had a good workout even if it was very quiet. Just as Jon decided that we had had enough and we headed for the door it opened and about 6 people came in dressed for a workout. Jon saw a sauna and decided that we would go in. It wasn’t that warm but we still stripped off and lay on the benches. I was starting to doze off when the door opened and 2 men came in and sat at my feet. They were Germans and asked (in good English) if we spoke German. Jon said not, and they continued talking in German.

They kept looking at me and my pussy then getting on with their conversation. I got the impression that they were talking about me but I couldn’t prove it. I started to relax and doze off again and felt my legs open a bit as I relaxed. I think that the men were still looking but I was too sleepy to think about it. They eventually left and then we went out. There was a plunge pool next to the sauna and Jon didn’t tell me how cold these things are normally. I found out quick enough and I immediately got straight out again wide awake and with nipples that you could bend an iron bar round. “That wasn’t very nice” I said but Jon just smiled.

To get back to the changing room we had to go back through the main Gym and Jon wouldn’t let me wear anything. We walked through with my nipples still frozen rock hard. One man dropped the weights he was lifting as his eyes saw me, and one of the women slipped off the bench she was just getting on. In the changing room there was a real hunk getting changed and for some strange reason he looked a bit embarrassed by me being there with no clothes on. We ignored him, got dried, put our vests on and left.

Back at the hotel we put our swimming costumes on (my white one piece) and went down to the pool. I put lotion on us and we settled down to soak up the sun until the evening. When it came to getting dressed for dinner Jon asked me if I had brought my pleated navy skirt and a white blouse with me. When I said yes he told me to wear them with my white Lycra shorts. I thought that it was a bit strange but who am I to question my Master’s commands.

We went for dinner and then a couple of drinks in the hotel bar before heading down the main street. We stopped at another bar and had another drink then Jon took me to the place with the sign said ‘Live Sex Show - 23:00 every night’ outside. I thought that it could be interesting watching other people having sex. As soon as we went in Jon asked if he could talk to the manager. When he arrived they were talking quietly and I couldn’t hear what they were saying. Afterwards we went to the bar and were given a drink. I didn’t see Jon pay so I assumed that it was like the cafes where you paid when you left.

We got some seats and talked and watched the other people there. There were about a dozen men and about 5 or 6 women that looked like customers. At about 11:45 the show started. A couple came on and started dancing around slowly taking their clothes off. The dancing got more and more erotic and when they were naked they started touching themselves. The woman then got down on her knees and started sucking his penis. When he finally got hard he lay on his back and she climbed on and they had a good fuck. There’s not much more that I can say about it.

About 5 minutes after they had finished the manager come onto the ‘stage’ and said that he was proud to announce the guest appearance of 2 people from England who were going to put a show on for everyone. With that Jon grabbed my arm and pulled me onto the ‘stage’. I was mortified and excited at the same time. What was I supposed to do? What was Jon expecting me to do?

After taking a little bow Jon dragged me off behind a screen, grabbed a packet of cigarettes from the manager and stuffed them in my blouse. He then put on a teachers gown that the manager gave him and told me that I was going to act like a naughty school girl who had been caught smoking, and was denying it. The rest would follow naturally.

We went onto the ‘stage’ and Jon stood me where he wanted me. After the audience were quiet Jon started talking to me as if he were a teacher who had caught a girl smoking. As instructed I said I hadn’t and the lecture went on. He asked me again and I still said no. With that he put his hand down the top of my blouse and moved it about looking for the cigarettes. I then had another lecture before he told me to take my blouse off.

By this time I was relaxing a bit and was starting to get into the act a bit so I did a bit of pleading before slowly taking it off. I was now topless and the ‘teacher’ started on another lecture about not wearing a bra. He then told me that he wanted to see if I was wearing the regulation knickers. I started to lift the side of my skirt up but he said, “No, take it off.”

When he saw my white shorts he started on again. Finally he said, “Right, its punishment time. He then made me do lots of aerobic exercises that stretched my arms and legs and made my jump and run on the spot. My little breasts were bouncing up and down and my nipples were getting hard. He then sat on a chair and told me to lie over his knee. He gave me 20 slaps before telling me to stand up and take my shorts off. It was then back over his lap for another 20. After that the exercises started again. In among some of them I had to stand on my head and then open my legs wide.

That did it, if the audience hadn’t seen my wet pussy by then, that certainly gave them an eyeful. He then had me walk on my feet and hands, but with my stomach in the air. I hadn’t done that since I was at school and it was a bit painful.

He then told me that I was going to get caned and that I was to bend over the back of the chair with my feet apart. I pleaded with him to not do it and when he said, “NOW,” I ran off round the back of the audience. He came after me and when he ‘caught’ me he dragged me, struggling, back through the middle of the audience and put me over the chair. My feet weren’t wide enough for him and he pushed them further apart.

The audience could see everything that I’d got. I saw the manager pass Jon a cane and then it started. The first really hurt, and after I had calmed down I said, “One - thank you Sir.” After 10 the tears were dripping from my eyes and my sobbing must have been loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. After I had said, “Twenty - thank you Sir,” it stopped, but I didn’t move. My backside was really hurting; it was on fire and was worse than the time that Jon caned me back in England.

Out of the corner of my eye and through the tears I could see Jon taking his clothes off. When he turned to face me his dick was the biggest I had ever seen it. It was as if he had swallowed a whole bottle of Viagra. He came round to the front of me and said, “Swallow.” I opened my mouth and took as much of it as I could.

I sucked and sucked and I could tell that he was getting close to coming but he pulled out and just stood there erection pointing into the air. After a couple of minutes he walked round the back of me and rammed it into me. There was absolutely no resistance as I was so wet that I could feel my juices running down my legs. I screamed, but not from the pain, I had re-composed myself enough to remember that we were putting a show on.

Jon went in and out as I moaned quite loud. I was getting close to cumming and I thought that Jon was too. Then it happened, we both came at about the same time and I screamed as much as I did when the cane was hitting me. When he pulled out of me I stood up and Jon then told me to ‘assume the position’ but facing the audience. When I was down there I could feel all our juices running out of my open hole. Jon came and stood over me and let the juices from his dick drip onto my face and I licked them off. After that Jon told me to stand up and take a bow, the show was over.

We both went over to the bar (still naked) and the manager gave us a drink. I couldn’t sit on a stool like Jon had because my backside hurt too much. The manager said to Jon that I “was quite a woman” and did we want a permanent job. I was glad that he said no, I had really enjoyed it but I don’t think that my backside could take that every night. After we had finished our drinks we went and found our clothes (Jon wouldn’t let me wear the shorts), and said our goodbyes.

When we got back to the hotel I asked Jon if we could have another drink before bed and we went into the bar and he perched on a stool while I stood next to him. There was hardly anyone there and after the drink we went to our room. As we were getting ready for bed I noticed the 2 older girls on their balcony talking and watching us. I looked in the mirror and could see lots of bright red wheals all over my backside.

# Tuesday August 4

Jon wouldn’t let me sleep late and I had to get up and have a shower before 8 o’clock. I was still thinking about the previous night and how much I had enjoyed myself and I told Jon as we were walking into the restaurant. I had forgotten about my backside until I sat down to eat my breakfast. I asked Jon to take a look to see if the red marks were still there. He didn’t need to look; he has already seen them, even below my T-shirt. That meant that other people could see which worried me a little.

After breakfast we packed a bag and drove to the harbour in Ibiza town and got onto a ferry to an island called Formentera. The journey took just over an hour and it got quite windy which presented a problem as we walked around the boat and when it came to go up the outside stairs I’m sure that I gave the people below me a great view. Come to think of it Jon must have been showing a lot as well.

When we eventually arrived we walked up the harbour and to a place that had lots of bikes outside. Jon said that it was the best way to get round and judging by the number of people in the shop he was right. We hired 2 and as I climbed on mine I was thinking that it could be fun sliding from side to side on the saddle, just like it was fun riding Jon’s bikes.

Shortly after we got out of the village Jon stopped and we took our T-shirts off and cycled nude. Jon said that Formentera was a Naturist island and we would see lots of naked people. A few cars and motorbikes passed us then another couple on bikes that were also naked. I wondered if she was enjoying the experience as much as I was.

We peddled for about 30 minutes and came to a dirt track that we went down. Eventually we came to fantastic beach with trees and sand dunes behind it. We padlocked our bikes to a tree and spread our towels on the sand near a pile of rocks that looked as if it was being used as a little jetty - or so Jon said. The only people that I could see with clothes on were those who were arriving. I put some more sun tan lotion on Jon and then me and as I was doing me Jon told me that the inside of my thighs wasn’t as brown as the rest of me and he told me to make sure that I lay with my legs wide open so that I would get an even tan.

We lay there for about an hour before Jon got restless and decided that we were going for a walk, and what a walk it was, we walked for what seemed like hours and all in bare feet - bare everything. Through the trees and dunes, out to a little island, passed a cafe, through the car park, through what Jon thought were salt lakes, up to the main road, and back along the beach. On the way we stopped at a beach bar and had something to eat. Everything was so relaxed and it seemed natural that most people didn’t have any clothes on.

I was shattered when we got back and my feet were a little sore. We went for a swim to cool down, and then lay on our towels again. It didn’t take long for me to doze off and when I woke up there were lots of people standing around us. It was a jetty and a boat was coming in. The people were waiting to get on the boat and there was me laid with my legs wide open, right in the middle of them. One or two were looking at us. I looked at Jon who was just laying there, legs apart, propped up on his elbows watching the boat come in.

Well I thought, ‘if he doesn’t care, then why should I?’ The boat arrived and people piled off. Jon said that it looked as if they were from the mainland and were just here on a day trip. I don’t think that some of them were expecting naked people, certainly not spread-eagle in the middle of their path off the boat and I noticed a couple of shocked looks.

There were 3 youths among them and they obviously enjoyed what they were seeing, they decided to stay where they were when they first saw us. They were still there when everyone else and the boat had gone. They spread their towels and lay on their stomachs directly below me. I wondered if they had had to lie on their stomach to avoid any embarrassment.

After a while I turned over onto my stomach, still with my legs apart; I wanted to get rid of those white bits. I was thinking about the show we had put on the previous night and then I remembered the red wheals on my backside. I lifted my head to look at my bum and yes, they were still there, not as bright, but still there. The youths must be able to see them I thought and squeezed my pussy muscles and realised that the juices were flowing. I wondered if the youths could see that as well. I dozed off again and when I came round they had gone, and so had Jon. I looked round and saw him laid half in the water and half out. I went and sat next to him and I told him that I had been thinking about the previous night and that I would be happy to do it again - if he wanted to. “Not at the moment” he said. “Maybe some other time.”

I could see that he was thinking about the previous night as well, because his dick was growing. I decided to have a bit of fun and stood up, with my feet apart, just in front of him. If / when he looked up he would be looking right at my pussy. Nothing new, but if he was feeling a bit randy it might just tempt him. After a few minutes, and a dick that was definitely getting bigger he jumped up and told me to follow him. We went into the trees and sand dunes and found a quiet spot where he told me to get down on my hands and knees and he fucked me from behind. It was over pretty quick and I didn’t cum but I had certainly enjoyed it.

As soon as that was over. Jon decided that it was time to start back and we packed up and started back, again cycling in the nude. Jon’s and my juices were still coming out of my pussy, and it wasn’t long before I was sliding all over the saddle. It was very pleasant and with the bouncing along the dirt track, I beginning to think that I might even cum. Unfortunately I didn’t and it wasn’t long before we came to the outskirts of the village and we stopped and put our T-shirts on. Back at the bike shop I felt a little embarrassed handing back a bike that had a saddle that was all wet and sticky.

On the boat we bought some drinks and went on the deck at the front to catch some more sun. Jon followed me up the stairs and stuck a finger in me and held it up saying “a little wet aren’t we Vanessa,” in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear. There were other people on the deck sun bathing and 2 of the women were topless so Jon told me to take my T-shirt off and lay it over my pussy. I was further back from the front than most of the people there so if anyone looked they would be able to see under my T-shirt.

The boat set off and after about half an hour it started to get windy. I tried to clench my legs together to keep the T-shirt in place but the wind finally blew it off me and back along the boat. Jon told me to go and get it but each time I got near it, it blew further away. It ended up right in the middle of the seated area that was full of people. What else could I do? I just had to brave it out and walk into the middle of them and get it. Lots of people were looking at me, but no one said anything until I had retrieved it and put it on. At that point a couple of men clapped their hands.

Nothing else happened on the boat and we made it back to Ibiza harbour. Instead of going straight to the car we went into a little boutique that Jon had spotted when we were parking the car. There were some nice clothes in there and I tried on a skirt that Jon liked. It was tight, black, and had a split up the front of one leg that went up to the top of where my pubic hair would have been. To get it on I had to hold my T-shirt up and got a funny look from the old woman assistant. Jon liked it and he bought it.

Dinner had already started when we got back to the hotel so we had to have a quick shower and down to dinner. Jon told me to wear my new skirt and a baggy cropped top. After dinner we went for a walk along the beach and Jon told me to spin my skirt round so that the split was right in the middle. It was a good job that there was hardly anyone on the beach because when I looked down I could see all of my bald pussy. Just before we left the beach Jon told me to spin it back to the front of my left leg.

We went into the bar that had the DJ comedian in it and sat at a table near the back. As the night went on things got livelier and just before Jon was thinking of leaving the DJ suddenly asked if any of the girls were brave enough to get on a table and do a striptease. There was deadly silence at first but when he offered a bottle of champagne to any girl who would, Jon stood up and said that I would.

A girl a couple of table away from us also stood up and said that she would. I had seen her earlier and thought that she was on her own and trying to get drunk. She certainly looked that way when she stood up. The DJ said okay and everyone cheered as we got on our tables. I started to sway to the music and dance around in a small circle. My skirt was so short that I imagine people could see my ass without me even moving.

After a couple of turns on the tiny table I slid my top off of my shoulders and let it slide down to my waist before pulling it over my head. The men all whistled and cheered like I expect they would at a real strip show. I danced a bit more and then hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my skirt and slid it over my hips, down my legs to my feet. I kicked it out of the way and continued my little dance, turning and swaying gently. I guess that the men expected me to be wearing knickers and they cheered loudly when they saw my bald pussy. As I was dancing, I looked over at the other girl who was down to her knickers. They were quite small and she slowly eased them over her hips and off. She had a neatly trimmed bush and the men certainly seemed to appreciate her dance.

The DJ let us continue for another couple of minutes before stopping the music and telling us to go and collect the champagne. I jumped down and saw the other woman almost fall off her table. Jon told me to go and help her so I went over to her. She was definitely drunk and I had to help her walk to the stage. To get there we had to walk across the dance floor and the men there groped us both. The DJ asked us our names (the other girl had trouble saying that hers was Vicky) before giving us our champagne.

We then had to get back to our seats and got groped again. This time I felt a finger enter my pussy which was still quite wet. I couldn’t do much about it as I had to help Vicky stay on her feet. Eventually we made it back to Jon and I plonked Vicky down. Jon told me to go and get Vicky’s clothes before putting my top and skirt on. We then had to help Vicky put her dress on. We didn’t bother with her bra and knickers and in the end we left them in the bar as a souvenir for someone to collect.

Jon was wondering what to do with Vicky. She was in no state to tell us where she was staying and there was nothing in her purse to tell us where she was staying. Jon decided that it would be best if we took her back to our room and we left for the long walk back. Jon was finding it difficult to help Vicky walk and when she threw-up over the front of her dress and Jon’s shirt Jon decided that a change was called for so he gave me the other bottle of champagne and picked her up in the fireman’s lift. She was over his shoulder and her dress up over her bottom leaving her ass and pussy exposed. We walked through the hotel’s reception like that and got a few funny looks. Back in our room Jon dropped her on my bed and then we had a drink of water. After that Jon decided that we had better get her dress off and put her to bed. We did, stripped off, and got in with Vicky in between us.

# Wednesday August 5

When I woke up I was laid on my left side with my arm over Vicky and my hand holding her right breast. Vicky was laid on her left side, half on Jon, her right leg was over his, and touching his dick, and her right arm was over his chest. I slowly got up and went to the bathroom.

When I got back Vicky was just waking up and when she saw Jon she jumped up. She saw me naked and said, “Where am I?” “Relax” I said, “you’re safe, nothing happened.” “But you haven’t got any clothes on, and neither have I, or him” she said looking down at herself and Jon, who was now starting to wake up. Jon reached out and grabbed a bottle of water and said, “Here, drink that, you’ll need it.”

He then got up and walked into the bathroom. Vicky’s eyes followed him then turned to me and said, “God, my head hurts. Where am I, how did I get here, and where’s my clothes?” I told her the full story and she was blushing as I told her about the table dancing. She asked about her clothes and I told her about leaving her underwear in the bar and just as I was telling her about her throwing-up all over her dress, Jon brought it back in, held it up and said, “I don’t think you will want to wear this until you’ve had it cleaned.

“How am I going to get back to my hotel?” Vicky said. Jon told her that we don’t bother with clothes unless we have to and not to feel embarrassed, because we don’t. He then said that he was going for some breakfast, put a T-shirt on and left. “He hasn’t got anything on under that T-shirt,” she said. I told her not to worry and that she wouldn’t have any underwear on when she left because she couldn’t borrow any because I don’t possess any. “Wow” she said.

We had a long chat and I told her all about Jon and I and she told me about her being on holiday on her own, it being a last minute booking because she wanted to get over just splitting with her boyfriend. Apart from men trying to chat her up, we were the first people who she had talked to. She had arrived the previous Saturday for one week and was going back to Nottingham on the same flight as us.

When Jon got back we told him the full story and he said that she could stick with us for the rest of the week if she liked. Vicky said that she would think about it and she thanked us for looking after her and not taking advantage of her. She finally got out of bed and asked if she could have a shower. When she came out we were on the balcony talking. She stuck her head out and asked if we had anything she could wear. “We’ll sort that out later,” Jon said. “Come and tell us what you would like to do today”.

She had a quick look round and then came out and sat on a chair. She was slightly taller than me, slightly slimmer, and had slightly larger breasts, but her nipples were a lot smaller, so I wasn’t jealous. I noticed that little trimmed triangle of dark brown hair but couldn’t see anything peeking out of the bottom of it.

As we were talking the 2 young girls came out onto their balcony and said, “Hi” as they looked at Vicky. Jon and I both said, “Hi” back and carried on talking. Vicky was having a half-hearted attempt to cover herself but soon gave up. Especially when Jon said, “No one cares round here.”

When there was a knock on next doors door, and Rebecca let the 2 boys in, Vicky again tried to cover up. It didn’t help when the 2 boys started staring at us. “Aren’t you bothered about them?” Vicky said pointing to the 2 boys. “Not at all, in fact I get a bit of a thrill teasing them,” I said. With that I stood up and walked over to the railings between the 2 balconies and asked the boys what their names were.

The 2 girls giggled and Rebecca said, “What’s the matter Mark - embarrassed?” With that the girls said, “Bye” and dragged the boys out. We all laughed, including Vicky who was starting to relax a bit. Jon told us that we were going to get some breakfast, then going to a Hippie Market at a place called Es Cana near a resort called Santa Eulalia. Vicky said that she should really go back to her hotel. Jon said that she would have to borrow a dress anyway so why not go straight there. “What about underwear?” she asked. I looked at Jon then told her that we wouldn’t be wearing any. He told her that she had 2 alternatives, firstly she could have some painted on with body paint, or secondly, she could just go for it. After a few seconds thought she said, “forget the paint, it will probably be too messy, I’ll just go for it” and we went to look for a dress for her. She chose the cheesecloth one and Jon told me to wear the denim dungarees. As we walked out of the hotel Vicky said that it was a bit draughty and I said, “Nice feeling isn’t it.”

In the cafe Vicky told me that she could see my pussy and she was a little surprised when I said that I wasn’t allowed to cross my legs. Over breakfast Jon and I told Vicky about the ‘arrangement’ that we had and I told her that I was really happy with it, that Jon was the best think that had happened to me. I even told her about the spankings. I got my Ben Wa balls out of my purse and put them on the table. She had no idea what they were and when I told her what they were she said that she “must get some of those, sounds as if they’re better than a man.” I told her that I didn’t agree with that bit, but they certainly had their uses.

I had an idea, and asked her if she would like to try them and that she shouldn’t worry about them falling out as you soon learn to control that. With that Jon told her to take them and put them in, in the car on the way.

As we were getting up to leave I turned a little abruptly and my left breast came out. When Vicky pointed it out to me I said that I could only adjust my clothes if Jon said so. “What about me?” When I told her that it was only me who couldn’t she stood in front of me and pushed it back in. The flesh contact made my nipple stand up but under the thick denim no one could see. As we drove off Vicky asked me if there was any special way to put them in. When I said no, she opened her legs (she was in the back) and I watched her push first one, then the other in. She said that nothing was happening, to which Jon said, “It will!” When we got to the ring road round Ibiza town I suddenly remembered that we weren’t naked. When I mentioned it to Jon he told me that as we had a guest it didn’t matter this time, but we would when we came back.

The Market was really crowded and very hot. As we were walking in Vicky had said that she liked the feeling of no knickers but that she was a little worried about the length of my cheesecloth dress that she was wearing, she just hoped that it didn’t get windy. It wasn’t long before Vicky told us that the balls were starting to work and that she was starting to get turned on. Jon said, “Give it another 5 minutes and your pussy will be dripping, and then you’ll have trouble walking.” Ten minutes later she begged us to find a toilet so that she could take them out. Jon said that we would be lucky to find a toilet and that we should look for somewhere quiet to ‘perform the operation’. Eventually we managed to find a quiet corner round the back of a building and Vicky squatted down and squeezed them out into her hand. She gave them back to me and I decided to wear them for a while. I popped them in and we continued looking round.

After about an hour looking and buying nothing Jon told us that we were leaving. Instead of going to the car we first went to a small supermarket down the road and bought some cans of coke. While we were queued as the checkout another woman joined the queue. The interesting thing about her was that she was only wearing 3 rectangles of material hanging together with string. I guess that she was one of the Hippies.

By this time Ben was doing what he was designed to do and I needed somewhere to either stop the stimulation or get the real thing. Jon just gave one of his smiles and said that I would have to wait another 5 minutes. From there we walked to a little beach that was round the back of the market. After finishing the coke and me removing Ben, Jon said that we were going for a swim to cool down. He stripped off and went in. As I was taking my dress off I noticed that Vicky wasn’t moving. I asked her what was wrong, and she said that she didn’t have a swimming costume and that she had never swum nude before. I told her that it was great and that as there was no one else near us then why not give it a try.

She said okay and took the dress off before running down to the water. I couldn’t help noticing that her breasts bounced a lot more than mine did as she ran. In the water we splashed about and generally messed about. We kept ‘ganging up’ on either Vicky or me and we were picked up and thrown back into the water. Jon started grabbing breasts and bums and it was good to see that Vicky wasn’t getting prudish about it. She was giving as good as she got and started grabbing both me then Jon.

Jon took it for while then grabbed her round her waist and pulled her bum out of the water and gave it a couple of slaps. She just said, “Ouch” and carried on. When we got out we all lay on the sand with Jon in the middle. Vicky lay on her stomach to start off with but soon turned over, which left her with sand all down her front and mixed in with her short pubic hair.

We had to go back into the sea to wash the sand off before we left and to start off with Vicky had trouble with the cheesecloth dress sticking to her. As we walked back to the car, one on either side of Jon, he put his arms round us and pulled us to him. That felt good and I wasn’t at all jealous of Vicky.

After we drove out of the car park and about a mile down the road, Jon stopped and we all took our clothes off. Vicky said that she was a bit nervous and excited about being nude with all the other cars about. As a joke I said, “Wait until we pass a bus, or get stuck in traffic in a built-up area.”

It was an uneventful journey back and just as we were getting into Playa d’en Bossa Vicky said that she had really enjoyed her day with us and she asked Jon if he would mind if we had her company for the rest of the holiday. Jon said, “Not at all, the only condition is that you pack your bags and move in with us.” Vicky thought about it for a minute and then said, “Well, you didn’t take advantage of me last night and I’ve enjoyed myself today so yes, I would like that.” We stopped outside Vicky’s hotel and put our clothes on then went to Vicky’s room and helped her pack her case. It was a really small room with no balcony. Jon said that it was just typical of package holiday companies charging single travellers extra for grotty little rooms.

Back in our room Vicky said that the sofa would do just fine for her but Jon said that she could sleep in our bed, he would take the middle with us on either side of him. She said that she wasn’t sure and Jon then said that we would sort it out later. Jon and I had stripped off when we got into our room but Vicky kept my cheesecloth dress on until she had a shower.

When she came out of the bathroom she was naked and when I mentioned it she just said, “When in Rome.” Jon told us that we were going into Ibiza town that night and asked Vicky if she had been there late at night. She said, “No,” and John said that she might get a bit of a surprise.

I had to wear my lacy net dress and Vicky wore a cotton button front dress. I was pleased to see that she didn’t bother with underwear. Jon put a shirt and Chinos on then gave me my collar to wear. We walked into the hotel bar, either side of Jon; both of us with an arm round him. One of the barmen passed some comment to Jon about now having 2 beautiful girls and then John asked him how much he would give him for one of them. That seemed to confuse the poor man and he went to get us our drinks. After a couple of drinks we went for a walk looking for a restaurant and found a Chinese one. It took us ages to get through the meal and it was dark when we finally left and drove to Ibiza town.

Walking around, Vicky kept saying, “look at him,” or “look at her,” or “look at that” when she wasn’t sure what ‘that’ was. I didn’t know what ‘that’ was half the time either. A couple of times she said, “I can see her tits,” or she hasn’t got any knickers on.” I was tempted to say ‘you and I haven’t either and you can see my pussy if you look’ but I didn’t.

We went into one of the cheaper boutiques and decided to try some dresses on. They had 2 little changing cubicles opposite each other with curtains, and when we were in there Jon came and opened first the curtain on mine, then Vicky’s. Vicky grabbed a dress and held it against her but when she saw me naked and only Jon there she relaxed.

She had chosen a tight fitting dress that had a zip down the front and she was having trouble fastening it. I had just taken off the first dress that I had tried on when Jon told me to go and help Vicky. Still wearing only my collar I walked across the room, not thinking about who could see me. It was only when I heard a man say “Nice ass” that I looked round and say a young couple looking at me. I ignored them and continued to Vicky.

She really had picked a dress too small and neither of us could get the zip to fasten. By the time we gave up all 3 of us were laughing. The shop assistant was just watching and ignoring us. We took the dress off and Jon told me to go and get a size bigger, but I didn’t know where Vicky had got it from so Jon told me to go and ask the shop girl. She smiled a little as I walked up to her and asked her for a size bigger.

She just said, “follow me” and went to the front of the shop. There I was, naked, just inside the glass door. I was getting a bit of attention from people passing by and I’m sure the girl was taking her time getting the dress. When I got back to Vicky she asked me if I was embarrassed being naked like that. I just said, “try it,” and helped her on with the dress.

Vicky was learning because when we got the dress on she said that she didn’t like it, took it off, walked to the same rack at the front and slowly selected another one. The assistant acted as if it happened all the time (maybe it did). Vicky walked back wiggling her ass as a couple of young men outside watched her every move.

Jon decided that we had had enough fun and told us to get dressed. Just to add to the fun, I grabbed Vicky’s dress, stated putting it on and told Vicky that she would have to put mine on. This made Jon smile and I guess he was thinking about what Vicky would look like in it being a couple of inches taller than me.

He was right, it only just covered her pussy and her bush was clearly visible though the material, more so than me, because my lack of hair made it not as obvious. Jon would only let me fasten Vicky dress down to just above my pussy and up to just below my breasts. We left, thanking the assistant for her time.

Poor Vicky was having a bit of a struggle keeping my dress below her pussy and she kept holding her hands in front of it. Jon was laughing more and more as we went into a bar. We got some drinks and found a table. As soon as we sat down Jon got the lead out and attached it to my collar. Jon decided that we would have another drink in there and told Vicky that it was her round, and she went to the bar.

By the time she got back to the table my dress was above her pussy and as soon as she put the drinks down she pulled the hem down. Jon asked her who had seen anything, and when she had looked around she said, “no one.” Jon then asked her why she had bothered.

That night I discovered that Vicky couldn’t take much alcohol, as she giggled and then pulled the dress up to her waist and sat down. I went for the next round with the lead hanging down the front. I guess that with all the unusual sights in Ibiza, a girl with a collar and lead was nothing special and everyone acted as if it was an everyday sight. Maybe it was.

We finished our drinks and as we stood up to leave Jon told me to pull Vicky’s hem down. As I did I deliberately touched her pussy and it was all wet. We walked back to the car with Vicky giggling and letting my dress ride up so that her butt and pubes were showing. No one took any notice of me being ‘pulled’ along by the lead. Jon opened the driver’s door, lifted the front seat up and told Vicky to get in. As she did she wiggled her ass at Jon so he grabbed at her pussy and when he pulled his hand out I could see her juices all over it. We stopped at a quiet cafe on the way back and had a coffee; I think that that was for Vicky’s benefit.

Back in our room Vicky was the first to strip off and go out onto the balcony. The 2 older girls next door were out on their balcony and said, “Hi” to us as we all went out and sat drinking water from a bottle that Jon had brought out. Jon asked the girls where they had been. They said that they had been to a disco called ‘Kiss’ but it hadn’t been very good so they had left.

Jon went in to go to the bathroom and Vicky and I leaned on the front railing looking at the few people walking back to their rooms and talking to the girls next door. After a while they went in and Jon came out. I hadn’t heard him come out and he came up behind me and leaned on me. He had an erection and it went straight into me. I said, “That’s nice,” and started wiggling my backside. Vicky didn’t take long to twig what was happening and said, “I could do with a piece of that.”

Jon didn’t need a second invite. He pulled out of me and went to behind Vicky, grabbed her hips and slipped into her. I guess that she was as wet as I was because there was no flinch, just a smile and a sigh. I said to her “I thought that you were off men at the moment?” “Only the ones that I don’t trust and I reckon that I know enough about you two by now.” As they were going at it I could see her breasts swinging back and forward.

So could the girl from next door who had come out to have another look over the balcony. I caught her eye as she was looking at Jon and Vicky and I said, “don’t they look happy?” “Err, yes, I suppose they do” was the reply before she went in. As I continued to watch I looked over at the girl’s door and could see 2 sets of eyes looking at us. It looked and sounded as if Vicky came, and I certainly recognised Jon’s body language.

We went in and lay on the bed, Jon in the middle and us two on either side. “What about me Master?” I said. “Right then” he said, “you had better clean us both up, and you know how, me first.” I got onto my knees and started licking his balls then dick. By the time I had licked all their juices off he was getting hard again and I started giving him a blow job. He stopped me and told me to start on Vicky who was watching us, fascinated. I climbed off the bed and went round to Vicky’s side and knelt on the bed with my knees up by her shoulders and started licking her stomach.

As I moved down to her pubes her legs opened for my forehead to get in between. I found her clit then her hole and stuck my tongue in. When I came up for air I could see her hand wanking Jon. It wasn’t long before her other hand was ‘caressing’ my pussy. She was good with her hand and it wasn’t long before I could feel an orgasm building, but she stopped and when I turned and looked at her, she grabbed my knee and lifted it over her. I wasn’t going to object and in a couple of seconds we were in the classic ‘69’ position.

She was biting my clit and hurting me, but I guess that she had worked out that I would enjoy it. It wasn’t long before I shuddered and went rigid. I think that that bit just pushed her over the edge as well and she shuddered as well. When things had calmed down I realised that I had one of Vicky’s pubic hairs somewhere in my mouth and it took ages before I finally managed to get it out. As I was doing so I was thinking that it had been a long time since that had happened.

We went to sleep, on of either side of Jon, both with an arm and a leg over him.

# Thursday August 6

I woke up with the bed bouncing up and down. Vicky was kneeling on either side of Jon’s hips and having a good ride. I reached up and started squeezing the one nipple of Vicky’s that Jon wasn’t. When she realised that it was me she looked at me and smiled. I said, “good morning” and went to the bathroom for a pee and clean my teeth. When I got back they were both collapsed beside each other. “My turn?” I asked, but Jon said not, it would be my turn later. “But Master, Vicky’s getting more fun than I am.” I said, then realised my mistake.

I regretted it straight away and the look on Jon’s face was a little frightening. “Assume the position” he said. “Getting a bit too cheeky lately young slave,” he said. “I think it’s time for you to be reminded who’s in charge here.” He went and got a leather belt from one of his pairs of trousers and dangled it in front of my face. Vicky was just staring at me. “Right” he said, “out on the balcony and over that table, Vicky, will you hold her arms down please?”

We went out and I got over the table and opened my legs before he told me to. After a couple of adjustments in my position he started and I started counting. After about 3 Jon was getting his aim better (or should that be worse), and he was managing to get just one cheek and the end of the belt was wrapping round my cheek and hitting my pussy and clit.

I was having difficulty keeping quiet but the noise of the belt hitting me must have been enough to attract the attention of the 2 young girls next door. Vicky told Jon that she could just see them through the window. Jon said, “so what!” and continued. Jon stopped when we got to ten and I managed to hold back the tears as I got up and went into the room. “And while we’re at it, it’s about time you were waxed again. Get the stuff out.” I got myself ready and lay on the bed waiting.

Jon asked Vicky if she would help and they both did one leg each. I think that Vicky thought that that was the end of it because she started to clear up. “Hang on, we’ve still got her pubic hair to do” Jon said. “Bloody hell, that’s going to hurt” Vicky said. I asked if I could have a gag and Jon got the ball gag out and gave it to me. As I was putting it on Vicky said that she had never seen one of those before and had a good look at it. Jon did the front of my pubes and then told me to lift my legs. As I was waiting for Jon to pull the first strip off my lips I could see Vicky cringing, I guess that she could imagine how much it was going to hurt.

All credit to Jon, he did them very quick and the gag didn’t have to suppress my screams for long. As I was getting up I saw my bright red pubes and lips, they were hurting nearly as much as my backside, but not as much as my clit that was still suffering from the effects of the belt. Jon told me to go and take a shower and then spend the next hour on the balcony, catching up with the notes for this journal. As I was walking to the bathroom I heard Vicky say, “A bit hard on her weren’t you?” “No, she enjoys it, ask her” Jon replied.

When I came out Jon gave me the little remote controlled vibrator and told me to put it where it belonged (after the previous session with it we had decided that I didn’t need to wear the rubber knickers to be able to keep it in place, just muscle power). Vicky watched as I put it in me then Jon said, “And keep it there until this evening.” He then gave Vicky the remote control and said, “play with that knob on and off during the day.” “What does it do?” she asked. “Just try it - not now, but later, and see if you can work it out for yourself.”

Jon and then Vicky went and had a shower while I was writing my notes. After that, Jon and I put on our vests, Vicky put on a wrap round skirt and T-shirt and we walked to a cafe for breakfast. Just as we were ordering, Jon said to Vicky “I’m glad to see that you haven’t put any underwear on Vicky.” The waiter stopped writing and looked at both Vicky’s and my laps. I’m sure that he could see my red pubes, but looking at Vicky I doubt that he could see anything, except for her red face; Jon had embarrassed her.

Vicky finished first and started looking at the remote control. The inevitable happened and I gave a little shudder. Vicky didn’t notice what I had done and said to Jon “what’s supposed to happen?” Jon said, “Something did happen; give it time, you’ll find out.” Fortunately, she turned if off again, saying she would try again later.

Jon decided that we would spend the day at the beach and we went back to the hotel and packed our things. Just after we had got in the car Jon told me to take my vest off and he took his off. Vicky decided to ‘go with the crowd’ and took her skirt and T-shirt off as well. Jon drove out of the car park and to the end of the road. While we were stopped waiting for the traffic a group of youth on mopeds pulled up alongside us; also waiting to turn left. It didn’t take long for them to spot us 2 naked girls in the car and within seconds 3 or 4 of them were bending down and looking in the windows. Vicky tried to cover herself with her hands but I thought ‘what the hell’ and just smiled at them.

We drove off, leaving them in the distance but I think that Jon was wanting a bit of fun because on the way to the beach he drove into the airport and deliberately stopped alongside a bus full of people waiting to unload at the departures side. I could see one or two people looking down before Jon drove off.

We pulled into the beach car park and Jon decided to start a new row well away from the others. That meant that we had a long walk in the open before going through the other cars and into the trees behind the beach. Needless to say Jon wouldn’t let me cover up; Vicky decided to be the same way.

Three cars came into the car park as we walked across it before we got to the cover of the other cars and a few of the occupants had a good stare at us. On the beach we parked ourselves on sun loungers and I rubbed sun tan lotion all over the 3 of us. I lingered round Jon and Vicky’s interesting bits but nothing exciting happened.

We had a quiet day soaking up the sun until about mid-afternoon when we went for a walk along the water edge after going for a swim. All 3 of us walked the full length of the beach and got a few stares when we walked along the part that was occupied by people with clothes on.

It was slightly uncomfortable ‘wearing’ the small vibe and I think that Vicky and Jon had forgotten about it. Jon decided to go for another walk on his own and was walking off when Vicky decided to put some more sun tan lotion on. I hadn’t seen her pull the remote out of her bag or switch it on, but I certainly knew when she did.

I suddenly jumped and said, “Ow.” “What happened to you” Vicky said. When I told her that it was her and that the box that Jon had given her was a remote control for the vibrator that Jon had told me to put in that morning she was fascinated and she kept playing with the switch and looking at me. It didn’t take her long to bring me to the brink of a climax but at that point she would switch it off, let me calm down and then switch it on again. She did this about 5 or 6 times. I was getting very frustrated and in the end I said, “Please let me cum Mistress” without thinking. I think this surprised her because she switched it on again, came and sat next to me and held my hand while my relief came. After I came, she switched if off and said, “Vanessa, I’m not your Mistress, but I would like to be your friend, and I’m enjoying giving you some pleasure.” With that, she switched it on again and watched me slowly cum again.

After that she leaned over me and reached down and into me and pulled the vibe out. I was that wet that I think I could have used just my muscles and squeezed it out. Vicky went to her sun bed and discretely slid it into herself. She played with the remote for a few minutes and then gave it to me saying “your turn to have some fun.” I gave her a quick thrill then said, “Later” and pretended to go to sleep. About 10 minutes later I woke Vicky up by switching it on for a few seconds then off again. Neither of us said anything when Jon got back, but I kept giving Vicky a quick ‘burst’ to keep her on her ‘high.’ I was enjoying having the power to control Vicky’s pleasure.

Jon was hungry so we put out vests on (Vicky her T-shirt) and we went to the beach bar. I don’t think we would have bothered with the vests except that there were a couple of policemen sat drinking in the bar. Jon didn’t want to risk a confrontation and said that the Spanish police were quite unpredictable.

The bar was crowded and we had to sit on the edge of the floor which was a wooden platform about a foot above the sand. We’d been there about 15 minutes when some kids (about 11 or 12) started playing in the sand in front of us. I suddenly realised that they were spending a lot of time laid on the sand looking at us and whispering to each other. It took me ages to realise that because we were sat so low with our knees higher than our bums they would easily be able to see everything that we had got. I looked at Jon then Vicky and it didn’t look as if they had realised so I decided not to say anything and let the kids have their fun. After a while I think that they must have learnt enough about adult genitalia to satisfy themselves for one day because they moved away.

We went back to our loungers and settled down again. I was making notes for this journal but kept giving Vicky a little burst to keep her awake. Every time I did she looked at me and smiled as if to say ‘keep it on please’. Needless to say I didn’t, I was enjoying it, but probably not as much as Vicky was.

At about 5 o’clock Jon decided that we were leaving and took us the long way back to the car. We walked through the sand dunes and trees, sometimes on paths that were hardly paths. We came across a few people sitting under trees, or just walking about. We saw 2 separate couple having sex and a couple of men on their own playing with themselves. There were also 2 men playing with each other. At one point when we were in front of one young couple with the girl riding the boy Jon said that he was thinking about us giving them a ‘show’ as well as the other way around, but we didn’t.

Back in the car park there were hundreds of cars there and it took us ages to find our car. All the time us 3 naked people were walking around in and out of rows of cars and in between the lots of people who had decided that it was time to leave. It was funny watching people reactions, some would just ignore us, some would deliberately change direction to avoid us, some would stare at us, and one or two would mutter something like ‘tut’ or ‘well really’ at us. That was the English; I couldn’t understand what the foreigners were saying.

We eventually found the car and I climbed in the back, I wanted to have some more fun with Vicky. I switched the vibe on for about 3 seconds, 3 or 4 times. Eventually Jon realised what was happening and as we were parking the car at the hotel he asked for the remote and after we had put our vests and T-shirt on and got out he switched it on and left it on.

Poor Vicky having to walk back to our room with the vibe buzzing away. By the time we got back to our room she was getting quite red and having difficulty walking. She was cursing and swearing at Jon when we got into the room and he switched it off. He said that she would have to remove the vibe, go out onto the balcony and finish herself off out there.

Well, when a girl has gone that far, she has just to finish it, so she did. She didn’t even notice the 2 young girls and boys on the balcony next door. Not that it mattered because they were in various states of dress and more interested in each other than us. They looked as if they had just discovered what fun girls and boys could have. I was having difficulty deciding where to look, the boys next door, one with his dick sticking out of the tops of his shorts, or one of the girls with nothing on with her little wisp of pubic hair, or the other girl with just her knickers on, or Vicky who was frigging for England.

Vicky came with a muffled scream and then collapsed into the chair. After a drink and a shower Jon told us to get some rest before we went out for the evening. I lay on the bed reading and soon went to sleep. When I woke up Jon was sat on the balcony and Vicky was asleep beside me.

Just as it was getting dark we went out, me wearing just my lacy net dress and Vicky wearing my white latex dress. She had to keep pulling the hem down as it kept riding up to show the creases at the bottom of her cheeks. We walked down the main street and found a little restaurant and had something to eat before going into the bar with the DJ. That night it was Bucking Bronco night and they were inviting the kids to have a go.

As the night wore on and the younger kids left, the rides were getting more interesting. The boozing teenagers were going flying as they tried to stay on

as the DJ made the Bronco livelier. The DJ was having fun with the girls and trying to get them to take their tops of. He was getting the lads to chant ‘get your tits out, get you tits out, get your tits out for the lads’. Most of them did and he then started the Bronco that made their breasts really bounce about.

The girls that wouldn’t get their tits out had to turn round and face the back and then a lad from the audience had to get on the normal way, facing her. The girl then had to lay back and lift her legs onto the lad’s shoulders, giving the lad a great view of her knickers. When the DJ started the Bronco it wasn’t long before the girl was flying off with her skirt round her waist. That seemed to please the lads.

We had been in there for a couple of hours and had had a few drinks when Jon decided that I was going to have a go on the Bronco. The lads all cheered when I climbed on. Especially the ones behind the Bronco who could see what I wasn’t wearing. The DJ got it bucking for a minute or so before he asked me to get my tits out. When I said I couldn’t because of the dress he asked for a male volunteer from the audience.

He finally picked one from the ones that wanted a go and I had to turn round for the lad to get on. The DJ told me that I had to put my feet over his shoulders. I thought ‘well, showing one everything is better that showing everyone everything’ so I started to pull my dress up over my bum so that I could get my legs up easily. Just then I fell for the oldest trick in the book; the lad said, “Look at that” and pointed to the ceiling. Being stupid I looked up and the lad suddenly grabbed the bottom of my dress and pulled it up and right over my head before I knew what was happening. I looked over to Jon who waved his arms indicating that I had to get on with it.

There I was naked, facing a strange man, and Jon was telling me to lay back and lift my legs over his shoulders. I knew that Jon would not be happy if I refused, so I did it. All the lads in the bar were really cheering and trying to get closer, and the lad whose neck my feet were round must have been able to see that I was getting aroused. There was nothing that I could hold onto other than the lad neck with my feet, but the lad could hold on to the bit of rope that was just in front of his crotch. The problem was that that was where my pussy was, and his hands were resting on my pussy. The DJ started the machine and my breasts were wobbling about. Needless to say I didn’t last long and I went flying closely followed by the lad. I ended up lying on my back on the big air cushions with my arms and legs spread with my feet almost in the audience.

As soon as I got my bearings I managed to get off the air cushions and then came the problem of finding my dress and getting through all the lads that were stood around. I hadn’t a clue where the dress was so I had to start looking round. The lads weren’t going to miss an opportunity and their hands were everywhere. One even gave me a big sloppy kiss on my mouth. The comments they were coming out with were amazing. By the time I’d got round to the other side of the room I had lost count of the number of fingers that had been inside me. I was really wet by then so there was no resistance at all.

Eventually I found my dress and put it on. I should have realised that Jon would have retrieved it but I just didn’t think and that was the last place that I looked for it. I was beginning to have visions of having to walk back to the hotel naked. When I told Jon about that he just said, “Tomorrow.”

The DJ managed to get a bit of quiet and asked if anyone else would like a go on the Bronco. I should have guessed that Vicky would, she’d been knocking the drinks back and was quite happy by that time. Up she stood and went over to the DJ waving her arms. Like most men, he didn’t take long to spot a woman whose dress barely covered her pussy and ass. The DJ asked her what her name was and then told her to get on the Bronco.

As soon as the lads around the cushions saw her dress ride up even further as she lifted a leg onto the cushion they realised that they were in for another treat and started cheering. She jumped onto the Bronco and then swung her legs round so that she could sit on it and by the time she was in the right position her dress was up round her waist.

The Bronco stated slowly and Vicky was doing quite well hanging on. When The DJ stopped and asked her to get her tits out she just pulled the dress straight over her head. This caused even more cheering and comments from the lads. Vicky threw her dress towards me and I managed to get it without any problems. The lad’s attention had obviously moved from me to Vicky.

The Bronco stated again and Vicky’s breasts were bouncing a lot more than mine were, but there again, they are bigger than mine are. She was doing well and lasted right through until the DJ stopped the Bronco and said that it was only fair that she shared her ride with one of the lads. It took ages for the DJ to decide which one; I think they all wanted a go. Eventually one got on behind her and put his arms round her and held onto her breasts. “No, not like that” the DJ said, “she has to turn round and face each other like the last couple did.”

The lad let go of Vicky who then tried to turn round, it was funny watching them as she tried. They were hanging on to each other everywhere. At one point Vicky was nearly stood up on the Bronco balancing by holding onto the lad’s head. There was lots of laughter and cheers as various parts of Vicky were pushed towards different parts of the audience. Eventually they were facing each other both holding onto the little rope between their crotches. I couldn’t see but I would guess that somebody’s hands were on somebody’s genitals.

The DJ still wasn’t happy so Vicky had to lay back and lift her legs over his shoulders. Vicky did this differently to me, I just had my ankle round the bloke’s head but Vicky had her knees over his shoulders. This meant that Vicky’s pussy was just below his face and you can guess what happened next. The lad just bent forward and started to use his tongue on her pussy.

There were lots of cheers from the audience but I think it was a bit too much for the DJ because he started the Bronco. In that position they were both off in seconds and ended up in one big pile on the cushions. Vicky had the same problem getting off the cushions and back to us. It was obvious from the time that she took that she was enjoying herself and when she did get back she just said, “That was fun” and sat down.

Jon gave her the dress and told her to put it on. A few more people had a go on the Bronco and one girl got down to her knickers but the cheers were not as noisy as when Vicky and I were on. After about an hour both Vicky and I decided that we needed to go to the toilet. When we got there the place was in a hell of a mess, there was water everywhere and the toilet pan was smashed. We went back to Jon who told us to go in the Gents toilet. When we got there the toilet pan there was broken as well. That just left the urinal on the wall.

We didn’t know what to do; we were both desperate so Vicky suggested that we use that. “How?” I asked Vicky. “Easy” she said, and stood either side of it just like the men do, and then she hitched her dress up to her waist, leaned back, and started. It worked; she was getting it right on target.

When it came to my turn I was just as accurate as Vicky but I had to lean further back because I wasn’t quite as tall as her. I was in full flow with my dress round my waist when a youth came in. At first he wasn’t sure whether he was in the right room, or what. After looking at the door again then looking at me again then Vicky, Vicky said, “Ladies not working.” “Oh right” he said, and continued to stare at me.

When I finished I turned round still holding my dress round my waist and said, “Anyone got a tissue?” The youth just kept staring and judging by the bulge in his trousers he was going to have trouble having a piss. Vicky giggled and grabbed my arm and pulled me out. When we told Jon he laughed, and when the youth walked back passed our table Jon said, “Is that him?” loud enough for him to hear. Poor lad, he looked embarrassed.

The walk back to the hotel was uneventful but as we were walking through the hotel bar someone whistled at us. I hadn’t a clue why at the time, but in the lift Jon told me that his arm that was round me was on my bum, under my dress and on the top of my left cheek. Most of my bum was on display and I didn’t even know it. Vicky also hadn’t realised that his right arm was doing the same to her. He said that we had walked most of the way back to the hotel like that. I guess it was a combination of being used to having nothing covering my bum and the fact that I was enjoying having Jon’s arm round me.

Back in the room we stripped off and went on to the balcony. It was all quiet out there and we talked for a while and drank some water before going to bed. Jon was in the middle and I don’t know if he and Vicky had any sex because I fell asleep straight away.

# Friday August 7

That morning I woke up first and decided to wake the other two with my mouth. Knowing that Jon is a heavier sleeper than Vicky is I decided to start on her and carefully got out of bed and went round to her side. I kneeled on the floor and started licking her stomach and moving down to her short and curlies. I was obviously having the desire effect because her legs opened enough for me to get my tongue to her little clit. She started moaning a little and then opened her eyes. I stopped and carefully leaned over to Jon and started licking his dick. Vicky whispered “don’t stop,” to which I said, “later”, and took Jon in my mouth and started licking and sucking. It wasn’t long before he was hard and I whispered to Vicky to get on him.

As I backed off she carefully got up and put her knees either side of his waist and lowered herself onto him. I decided to offer my pussy to his mouth and carefully climbed on in front of Vicky. I guess that I wasn’t careful enough because just as I got on he opened his eyes to see my moist pussy right in front of his face. “Nice way to wake up” he said, and pulled me down onto his face. No sooner than I was there his teeth were chewing my clit. Vicky started going up and down and put her arms round me and started rubbing my nipples between her fore fingers and thumbs.

Vicky had had a head start and came first. She was quickly followed by Jon who bit my clit as he came. The pain made me cum quickly and in the end I think we all came within a minute.

After we had showered we went onto the balcony and talked about what we were going to do that day. Jon said that as it was our last day Vicky and I could decide. Vicky said that she hadn’t seen much of the island and I said that I would like to go to a beach and then Ibiza town again. Jon said we could combine the lot and told us to pack a bag.

We went straight to a cafe just down the road and had some breakfast before walking back to the car at the hotel. Before Jon would let us get in Vicky and I had to take our T-shirts off and give them to him through the window. As soon as we did he stated the car and drove a hundred yards down the road. That left the 2 of us naked in the car park with people looking down on us from their balconies and some kids about 11 or 12 walking towards us.

There was nothing else that we could do, we just ran after Jon hoping that he wouldn’t move again. He didn’t and we jumped in. Vicky said, “That was fun,” as soon as she got her breath back.

We spent a couple of hours just driving around and as far as I can tell no one realised that there were 2 naked women in the car. I’m sure it would have been different if Jon had hired an open top jeep.

We drove all over the middle of the island and stopped at a sleepy little village for some lunch. Jon told me to put just my white bikini on and to adjust it so that it covered even less flesh. He said that the place could do with waking up. Vicky borrowed my vest, matching what Jon was wearing. We wandered round a bit and then stopped at a little cafe. Before we went in. Jon grabbed the front and the back of my bikini bottom and pulled it up. He nearly lifted me off the ground and I thought that I was going to be cut in half. When he let go the crotch that was only one inch wide was inside my lips.

Inside there were 4 old men and a young girl serving. We took a table near the door and Jon told me to put my feet up on another char and keep my feet a few inches apart. When the girl eventually came over to us she was greeted by the sight of my pussy lips staring at her and when she turned to face Jon she would have been able to see his dick and balls because I could.

Vicky was the only one of us that was decent - if you ignore the fact that you could see the whole of the outside of her left breast, right to and including part of the aureole.

The girl said something to Jon in Spanish that he didn’t understand and after she looked back at my pussy she asked him what we wanted, in English. After Jon told her he had to tell her again because she hadn’t heard him as she was staring at his balls and dick.

Eventually our drinks and then sandwiches arrived and each time she came over, she had a good look at both Jon and me. Afterwards she went back to the bar and was talking to the old men. I guess that she was telling them about us because they kept looking over to us.

When it came for us to leave Jon caught the eye of the girl but it was one of the old men who came over to give us the bill. He had a real good look at my crotch before putting it on the table and leaving.

When we left Jon told us to take our clothes off before we got into the car. This wouldn’t have been so bad except that there were some kids hanging around the car park. The older ones just stared at us as we stripped and then drove off.

We drove to Cala Conta beach and parked under the trees. Just as I was getting our belongings from the back of the car a bus load of people went passed blowing a cloud of dusty sand all over us, but this wasn’t before everyone on one side of the bus had a good look at me.

Jon had me walk across to the steps down to, and onto the nude part of the beach without putting any clothes on but Vicky wrapped her towel round herself. We settled down to soak up the sun and after an hour or so we all went for a swim.

We ended up round the corner just off the clothed part. Well I say clothed one of the first things that I saw when I looked up towards the beach was a woman walking along the water’s edge wearing only a bikini bottom. As she passed right in front of us the bikini bottom just didn’t look normal. There were no sides to it.

Jon came up with the answer; it was moulded in some type of plastic. How it was staying in place we didn’t know, but Jon said that it must have some sort of dildo built into it so that she could grip onto it with her vaginal muscles. I said that it sounded fun and Jon promised to try to work on a way of making one. Jon told us that since it was our last day on holiday we were going to try to liven the place up a bit and that we were going to get out of the water there and then walk back to our towels.

Some of the people we passed were real prudish and we got the odd comment of “they should be arrested” and “it shouldn’t be allowed.” We just ignored these and kept walking back to our towels where we put some more sun tan lotion on and soaked up some more sun.

As the afternoon wore on Jon decided that we would go back to the hotel and have a swim in the pool. What he didn’t tell us was that we weren’t to wear anything until we got back to our room after a swim.

Well, getting back to the hotel was quite easy, but we then had to get from the car park and into the pool. It took us a good 10 minutes to do the 100 yard trip, hiding behind anything we could find as people walked by. We used the back entrance but there were still quite a few people walking about. The last bit took the most courage as we had to walk (run) for about 20 yards through the sun beds and then jump into the pool.

Jon had gone ahead carrying our clothes and was waiting for us in the pool. Fortunately it was getting toward 6 o’clock and there weren’t a lot of people around the pool, or in it. It was the group of teenage boys that took the most notice and they followed us around in the water.

Only one of them had some goggles and they changed hands quite a lot. We ignored them and eventually they gave up and went back to throwing their ball to each other. Jon told me to introduce Vicky to the jet of water at the quiet end of the pool. At first she couldn’t understand what I was talking about, but as soon as she got her knees either side of it she just didn’t want to move. I had a real problem getting her to let me gave a go. Jon swam over to us and told us that he was going to take the hire car back and for us to go up to our room in about 15 minutes.

We took it in turns on the water jet but neither of us reached a climax. Close and it was good, but not quite there. We guessed at the 15 minutes and then swam to where we got in. We didn’t really expect to find our things there so we weren’t disappointed.

We waited for a time when no one was looking at us and the jumped out and ran for it. We had to go past one of the bars and got a few cheers from a group of men but I didn’t even look at them. We made it to the room with only having to hide once but the room door was locked when we tried to get in. Jon wasn’t there. What could we do, there wasn’t any cover outside our room so we just had to wait and look casual.

It wasn’t long before our neighbours the 2 young girls arrived with the 2 boys. We said, “Hi” to them and started telling them that we were locked out. The boys wouldn’t stop looking at us and I guess that they were doing things to us ‘in their dreams’ because they both had bulges in their shorts. All 4 of us females noticed and the 2 young girls told them to ‘calm down’. Vicky then asked if we could wait for Jon in their room and we all went in.

All 6 of us were sat around talking about nothing special when the 2 young girls decided to go to the bathroom leaving the 2 boys alone with us. Vicky asked the boys if they were embarrassed being alone with 2 naked girls. They looked at each other and then one of them said, “No.” “But it does turn you on” Vicky said. They both denied it but the bulges in their shorts said otherwise. Vicky then asked them if they would like to be naked as well. They both shook their heads up and down so Vicky said, “come on, get ‘em off.” They both turned their backs to us and stripped off and just stood there. I was beginning to enjoy their embarrassment and said, “Turn round then.” When they did they both had erections, not very big ones, but then again they were only 14.

Just then I heard a noise next door, Jon must be back. I thought for a few seconds then asked the boys to come and lay on the bed next to where we were sitting. I don’t know what they were expecting to happen but as soon as they were laid flat I got up and went to the bathroom and quietly asked the girls to come out and join the party. When the 3 of us walked into the room both the boys were staring at Vicky who was sat right next to the boys holding a dick in each hand. I said, “Come on Vicky, Jon’s back” and the boys looked up. When they saw the 2 girls they tried to cover their dicks with their hands as Vicky got up. The 2 girls were giggling trying to work out what to do next.

We left and knocked on our door for John to let us in. Taking the car back had taken longer than he had thought but he said that he should have realised as it was Spain we were in. Jon decided that since it was our last night we would pack our bags then go and have a good meal then go into Ibiza town. We would come back to the hotel just before the coach was due to pick us up. Jon told me to wear my short wrap-round skirt and white bikini top and Vicky decided to wear just a thin cotton button down the front dress.

We packed our bags and walked down to one of the Chinese restaurants and had a great meal with lots of white wine. I think we were all a little happy when we got a taxi into Ibiza town. We wandered round the harbour area looking at all the ‘unusual’ people and into some of the clothes shops. In one of the shops Vicky saw a dress that she liked and tried it on. Jon made sure that she didn’t close the curtains to the changing cubicle and a middle-aged couple that were in there had a good look at her as she changed. I think that she is getting used to people seeing her naked now or maybe the wine was helping.

We didn’t buy anything and moved on. We walked further along round the harbour and came across a lively ‘English’ bar. Jon decided that the wine was beginning to wear off and that we needed a drink. It was quite big inside and was full of young people. There was a DJ that was keeping the dance floor full. Jon decided that we would stay there for a while and we managed to get a corner to stand in. After a while (and a few bottles of San Miguel), some drunken youth came in and started causing a bit of trouble. A fight started and the customers that didn’t want to get involved moved to the sides of the room. The bouncers moved in and there were bodies flying everywhere. I think that Vicky was a little scared and I know I was. Jon put his arms round our shoulders to comfort us a bit. One youth landed just in front of us and started to get up. Just as he got to his knees someone pushed him and he fell towards us. He grabbed for something to stop him falling, but there was nothing there but my skirt. It all happened so quick, one second he was getting up, the next he was down again, but this time with my skirt in his hand. The little bit of velcro holding it round me had given way and I was now naked apart from 2 small triangle of thin white material that were just about covering my breasts.

The youth on the floor at my feet did a double take as he got up, so did a few other people that were nearby. I quickly put my skirt back on as the bouncers won the fight and threw the drunks out. As the place was settling down the DJ told everyone that we were in Spain and that bouncers can get away with a lot more than they can in England so causing bother wasn’t a good idea. About 30 minutes later the DJ announced that they were going to have a wet T-shirt competition and if anyone wanted to enter they were to go and see him. Jon decided that I should enter and asked Vicky if she would. After some thought (and another San Miguel, she agreed and we both went and entered.

An hour later we were in this little room with 3 other girls and being given the T-shirts. Somehow we managed to be fourth and fifth on stage and sat waiting as the other girls went and did their bit. Girl one came back in with her T-shirt still on and very wet. I could see her little nipples and knickers through the nearly see-through cotton. Girl two came back with her T-shirt torn and tied under her breasts. She was wearing a white thong that was slightly see-through because of the water. Girl three came back wearing only her knickers and carrying her T-shirt, her big breasts bouncing like soggy watermelons.

I had been thinking and when it came to my turn I said to Vicky “let’s do a double act.” She agreed and we both whipped our clothes off and put the T-shirts on. We got a funny look from one of the girls when she saw that we both didn’t have any knickers on. We ran out and onto the stage and I told the man that we were doing it together. “OK, a little shy are we?” he said to us. ‘Silly man’ I thought as we stated to dance to the music.

They weren’t messing about, and within a minute we both had buckets of water thrown at us. We were drenched and the thin T-shirts were sticking to us. I could see exactly where Vicky’s bush was, and what colour it was. The audience were shouting “Get your tits out,” “Get ‘em off,’” and “skin, skin, skin.” I moved over to Vicky and got hold of the top of her T-shirt and ripped it a bit down the front. I wasn’t sure that I would be able to do it but I was surprised how easy it was. These were probably very cheap T-shirts. Vicky took the hint and did the same to me, but the rip was longer and my right breast was uncovered. The audience loved it. It was my turn again and this time I ripped Vicky’s T-shirt right down to her waist. Just as I finished that more water came flying at us.

Vicky wasn’t going to let me get the better of her and grabbed my T-shirt and pulled. Not only did it rip right to the bottom, but as I turned away it came right off me. I was naked in front of the whole audience who were cheering very loudly. I grabbed what was left of the T-shirt and held it front of my pussy and then looked at Vicky. She was smiling and waving a finger at me as if to say ‘No’, but that wasn’t going to stop me. I grabbed her T-shirt and pulled.

It only took a second for her to become naked as well. I threw my T-shirt into the audience, closely followed by Vicky’s and we danced naked together. I decided to play to the audience a bit and moved to the front of the stage. There were lots of hands reaching towards me as I got on my knees (legs apart), leaned back and danced like that for a while. Vicky was moving about and getting very close to the hands, but I never saw any touch her.

The music stopped and we went up to the DJ who told us to stand next to each other while he called the other girls out. I think that they were a little surprised when they saw us naked. It was ‘vote time’ and the DJ asked each girl to step forward so that the audience could vote by the loudness of the applause.

On cue, girl one lifted her T-shirt to ‘flash’ her breasts at the crowd. Girl two ran to the front and ripped her T-shirt off and threw it into the audience. Girl three just waved at the audience but when the DJ said ‘four and five’ I grabbed Vicky’s hand and pulled her to the front. I don’t know why I did what I did next, but I faced her, put my arms round her waist, pulled her to me and gave her a big sloppy kiss, right on the lips. At first she didn’t respond, but within a couple of seconds we were swapping spit with each other. At the same time our naked breasts were rubbing against each other and the audience were cheering very loudly. It only lasted a few seconds before I pulled away and turned so that my back was to the audience. I bent at the waist, wiggled my ass at them then pulled Vicky back to the DJ.

The DJ declared Vicky and I as winners and gave us a bottle of champagne. All 5 of us entrants went back to the little changing room and put our clothes on. As Vicky and I had a head start on the others (both ways), we were dressed and leaving first. As we were walking out I heard one of the girls say that they didn’t stand much of a chance winning with those 2 exhibitionists in the competition. We both ignored the comment and went to look for Jon. It took a few minutes as the place was still crowded and Jon had moved from our original place. When we found him he told us that the competition had taken longer that he thought it would and that we had to leave.

We got a taxi back to the hotel but Jon told the driver to stop about half a mile from the hotel. To start with I didn’t realise what Jon was up to but he dragged us into a dark alley and told us to take our clothes off and give them to him. He then told us that we were going to liven the place up a bit and that we had to walk back to the hotel naked and go through reception and to our room; and not to use the back entrance.

It was a good job that it was dark, but there were still quite a few people about, mainly young people who were still moving from bar to bar. Jon told to get going and left us saying that he would be in the room waiting for us. Well, Vicky and I looked at each other and she said, “Well, I reckon that we have 3 options. One is to stay here and hope that Jon comes back for us. Two is to just run like hell, right down the main street and don’t stop for anything. And three is to try and get back using side streets and hiding when we see someone. What do you think?”

We discussed it for a minute or so and decided that it was too far to just run fast all the way and there was no chance that Jon would be back. We decided on a compromise, start with option 2 and when we got nearer the hotel we were going to run for it. It was slow going, every time we saw someone we would dive behind a car or wall or whatever was available. In a way, it was fun and at one point I touched my pussy and it was wet so I guess that I was finding exciting.

We made it down to the beach and decided to follow that as far as we could. At least there was less chance of us standing in some dog shit. At one point we heard a noise and ducked behind a pile of sun loungers only to be confronted by a naked couple having sex. I’m not sure who had the biggest surprise but we decided to run for it from there.

We stopped behind a parked car just at the bottom of the road to our hotel and got our breath back before deciding to do the last bit as fast as we could, and hoping that there weren’t many people in the reception area. I remember seeing a couple of people and hearing someone shout something but I don’t know what they said. It seemed like hours but it must have only taken seconds to fly through reception and up the stairs. It was only when we got to our corridor that we slowed down to a walk.

When we got to our room the door was locked and Jon wasn’t answering our knock. After a couple of minutes we heard someone coming and Vicky said that it might be the hotel manager coming to tell us off or something. We hid in an alcove and I was relieved to see that it was Jon. He told us that he had waited in reception to make sure that we went through.

Back in the room Jon told us to shower and get ready to leave for home. We had 10 minutes before the bus arrived. When we got out of the shower we only had time to put on what Jon had got out for us. Everything else was in our cases ready to go. Vicky chose the long wrap-round skirt and blouse which left me with my favourite cheesecloth dress. Jon wore just a T-shirt and shoes.

Out the front of the hotel the bus was waiting, and we jumped on. As we were walking down the aisle I heard the words ‘that’s them’, and ‘streak’. Jon was smiling as we sat on the back seat. We had a long wait in the airport, the flight was delayed and the place was so crowded that the only place we could find to sit was the cold marble floor which wasn’t very nice with no knickers on. Jon didn’t get changed until we were in the departure lounge. On the flight Jon asked Vicky how she was getting home and she told us that she would be waiting for a bus. She said that she wasn’t back at work till the Monday and that her 2 flatmates were away for the weekend.

Jon invited her to come home with us and said that he would drive her home on the Sunday afternoon so that she had time to get back into the ‘old routine’ before the Monday.

It wasn’t long before Jon was pushing the pile of mail away from the back of the door and we were home. After a quick tour Jon told Vicky that she had a choice of 3 places to sleep, with me, with him, or on the ‘punishment’ bed. She chose me and we fell asleep next to each other just as the sun was coming up.

# Saturday August 8

I woke up a couple of hours later to the smell of bacon cooking and the pleasure of Vicky playing with my clit. I opened my legs a bit wider and Vicky said just “make the most of it girl.” I didn’t get much chance to because Jon came in and told us that breakfast was ready. Thank god for freezers.

We eat breakfast on the patio, still naked and enjoying the unusual British sunshine. It was nearly as warm as it had been in Ibiza. Vicky said that it seemed strange being naked outside in England; that she had never even thought about doing it, but that she was getting to enjoy being naked anyway.

After a few minutes she said that she was puzzled by the scaffolding, and asked what it was. Jon said that he would show her after we had finished breakfast. I cleared up and Jon told me to get the ropes. It wasn’t long before Vicky realised what it was and remembered that I had told her about it. Jon asked her if she wanted to try it and when she said, “yes please,” he helped her get onto it laying face up while I got the ropes. As we tied her on she said that she was a bit nervous about being so helplessly tied up, but it was me that re-assured her by saying that Jon wouldn’t let us come to any harm. Pleasure yes, but no harm. After tying her firmly in place, Jon told me to get a stool and proceeded to attach my wrists to the top bar facing Vicky. He then moved the stool and tied my ankles to each upright. I looked at Vicky who was straining to see what was happening to me.

Jon took his belt off and gave me 5 strokes on my butt. The first I knew of what was happening was when the first one landed. Automatically I said, “One - thank you Master” and wondered what I was being punished for. It was only afterward that Jon told me it was because it wasn’t me that had cooked breakfast; Saturday wasn’t my day off so it should have been me.

Jon asked Vicky if she wanted to try being spanked. She told us that she was worried that she couldn’t take the pain but the idea did excite her a little. Jon told her that he would spank her, but wasn’t sure when. And just to ‘help’ matters he put a blindfold on her and started cracking his belt on the scaffolding poles. Each time one landed Vicky jumped a little (not that she could move far). I could tell that the anticipation was turning her on because I could see her pussy lips swelling and opening a little. I could also see her juices starting to sparkle in the sunlight. Jon was obviously having a bit of fun with us because he then untied us and told me to go inside and up to the punishment room. He also asked Vicky if she would like to join us. I guess that she did because she ran upstairs long before Jon and me.

Jon restrained her by tying her wrists to the top corners of the bed then bent her body double and tied her ankles to the same top corners. Her butt was up in the air with her legs apart and her still hairy pussy smiling at us. Jon told me to sit on a chair in the corner so that Vicky could see me and I was to masturbate when he started caning Vicky.

After flexing the cane and swishing it through the air a couple of times, he landed the first stroke. Vicky screamed loudly and I started. I did the counting for Jon. After the second and another loud scream, Jon decided that he has better gag Vicky and he put the ball gag on her. She struggled a bit as he put it on but it didn’t stop him. After the third I could see tears running down the side of her face and the red wheals on her ass.

Jon moved so that he could get her from a different angle. I recognised the position; he was going to see that the end of the cane caught her pussy and maybe her clit. The fingers of my right hand were working hard and it wouldn’t be long before I was cumming. Jon’s a good shot with the cane and the expression on Vicky’s face told me that the fourth stroke was on, if not very close to his target. When the fifth stroke landed her orgasm was unmistakable. Her entire body spasmed, her widespread legs quivered uncontrollably and her hips undulated up and down as wave after wave of agony and joy coursed through her ravaged body. It took her the best part of ten minutes to come down from her pain-induced high. She remained almost motionless throughout the orgasm, save for an occasional “twitch” of her thighs or abdomen as the after-shocks diminished in intensity.

I had cum just as the fourth stroke landed and after the fifth both Jon and I just watched her. It was amazing; I don’t think I have ever cum with an intensity like that. I stood up and went over to her. She was covered in sweat. The skin on her butt wasn’t broken but the red marks were glowing, and you should have seen her pussy. The lips were swollen to about three times their normal size and her clit was twice as big as normal. Her juices were running both over her ass hole and down her back and down onto her belly. Jon untied the ball gag and she let out a big sigh.

When Jon untied her ankles and wrists her legs came down onto the bed and she gasped, but didn’t move. It was a good 5 minutes before she got onto her feet and finally said, “Wow that was amazing, I’ve NEVER had an orgasm like that. It was fantastic. My ass hurts like hell and I need some cold water but the pain was / is nothing when you think about the pleasure it brought.”

“You want some more then?” Jon said. “Not right now.” Vicky replied. After a long, slow, cool bath, Vicky joined us downstairs. She didn’t want to sit down but kept pacing up and down. Finally she said, “I don’t understand what just happened. On the one hand I wanted to experience some bondage and corporal punishment and I never expected it to hurt so much. On the other hand I was a little ‘excited’ at the thought but I never expected to find it such a turn-on. I have never ever had such a strong and deep orgasm. It was amazing. I just don’t understand why, what’s the link between the pain and pleasure?” Jon told her that he also couldn’t explain it, but its there and well established.

Then he asked me what I thought. Well what could I say, I don’t understand a lot of things so I just said, “Who needs to understand it, and it works for me, though I’ve never had an orgasm like you did.” Then I asked Jon if he thought that some more pain would make me cum like that. “Well try that some time,” he said before turning to Vicky and asking her what she was thinking. She said, “I can’t explain it, and it’s not logical, but I want you to give me more.

I will do anything just as long as you promise to do that to me again.” It was getting late in the afternoon and Jon decided that he was hungry. He sent Vicky and me to the Chinese for a take-away. We each put just a dress on and took Jon’s car, Vicky getting in very carefully. The Chinese had long benches for customers to wait on and they were covered in plastic. Vicky kept standing up, moving along, lifting her dress up a little and sitting down again so that her bare bum sat on cold plastic. “Still on fire?” I asked her. I haven’t a clue what the young Chinese girl behind the counter was thinking. Jon decided to take us to a quiet country pub that evening and nothing interesting happened. I think that we were all a little tired and when we got home we went straight to bed.

# Sunday August 9

I woke up next to Vicky in the ‘spoon’ position with my right hand cupping one of her breasts.

I could hear Jon moving around so I thought that I had better get up and get breakfast ready.

As I walked to the bathroom Jon walked out of his bedroom and grabbed my pubes. “Think you had better have a shave today girl” he said. Just as he started to go down stairs he turned and said, “I’ve got a better idea, wake Vicky up and get the shaving things into the punishment room. You can shave me, then yourself, then Vicky.” “Yes Master” I replied.

I didn’t tell Vicky that she was going to be shaved. She sat silently as I started on Jon. It wasn’t long before he got an erection and unfortunately I nicked the skin on his balls. “Twenty strokes with the tawse for that later” he said. I finished off and cleaned the shaving cream off with a damp cloth. The bleeding had nearly stopped and he told me to get on with myself.

Vicky still sat silently as I got into every little nook and cranny and made sure that I had got every little hair. I was getting a little moist by the time I had finished.

When I turned to Vicky and told her that it was her turn she said, “but I’ve never shaved before, and what will my flat mates say when they see me?” Jon told her that there’s a first time for everything and so what if her flat mates do see her, she could tell them that it’s the ‘new’ Vicky and that they should try it. “In fact” he said, “make sure that they do see you, and walk around naked whenever you can.”

“I’ll have to think about that one” she said, but she didn’t object when I asked her to lay on the bed with her legs wide open. I did a little bit of trimming with the scissors and then started with the razor. Vicky kept telling me to be careful but it wasn’t a problem, I’ve had plenty of practice shaving my pussy so I knew where I had to be extra careful. What was a problem was the fact that Jon still had his erection and he was stood behind me as I was bending over the bed to get at Vicky.

The inevitable happened and just after I had told Vicky that she was in safe hands those hands were bouncing about as Jon thrust in and out of me. I managed to avoid cutting her and I have to admit that my finger did ‘slip’ inside her at one point. Jon didn’t last long before he came with one final hard thrust that nearly sent me across the bed on top of Vicky. After that he went and had a shower while I finished Vicky off - in more ways than one.

I got breakfast ready while Vicky was in the shower. After breakfast Vicky asked Jon if he would take her home as she had a few things to take care of before going back to work. On the way Vicky said that it felt strange without pubic hair, then immediately asked if she could come and visit us again soon. Jon said, “OK, but there are 2 conditions, firstly you arrive with no clothes, other than short dresses and shoes (unless otherwise directed), and secondly when here you will obey my every command without question, you will follow the same rules as Vanessa. Is that understood and agreed?” After a pregnant pause Vicky said, “OK, I agree.”

We dropped Vicky off outside her flat which was in a big terraced house in the centre of Nottingham. She had to climb up about a dozen steps to get to the front door and I could see her butt up her short dress. As we drove back Jon told me to stick my feet up on the dashboard with my legs apart and to play with myself but to stop before cumming.

Back home Jon told me that it was time for me to receive my punishment and told me to strip then go and bend over the scaffolding frame. It must have been 30 minutes before he came out to me by which time I was starting to get aroused with the anticipation. My legs were already apart waiting in the position that Jon liked and although I could hear him come outside I wasn’t expecting the first stroke so soon and I involuntarily jumped up - just natural reactions.

Jon wasn’t amused and told me that it would cost me another 5 strokes. We started again and I counted them in the usual way. By the time we got to 20 I was crying and only just managed to stop myself from screaming as the last one landed. The tawse maybe about 3 inches across, but it can hurt nearly as much as the cane. Jon left me out there still bent over the scaffolding, and as he went in he told me to get cleaned up when I was ready. In the shower I gave myself the relief that I needed.

After that, Jon spent the rest of the day going through the mountain of mail that he had received, both physical and electronic and I hardly saw much of him.

# Week commencing August 10

Monday and Tuesday may have been my days off but I had a lot to do, so I just got on with it. The weather was very warm all week so I only wore clothes when I had to go out to the supermarket. I wanted to show-off my tan so I only wore my short wrap-round skirt and a baggy crop top. This caused a couple of lads in the supermarket to follow me around. At the freezer section I just had to show them how far up my legs my tan went. After that I decided to wear my Ben Wa balls for the rest of the day. In fact I kept them in until the Tuesday morning when my period started.

Thursday evening Vicky rang to ask if she could come over for the weekend and asked if we could meet her at the bus station on the Friday evening. Jon said okay but remember the condition that she was to wear only a dress and shoes and bring nothing with her other than her purse. By Friday lunchtime I had finally managed to get this journal up to date. I just hope that I’ve remembered everything as it happened. Jon tells me that my keyboard skills have improved tremendously this week. Since I typed that song on Wednesday I haven’t been able to stop singing it. I just can’t get it out of my head.

Friday evening we met Vicky at the bus station and it brought memories back to me of the first time that I met Jon there, only I think I was a lot more nervous than Vicky was when we met her.

We went straight to this big pub that used to be a bank. It was still early and we were able to get a table and some food. Jon asked her how her week had been and what she had up to. Vicky said that the week had been very quiet and dull compared to the last few days in Ibiza and then at our place. Work had been a right drag but it had been a little livelier on the Thursday, after she had decided to go to work at the building society without underwear. She said that it had been strange talking to people and wondering what they would say if they knew what she wasn’t wearing. I then told her all about my short job at the shoe shop which made us all laugh.

Just as I was finishing the girl arrived with the food and as she was putting it on the table Jon asked Vicky if she had been shaving every day, walking around in the nude, and what her flat mates had said about her shaved pubes. Vicky blushed, I smiled, and the poor girl serving the food nearly tipped Jon’s food on his lap. Vicky waited until she had gone before saying that it had taken until the Wednesday for her to pluck up the courage and she had walked from her room through the lounge to the bathroom when both her flatmates had been there. Kelly (one of the flatmates) had noticed the lack of pubic hair and asked what was going on. Apparently, Vicky had then told both Kelly and Liz a little bit about us and a little bit about the fun that she had had on holiday with us. She had told them a little bit about her holiday on the Sunday night, but had not mentioned us until the Wednesday night. Both had been interested in what she had said and neither of them had tried to criticise her.

After we had finished the food and had a few more drinks, Jon asked her to prove that she had nothing on under her dress. When she asked “How,” Jon told us to go to the toilet and swap dresses. “Vanessa would not lie to me,” he said. “Nor would I” said Vicky, and just as we were about to go, Jon added that we had to do it in the open area near the sinks, not in a cubicle, and we had to do it as soon as we got in there and not wait until the place was empty.

When we got in there, there were 2 teenage girls talking and touching up their makeup. I looked at Vicky and said, “OK let’s do it” and we just lifted our dresses over our heads. The 2 girls just couldn’t believe their eyes and stopped talking and stared at us. I decided to give them something else to think about and said to them “Our Master just ordered us to do it.” With that Vicky and I swapped dresses, put them on and walked out. As we were walking back Vicky said, “That told them.”

When we got back to Jon I told him what had happened and he said, “So, Vicky isn’t wearing any knickers then.” “No Master.” I replied. After that we had another couple of drinks (Jon was on cokes - driving), before heading for home where Jon asked Vicky if she was ready for some pleasure. I think that both Vicky and I were a little drunk because we both giggled a bit as we took our dresses and shoes off.

Jon told us to “assume the position” and then made us wait like that while he stripped off and then went and got the tawse. First he told me to put Vicky over the back of the sofa and give her 20 strokes and then Vicky had to give me 20. I actually gave Vicky 23 because she didn’t count the first 2 so they didn’t count then she jumped up after the 19th so that didn’t count as well.

We both had red bums but there were no wheals like you get when the cane has been used. After that Jon took us up to the ‘punishment’ room and ‘restrained’ us together. It was certainly different first our own ankles were tied together then we had to lie facing each other but with our faces in front of each other’s pussy. Next we had to bend our knees and open our legs so that the others head could get between our legs and our mouths were on the others pussy.

The next bit was more interesting because Jon then tied our hands behind the others back then tied our thighs together behind the others head. This meant that we were locked together and couldn’t get our faces far from the others pussy. Neither of us needed any encouragement for what Jon said next, which was “the one that makes the other cum first can sleep with me tonight.” Well, we both started licking and sucking. I was glad that Vicky had shaved; I hate getting a pubic hair in between my teeth or stuck in the back of my throat and tickling me.

We were both doing our best and I’m sure that we were close. I had Vicky’s juices all over my face and even started gently biting her clit. Trouble was, the more I went for Vicky the more she went for me. I was trying to resist cumming by concentrating on giving Vicky everything I could and trying to ignore the pleasure that Vicky was giving me but you can only ignore that sort of pleasure for so long and in the end I think that we came within seconds of each other. Jon decided that it was so close that he would call it a draw. We were both going to sleep in his bed. The question was, ‘which one of us was he going to fuck?’ Jon untied me and told me to untie Vicky and then follow him into his bedroom.

As it turned out he didn’t fuck either of us, well not with his dick. He had us get into the bed on either side of him but with our heads at his feet. He wanted to use his hands on us. He told us not to move while he started working on me with his right hand. I could see the bed quilt moving over where Vicky’s pussy would be so I presume that she was getting the same treatment. It was only minutes since Vicky had made me cum and Jon wouldn’t let us clean up before getting into his bed so I was still very relaxed and wet, in fact my juices were all down the inside of my legs and I’m sure that I was getting the bed wet as well.

It wasn’t long before his fingers were inside me. Gradually he put more and more fingers into me until it felt like he had all 10 of his fingers in me but he couldn’t have because I could still see the quilt moving over Vicky’s pussy and judging by the expression on her face she was getting the same treatment as me. I was pleased that I had had the drinks earlier and was quite relaxed otherwise I’m sure that it would have been painful. It was a bit, but that pleasurable pain.

After a few very nice minutes Jon said, “Vanessa, you win, I managed to get my whole fist in you a full 30 seconds before I could get my other fist into Vicky. Now I want you to wank me until I cum and catch it your other hand. Then I want you to let it drip into Vicky’s mouth before licking your own hand clean.” It didn’t take long, presumably because he had had a hard-on since tying us up and watching us and then playing with us must have made him close to cumming before I started. Anyway, I caught just about all his cum and let it drip into Vicky’s mouth. She didn’t seem keen at first but as soon as she tasted it she opened her mouth even wider. I wasn’t going to miss out and as soon as it stated to stop dripping I licked my hand clean.

I went to sleep with Jon’s hand still inside me.

# Saturday August 15

When I woke up Jon’s hand had gone but I was still soaking wet, it couldn’t have been gone for long. I turned and looked at Vicky and then Jon, they were both still asleep. I lifted the quilt and looked down to see that Jon had a morning erection and that his left hand was still inside Vicky. I thought that I would take advantage of his erection and slowly lifted the quilt off us, got up, and slowly squatted down onto him with one foot in between his legs and the other on his right side.

I held his dick upright and eased myself down on him. I didn’t intend to disturb him but I guess that I should have known that I would because his right hand suddenly came round my right side and pulled me down very quickly. The shock and pain of him suddenly being into me ‘right up to the hilt’ made me gasp loudly and Vicky woke up. She tried to sit up but was stopped by Jon’s left hand that was still inside her and she shouted “Ow.” “OK Vanessa” Jon said, “now that you’ve started that you may as well finish, and I’ll punish you later for taking advantage of me.”

As I was going up and down on him I heard a big ‘plop’ as his left hand came out of Vicky. She stood up and looked down at her pussy. She couldn’t see that her hole was still gaping wide open and I told her to go and look in a mirror quick. A few seconds later I heard Vicky say “Fucking Hell!” She came running back into the bedroom and said, “look at my pussy, my hole’s never been that big before,” but Jon and I had other things on our minds and within seconds Jon was cumming in me. When he stopped jerking he told me to get off him. I hadn’t managed to cum.

I went downstairs and started breakfast while Jon had a shower and got dressed. After that, Vicky and I had a shower together (and a shave). While we were there Vicky gave me the relief that I needed. After breakfast I dressed in Vicky’s black leather skirt and a baggy cropped top while Vicky put on a thin cotton dress but left all the buttons below her pussy undone. As she walked along I could just make out her bald pubes.

Jon decided that we would go shopping in Birmingham. We drove there, got parked and went to a pub for a drink. Unusually, the warm weather had lasted reasonably well and it was a warm day. We wandered round a few shops before deciding to try on a couple of dresses in a little dress shop a bit off the main shopping area. The shop sold mainly cheesecloth clothes and I picked a dress that was even baggier than my existing cheesecloth dress. Vicky chose a short baggy skirt and tank top.

We went into the changing room and within seconds we were naked and putting the clothes on. When we went out to show Jon the girl assistant came over and said that we both looked good. Jon wasn’t so sure and told us to try the others clothes on. Vicky turned to go back to the changing room but Jon stopped her by saying, “get changed here.” The girl looked a little surprised as I lifted my dress over my head, leaving me naked in the open shop and right in front of her. She stated to say something but Jon cut her short by saying “It’s alright, they’re both used to it.” “But what if someone comes in?” the girl said. “So what!” was Jon’s only reply. By that time Vicky was naked too and we were swapping clothes. Fortunately or unfortunately, no one came into the shop while we were changing and trying the clothes on and we left without buying anything. We did however leave the girl assistant something to think about as she seemed a little flustered by our antics.

Just down the street was a ‘love aids’ shop and Jon took us in. It was the first time that Vicky had been in such a shop, and she was amazed at what she saw. She kept saying “come and look at this!” or “what are you supposed to do with this?” Jon bought 2 things, a set of Ben Wa balls for Vicky and something else that he wouldn’t show us, but he promised to show us later. In the end Jon had to drag Vicky out of there and she wanted to put Ben to work as soon as she could, but Jon told her to wait. From there we walked back to the main shopping area and went into a big department store. Jon wanted to go up all the escalators and insisted that he went up in front of us. By the time we had gone up most of them I was sure that we had a little group of men following us around.

On the way home we stopped at a country pub for some food. With it still being so warm we sat outside and enjoyed the evening sun. Jon told me to sit facing the way that everyone came it and with me not being able to cross my legs I was sure that one or two men going into the pub saw what I wasn’t wearing, but no one said anything or came back for a second look.

After a couple of drinks Jon went onto soft drinks but Vicky and I stayed on the white wine. By the time it got dark and we left, us 2 girls were getting quite happy and Vicky didn’t say a word when Jon told us to take our clothes off before we got into the car. I wouldn’t have cared a bit even if there had been anyone else in the car park at the time, but there wasn’t so we got in and drove home. Fortunately or unfortunately, we didn’t have to stop at any traffic lights or roundabouts so the journey was uneventful.

When we got home we were sent straight up to the ‘punishment’ room and had to lie on the bed one at each end. First of all we had to play with each other’s clit until we were both wet. That didn’t take long. Then Vicky was tied spread-eagle to all four corners. After that things got a bit more interesting. Jon passed me the package that he bought that afternoon and told me to open it. It was a double-ended dildo and I had to work it into Vicky. After that I had to put my left leg under Vicky’s right leg and my right leg over her left leg and then ease myself onto the dildo.

Once it was in as far as it would go and our pussies were just touching, Jon tied my ankles to the same posts that Vicky’s wrists were tied and my wrists to the same posts that Vicky’s ankles were. This left us with our legs interlocked and pussies just touching with the double-ended dildo half in me and half in Vicky.

Jon then switched the light off and said, “See you in the morning.” We managed to shuffle round a bit so that neither of us had much weight on the other but each time that one of us moved the other ‘suffered’ as well. I quite enjoyed trying to push my pussy against Vicky’s.

For quite a while we were both trying to fuck each other but in the end I think that I got the better of Vicky because she came first. I think that my pussy muscles must be stronger than hers. I kept fucking Vicky until I came as well and I guess that my jerking as I came must have pushed Vicky over the edge as well because she came again. I imaging it was quite a spectacle, the 2 of us cumming like that, the more we came the more we jerked, which meant that we were both getting fucked more and more. It seemed like it took hours for us to calm down. Vicky and I spent ages talking about everything and nothing before finally falling asleep.

I have to admit that it I enjoyed being restrained with Vicky like that although it wasn’t much was fun waking up in the middle of the night and being unable to move without disturbing both Vicky and me.

# Sunday August 16

We were both still asleep when Jon came in that morning and he decided to take a photograph of us like that before releasing us. We got up to see that there was a big wet patch on the bed where our pussies had been. I went down stairs to get breakfast ready while Jon and Vicky got showered and dressed.

There was a knock on the front door while I was down there, and without thinking I answered the door to find the paperboy with a bill for the papers. Apparently Jon had forgotten to pay for them so the newsagent had sent the boy to collect the money. I don’t know which of us got more of a shock.

It was the look on his face that made me remember that I was naked but by that time it was too late so I invited him in while I went for some money. Just to try to tease the boy a bit more I took my time and made sure that he could see me while I was getting the money out of my bag. The poor lad just didn’t know where to look; his eyes were jumping from my breasts to my pussy. The bulge in his shorts told me that he was old enough to understand what he was seeing.

When I gave him the money he had real problems saying ‘thank you’ and he just stood there staring. In the end I had to tell him to go. Just as the door shut Jon came down stairs and asked who was there. When I told him he said, “You realise that he’ll be back every week now don’t you?” Before I had time to answer Vicky came downstairs and asked what was for breakfast. Vicky finished getting it ready while I showered and shaved then we all ate breakfast with me still nude. After Jon finished reading the papers he decided that we would go to the gym for a quick workout.

Vicky didn’t have any gear with her so Jon leant her mine and I had to wear my green shorts and my white baggy crop top. The only piece of equipment that I had to worry about was the leg stretcher. As it turned out Vicky got more attention than I did, the white Lycra was stretched a bit more on her than me and I could see it cutting in between her pussy lips quite a bit.

Vicky wanted to do a bit of weight lifting and lay on a bench with her head at one end. She had the weight bar on her chest and was lifting it up to arm’s length. When she started struggling a bit Jon told me to ‘spot’ her. Well I think that’s what he said. I had to stand at her head and hold the bar lightly so that if she was going to drop it I could catch it. It wasn’t long before her arms gave way and I had to try to hold the weight. The problem was that it was going towards her stomach and the angle was all wrong. We ended up with the weights bar on her stomach and me lying on top of her with my legs either side of her face. The weights were obviously not hurting her because she suddenly gave my clit a quick lick which was easily accessible to her because of the baggy legs in the shorts. This caught me off guard a bit and I rolled off her onto the floor. Only problem was that when I landed my legs were wide open leaving my pussy clearly visible. This poor old man looked as if he was having a heart attack. After I had got up and helped Vicky get the weights off her I looked at Jon; he was laughing quite a bit.

From there we went for a swim, me in my white bikini and Vicky still in the shorts and top. We messed about in the water for about 30 minutes and both of them kept pulling my top off my tits. In the end I didn’t bother pulling it back down until we got out. There weren’t many other people there and I think that nearly all of them must have been either blind or gay. Only one boy, about 12, noticed me and he kept swimming as close to me as he dare.

After the swim we went into the sauna for about 15 minutes. We were the only ones there and Vicky and I lay on the benches. While we were talking I noticed how pronounced Vicky’s pubic bone is. When she’s laid on her back it sticks up higher than her hips and with the thin white Lycra I could easily see every detail of her pussy. When I told her about it she told me that I should look at myself. Apparently the narrow crotch of my bikini bottom had been off centre ever since I had put it on and all one side of my pussy and my clit had been uncovered, and when I was lying on my back it was clearly visible. Jon said that he had noticed as well but he wasn’t going to tell me, and when I went to adjust it he wouldn’t let me and I had to stay like that.

After a while a middle aged man that had been in the gym came in and spent the rest of the time that we were in there looking from Vicky’s crotch to mine. His staring was so obvious that I started to feel uncomfortable and I was glad when Jon said that we were leaving.

On the way home Vicky was asking me if I would do absolutely anything that Jon told me. When I said, “yes” Jon said that he would prove it and when we got home he told me to go in and get a blindfold while he and Vicky waited in the car. When I got back in he put the blindfold on me and we drove off. We drove for about 30 minutes before the car stopped and we got out.

Jon told Vicky to say absolutely nothing while I was led up some steps and then onto some grass. I could hear cars and people talking but I had no idea where I was. When we stopped Jon said, “Right, now you will see just how obedient Vanessa is” and then to me he said, “Take your dress off, assume the position, and masturbate.”

There I was naked, on my knees, and frigging myself with my right hand for all I was worth. I couldn’t see a thing but I could hear people talking. I could even make out what they were saying. I just had to trust Jon and hope that non-of the people could see me. It didn’t take long for me to cum, I think that it was the excitement of where we were (where ever that was) and the fact that I knew that Vicky and Jon would be watching me.

After I came Jon told me to get up and he gave me my dress back. I put it on and I was led back to the car. I had to stay blindfolded for the first 10 minutes of the journey. On the way I asked where they had taken me, but neither of them would tell me.

On the way home we stopped at a pub and had some lunch. The pub was one that had a beer garden and some equipment for the kids to play on. After the food Jon told me and Vicky to go and have a go on the swings. She was pushing me quite hard and I was going quite high. It was fun, but every time that I went forward my dress would blow up and my belly was exposed. It was a good job that I was sat down otherwise my pussy would have been on display and I wouldn’t have been too happy about that as there were too many young kids around.

After the swing we had a go on a wooden see-saw and I got a good view of Vicky’s pussy each time her end of the see-saw went to the ground, leaving her with her bum virtually on the floor, her feet flat on the floor and her knees up in the air and wide apart. I suppose that I must have been showing as much as her; but I wasn’t thinking at the time. “Leaving your snail’s trail again” Jon said as we got off. I looked back and saw the wet patches that our pussies had left on the wooden seesaw. I was really in ‘big kid mode’ and wanted to have a play on the climbing frame but Jon wouldn’t let me, said that my lack of underwear would be too much for that place. But he did say that it gave him some ideas.

When we got home, Jon told us to take our dresses off and then to put our Ben Wa balls in. He told us that we both had to wear them for 3 days without letting them come out even once. Vicky said that she might have a few problems at work, especially when Jon told her that she wasn’t to wear knickers as well. I knew that I could manage for 3 days, but I remembered when I had first started wearing them for a long time when I wasn’t concentrating on keeping them in. I had had to push one of them back in a couple of times and could just imagine the embarrassment if one dropped onto the floor in the middle of a place like a building society. The problem I had found was that if I concentrated on keeping them in by gripping them with my muscles I get turned on and it can be really difficult not to have an orgasm. If I just relax and try to forget them they can drop out. I guessed that Vicky was going to look a bit strange to the people she worked with.

We all sat in the lounge with a glass of wine and started talking about nothing special. The subject of orgasms came up and Vicky talked about the incredible one that she had had the previous weekend when Jon had caned her. I had never had one so intense and I looked at Jon and said, “Master, I want to have an orgasm as intense as the one Vicky had last weekend, please beat me until that happens.”

Jon reminded me that he had caned Vicky quite hard and that he thought that my pain threshold was a lot higher than Vicky’s. He said that it would take a lot more pain for me to go ‘over the top’, and even then I might not react in the same way as Vicky. I told him that I was willing to try it so he told me to frig myself up to the starting point of an orgasm and then stop and wait for 5 minutes then start again.

While I started this Vicky was saying that she didn’t know if she could manage the full 3 days with Ben in. She didn’t think that not wearing knickers would be a problem though. Jon told her to try and see how she got on. The subject of the conversation changed away from sex but even so it didn’t take long before I had to stop frigging myself.

After the third time Jon told me to bend over the back of the sofa and spread my legs. Vicky went for the cane and the tawse. They took it in turns to give me 6 strokes each. Vicky had the tawse and she didn’t put the same conviction into it as Jon. I was starting to get worked up again and managed to avoid screaming out. I was crying by then but I still wanted more. J

Jon told me to get off the sofa and get on the floor on my hands and knees with my knees as wide apart as I could. He then had Vicky lay on the floor in such a position that I could suck her pussy while he started caning me again. Because I had to suck Vicky Jon let me off counting the strokes. This time Jon was stood by my side and when the next stroke landed the end of the cane flicked round my ass and hit my pussy. That did make me scream. After 3 of them I was starting to cum and I started shaking but Jon didn’t stop.

If anything he went faster. My pussy was throbbing to such an extent that I thought it must have swollen to the size of my ass cheeks. Well it felt like it. After 2 more strokes which both found my clit, the pain didn’t seem to matter anymore. I was still screaming but with pleasure. Before the next stoke Jon put one leg either side of Vicky’s waist and I could see his body move as the cane came down.

It hit me in the crack of my ass and went right down the length of my pussy. It’s one thing the end of the cane getting just one part of my pussy but this one seemed to get every bit of it at once. The entrance to my ass as well. Well, it hurt so much that I bit Vicky’s little clit and the shaking that I had been doing erupted into a violent shake. I fell over on my side and shuddered as I came. It seemed to go on for hours but Jon said it was less than 2 minutes. As I calmed down I realised that I was sodden with sweat. After a while Jon told me to go and take a shower before we took Vicky to the bus station. We both put just a dress and shoes on and left.

On the way Jon told Vicky to telephone every evening to let us know how she was getting on with Ben and no knickers. It was real painful sitting in the car and when we had dropped Vicky off I asked Jon if I could get in the back and lay on my side. Back home Jon went to work on his PC, and I watched TV lying on my stomach on the floor.

# Week commencing August 17

In a way I was glad when Wednesday came round. I had lost count of the times that I had had to stop doing whatever, either to delay an orgasm or to have one. I got some real funny looks in Tesco and as I was getting on the bus. Fortunately the weather wasn’t too bad and it was still warm enough for me to wear just a thin dress and shoes. As usual there were a few young shelf stackers following me round Tesco. One was even a young girl and after I realised that she was deliberately watching me I decided to go to the toilet to see if she followed me in there. She did, and I had to do a quick bit of thinking to see what I could do to expose more flesh to her.

After a sudden burst of inspiration I turned both taps on at full blast and the water came flying out of the sink and all over me. I pretended to be surprised and ‘slowly’ rushed to turn them off. By the time they were off all down my front was wet. I swore and said out load “what the hell am I going to do now?” The girl took the bait and said that she would help me dry my dress, so before she had chance to do anything else I reached down, grabbed the hem and pulled it off over my head.

She just stared at my now naked body as I held the dress out towards her and said, “Thanks love.” After a few seconds she woke-up and started to say something about holding it in front of the hand dryer. “Haven’t you got a bigger dryer somewhere out the back” I asked, and she started to say something about me being left without any clothes. “Don’t worry about me” I said, “this is the ladies room.” With that she walked out looking a bit puzzled and back at me.

So, there I was naked apart from my shoes in a supermarket toilet. After a minute I started thinking about who could walk in, would the girl come back, what would I do if she didn’t come back and would anyone pinch my trolley while I was in there. I started getting bored and excited. After a while a girl of about 10 came in, stared at me and went into a stall. When she came out she had trouble washing her hands as she kept looking at me. As she went out I could hear her telling her mother that “there was a woman in there with no clothes on.” As they moved away I could just hear her mother say “Don’t be silly.”

Just after that another couple of teenage staff girls came in and were giggling as they both went into the same stall. I could hear then whispering about me but couldn’t quite make out what they were saying. When they came out they both kept looking at me but didn’t say anything. Shortly after they left the original girl came back in and gave me my dress back. Nice and dry too. As I was putting it back on she asked me if we could meet for a drink sometime. I quickly wrote Jon’s number on the back of her hand (her pen) and left her standing there.

My trolley was still there when I got out and I finished my shopping. When I got to the checkouts there the girl was on one of the Tills. I went and joined the queue at her Till and as I got closer to being I could see her getting red in the face. As I paid I smiled at her and said, “You’ve got my number” and left.

On the Thursday evening Jon came home a bit early and said that we were going jogging before tea. He told me to put my tennis dress and trainers on, and off we went. I had a bit of trouble keeping up with him and the wind was causing me a bit of concern. There were too many people around and my dress was threatening to do a ‘Marilyn Monroe’.

We headed off down this path across a few fields and I was able to forget about my dress, which ended up around my waist a couple of times. Fortunately there was no one around to see anything. Out in the middle of nowhere Jon decided that we would stop and have a rest, but it wasn’t much of a rest for me and Jon decided that he wanted to watch me do some cartwheels. I hadn’t done any of those since I was a kid and it took a few attempts to get it right again.

He also had me doing handstands against a big tree and got me to stay upside-down for as long as I could. Because of the dress I was wearing I couldn’t see a thing when I was upside-down, and when I collapsed after my last attempt there was an old man walking his dog stood right next to Jon and only a few feet from me.

My dress was still up round my waist when I landed and I was so shocked to see him that I just froze in a heap with my legs wide open and my pussy staring at him. He must have though he had died and gone to heaven. After what seemed like hours he smiled and walked on. Jon just said, “get-up” and “let’s go,” and we were off heading home. When we got back to the road I had to keep turning every time I thought that the wind was going to ‘flash me’ to try to avoid it happening. I didn’t want to risk Jon seeing me hold my dress down as I knew only too well what that would result in.

I’m sure that I nearly cause at least one accident as I heard the screeching of car tyres behind me at one point. When we got home Jon told me to take my dress off and tied me to the scaffolding frame for half an hour “to cool down” he said, but with him stood between my legs and giving “a good seeing to” I didn’t cool down much until he got the hose pipe out afterwards.

He gave me a good soaking outside and inside (pussy and arse). With the practice that Jon has been giving me I can now squirt the water back out ‘on demand’ front and back, providing that I don’t get too full. The problem this time was that it had been a while since I had been to the toilet and some brown lumps came out as well. I was getting a bit cold by the time Jon finally untied me but I still had to use the hosepipe to wash away the brown bits before he would let me go inside and dry myself before getting tea ready.

# Saturday August 22

Vicky didn’t ring this weekend and I was a little disappointed. I wanted to find out how she had got on with her 3 days wearing Ben. Never mind, I had a good weekend anyway. Jon dragged me out of bed at 7:00 am and told me that we were going away for the rest of the weekend and we packed the car and drove to Skegness, that wonderful (!) little seaside resort.

When we got there we drove round until we found a Bed and Breakfast place, it was a little Hotel with its own little bar. Jon had me wear one of my cut-of tops with a flared skirt (no underwear of course). Fine until I start reaching up or bending down, or it gets windy. I’d forgotten all about these problems until it came to me getting the bags out of the car and taking them up to our room, a group of teenage boys whistled at me showing them my ass. I was dead pleased that Jon got us a double room even if it was the cheapest in the Hotel and didn’t have its own bathroom, but it did have a window that covered most of the outside wall. The view out was onto a bigger Hotel.

We left the car at the Hotel and walked into ‘town.’ Skegness is a typical English seaside town, geared-up for tourists who want to enjoy themselves and drink too much. We went into the amusement arcades and had a go on the fruit machines. Jon saw some ‘bumper’ cars and we got one each. It was only after about 5 minutes of what seemed like every male driver bumping into me that I realised that with all the bumping and me being very active with the steering wheel, that my top had risen up and both my nipples were showing. No wonder all the men were trying to bump into me. I pulled my top down when Jon wasn’t looking but it wasn’t long before they were out again. After the second time I gave up and just ignored it. What the hell!

Further down towards the sea we came across a fun fair. Jon wanted to go on one of those machines that are like a cage with giant elastic bands on it. You get in and then the ends of the bands are extended high into the air. When a lever is released the cage (with you in it) catapults you high in the air. That made me scream like hell. As we were coming down each time my skirt was blown up round my waist but I guess that no one saw anything because I was sat firmly in the chair.

I say no one saw anything but that’s not true, when you get into the cage you’re strapped in with a belt round your waist and one that comes-up between your legs. The young man that strapped me in must have had a right eyeful. I don’t know if he was supposed to, but he didn’t pull the strap between my legs tight. I think that that was why my skirt blew up. As the cage was settling down I noticed the video camera that was fastened to the front of the cage. It was pointing directly down at us and had a little flashing red light on it. When I told Jon about it he just said, “I guess that they’re recording people’s expressions.” “And the girl’s skirts going up round their waists” I thought to myself.

When it came to get off I had a little trouble getting my balance and the attendant grabbed hold of me to steady me. It was only after I got my balance that I realised that his arm was about a foot higher than my waist and that his hand was on my left tit. He let go of me when he saw Jon looking at him. Silly man, he should have realised that as Jon wasn’t going to say anything.

From there we went into a cafe and had some ‘traditional English Fish and Chips.’ They tasted good to me and Jon said that they “weren’t bad.” After that we went down onto the beach and walked a fair way south. We came to a relatively quiet stretch and Jon decided that we would soak up some sun for a while. It wasn’t that hot, but it was warm enough to lie out in our swimming costumes. Jon stripped-off to his undies and lay on a towel. He was wearing one of his pairs of fine net mesh undies and because I was close to him I could clearly see his dick through the thin material.

He told me to put on just the bottoms from my white cotton bikini. I had to strip naked, then put them on, then lie (on my stomach), on my towel. I’m sure that none of the few people who were there noticed that I was naked for a minute or so. After a while I got tired of lying on my stomach and turned over onto my back. Don’t know if it was the distance that we were from other people, or my short hair, or my small tits, but no one seemed to notice, not even when I propped myself up on my elbows.

Shortly after that Jon decided that we were going to go into the sea for a swim. Boy was it cold. My nipples were like thumb ends and they ached with the cold. We were messing about and Jon pinched my bikini bottoms and then decided that we were getting out. He only picked a time when a group of teenagers were walking by. I had to walk out of the water and up to our towels stark naked. There were a few comments from both boys and girls but I’m getting used to that and I just smiled at them and kept walking.

When we had got dried and dressed we walked back to the Hotel where Jon decided that we should relax in the room before getting ready to go out for the evening. We stripped-off and lay on the bed and it wasn’t long before I was fast asleep. When I woke up Jon was lying there looking out of the big window.

We could see into the windows of rooms in the other Hotel about 50 yards away. Apart from 2 young women in one room walking about in just their knickers. There was nothing else of any interest. Jon told me to go and take a shower before getting dressed. I wrapped one of the Hotels towels round me but it wasn’t very big and I had to hold the two ends together as I didn’t have much confidence that it would stay in-place on its own.

When I found the bathroom it wasn’t locked so I went in. It looked as if it had been a bedroom at one time and was quite big. There was a bath, two showers, and a toilet, all with curtains round them. It was then that I discovered that the door wasn’t locked because the lock was broken. I’d taken my towel off and was just about to get into one of the showers when the door opened and in walked a middle-aged man.

He just stopped and starred at me. I just said, “Hello” and got into one of the showers. After a minute or so I heard the curtains for the other shower open and close, but as they closed the curtain between the two showers opened about two feet. I don’t think that he realised at first because I was watching him have his shower. He had masses of black pubic hair and a tiny little dick peeking out of it. I stopped looking when he turned my way, but from the corner of my eye I could see that he was looking at me. I pretended to ignore him but made sure that I gave him a real good show. I even washed the inside of my pussy lips in full view. I noticed that his dick had grown and was now an almost reasonable erection. When I was finished I dried myself and then just before wrapping the towel round me I pretended to ‘just’ notice him. I looked at his face then down at his erection and then said, “Naughty, naughty!” and walked out.

When I got back to our room Jon was still laid on the bed looking out. It was starting to get dark by then and there were lights on in some of the rooms in the Hotel out the back. When I got into the room Jon turned on our light which meant that anyone from any of the rooms in the other Hotel would be able to see us if they looked. Jon told me to drop the towel and get myself ready to go out but not to put a dress on. He wanted me to give anyone looking a good display.

I walked back and forth getting things out of our bags and then taking them over to the dressing table, rubbing moisturising cream all over me and various other things to keep me active. All this time Jon was stood at the side of the window trying to see if anyone was watching me. He said not but I suspect that he wasn’t telling me the truth because he told me to lie on the bed with my legs wide open facing the window and to masturbate until I had cum. Just before I got there he climbed on the bed and had me ride him until we both came. I actually came twice before he came, not sure if it was the excitement of knowing (suspecting) that some strangers were watching us.

After Jon had calmed down he wrapped a towel round his waist and went for a shower. He told me not to get dressed until he came back. After he left I lay on the bed looking out of the window. All I could see were the rooms that had lights on and one or two people moving around, but it wasn’t very clear because the light was on in our room. I decided to turn the light off and have another look. I wasn’t really surprised to see 2 rooms in almost darkness with people looking over our way. I couldn’t see enough to work out any ages or sexes but I decided ‘what the hell’ put the light back on and brought myself to a third orgasm.

Jon had me wear my lacy net mesh dress that night, and after a good meal in a Chinese restaurant we went to a pub down on the sea front that was a real fun pub called Idols. It had a dance floor, DJ (who was a real nutcase) and a little stage; and the bar staff (men and women) were all scantily dressed. There wasn’t anything actually showing but it wouldn’t have taken much for them to be really exposing themselves. One hunk of a young man was only wearing a pair of cut-off denims with lots of cuts in them. It was obvious that he had nothing on underneath them.

I didn’t feel at all out of place with only a thin dress that was full of little holes. The place was crowded and the DJ was making the night go with a swing. He was cracking some really crude jokes and everyone was really enjoying it. When I mentioned to Jon about the crude jokes he told me that he would take me to see someone called Chubby Brown who was even worse that the DJ.

We were both drinking beer and I was getting happy. Some of the bar staff were putting on little ‘suggestive’ shows that were going down well and the DJ was getting a few people onto the stage to dance at times. He asked if anyone was celebrating a birthday and Jon told me to go and tell him that it was mine. I didn’t really want to but I did. The DJ told me to go onto the stage, and have a little dance with some of the bar staff.

When I got on there two of the male staff came onto the stage with me. One of them was only wearing this rubber chicken (guess where) and he got lots of cheers from the girls in the audience. The other one (who was just wearing a pair of CK boxer shorts told me to stand between them like the jam in a sandwich. He told me to ‘thrust’ back and forward with them in time with the music. When the record started it was the one that has the words ‘we’re having a gang-bang, we’re having a ball’ etc. and we were going backwards and forwards. I guess that the rubber chicken was bouncing up and down as I could see the girls in the audience pointing at the man in the front part of the sandwich.

When the record finished, the man in front turned to face me and said that we were going to do it again, but this time with us clapping our hands above our heads. We started again, and after about a minute I noticed that I couldn’t feel the man behind me. Then all of a sudden, with me with my hands high in the air, the man behind me grabbed the hem of my dress and whipped it up and off. Before I could do anything the man behind put his arms round my waist and lifted me off the ground. My feet had hardly left the floor before the man in front turned round, bent down, opened my legs and pulled them round his waist. I grabbed for his neck to stop me from falling over, but we both went over.

We ended up with him on his back with me laid on top of him. But with my legs bent double under his shoulders. I couldn’t move because he was holding firmly onto me. When I think back I must have been giving some of the people at the front of the stage a real eyeful. All I could do was listen to the cheering and the DJ saying something about ‘that was the best one yet.’

When I finally managed to get up the man in the CKs gave me a bottle of champagne and a T-shirt and thanked me for being such a good sport. To hold those I had to stop trying to cover myself and I started to hear comments from the audience. My dress had been given to the DJ and I had to go and get it. There were lots of roaming hands as I tried to squeeze my way through the crowd to get to the DJ and I’m sure that some of those hands were female ones.

When I got to the DJ he asked me if I usually didn’t wear knickers. It was only after I said, “never” and there was a big cheer from the audience that I realised that the question and answer were both going out over the PA system.

I grabbed my dress and ran back to Jon who took ages to stop laughing. But he wasn’t laughing enough to not stop me from putting my dress back on for about five minutes. A couple of drinks later Jon decided that we would have a dance and we went onto the floor. It really was crowded and we could hardly move. There were a couple of times when I felt a hand groping my bum as people squeezed past me. One cheeky youth managed to get a finger in my pussy and when he got past me and Jon he turned and looked at me. When he knew I was looking he stuck a finger in the air and made a big deal of licking it. Guess where that finger had been.

When we went back to our seats someone was sitting there Jon had been so he stood in front of where I had been with his back ready to sit down. He turned me so that I could sit on his lap but before he actually sat down I could feel his hands doing something near my bum. As we sat down I got one hell of a shock. As I was bending down my dress rode up and I could feel his dick touching my pussy. It was a good job that I was still very wet otherwise it would have been painful as he went up to the hilt in the one movement. If anyone had been looking, the gasp and look on my face would have told them that I was being fucked, right there, in public, with people sat either side of us.

The excitement was incredible, I wanted to move up and down but Jon was holding me firm. With my back to him my legs were open about six inches, but it was probably too dark for anyone to have seen up my dress. But anyway, they had all seen me naked a short while before. It was a good job that his trousers had a button fly as I guess that a zip could have been a little painful for either of us. We stayed like that for about twenty minutes with me passing Jon his drink at times. I did manage to rock back and forwards a bit and I could really feel the juices flowing. In the end I suddenly felt Jon tense up and then he came inside me.

After another ten minutes or so he started to go soft and then he told me to stand up, but stay in front of him as he fastened his trousers. When we got outside I could see the big wet patch on his trousers where both our juices had leaked out of me.

We staggered back to the Hotel, me more pissed than him and stripped off and collapsed on the bed. Before I knew it, it was next morning and the sun was shining in through the window. We hadn’t bothered to close the curtains and the lights were still on. Us two naked people asleep on top of the bed would have been easily visible to anyone in the other Hotel who cared to look.

# Sunday August 23

When Jon woke up he decided that we should do some exercises before breakfast. Jon stood me right in front of the window looking out and he told me what exercises to do. I really had trouble with my co-ordination as I moved my arms and legs. In the end Jon gave up and put me across his knee and gave me 50 spanks with his hand. When I got up (with tears in my eyes - Jon is getting too good with his right hand) I looked out of the window and saw a young couple staring at us. When they saw that I had seen them they clapped their hands and disappeared from view.

After that we went to have a shower and we didn’t bother to close the curtains. With the door lock still not working the inevitable happened. As I was shaving my pubes (still in the shower), a teenage girl came in on us. We all stared at each other (I could see her eyes going up and down both our naked bodies) for what seemed like ages until Jon said, “Don’t mind us, just carry on doing whatever you came to do” but she declined and left. We looked at each other and laughed.

Jon told me to wear a cheesecloth dress that day and when we went for breakfast. I saw both the man from the shower the previous evening and the girl from the morning shower. I could see the man looking at me, but whenever I looked at him he turned away. The girl ignored us, but I could see her pointing to us and telling her mate something. When we booked out of the Hotel we drove round until we found a big leisure complex. Jon decided that we would ‘give it a whirl’ and we went in.

It was clearly designed for holidaymakers who were suffering from the poor English weather. It had just about everything that anyone could want. We (Jon) decided to have a game of squash first and we went to the ‘dry’ changing rooms. I put on just my tennis dress and trainers and went to wait for Jon. The court they gave us had a glass rear wall so that an audience could watch you play. In a way I was glad that no one was watching any of the courts. I never was any good at squash and it wasn’t long before Jon had me running all around the court and he even gave me a bollocking for not trying hard enough.

He is very good at giving me shots that I have to either bend down or stretch high to get at and my dress was riding-up to show my bum, or my left shoulder strap was going down my arm quite a bit and my left tit was hanging out. It was only after we had been playing for about 30 minutes that I noticed that we had gained an audience of about four teenagers. I had to ignore them and concentrate on my game otherwise Jon would have thrashed me in more ways than one, although there was one time when I went flying and ended up on my stomach with my legs wide open giving the little audience a great view. Once Jon had well and truly beaten me he decided that we should go for a swim.

It wasn’t any old swimming pool; it had about four different flumes, one that ended in a big tank with glass sides, two slides, a rapids, a wave machine and lots of things for young kids. Another thing that it had was a mixed changing room with lots of little cubicles. As I walked in I soon realised that Jon would be having some fun there. We went into a ‘family’ changing cubicle and Jon left the door open.

Needless to say it was only seconds before Jon had my dress off me and I was naked for everyone who passed to see. He didn’t tell me what to wear until he had stripped off his squash gear and put his undies on. I reckoned that he was relying on me been the centre of attraction and no one noticing how see-through his undies are. I had to wear my white one-piece Lycra costume, the one with the deep ‘V’ that goes all the way down the front and under to my arse hole. Whilst we were getting changed we got a couple of funny looks from people passing by and 2 teenage girls even came back for a second look. I presumed that it was Jon that they were looking at, not me, but who knows these days.

On the way into the pool I had one of the male attendants staring at me and I don’t think that my clit was poking out between the 2 halves of the costume. We had a swim in the main pool first before having a go on the flumes. Going down the flumes tended to pull my costume up into the cracks of my ass and pussy (a wedgie as Jon calls it), so I had to adjust them quickly when I got to the bottom of each one before Jon got down. The biggest flume was the best and the worst. Just as I was getting onto it Jon (unbeknown to me at the time) untied the cord that held my costume together. It didn’t matter when I was stood up because it was wet and was clinging to me, but as soon as I started to go down the flume the extra water pulled it away from my body and it was only the neck strap that kept me from losing it completely.

At the bottom of this flume there is a big tank of water with glass sides, but above it there is this big ‘donut’ feature that you slide round and round before losing momentum and falling through the ‘donut’ into the big tank. There I was going round and round this ‘donut’ with my costume trailing from my neck, thinking about how I was going to get it back on and how many people were looking through the glass sides of the tank. There was absolutely nothing I could do and down through the hole I went. It took me a couple of minutes to put my costume back on because the tank was deep and I had to tread water all the time. When I finally got out, one cheeky young lad said, “Very nice - can you do that again please.” So I guess that at least one person saw me. Never mind, I got a little excitement out of it.

Jon had noticed a big bubbling spa and sauna and steam room so we went into the spa next. It was lovely and warm and the bubbles didn’t stop. It wasn’t long before Jon untied my costume again and somehow managed to get it over my head without anyone seeing. I was up to my neck in the bubbles so none of the dozen or so people could see that I was naked. More people came in and it wasn’t long before I was squashed between Jon and a teenage boy. I couldn’t tell if it was Jon’s or the boy’s hands that were exploring the front of my body, but it was nice and I put my head back, closed my eyes and dreamed. I came back to reality when a young woman who was trying to get out tripped and landed on top of me. Her hands were all over me as she tried to get back onto her feet. She gave me a puzzled look as she apologised before moving away. Jon gave me back my costume and I had to duck under the bubbles to get it over my head and back on. When we got out and went down the steps I noticed that my clit was clearly visible between the 2 sides of my costume. I kept close to Jon as we went to the steam room.

It was big, circular, and with 2 floor levels. The upper level had a railing between it and the lower level. There were a few people on both levels. As we were moving round the upper level looking for a seat I saw that there was a young couple both in the nude. The steam was so thick that you had to be close up to them to realise. Jon took that as a cue and when we found some seats Jon motioned to me to get my costume off (again). He took his off and we relaxed back in the chairs and put our feet up on the railings.

Although the steam was dense it wasn’t that hot in there and it wasn’t long before I was dozing off. When I came round there was this big man stood on the level below looking right at my pussy (my feet were about a foot apart). Fortunately I wasn’t startled and he didn’t notice that I was back in the land of the living. I could just see Jon out of the corner of my eye and his eyes were shut so I thought that I might have a bit of fun. I slowly slid my legs further apart and moved one hand from my stomach down to the top of my pussy.

When he didn’t move I thought ‘go for it’ and slowly started playing with my clit. This big fat man just kept staring at my pussy. He didn’t even look at my face, just my pussy. I was just beginning to get worked-up when Jon moved and the man turned away. Jon whispered to me “enjoy that did you slave?” he knew I had. We stayed there for a few more minutes before putting our costumes on and going for a shower.

After we had cooled down we went into the sauna. It was a big one with lots of benches. Jon told me to sit at the end of one bench with my feet on the bench. He sat at my feet so I couldn’t put my legs out straight. I was bent over a bit so my costume looked a bit baggy and the 2 front bits didn’t meet at all. My clit and a bit of my right lip was clearly visible to me, so I can only imagine what Jon and the other people could see.

A couple of teenage girls were looking at us, giggling and whispering but I don’t know if that was Jon or me. It wasn’t long before the heat was getting too much for me and I asked Jon if we could leave. Back in the changing rooms we got another ‘family cubicle’ and stripped off, again with the door open. Jon gave me a towel and told me to go and take a shower. I walked out of the cubicle wrapping the towel round me and straight into an old man who seemed most embarrassed about seeing me pulling the towel round me.

The showers there are individual cubicles, each with their own door. Jon had told me not to lock the one I was to use, but I couldn’t anyway, the lock was broken. There were also small holes in the partition walls so that people in the cubicles either side could spy on you. This could be fun I thought as I took the towel off and turned the water on. It wasn’t long before someone started coming into my cubicle.

It was a boy of about 14 who looked stunned when he saw me. I turned to face him and said ‘this one’s occupied - unless you want to join me” I think that the shock of seeing me confused him and he muttered something and left. A short time later the same thing happened again, but this time it was a girl of about 17. She seemed more confused than shocked, but took her time apologising whilst she stared at my bald pubes. A short while after she left I noticed some feet under one of the sidewalls. Their position made me wonder if someone was looking through the hole. I decided to find out by bending over to wash my feet and having a quick look through the hole.

There was any eye there looking at me. The feet didn’t move so I guess that they hadn’t seen me looking at them (or didn’t care), so I decided to give them something to look at. I bent down again, but this time with my back to the hole. I guess that my pussy would be only a couple of inches from the hole. I reached between my legs and gave my pussy a good soaping and letting 1 finger slip inside. I then stood up, faced the hole and did the same again. Just as I was fingering myself the door opened again and a woman about my age walked in. She just smiled, said sorry and left. By the time that I looked for the feet again they had gone. I never did find out who the feet and the eye belonged to. It could have been the boy, the girl, or someone completely different.

I rinsed off, put the towel round me and went back to Jon. He asked me what had taken so long. After I had told him he said that he was going for a shower and that I was to spend all the time he was away drying myself with the door open. I was very disappointed that no one had seen me by the time he got back. I did have time to think a bit and realised that I am turning into a right exhibitionist. I now WANT people to see me naked. What a change from the 'me' of 6 months ago. I’ve got a lot to thank Jon for.

When Jon got back he gave my clit a quick tug which made the cry-out a bit then told me to put my dress on.

We left and headed for home, stopping at a country pub for some food. Non-eventful apart from a few ‘country bumpkins’ staring at me. You’d think that they’d never seen a woman in a short dress before. If only they’d known what I didn’t have on underneath - maybe they did, maybe the sunlight had been in the right direction and they had been able to see through my dress. Who cares, I don’t.

When we got home there was a message on the answer-phone from Vicky. She said that she had missed us and asked if she could come over the next weekend. Jon told me to ring her and say OK. He went to work on his PC.

# Week commencing August 24

Quite a boring week really. The only exciting time was when the paperboy came for his money. He was the same one as the previous few weeks and he was getting used to me answering the door naked. Didn’t stop him having a good look and the bulge in his trousers told me that he liked what he saw. Oh, nearly forgot, I surprised the postman on the Thursday; he was delivering a Sonique depilatory machine. Jon had agreed to get me one. I’m having to let some of my pubic hair grow long enough for it to work. Jon told me to start with a small patch just at the top of my slit, where it grows the thickest.

Friday night we collected Vicky from the bus station. Jon had her take all her clothes off in the car and to put on just my black pencil dress. It only just covered her bum and pussy - which I was glad to see was still bald. We went to pub in town for a drink before collecting a Chinese take-away and going home. Everyone was so tired that we all went to bed quite early. Vicky slept with Jon, but she later told me that he was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

# Saturday August 29

Jon woke up bright and early and had to wake us. He put an aerobics video on and had us do some exercises on the patio. Whenever he thought that we weren’t trying hard enough he slapped our backsides with the tawse. After 30 minutes of that I was shattered.

I got us breakfast while he and Vicky went for the 3 S’s. I guess that I was a bit jealous, but not much. Over breakfast Vicky told us about her fun when she had worn Ben for the 3 days. She told us that she had been very ‘unproductive’ at work and that she had had to tell them that she wasn’t well. They’d noticed her ‘hot flushes’ and told her that she should go to see a doctor. She’d had to work hard to keep Ben in.

One of the women had got really worried at one point when she’d had an orgasm and had tried to hide it by saying that she’d had this stabbing pain in her stomach. We were killing ourselves laughing, and I must admit that I was getting a little wet thinking about it. She told us that she had thrown away all her underwear to make sure that she couldn’t wear any. She has also stopped wearing clothes in their flat and her flatmates had just about got used to it, but it still caused little problems when their boyfriends went round.

Jon asked us what we would like to do for the day and Vicky suggested that we went to Birmingham shopping. We got dressed (me in my leather mini skirt and denim jacket and Vicky in a white low cut mini dress) and left. We wandered around the shops before finding ourselves in a quiet part of town (lost again).

It was an older part of the city and we found ourselves stood outside an old pub on a sort of metal grating. Jon said that it was the way that the barrels of beer used to get delivered to the pub cellars. We looked down through the grating and could see some of those metal beer kegs. Vicky also saw a couple of men down there having a cigarette. It was then that Jon had an idea and told us both to stand on the grid with our feet about a foot apart. Jon then dropped a couple of coins down to attract the attention of the men. It wasn’t long before they were right below us having a real good look. Jon asked Vicky to tell us again what had happened at work with Ben and we spent a good 10 minutes talking with the men quietly having a good view. I even started to talk to Vicky about not wearing underwear any more, just to tease them a little more.

In the end I think that Jon got a little bored and we moved on. Back in the shopping centre we found a little clothes shop that looked as if it wasn’t one of the ‘run of the mill’ dress shops and went in. There was only one young female assistant and some quite nice dresses. I chose a couple to try on and so did Vicky and we went to the changing rooms. They weren’t very good by big store standards, but 2 curtained cubicles were good enough for us, especially as we opened the curtains instead of closing them.

The poor girl didn’t know what to say when she saw 2 naked women in the back part of the shop. She came over and started to say something about us shouldn’t be doing that and she didn’t know what to say when Jon asked her why not. In the end, she just stood there watching us as we tried all 4 dresses on.

There was 1 that I really liked, a short sleeveless one that was made of 2 parts, front and back; the sides were laced together with thin rope. Vicky liked a thin cotton summer dress that was tight and low cut, but with a flared skirt. Jon said that he liked that one and Vicky suddenly said, “Why don’t you try it on then?” Meaning him put the dress on.

Well, I knew that Jon was game for a laugh but I didn’t expect him to strip off right there and put it on. He looked a right plonker and he was the first to say so. After he had given us all a ‘twirl’ I could see that the dress was starting to stick out in the wrong place and when he took it off he had right boner. The poor shop assistant was bright red and she obviously didn’t know where to look, but she wasn’t going to miss having a good look at Jon’s erection. Jon noticed and asked her if she had never seen one before. “Not like that” she said. “What’s so different about mine?” Jon asked. “You’re bald and you have no skin over the end.” “He’s been circumcised” I said. Thinking about it, I suppose that circumcision isn’t as popular these days so maybe she hadn’t seen one.

Jon then told her that she could have a closer look if she wanted. She went right up to him and bent down but then chickened-out and moved away. Jon said, “It doesn’t bite,” but she had lost her bottle. But she still kept looking at him.

“Who else wants to touch it then?” Jon asked, and before I could react Vicky had it in her mouth. Jon wasn’t happy about that and pulled her off him. “Who said anything about mouth’s?” he said. “You’ll get punished for that” he said and told us to get dressed. He bought both the dresses that we liked and we left the poor assistant wondering if she’d been dreaming or what?

Jon was getting a little hungry so we went to a Burger King restaurant. It was the middle of the afternoon and the place was reasonably quiet. Jon sent me to get our order and when I got back to him and Vicky the seat that they indicated for me to use was facing one end of the serving counter where there was a youth waiting to serve whoever came in. Jon told me to sit with my knees about a foot apart and to get on with eating my burger. We were busy talking when I heard someone say “Peter, what’s wrong with you?” When I looked up I knew exactly what was wrong with Peter. His eyes had discovered my pussy and he was mesmerised. The ‘voice’ said something else and Peter came back to reality. I told Jon and Vicky what was happening and Jon said, “Good, now swap places with Vicky and let her try to catch his attention.” I’m sure that she must have, because when I next looked, not only was Peter looking at Vicky, but there was someone else there with him who was also looking. I looked down at Vicky’s lap and saw that she was giving them a real eyeful, her dress was right up above her pussy. Vicky is really getting into this exhibitionism as much as me now. I can see that we’re going to have a lot of fun together.

After the Burger, we (Jon) decided to head for home where Jon decided that it was time for Vicky to have her punishment for trying to give him the Blowjob in the dress shop. I didn’t want to miss out on the fun so I spilt a cup of coffee on Jon’s lap just to make sure. He was furious and as he was taking his trousers off he told me to get my skirt and jacket off ‘immediately.’ We were both taken up to the ‘punishment room’ and after I had got to “Three - thank you Master” he had calmed down a bit and decided on a change of plan.

Vicky and I were to have a competition to see who could make the other cum first. The loser was the one who came first the winner got to sleep in Jon’s bed that night. Just to even things up Jon told Vicky to take her dress off and he gave her 3 strokes with the cane. I thought that that was fair, cos I was already a little wet after my 3 stokes.

Anyway, as Vicky was getting her 3 strokes I was thinking about how I could get some sort of advantage and decided to sneak the handcuffs out of the drawer and try to get them on her before she realised. I hid them under the pillow on the bed hoping to be able to catch Vicky by surprise. When Jon told us to start we just stood and looked at each other until Vicky grabbed my arm and pulled me onto the bed. We started a bit of a fight I suppose, but neither of us wanted to hurt the other, just give too much pleasure, too quick. We started nipple and clit squeezing but Vicky had the advantage there, my clit is a lot bigger than hers and she had no trouble getting hold of it.

We were rolling about on the bed pinching and grabbing until I found myself knelt between her legs holding her wrists at either side of her head. To let her think that she had the advantage I climbed up her so that my knees were over her shoulders and my pussy was right above her face. I let her start eating me to lull her into relaxing before reaching for the handcuffs. They were on her before she realised and I had got her. I climbed off her but she said that she wasn’t beaten yet, got up and tried to put her arms over me. Somehow I managed to avoid that and to grab a piece of rope that Jon usually used to ‘restrain’ me with. We rolled on the bed again and (with difficulty) I looped the rope through her arms and round one of the bed’s corner posts.

When Vicky realised what I had done she admitted defeat and just lay there. I was glad of the rest as well; both our bodies were wet with perspiration. I knew then that I was going to be able to be with Jon that night, but that didn’t mean that I couldn’t have some fun (and pleasure) getting Vicky to cum. All this time Jon was stood in the doorway watching us with a grin on his face. The bulge in his trousers told me that he had enjoyed watching 2 girls ‘fight.’

I got into the 69 position above Vicky and we started eating each other. Every minute or so I lifted my pussy out of reach of her mouth so that I could calm down but I didn’t stop working on her. I think that she tried to fight the orgasm a bit, but when she came she really came. I stopped and looked at Jon who told me that I was the winner. He told me that he wanted some food in about an hour, which left me time to have another go at Vicky. This time I kept my pussy firmly on her face. I timed it right so that we both came at the same time by lifting up when I got too close. It was a good deep full body orgasm when I came.

After that I untied Vicky and we had a shower before we both got tea ready.

We went to a quiet country pub that night and didn’t get up to much. There was one young man that we distracted by opening our legs whenever he looked at us. I think that his girlfriend was getting a bit mad at him towards the end, but that just made me want to show more. Not sure if Jon realised what we were doing. Vicky fell asleep in the car on the way home so we went to bed straight away.

I enjoyed my prize of sleeping in Jon’s bed. I rode him until he came, then used my mouth to get him hard again before he fucked me doggy fashion.

# Sunday August 30

When I got up Vicky was already in the shower so I joined her and we soaped each other. She asked me why I had a little tuft of hair at the top of my pussy so I told her about the hair-removing machine that Jon had bought. She wants to know how we get on as she says that she still has to make the effort each morning to shave hers and sometimes doesn’t do it when she gets up late. She said that like me, the ‘itching’ had long gone and she now hated it when she had a bit of stubble.

We all had breakfast together, reading the papers, all 3 of us in the nude. Jon got to one article in the ‘News of the World’ about women wrestlers and said that the 3 of us should set-up a little ‘Women’s Nude Wrestling’ business. He thought about it for a few minutes then said, “No, it should be a ‘School Girls Cat Fight’ with you both starting out dressed as school girls then ripping each other’s clothes off as you fight, and ending up naked and trying to force each other to orgasm. That should get a few boners and bring in the money.” He said that with our liking of pain as long as we kept our cool we should have a good time. Vicky didn’t sound too keen, but I rather fancy the idea.

After breakfast Jon decided that we would be doing something different that day. I discovered a side of Jon that I had never seen before; we went looking round museums - all day. Not exactly what I enjoy, but! At least the evening was more interesting, we went into town to a lively American style eating house cum pub. Even though Vicky and I were only wearing short dresses we didn’t attract much attention as just about all the young girls in there were wearing outfits just as short. When we got home I made us some coffee and Jon fell asleep on the sofa, so Vicky and I went to bed together and went to sleep after a pleasurable 69.

Vicky hadn’t gone home on the Sunday evening because the Monday was a National Holiday.

# Week commencing August 31

Monday - Jon asked us that we would like to do and as it was a sunny day we decided to go on a bike ride. We loaded Jon’s 3 bikes onto the roof rack of the car and went up into the Dales. Vicky didn’t know about the bike with the hole in the saddle and I was glad that Jon remembered to bring the butt plug with him. Vicky wanted to wear my white shorts but I wouldn’t let her. She didn’t understand why not and I wouldn’t tell her, other than to say that she would understand later. In the end she wore a light cotton short dress and I wore my tennis dress.

We drove up into the dales and parked the car in a little village. Jon had remembered to bring a spanner to adjust the seat height for Vicky. She thought that it was a bit high for her so I said, “just you wait.” We set off at a slow pace with Vicky and I having the backs of our dresses hanging over the back of, and pussies bare to the saddles. It wasn’t long before Vicky was happy that she had to slide from side to side on the saddle. Jon hadn’t put the butt plug in the hole in the saddle in my bike so when we stopped for a rest I asked him if he would put it in. Vicky’s only comment was “now I understand.” It took me a couple of minutes to get back on the bike and ready to move off, but once we got going it was good.

After we stopped for lunch at a pub Jon told us to swap bikes. I suppose it was fair but I was a little disappointed. We’d noticed a couple of men looking at the bikes (well the one with the butt plug sticking through the saddle) and as it was a man’s bike I guess they were looking for a man that belonged to it; and you should have seen their faces when Vicky slowly lowered herself onto it.

We rode for about another 5 miles back to the car before heading for home and then taking Vicky home. I think that Vicky was ready for the rest when we got to the car; she said that she had had 3 orgasms on that saddle. When we got to her flat she invited us in for a coffee. No sooner than we had got in Vicky excused herself and came back a couple of minutes later without her clothes on. It seemed a little strange having Vicky as the only one without clothes on.

Back home Jon sent me to bed before going to work on his PC.

Tuesday - Jon went away on a training course for the rest of the week which meant that it was a boring few days, except that the Tesco girl rang for a chat on the Wednesday afternoon and asked if we could meet up. I invited her (Bridie) to Jon’s house on the Friday afternoon which was her day off.

Friday - When she arrived Bridie seemed a little surprised to have me answer the door naked and she was nervous as she explained (over a cup of tea) that she had never been with another woman before. She seemed pleased when I told her that until a few months before I had never even thought about it and the thought of being naked in a supermarket toilet would have had me crawling into a corner and wanting to die. Bridie admitted that she was ‘bi-curious’ but didn’t know how to take it any further. She relaxed a bit when I told her that I don’t consider myself to be a lesbian but I like sex with certain other women.

I got her to tell me all about her other ‘experiences’ while we progressed to vodka and orange drinks. She’s only 16 and only left school a few months ago. She doesn’t have a boyfriend at the moment and still lives with her parents. It wasn’t long before she was asking me what it was like to be naked most of the time and I suggested that she tried it. She stripped to her bra and knickers which were a lovely red lacy set but she didn’t want to go further. When I got another drink I stood behind her and massaged her neck for a while before moving down to her small pert, cone shaped young breasts. She has lovely nipples in the centre of small dark brown aureoles. As I lightly let my finger drift over her nipples they jumped to attention and she gasped. She asked me to undo her little bra then she stood up and asked if we could go somewhere more comfortable.

I led her up to Jon’s room and motioned for her to lie on the bed. I started kissing her all-over as she moaned and rolled her head from side to side. When I got down to her stomach she seemed to tense a little as my hand gently drifted over her still knicker-clad pussy. She surprised me when I stopped and looked at her and she said that she had followed my example. When I asked her what she meant she asked me to take her knickers off.

She has this beautifully smooth bald pussy, not a hair anywhere, but her lips were very swollen and her juices were over-flowing. I started kissing her stomach and thighs before really eating her. She certainly had been anticipating that moment because it didn’t take very long for her to have an orgasm accompanied by screams of ‘yes’, ‘yes.’ I lay next to her up on one elbow looking at her lovely 16 year old body. I can’t remember mine looking that good 6 years ago. Very slim, very blonde and with a smooth medium tan coloured skin.

All of a sudden Bridie brought my day-dream to an end by saying that that was the first time that anyone had ever done that to her and she asked if she could try to do it to me. After asking if any of her boyfriends had ever eaten her (no was the answer) I told her that she could only do it to me if she knelt either side of me and we did a proper 69. She was a real natural even down to the pulling of my clit with her teeth and pushing her tongue into my hole. I took my time and had a good look at her young pussy. Her clit isn’t as big as mine but she smelt and tasted really good.

Bridie came before me and the intensity made her bite my clit quite hard. That triggered me and I came shortly after her. We both collapsed and lay there for a few minutes before talking for hours. I told her all about Jon and I and she told me that she was a late developer and had only really reached puberty about 2 years ago; and that she was still a virgin.

She has quite an imagination but says that she is too shy to let any boys get further that a snog and a grope. Besides, her parents are very strict and she always has to be in quite early. I was just thinking about how I could help her when the bedroom door flew open and Jon walked in. He was furious and demanded to know what was going on. Bridie was frightened, and was trying to cover herself. Jon told her to keep quiet and keep still and that no harm would come to her. She seemed to relax when I told her that it was true, Jon would not hurt her, and he’s not like that.

I explained everything to Jon and he calmed down. He asked Bridie if she was all right and told her to relax and stop being so shy. I put my arm round her and asked her and Jon if they would like a drink which I then went and got. When I got back Bridie was laughing so Jon must have said something to make her feel comfortable. She had even stopped trying to cover her nakedness.

We all went down to the lounge and I left them talking while I went and put dinner on. While we were eating (us 2 girls still naked) Jon told me that I was going to be punished for using his bed without asking him. He asked Bridie if she wanted to watch and after we had finished we all went up to the ‘punishment’ room. Bridie looked a little stunned by all the equipment there and just stood in silence as Jon restrained me spread-eagle face down on the bed.

Jon then told Bridie that he frequently administered punishment in the nude and would she mind if he took his clothes off. She didn’t say anything but I could see her shake her head indicating ‘no’ she didn’t mind. He took his clothes off and I watched Bridie’s eyes follow his soft dick as he got the tawse from where it was hanging on the wall and gave me the first stroke.

I could tell when it was going to land on my backside by the expression on Bridie’s face. As usual I said, “One - thank you master” and waited for the next one. By the time I had got to “Ten - thank you Master” Bridie was relaxing and even enjoying it. She was licking her lips and one of her hands was stroking her stomach and the front of her pussy. There was a pause after the first 10 as Jon moved to get a better position and then the 11th one landed partially on my right cheek and partially on my pussy. The second and last 10 all hit my pussy and by the time I had said, “Twenty - thank you Master” the tears were rolling down my cheeks and I was quite well lubricated.

Jon untied me and as I was getting up I could see Bridie really going at herself. Jon had sat on a chair and his erection was pointing to the ceiling, Bridie still staring at it. Jon motioned for me to go over to him and he pulled me down onto his lap, my back to his front, my legs outside of his and his dick lost inside me. He told me to finish myself off as Bridie continued to stare at us.

All 3 of us came - can’t remember in what order. When Jon finally lifted me off him he looked at Bridie and asked her if she would like a go at either the punishment, or the fucking. I guess that she wasn’t ready for it because she said, “no”. Jon replied with “maybe next time.” Jon and Bridie got dressed and we drove her home, me still in the nude in the back of the car. It was a good job that it was dark by then. As she got out of the car Jon asked her if she would like to go out with us the following night. She said yes and we agreed to pick her up at 8:00 p.m.

# Saturday September 5

I woke up with a sore backside and pussy. Late morning someone came to the door and Jon told me to wait upstairs until he called me. It was a conservatory salesman and Jon had done a deal with him to build one at the back of the house.

When Jon called me into the room the man didn’t look as surprised as I would expect him to be when a naked young woman walked into the room. It turned out that Jon had told him that his housekeeper usually walked around the house naked and that it was to be part of the contract that the workmen could look but not touch. If this condition were broken then they would not get paid for the job. The poor man could not take his eyes off me and Jon used that fact to get an extra discount. The job was to start the week after next.

That afternoon we went shopping in town. Jon had me wear my long wrap-around skirt and short baggy crop top. We went to the nice dress shop where Kelly worked but the girl assistant told us that Kelly had left and gone to work in Nottingham. The new assistant was nice but didn’t seem that friendly, just polite. We had a look at a few dresses and skirts but Jon didn’t like any of them so we moved on.

We went into a shoe shop and Jon bought himself a pair of shoes. While he was doing that he told me to try a few pairs on. Needless to say he told me to get a male assistant and to make sure that he got an eyeful of my pussy. It was quiet easy in the wrap-around skirt, just a case of letting it fall open.

Poor lad, he just didn’t know where to look. It was obvious where he wanted to look but he was just too shy to have a good look and he just kept having quick looks. I made eye contact with him and smiled and said, “It’s okay to look” but he still kept on with the quick looks then looking away.

From there we went to the ‘Private’ shop and had a good look at everything. Jon bought a vibrating egg and some leather straps that he wouldn’t let me look at, said they were going to be a surprise. After that we went home and had some tea. Later Jon told me to put a short cotton dress on and we went and collected Bridie. I went to the door while Jon waited in the car.

As Bridie got into the car Jon complimented her on her outfit. She looked great in a smart red dress with stockings and suspenders (as I found out later). Bridie asked Jon where we were going but he would only tell us that it was a surprise and one that would make her nervous to start off with, but she was to trust us.

We drove to a Leisure Centre in Mansfield called Water Meadows. Bridie said that she hadn’t planned on going swimming and hadn’t brought a costume. By that time I had realised what was going on, but didn’t say anything. Jon told Bridie not to worry and that everything was taken care of. After Jon had paid our money and we entered the changing area Bridie just stopped dead in her tracks. After a few seconds she said, “They’ve got no clothes on, what’s going on?” Jon told her that it was a ‘naturist swim’ and no one wore clothes at those. It took a couple of minutes to persuade Bridie to strip off with us and she looked great as she slowly took her clothes off. Needless to say Jon and I were naked within seconds. Bridie came out with statements like “Everyone’s looking at me” and “Everyone can see that I’ve shaved my pussy.” She said that she’d only ever seen naked people on the television (apart from Jon and I the previous day) and that no one had seen her naked since she was a little kid, not even her parents.

She started to relax a bit when she realised that everyone was just getting on with getting out of their clothes and into the pool. She also commented on the fact that there were other people with no pubic hair and that no one seemed to be taking any notice of them. Jon told her that they were just there to have good relaxing natural swim enjoying the lack of restrictions and inhibitions of clothes.

As we walked out into the swimming area Bridie was trying to cover herself and she just stood there for a couple of minutes watching all the naked people of all ages from babies to pensioners just doing what people normally do in a swimming pool. There’s not a lot at that Leisure Centre but we had a good time. Bridie managed to relax and enjoy herself apart from the times that men were following her up the stairs to the water slide. With their heads at her pussy level she was still self-conscious. In the end I sat on the side of the pool with my legs open wide and no one took a blind bit of notice so I managed to get her to do the same, but only for a few seconds.

We went up into the sauna and steam room suite and spent a bit of time there. Bridie had never been into a sauna, a steam room or a spa before. In there I whispered in Bridie’s ear that it was good having sex in a spa and she whispered back ‘chance’. I then told her that I was sure that I could arrange something, but not there as there were too many people. It was great being able to walk around and swim in the nude with lots of other people doing the same. So relaxing and natural. None of the sexual excitement of being naked or semi-naked when everyone else has clothes on and people are trying to catch a glimpse of my breasts or pussy. I like both situations really; it depends upon the mood I’m in.

As we were getting dressed to leave we watched Bridie put her clothes on. Jon suggested that she leave her underwear off but after a few seconds thought she said, “Maybe next time, I’ve got a lot of thinking to do.” When we dropped her off at home she gave us both a quick kiss, full on the lips. Jon invited her to go out with us the next Saturday. We arranged to pick her up at 8:00 p.m. again.

Back home Jon told me that the sight of Bridie getting dressed had turned him on a bit and he was going to ‘vent his lust’ on my body. I spent the night in his bed and went to sleep in the ‘spoon’ position with him deep inside me.

# Sunday September 6

Jon took me to the gym and I had to wear my white Lycra shorts and a baggy crop top. By the time we had finished I had a big damp patch in the crotch which made the thin Lycra virtually transparent. Good job that I don’t have any pubic hair as that would have been clearly visible.

From there we went into the sauna and Jon had me wearing one of the Leisure Centre’s towels that are only just big enough to cover my breasts and bum. Jon had me sit with my legs up bent at the knee so that my pussy was on display. A couple of teenage girls came in and one of them had a good look, but nothing else.

No swimming or spa, we went home after that. In the afternoon Jon got a bucket and some bags of white powder out of the garage. When I asked him what they were for he told me that he was going to take a plaster of Paris mould of the lower part of my torso. When I asked him what it was for he said he wasn’t sure, but it seemed like a good idea and could be fun. He had me stand (with my feet about a foot apart) in the kitchen while he first covered me from below my tits to my knees with Vaseline. Then he got a dildo and pushed it half into me. He said that he wanted to be able to know exactly where my hole was and the best angle to get into it. He then put 3 strips of clink-film up each side of me and just behind the dildo so that the mould would be easier to get off me once it was dry.

After that he wrapped some tea towels soaked in the plaster of Paris mixture round me. As the mixture dried he pasted more and more of it onto me until it was about half an inch thick. All this time I had to hold my stomach in so that my little podge wouldn’t be showing.

When he had finished we made me stay still for another 15 minutes to let it harden. It felt funny being encased like that. Sort of sexually exciting. Difficult to explain. When it came to get the mould off me we had difficult time. At one point I was beginning to think that I was stuck in it for life but Jon wasn’t giving up and in the end it came off. It looks good when the 2 halves are put together. You could even see the shape of my pussy lips as they gripped the dildo.

When the 2 halves are together the hole for the dildo makes me look as if I have a giant hole. Jon says that we will go for the top half next time, but I don’t know what position he will do it in as he says that he wants my tits to be ‘proud’. While I was getting cleaned-up Jon went to check his email, and apart from taking him some food, I never say him again until breakfast next morning.

# Week commencing September 7

On the Monday I used Sonique depilatory machine on the pubic hair that I had been growing just above my slit. It took hours, but it was quite painless and just gave me a very slight tingle. On face value it seems to be doing the trick but the real test will be to see if it grows again. That night Jon told me to grow all the hair around my lips and then remove it. He also told me that he was going to grow all of his and that I would be removing all his for him. That will take all day and I bet that it won’t happen without him getting a solid boner or two. Didn’t see Bridie when I went to Tesco on the Wednesday.

Thursday night the paperboy came to collect the money but it wasn’t a boy, it was a girl. After she got over the shock of me being naked she couldn’t stop giggling but she still took her time counting the money while looking at me. When I said, “see you next week” she said, “definitely.”

Friday I went to the Job Centre to see what part-time jobs they had going. A couple of bar work jobs but that was about it. Will have to talk to Jon.

# Saturday September 12

We went to Nottingham to look round the shops. Jon told me to wear Ben which slowed us down quite a bit. Jon just laughed every time I had to stop moving to either slow down, or have an orgasm. I really was feeling horny and desperate for Jon to give me a good fucking, but I had to wait until we got back to the car park. I’m sure that the CCTV cameras were pointed at Jon’s car. We probably gave the men watching the screens a good cheap thrill.

I was wearing my cheesecloth dress that day and Jon bought me a smart burgundy jacket with matching short skirt. No fun in the changing cubicle. When I got home Jon told me to move the buttons out as far as I could. It was low cut as it was and it would be obvious that I didn’t have a bra on so after I had moved the buttons it didn’t take much for anyone to see my breast even when I twisted a bit, never mind when I leaned forward.

I wore my new outfit (with 1 addition) when we took Bridie out. The addition was the vibrating egg. We went to a nice old style country pub in a village called Tatenhill. Bridie looked great in a pink dress with spaghetti straps. Her nipples told everyone that she wasn’t wearing a bra.

She had a cardigan on when I went to the door for her but it came off as soon as she got in the car. Over a great meal she told us that she had decided not to wear any underwear that night and that it was stockings not tights that we could see on her legs. Jon had decided that he would do the driving and between us Bridie and I polished off 2 full bottles of white wine.

By the time that we moved into the main part of the pub we were both quite happy. Jon and I sat with our backs to an outside wall with Bridie facing me. The table was small and Jon was hogging it. A few minutes after we had sat down Bridie said that she could see right up my skirt to my stomach and suggested that I should cross my legs before someone else noticed.

I told her that not crossing my legs was one of the conditions of my employment and that I would get punished if I did. She asked Jon if that was right and she giggled when he said, “yes.” “OK” she said, “if you can’t, then I won’t” and she uncrossed hers. I slid down a bit in my seat and looked up her dress and could see her stomach. She giggled a bit more and after having a quick look to see if anyone was looking she opened her legs so that I could see her pussy. She was obviously getting a bit turned-on as her lips were swollen and glistening with her juices. There was just a hint of her clit sticking out between her lips.

The problem with sliding down in your seat is that your skirt doesn’t go with you and it had virtually disappeared beneath my jacket. This meant that Bridie could now see more of the tops of my legs and stomach. She asked me if it was a wire was that was coming up between my pussy lips and up my stomach. Jon told her what it was and told me to open my jacket and show her the control hanging out of the top of my skirt. Jon caught me looking round to see if anyone was looking before opening my jacket and told me that I had just earned a punishment. I opened my jacket on the left side to reveal the control. Only problem was that my left breast was on display as well. I don’t think that anyone saw it before Jon said that I could fasten my jacket. He then reached over and switched the egg on to a slow speed so that it would take a while for me to get worked up.

Jon sent me to the bar to get some more drinks. It’s one of those split-level buildings and the bar is quite low down with the bar staff even lower so I had to bend down to make myself heard over the music and general noise. I’m sure that the young barman was pretending not to hear me just so that he could keep looking down my jacket and when I stood up straight waiting for him to get the drinks I could hear 3 men behind me discussing whether or not I had any knickers on. Just to get them wondering a bit more when the barman asked me for the money I bent as far as I could over the bar. As I picked-up the drinks and walked back to Jon and Bridie I heard one of the men saying that he had seen my pussy lips so I couldn’t have been wearing any.

Back at the table Jon told me that half the pub had seen my backside. Jon and Bridie had been talking when I had been at the bar and Bridie had asked Jon if she could stay with us that night. Jon had agreed on one condition, that she telephoned her mother and told her. When Bridie got back from the phone she asked me how the egg was doing. “Simmering nicely” was my reply. We finished our drinks and left. As I got near to the car I had to slow down and came just as I bent down to get in. “Was that what I think it was?” Bridie asked. Before we moved off Jon told me to take the egg out and asked Bridie if she wanted to try it. She declined “for the time being.”

As soon as we got home Jon told me to strip off and ‘assume the position’. Bridie seemed a little mystified until Jon explained and she just stood watching as Jon reminded me that I was to be punished for hesitating when he told me to open my jacket. He explained to Bridie that I had to do whatever he told me, immediately. He then told me to explain to Bridie that I was happy with the arrangement. He went upstairs to get the tawse leaving me and Bridie to talk. It took me a minute or two to convince Bridie that I was happy, very happy, and wouldn’t change the situation for anything.

When Jon came back he was naked and carrying the tawse. He told me to get up and lean over the back of the sofa with my legs wide apart before giving me 10 strokes. After I had said, “Ten - thank you Master” he told me to ‘assume the position’ again and he gave me 5 more. One over the tops of my thighs, one on each breast, and for the other two he stood over my head with his dick directly over my face and landed both strokes on my pussy.

Needless to say I was crying by then but when Jon told me to get up I went over to Bridie and told her that I was alright and to prove that I had enjoyed it as well I asked her to see how wet I was. It hurt a bit as her hand first touched my pussy but as she moved a finger in between my lips I gave a shudder and said, “Go right in.” Her finger did - for a second, and then she took her hand away.

Jon told me to go and get some coffee ready and when I got back Jon and Bridie were sat on the sofa talking. It looked a bit silly in a way, Jon was naked (with a semi) and Bridie still had her dress on. When I told them what I was laughing at Bridie said that she could soon sort that one out and stood up and lifted her dress off. Jon told her that she looked good with her small pert cones sticking out of her chest and her lovely smooth pubes. She still had her stockings and suspender belt on, but not for long. She lifted each leg in-turn, put her foot on the coffee table and took them off. Jon must have enjoyed the display as his semi became a full erection.

As we drank our coffee Bridie kept looking at Jon’s dick which had some pre-cum coming out of the tip. Finally she suddenly said, “I want to lose my virginity tonight.” Jon’s only reply was “maybe” but I knew that he would enjoy taking it later - after getting her really worked-up and begging him to fuck her. He’s a bit of a tease really.

When we went to bed (all 3 in Jon’s) Jon told me to make love to Bridie first. It was soon a 2-way thing with Bridie being as eager as I was. Jon was just watching to start off with but it wasn’t long before he joined in and Bridie was wanking him. I guess that he was getting close to coming cos he stopped her and told her to put a condom on him and to get on top of him.

She slowly lowered herself down onto him and at one point she stopped, then pushed and screamed. I guess that that was her virginity gone. She just sat there on top of him for ages with a vacant look on her face. Jon brought her back to earth, he came inside her. His jerking gave it away. Bridie started to rise up and down and fuck him. It was a good job that it didn’t take long as Jon usually goes soft after a couple of minutes. When they uncoupled I could see little spots of blood on Jon.

After that we went to sleep, Bridie on one side of Jon and I on the other. When I woke up in the morning Jon was on top of Bridie fucking her ‘missionary’ style.

# Sunday September 13

We had the usual ritual of reading the papers over breakfast in the nude, but this time there were 3 of us. A cramped shower followed with Jon fucking me from behind and me finger-fucking Bridie while I tried to push my tongue down her throat. After that we had to take Bridie home as she had to go to work.

As it was a sunny day we went to a quiet part of the coast and parked in a car park at the edge of some little village. We walked along the coast for a bit and settled in amongst some sand dunes. As it was quiet we both sunbathed nude. We stayed there for about an hour and hardly saw anyone apart from 2 men who kept walking up and down the path through the dunes. I think that they must me part of the dirty old men brigade who need to spy on women. Jon says that it doesn’t bother us and I quite enjoyed making sure that they got a really good view of me. One time when one of them passed Jon started finger fucking me and I started playing with him. After the man went I was disappointed when Jon stopped.

We went for a nude swim but didn’t stay in for long. The North Sea is bloody cold at the best of times and the middle of September isn’t one of those. After that we wrapped towels round ourselves and walked back to the car park. There was an ice-cream van at the other end of the little car park and Jon gave me some money and told me to get a couple of ice-creams before I got changed. He also told me to make sure that the towel ‘accidentally’ dropped off me on the way back.

As I walked up to the van I loosened the towel so that it felt very insecure. I got the ice creams one in each hand and started walking back. It only took about 10 feet before I could feel the towel starting to slide down and another couple of steps and it fell right open. I managed to grip it with one elbow but apart from that side I was naked. There were a few people sat in their cars and they all stared at me as I walked by them.

When I was about 20 feet from Jon’s car a couple of lads about 14 stopped their bikes right in front of me and asked if I wanted any help. When I said, “yes please” they got off their bikes and stood in front of me looking at the obvious places. One said, “What would you like us to do?” The other (a real cheeky sod) said, “Play with your little tits.” I wasn’t going to miss that opportunity and said, “You can play with my tits as you put my towel back round me please.” So they did, no hesitation, straight grab and grope. After about a minute of nipple pulling and tit squeezing one of them started going for my pussy. All this was happening in the middle of a public car park in the middle of the afternoon. It was getting a bit too risky so I said, “the towel please.” That stopped them, but not before a finger was in my pussy. The cheeky one pulled my towel round me and tucked an end in to keep it in-place and I left them watching me walk away.

Jon told me that he was pleased with the way that I had handled it, which made me happy. We sat in the car and eat the ice cream before Jon told me to get out and get changed as a ‘new’ car drove into the car park. It doesn’t take long to take a towel off and put a dress on, but Jon had timed it right and I was naked as the car drove passed us. There was a young couple in it and the lad nearly crashed as he stared at me. They had the windows open and I could hear the girl shout at him to watch where he was going.

Back home Jon did his usual trick of disappearing into his study.

# Week commencing September 14

Monday - The weather was cold that morning and I decided to put my dungaree dress on. I had forgotten that the workmen would be arriving to do the conservatory and they arrived just after Jon had left. They (one about 45 and the other about 30) both came to the door to say that they were here and looked a little disappointed when I opened the door with some clothes on. I took them round the back and showed them where everything was. One asked me what the scaffold frame was for and I couldn’t think of anything better to say than “It is for me to sunbathe on.” They both looked at me with a puzzled look so I said, “Who’s for a cup of tea then?”

I left them to it and went and put the kettle on. I still had the dress on when I took them the tea but took it off when I got back inside as the sun was starting to shine and the house was warming up because I had put the heating on. I was doing the ironing in the kitchen when one of the men brought their cups back. His face lit up as I opened the back door and he saw me naked. “It’s true then” he said. “What is?” I replied. “That you walk around the house naked, the boss said you did but we didn’t believe him.” “Well I do; the garden as well. Is that a problem?” I asked. “Not with us, you can be naked as much as you like for us we’re not bothered. Can we have another brew in about an hour please?”

I took them their next ‘brew’ and they kept me talking for ages. We talked about everything and nothing before I told them that I had to go. I suppose that I was enjoying the attention, and judging by the bulges in their trousers they were enjoying the view. It went on like that for most of the day and they hadn’t finished digging the trench when the concrete wagon arrived. It had to wait out the front while they hurriedly finished the digging. I stayed inside, out of the way and when Jon got home he said it was my fault for teasing the men. Jon said that he wasn’t going to punish me because the job got done, even if they didn’t finish until 7:00 p.m.

Tuesday - 2 different men arrive to do the brick work. Again it was one older man and a young man. I thought that it was best that I kept a dress on when I took the tea to them, but the young man did catch me naked when he brought the cups into the kitchen without knocking. You should have seen his face light-up.

Went to Tesco and saw Bridie. She was very busy but she said that she would ring me.

Wednesday - Yet more different men came. This time it was 2 men about my age. I had got fed-up with taking tea out to them so I told them to come and make their own in the kitchen. I kept a dress on until after they got started then removed it to start on the job of removing the hair round my pussy lips with the Sonique depilatory machine. That was a laborious task and my back ached having to bend-over so much, but it will have been worthwhile if it doesn’t grow again. The signs are good, the hair at the top of my pussy haven’t started growing again.

One of the men walked into the kitchen as I was getting myself some lunch and didn’t seem at all surprised by the fact that I was naked. We got chatting and it turned out that he and his wife were naturists and he would have preferred to be naked as well. He was a nice man and I quite enjoyed the chat. He came back in later on and we continued the talks. The other man didn’t come in at all and it turns out that he’s gay.

Thursday - When Jon went to work he left me restrained; spread-eagle to the punishment bed with a blindfold on. Before he had done that he had attached a big lump of ice from the freezer to the cord of the roller blind on the window. He put a bucket under it to catch all the drips and told me that it would take about 3 hours for it to melt sufficiently enough for the blind to roll up so that anyone could see into the room.

That meant that in 3 hours and for the rest of the day any and all of the workmen who were working on the roof of the conservatory would be able to see me tied to the bed naked with my legs spread wide; and I wouldn’t be able to see them.

Those 3 hours were a killer. On the one hand I was so helpless and was frightened what the men might do when they saw me and on the other hand the excitement was tremendous, my juices were soaking the bed.

I had been listening to the men outside and come to the conclusion that they were again 2 different men. They sounded youngish but it was difficult to tell. I heard the blind go up when the ice melted and waited for some indication that I had been spotted. It took what seemed like hours before I heard one of them say “Here Ben, come and have a look at this.” My heart was pounding, I felt frightened but excited. It’s one thing walking around naked and talking to strange men, but it’s certainly another thing being tied-up and have absolutely no defence against them if they decided to do something to me.

“Bloody hell!” was Ben’s reply. And then “remember what the boss said, we’ll get sacked if we touch her.” His mate then said, “But he didn’t say anything about photographs did he, and I’ve got a camera in the van.” A short while later I heard a camera clicking and winding on. After about 3 shots Ben’s mate said, “let’s go inside and take some more.” A couple of minutes later I heard the bedroom door open and heavy breathing before 3 more photos were taken. Then the film rewound. Ben’s mate said, “I’m off to buy another film” then I heard the van’s engine start.

Was Ben still in the room with me or not? There was silence for a couple of minutes then I heard the zip on a pair of jeans being opened. ‘Oh no I thought, he’s going to fuck me,’ but he didn’t, I felt his breath on my very wet pussy but he didn’t touch me. Then I heard the rhythmic movement of clothes. He was wanking. Was he going to shoot his load over me, perhaps onto my pussy? I was laying there rigid with my pussy getting wetter and wetter listening to him wanking wondering what he was going to do and wishing that I could see what he was doing. In the end he moaned a couple of times and that was it. When his mate came back they took a lot more photographs and just before it all went quiet I heard Ben’s mate say “that’ll give the lads down at the pub something to talk about.” Photos of me naked, spread-eagle tied to a bed were going to be passed round a pub in Derby. The thought excited me, but I was wondering if any of the people who saw them would recognise me and say something.

I really wanted to cum, but there was nothing that I could do. I also wanted to go for a pee but ....

Jon came home early that night and released me. He wouldn’t let me go for a pee until I had told him what had happened. I told him about the men when they first saw me but didn’t say anything about the camera or them coming into the bedroom. I said that I didn’t hear anything else. That was a bit daft, cos I know that Jon will read this sometime, and I’ll get punished for not telling him the truth, but I really needed to relieve myself, in more ways than one. When I sat on the loo I didn’t know which to do first, pee or masturbate. The pee came second.

# Saturday September 19

Another 2 workmen came to finish off the job. There were the electrics and the plumbing to sort out which meant that the men had to be in the house for a lot of the time. After the first couple of times looking at me the men just ignored me and got on with the job. I felt totally safe being naked with Jon being there. They finished mid-afternoon and Jon then took me into town. He wanted to get some more plaster of Paris to make a model of my torso.

I don’t know what he would want that for, but it would help me when I was in my dress making mode. While we were out he took me to Debenhams and bought me a thick coat. It comes down to about half way between my knees and pussy and doesn’t have any buttons. It relies on the belt being tied to keep it together. Jon said that it would be easier for me to ‘flash’ people that way.

When we got home I went into the conservatory. It was lovely and warm and I could see that I was going to enjoy being able to relax in there looking out over the garden and fields with it being lovely and warm in there, but freezing outside.

Jon took me out for dinner to a posh restaurant and I had to wear the remote controlled vibrator and my dress that just has a front and a back and laces up the sides. Jon would only let me lace it up from my hips to the top. The front and back don’t meet and they leave a gap of about 3 inched up each side. With the thin rope lacing it is obvious that I’m not wearing anything underneath. Jon left the remote control on the table and turned it up each time a waiter came to the table. It was most embarrassing when I had an orgasm as the waiter was explaining what was on the sweet trolley to me. He asked me if I was okay and even apologised for if the food was causing my distress.

It was a good job that Jon had told me to lift the back part of the dress up so that my bum was directly onto the seat. If it hadn’t been then my dress would have had the big wet patch instead of the seat covers. As it was the wet patch was very visible when I did get up.

# Sunday September 20

After breakfast Jon took me to the Hotel Gym - Jon made me work really hard on all the machines and I was soaked in sweat when we finished. I had put only my tennis dress on and it made it easier for working harder as it automatically fell over my pussy whenever I was doing any of the exercises. I was glad that Jon didn’t ask me to do some exercises standing on my head as there were quite a few people there, including some of the staff.

After the Gym we went for a swim. I had taken my over-sized orange bikini with me and had a bit of trouble keeping the bottoms up. As it was the crotch of it was way below my pussy and gaping open for anyone to see whenever my legs weren’t closed. Jon had me swimming breaststroke, a lot of it on my back so even I could see my pussy a lot of the time. As it was there was only one girl and one boy (both about 15) that seemed to notice.

The Jacuzzi was nice, we stayed in there for ages and Jon told me to take the bottoms off and put them on the side for everyone to see. I got a puzzled look from one middle-aged couple when they saw them and one old man came and sat on the side right next to me. He was looking down my top onto my breasts and nipples which were showing from that angle. I saw him catch Jon’s eye at one point but that didn’t stop him looking because Jon said, “nice out today isn’t it?”

From there it was the steam room and Jon told me to sit with my knees about 18 inches apart. That meant that anyone sitting on the other opposite side would be able to see my pussy. The girl and boy followed us in and were looking but the steam must have made it difficult for them to see anything. After a long session in there I was beginning to feel a little dizzy so Jon told me to go and take a shower then take my bikini off and wrap a towel round me and he would meet me in the rest area. When I got there Jon was on one of the loungers with his feet up and his knees bent. He had a towel on as well and I could easily see his dick and balls. He told me to lie on the longer next to him in the same position. I guess that he wanted anyone who came in to be able to see either of our private parts, dependent upon which type they were interested.

We started reading some magazines that were in there and after about 10 minutes the same boy and girl came in and sat opposite us. They kept looking at us and whispering to each other and after a few minutes the girl got up and went. This left the boy who has having a real good look at me. Not wanting to deprive him of a good education I slowly opened my legs a bit more so that he could get the best possible view.

Then the door opened again and the girl came back in. I think that she must have been braver than the boy because she now had a towel round her and it looked like she had taken her costume off because she no longer had any straps over her shoulders. She lay down on the same longer and after a minute and some more whispering she lifted her knees. Sneaking quick looks round the magazine I could just make out some black pubic hairs. From the angle I thought that Jon would be able to see better and when I talked to him later, yes he had. He’d been able to see everything she’d got. He said that he was impressed that she’d had the courage to do it but disappointed that she hadn’t removed her pubic hair. The boy and the girl were still whispering and then the boy got up and slowly walked out. He had a real good look at both me and the girl as he went.

He came back in almost straight away but hadn’t got changed. He still had his swimming costume on but it was bulging at the front. Poor lad looked a bit embarrassed, especially when the girl giggled at him when she saw it. Jon got up and came and sat next to me with his back to them. He put an arm round my leg that was nearest to him and slowly opened my legs even more. So much so that my lips were parting. After about a minute of that we got up and went into the sauna which was empty, so Jon told me to take my towel off and lay on it - on my back with my knees up and open. Jon took his towel off and sat on it. Five minutes later the girl and boy came in, I guess that they wanted another look. Jon had sat in a place that he could see who was coming in and had not told me to cover up so I didn’t move when they came in. The boy had gone and got his towel but I could still see the bulge.

They stopped when they saw us both naked, but Jon said, “Come on in, don’t let us stop you. We’ve gone European, hope you don’t mind.” The girl muttered a “no” and they both came in and sat down. After a minute or so the girl stood up and said, “I think we’ll join you” and took her towel off. She then said, “Come on Peter.” Peter was a little reluctant, possibly because of his hard-on that was embarrassing him but they both sat down. His dick was about the same size as Jon’s (when it’s hard), but I was thinking that it wouldn’t stay like that for long in that heat. The girl had quite big tits for her age and a hairy beaver (as Jon sometimes calls it). I was right, after about 5 minutes the boy’s hard-on had gone. After 10, they had both had enough and they went, leaving just Jon and me. I have to admit that I was getting quite hot by then, and we both went out a couple of minutes later. Jon told me to use one of the showers just outside the sauna, and to only half close the curtain, but no one came in. After I had cooled down, Jon told me to go and get changed, and to meet him in the reception. When I got there he was waiting for me with a couple of drinks in his hands. As we were sat there drinking, the girl and then the boy came out of the changing rooms. She smiled and said, “Hi” in response to Jon smiling at her, but they both left.

By that time it was early afternoon and Jon took me to a Chinese for some lunch. I had put on my denim dungarees dress that day with a short crop top underneath, and when we were moving round the table getting food I noticed one man standing next to me quite a lot and trying to look down my skirt. I guess that he’d noticed that he could see right down to the floor and my body all that way.

I think that we both eat too much, cos when we got home neither of us could be bothered to do anything other than watch TV.

# Week commencing September 21

Quite a boring week really, nothing special happened at all, other than Vicky rang and asked us if we would like to go to a newish club in Nottingham with her on the Saturday night. Apparently it’s a lively place that she thinks we will enjoy. Had a good chat with Bridie at Tesco, she has promised to give me a ring to see about coming round sometime.

# Saturday September 26

Jon had to go to work so it was a quiet day until the evening. As we were driving over to Vicky’s flat Jon told me that there would be a joiner arriving on the following Tuesday to do some ‘modifications’ in the punishment room. He told me to co-operate with him and do everything that he asked. The ‘everything’ bit had me intrigued and I wondered if I he would be telling me to have sex with him. Well, Jon did say ‘do everything’ so if that’s what Jon wants, then that’s what I will do. Hope he’s a hunk.

When we got to Vicky’s flat she wasn’t ready and one of her flat-mates (Liz) invited us in. While we were waiting we were talking to Liz and Kelly (the other flat-mate) about where we were going. Liz said that we should be careful as she had heard stories of drugs and orgies. Just as she mentioned ‘orgies’ Vicky walked through the living room to her bedroom, naked. She said ‘hello’ and kept going. “Just about ready then” Jon said. Kelly said, “Yeah, she doesn’t wear much these days.” Jon asked if that bothered her and Liz. Liz jumped-in and said, “It's done wonders for our love lives, men just keep wanting to come back here once they’ve discovered that there’s a naked woman in the flat.” Jon was right; within seconds Vicky was with us wearing a lovely tight black dress (Jon had told me to wear a low cut thin cotton dress with a flared short skirt that night).

When we got to the club Jon paid and we went in and got a drink. It’s a big nice place with different levels. The music was good and it wasn’t long before we were having a good time. Vicky and I kept going for a dance together and men kept butting-in and asking if they could dance with us. When we told Jon he said we could dance with them if we liked.

A bit later Jon was dancing with me and Vicky was with a man when the DJ suddenly started playing some rock and roll music. Jon amazed me the way he could do it, just like you see on the TV. He had me spinning all over the place, it was great fun, but hard work. I was knackered when we went to sit down.

When Vicky came back she told me that we had had a little audience and that with Jon spinning me round so much I had been displaying what I wasn’t wearing. The bloke that Vicky had been dancing with had stopped dancing and just stared at me. Just then the pace slowed down and Jon took me for a slow dance. We were dancing slowly with our arms round each other. What I didn’t notice at the time (Vicky told me later) was that Jon had his hands on the top of my bum, under my skirt. Most of my bum had been on display for about 4 or 5 minutes and I hadn’t even noticed.

When the pace increased Vicky and I were up again. We’d just started dancing with 2 men when the floor started filling with foam. It didn’t take long before it was waist high and people were scooping it up and putting it on people’s heads. Within minutes everyone was covered and all you could see was lumps of foam moving around. I think that the men took it as a chance to start groping the girls because there were a lot of screams and shouting. A hand grabbed at me and when I didn’t move away it started exploring under my dress. I backed off when a finger went inside me. I made it back to Jon and saw Vicky sat next to him trying to brush the foam off herself.

I don’t know what the foam was made of but it didn’t take long for it to disappear and for things to get back to normal. After a few more drinks Vicky asked if we knew what was through a door that was in a corner of the room near the bar. She’d seen a few people go though it but no one come back. We watched a couple go through before Jon said, “come on, we’re going to have a look.”

The door took us down a staircase to another big room that had a little swimming pool and a bar in it. There were people at the bar and around the pool. There was also a couple splashing around in the pool. It looked like they only had their knickers on, the girl was definitely topless and her big boobs were bouncing about like a couple of balloons. We got another drink and sat by the pool watching those balloons as the couple were trying to duck each other. A couple of girls came down the stairs and after a quick drink (down in one) they stripped their dresses over their heads and jumped in. They were both wearing thong knickers that hardly covered their pussies. That must have been some sort of signal because about 4 couples got up and stripped to their undies and jumped in. Only one girl had a bra on and that come off before she jumped in.

Vicky turned to Jon and asked if we could go in. Before he could answer our shoes and dresses were off and we were in. Jon told me that a bouncer that was near the bar had pointed at us and started to say something but stopped after saying “you can’t”, shrugged his shoulders and carried-on talking to the woman next to him. When I surfaced the man next to me said, “nice bod” to me which made me feel good. I said, “thank you” and turned to try to duck Vicky under the water. We spent about 5 minutes splashing about but it was getting a bit crowded. I bumped into a few people and twice I backed into someone who put their hands round me and started groping my breasts and pussy. When I turned round there were so many people that I couldn’t make out who had done it. There was also one man who was groping me from under the water; I felt his hand slide up from my ankle right onto my pussy.

Shortly after that Jon called us out. We hadn’t thought about how we would get dry and we had to try and brush as much water off us with our hands before putting our dresses on. As I pulled mine on I noticed that most of the people in the room had stopped and were watching Vicky and I get dressed. That made me feel good, proud that I had something that people wanted to look at. I decided to give then a good look at my ass and pussy as I bent over to put my shoes on. I got a bit excited doing that.

We went back upstairs after that and had another drink. I was glad that Jon gave us a chance to dry-off before we went home; it was cold outside when we came. While we were having that drink Vicky told us about the groping that she had had. She’d been as lucky as me, but she’d gone one further and groped a man as he groped her. She said that he had had a hard-on which wasn’t very big. After that we got a taxi back to Vicky’s flat and we spent a crowded night in her small bed. Jon fucked us both before falling asleep but Vicky and I managed to ‘pleasure’ each other before I went to sleep.

# Sunday September 27

I woke up as Vicky was getting out of the bed and followed her into the bathroom. It was mid morning by then and Liz and Kelly were both in the living room as we walked through. My head was hurting and the best I could do was to mutter “morning.” It took a shower with Vicky to wake me up. Not sure if it was the water that woke me up or Vicky hand playing with my pussy. I had just orgasmed when Jon walked in, naked with a morning erection. He hadn’t noticed Liz and Kelly but they told me later that they had certainly seen him.

I got out and went and put the kettle on while Vicky did something about Jon’s hard-on. They came out of the bathroom just as I was making the coffee and I heard Jon apologise to Liz and Kelly for his state of dress then Kelly said that they weren’t bothered and that he had a nice dick. I wasn’t going to argue with that.

We got our coffee and went and sat in the living room and we all got talking. The subject of shaved pubes came up and Kelly asked me if I had changed my mind and was growing mine again. Jon told me to show everyone that there was only hair on the front of my pussy and non underneath. He told her about the machine to remove it permanently and told her that I was growing the last bit ready for permanent removal.

Liz asked me if it was embarrassing for me when I went to the doctors so I told her that neither the doctor nor the nurses had batted an eyelid when they saw me, nor when they realised that I didn’t wear any knickers. Kelly said that she was thinking of trying shaving and Vicky said that we would help her if she liked. Just as Kelly said, “Yes please,” Liz said that there was no way that she was going to shave hers. Vicky whispered to me “we’ll see about that.”

It wasn’t long before Vicky’s razor and other ‘tools’ came out and Kelly was stripping off. She wasn’t at all hesitant which I thought she might be because Jon was there. Kelly has bigger tits than me and her areolas are a lot bigger but her nipples are a lot smaller. She’s not a natural blond either. After Vicky and I trimmed as much as we could with the scissors Kelly lathered herself and lay on the floor waiting for Vicky to start with the razor. It was Jon who picked the razor up and said, “right let’s get started.” Kelly said that she thought that Vicky would be doing it so I said that Jon had had years of practice using a razor and that he had shaved me dozens of times. With that she said, “Okay” and Jon started.

I could see that Kelly was enjoying the experience and she let out a quiet moan when Jon (deliberately I suspect) flicked her little clit. By the time he had finished there were more of her juices than of the shaving cream. Jon finished off by holding a warm damp cloth over all her pussy and she gave out another louder moan. I suspect that Jon had pushed part of it up her hole.

When she stood up she covered her pussy with her hand and started rubbing her hand all over her pubic area. “Nice and smooth and I feel very naked” she said. Vicky said, “Wait until you get your leg over, it adds a whole new world to your feelings.” The only person left in the room that still had some pubic hair and some clothes on was Liz. Vicky looked at her and said, “Your turn Liz.” Liz wasn’t happy and said, “no way” but Vicky was determined and said, “Come on girls, let’s get her clothes off.”

Liz put up quite a struggle but she was out-numbered and it didn’t take long for us to get her naked. Liz is a bit over-weight but has a nice pair of breasts, a lot bigger than mine with small nipples. Her hips are quite big and she has (had) a lot of black pubic hair. I think that the sight of 3 girls stripping a fourth was a bit of a turn-on for Jon because he’d got a bit of a hard-on. It was getting harder the more Liz struggled and the more we had to hold her down. Jon had to do the trimming with the scissors before he started with the razor.

By the time Jon had shaved the lot off I was getting a bit out of breath. Liz was still struggling as Jon was wiping the last of the shaving cream off. Fortunately Liz hadn’t been screaming, but she was getting excited. It was the swelling pussy lips and juices that gave it away. When Jon stood up his erection stood up like a flagpole. As Liz was getting up she got onto her knees and was directly in front of Jon. Her face was within inches of his dick. “Oh! I think that I should take that as a compliment but I’m still not happy about what you lot have done to me.” “You’ll get used to it and you might even get to like it” Kelly said.

After that we all sat down again while Vicky went to get us some more coffee. Liz was sulking a bit and had put her dressing gown back on but Kelly was still naked. Jon and I were telling Kelly about the fun that I was having going without knickers and pubic hair. Everyone seemed to be ignoring Jon’s hard-on until Vicky came back into the room with the coffee. After she had handed them out she asked Jon if she could sit on his lap as there were no chairs left.

Before Jon had finished saying ‘yes’ she was on his lap. I didn’t actually see if she positioned herself so that his dick slid into her, or actually see it go into her but the expression on her face told me that he was in her. Liz had noticed as well and her eyes and mouth opened wide. Kelly looked a bit surprised as well but Jon and I kept telling Kelly about some of our little ‘incidents.’ Vicky was joining in as well and after about 5 minutes we were all (including Liz) having a good laugh. I guess that all the stories and laughing had cooled Vicky and Jon down as I saw Vicky shuffle about on Jon’s lap and I saw his limp dick as she adjusted her position.

About lunchtime Jon decided that we should be heading for home and we got dressed and left. We stopped at a McDonald’s on the way home and got a take-away. Jon had told me to slide forward in my seat and then lay back with my dress pulled up a bit so that my pussy was just showing. The lad who took our money couldn’t take his eyes off me. He gave Jon the right change but I couldn’t understand what he was saying. At the hatch where we got the take-away the girl really took her time getting it ready and it was obvious that she was staring at me as much as she could.

Back home we had the take-away and then spent most of the afternoon reading the papers and watching television. We both went to bed early (separately) that night.

# Week commencing September 28

Monday - Spent most of the day removing the hair from the front of my pussy. With a bit of luck it has all gone for good and I will just have to use the razor on my legs and armpits from now on. I might try the machine on my armpits but the hair there is a lot finer so I don’t know how I will get on.

Tuesday - The joiner arrived. I greeted him wearing my usual apparel - nothing, but he just said, “show me to the room and I’ll get on with it.” Apparently Jon had asked him to move everything out of the ‘punishment’ room and into the back bedroom. Once he’d done that he started bring tools and pieces of wood and other things in from his van. He didn’t seem at all surprised by me being naked and virtually ignored it. When I took him a cup of tea he told me that he specialised in making unusual items and that he had made a few things like what he was going to make before, and that he would need my help to get things made to the right measurements. But he wouldn’t tell me what the ‘things’ were at that stage. He told me to wait and see. What he did do was to measure the height of my waist to the floor and from the tips of my outstretched hands to my waist.

By late afternoon he had the frame of something built. It looked a bit like one of those vaulting horses that you find in school gyms, I think you call them pommel horses. When I mentioned this to him he said that that was where the idea came from but it certainly wasn’t one of those. He said that he called it a ‘whipping-T’. It was slightly higher than my waist level with 2 inverted ‘V’s supporting a horizontal beam. He didn’t get much further with it that day and left shortly after Jon got home. Jon wouldn’t tell me about it either.

Wednesday - The man was back early and got straight down to his work. When I took him some tea mid morning the ‘whipping-T’ had sprouted a horizontal ‘T’ piece out the back of it. This was supported by another inverted ‘V’ down to the floor. He had stated making some padding for the horizontal bars and when I went in he said that my timing was quite good and that he wanted me to lay on the ‘whipping-T’ in a couple of positions so that he could take some more measurements.

Firstly he told me walk up to the original horizontal bar and lay over it with my stomach right up to it. I had to jump up a bit to do this and my toes only just managed to touch the floor. He then told me to open my legs as far as I could and he measured the distance from my ankles to nearest uprights (ankle straps I guessed). With me in that position I would be in the perfect position for Jon to ‘whip’ me so I guess that’s where the name ‘whipping-T’ came from. The man also measured the distance from my wrists to the back uprights. He didn’t seem at all interested in the fact that like that my pussy was wide open for him to see.

After that he took me round the back and got me to lie on my stomach along the back horizontal bar. The bar wasn’t very wide and it meant that I was being supported by the bar that started right on my pubic bone. Fortunately my head was on the junction of the ‘T’. As I was getting on I couldn’t help noticing the pressure that it was putting on my pubic bone and I started to get a bit wet. The man then asked me open my legs again and he took similar measurements before asking me to lie on my back and do it again. Again he didn’t seem to take any notice of my now wet pussy. I couldn’t help thinking that laid in any of those positions I would be in the ideal position for Jon to either punish me or fuck me. The man left just before Jon got home. Jon asked me if I liked the ‘whipping-T’. What could I say other than “yes?”

Thursday - The ‘whipping-T’ was finished. It had padded nylon with Velcro wrist and ankle fasteners attached to the bottom of the legs with shortish chains. The padding was covered with purple velvet like material. At the bottom end of the ‘T’ the padding got a lot thinner and I saw something that I hadn’t noticed before. There was a hole about 2 inches in diameter and about a foot from the end. When I asked what it was for I was told that it was for a dildo and the man showed me how it was held in place by a bracket underneath. I suppose it would be a bit like that bike of Jon’s that has a hole in the saddle for a dildo although just being astride the ‘T’ with a dildo in me didn’t seem quite as much fun as cycling around in public with one in me.

The man got on with the other things and he put quite a few rings in the ceiling and into one of the walls. Jon was going to be able to restrain me in lots of different positions. The man also installed an electric motor so that I could be raised and lowered easily by attaching ropes through different rings and pulleys. That thought sounded interesting but a little frightening and I had thoughts of being restrained through wrong rings and the motor going mad and trying to pull me apart.

The motor has an attachment to it so that the ropes can be wound round it as I’m being pulled up into the air. There is another attachment that I couldn’t work out what it was for. It is an egg shaped plate about 2 feet from end to end and is only wide enough to have the rope go round it once.

What I hadn’t worked out was that there is a way of fastening the rope underneath the ‘egg’ and when the egg slowly turns it will push the rope away then let it back. The effect of that would be that the tension of the rope would increase and decrease therefore raising and lowering what ever (or whoever) was on the other end. It was then that I realised how much fun the dildo through the hole in the bottom of the ‘T’ could be. If I was sat astride the ‘T’ with a dildo in and my wrists tied high with the rope going through a ceiling ring and back to the ‘egg’ the slow turning of the motor would mean that I would be raised and lowered onto the dildo.

In other words it was an electric ‘fucking’ machine. I was looking forward to trying that but I suddenly started thinking about what would happen if Jon set it going and then left me for hours. I would die from a mixture of pain and pleasure.

I left the man to it and when I went in later in the day I worked out what 2 other things were that the man had been working on. One was a big circle of wood like a solid wheel, but it was vertical and off the ground. It was in some sort of frame that would allow it to spin and it was big enough for me to be restrained spread-eagle onto it. I had visions of getting dizzy as I was spinning naked on some sort of ‘wheel of fortune’ television program.

The other thing that had had me puzzled was something between the legs of the top of the ‘whipping-T’. It was spring loaded and looked like it would spring up and hit my pussy if it was let lose. It all made sense when the man attached a rubbery dildo to it. I reckoned that with me in the spanking position it would be in just about the right position to give me a lot of pleasure. I hoped that it could have a rope attached so that I could control its movement somehow.

The man finished just after Jon got home, and after inspecting everything Jon paid him and he left. Jon told me that he was looking forward to me needing my next punishment. Later that evening the papergirl came again. It had been 3 weeks since she had been and she still couldn’t stop staring at my nakedness. I thought that I would see if I could get her to relax a bit and to talk a bit. I invited her to come into the kitchen for a coke or something. She seemed a little reluctant but finally came in.

We sat there drinking and talking for about 10 minutes. She was asking me if it felt weird not having any clothes on all the time and talking to strangers like that. I told her that having no clothes on didn’t feel any different to when I used to wear clothes. I told her that I didn’t have to worry about what to wear or have anywhere as much washing to do. She asked about my lack of pubic hair and got a little defensive when I said that it couldn’t have been long ago when she didn’t have any.

Apparently hers had started growing when she was 11. I was just about to suggest that she try my way of life (well parts of it) when Jon came in and she decided that she had better leave. Jon decided to leave the new equipment until the weekend, which disappointed me a bit.

Friday - Was Tesco day and I went in the morning and had a long chat with Bridie. I also had a couple of the young lads in there follow me around, they got real close when I was bending over in the freezer section so I took my time and let them have a good look. It didn’t cost me anything, it gave them a cheap thrill and it did me too. The thought of a couple of red blooded young men staring at my pussy got me a bit excited as well.

In the afternoon I went into the punishment room and experimented to get the best positions on the ‘whipping-T’. It was quite comfortable really. When I was over the top part of the ‘T’ I tried to reach the fastener to release the spring-loaded dildo but I couldn’t. I experimented with the motor and the ‘egg’ and I managed to get it to do what the man had described. I got a bit adventurous then and though that I would try this ‘fucking’ machine. I set the motor going with going over the ‘egg’ and hanging above the bottom part of the ‘T’. I was already wet just thinking about it so I locked the dildo in place and climbed onto the ‘T’.

I sat astride it behind the dildo and managed to attach the Velcro wrist cuffs to me and then to the rope. I had to really stretch up to do that. So far so good, I was going up and down at about a slow fuck speed but the next problem was to get onto the dildo. I managed that by swinging my legs up and putting my feet on the ‘T’. Then by pushing on my feet I could raise my body enough to get my pussy to the top on the dildo. As I was lowering myself onto the dildo one of my feet slipped and I got the rest of the dildo into me a lot quicker than I had wanted. It felt as if it was going come right through me and out of my mouth. I had no choice other than to let the other foot down and let the rope and the ‘T’ take my weight.

Of course the motor didn’t stop and I was going up and down just as the machine was supposed to do. It didn’t take long before my juices were really flowing and I was on my way to an orgasm. The man had measured everything just right, my feet didn’t touch the floor and the ‘egg’ took me up and down the full length of the dildo. It was brilliant.

After the third orgasm I decided that I’d had enough for the first session and wanted to stop the machine and get off. It was then that I realised that I was too exhausted to even get my feet up onto the ‘T’. I’d screwed-up. I’d been too eager to try it out and hadn’t planned a way out. I was stuck there and my fourth orgasm was building up. At first I started to panic but managed to pull myself together and started thinking, but I just couldn’t think of any way to stop the motor or to climb off. If only I’d put a chair on either side so that I could stand on them.

It was only about 4 o’clock and I wasn’t expecting Jon home for another hour and the orgasms kept coming quicker and quicker. I though I was going to die. In the end I must have passed-out as the next thing I remember was Jon lifting me off the ‘T’ and carrying me to my bed. After that it was next morning and I had the sorest pussy that I have ever had. It felt like I had been fucked by an elephant (guess work I’m glad to say). I could hardly walk but I didn’t think that there was any permanent damage.

# Saturday October 3

Jon had guessed what I had done and told me that I would get punished for not waiting as he had told me. He let me stay in bed for the day and I slept for most of it. When I did get up I just watched television for the rest of the day. Wow! What an experience, I want try it again but I don’t want to suffer the after effects. I will plan it better next time.

# Sunday October 4

I was still quite sore when I got up so Jon agreed to delay the ‘official’ inauguration of the new punishment room until later in the week. After the usual Sunday morning reading the papers we went to the cinema in the afternoon. We saw some action film or other; I didn’t think that it was that good. We sat right at the back in the middle and after about half an hour Jon told me to slowly slip out of my dress.

I was wearing my new (ish - not my favourite) cheesecloth dress so it was quite easy. There was no one within about 6 seats in any direction so I wasn’t that worried about being seen. It’s amazing, I sat there naked for going on for an hour and no one noticed a thing. They obviously thought more of the film than I did.

As it was coming to an end Jon told me to put my dress on again. I reckon that the only people that knew I was naked were Jon and me. In a way I was a little disappointed.

Back home Jon decided that I was fit enough to take my punishment for using the ‘fucking’ machine before I was supposed to. I had to climb over the top of the ‘whipping-T’ for a spanking. It was quite comfortable, even when Jon put the Velcro wrist and ankle cuffs on so that I couldn’t move. If it hadn’t been Jon there I could have got embarrassed as my wide-open pussy was on full view to anyone who was behind me; but at least I wouldn’t have been able to see their faces.

Jon gave me 10 stokes with the tawse with me doing the usual counting. Needless to say I was quite wet by the time I had said, “Ten - thank you Master.” After that Jon slowly released the spring that was holding the dildo in place and it came up and straight into me. The joiner had got his measuring right again. The pressure of the spring wasn’t that great and I think that I might just have been able to tense my muscles and keep it out - if I had wanted to. I was a little surprised at only getting 10 strokes but at the same time I knew that there was more (of one sort or another) to come.

Jon played with the lever for a minute or two, inspecting the mechanics and pressure and pulled it out a couple of times and let it spring back into me. He unfastened the restrains after that and told me to lay back against the ‘wheel of fortune’ he strapped first one ankle in place, then lifted me up so that the seconds strap could be fastened on my other ankle.

That was the hardest bit and it wasn’t long before I was spread-eagle on the wheel. When he released the wheel and started to turn it round I felt a bit funny. If Jon was going to spin the wheel fast I was going to get dizzy. I think that Jon wasn’t too sure about the fastenings and what would happen to them (and me - I hope) when I was on my side and upside down because he turned the wheel only slowly and stopped it in various places to see what happened.

After one full revolution he decided (and I’m glad he did) that I needed to be strapped on over my waist. I was all right when I was upside-down but when I was on my side I was sliding down a bit and it hurt my wrists and ankles. Fortunately the joiner had anticipated that and had left various holes in the wheel and some padded nylon straps with Velcro fasteners. Jon put a strap over my waist and turned the wheel again.

When I was upside-down Jon stopped the wheel and asked me how I was. When I said, “OK” he said, “I thought that you were, the signs are there.” It was then that I realised that my spread pussy was at his head height and that the juices that had started to flow when I was on the ‘whipping-T’ were still there. If anything they were increasing, there’s something about having my spread pussy right in front of a man’s face (even one that I know well) that just gets me excited. I don’t know if it’s the vulnerability or the exhibitionist in me or what. I’ve recently realised that I am a bit of an exhibitionist. I must have been all along but it took Jon to bring it out in me.

Jon then decided to spin the wheel right round a few times and then let go. It kept turning another 3 times before stopping with me upside-down. While I was going round I had some strange feelings. Apart from getting a bit dizzy I was starting to get excited, but I don’t know why (not that I’m complaining).

Jon left me upside-down for about 5 minutes before coming back with the remote controlled vibrator and easily pushing it into me. When he switched it on it felt like it was sliding further into me and the pleasure that I was getting from it seemed to be increased. I don’t know if it was because I was upside-down and my blood was rushing to my head, or what, but I was coming to an orgasm fast. Jon spotted this and switched the vibe off. He wasn’t ready for me to come yet. He decided to get the vibe out of me but he couldn’t manage to get it and his poking around in me was just what I needed to make me cum.

Jon was a bit disappointed by that and decided to un-strap me and let me down. Because I had cum before he wanted me to he decided to punish me again. This time I had to lay face down on the bottom part of the ‘whipping-T’ (Jon took the dildo out first). He then fastened my wrist over the top part of the ‘T’ and my ankles to the legs of the bottom part of the ‘T’.

This left me in an ‘L’ shape with my pubic bone pressing against the ‘T’ and my ass and pussy in a very vulnerable position. This time Jon decided to use the cane, fortunately he only gave me 5 strokes, the last one got my pussy with the tip of the cane and I screamed before saying “5 - thank you Master.”

He left me restrained there for what seemed like hours before sending me to bed. I’d been pressing my pubic bone onto the ‘T’ trying to get some relief from the desires that had been started earlier and then been inflamed when the cane got my pussy with the last stroke, but relief was not to come and when Jon sent me to bed he cuffed my wrists behind my back so that I couldn’t finish myself off. That was very frustrating and I’m sure that Jon knew what he was doing.

# Week commencing October 5

Quite a boring week really, Jon worked late most nights and I didn’t see him much. Even my trip to Tesco was boring, I didn’t see anyone trying to see up my short skirt or see Bridie. I guess that I’d picked her day off.

# Saturday October 10

We went into town in the morning. Jon had me wear just my shoes and my coat. While we were in town he bought me a suspender belt and some stockings. It’s going to be nice to have something to keep me a bit warmer when I go out over the next 6 months or so. I just hope that I can wear the suspender belt without it showing below my short dresses.

In the afternoon Jon decided that he wanted the plaster of Paris mould of the top part of my body but he wanted my breasts to be pointing out at 90 degrees and my nipples to be as hard as they ever get. The breasts pointing out was easy to work out, Jon said that he would use the ropes, rings and the motor to suspend me from the ceiling face down but the nipples were a bit more difficult. Easy to get them hard when we started was easy but keeping then that was while the Plaster of Paris set hard was something else.

In the end Jon decided that it was a question of keeping me cold and aroused. So we worked out which rings and ropes we would use and then he covered my body from neck to waist in Vaseline. That alone got my nipples hard but he then sent me outside for 30 minutes, naked. England in October is never warm but this autumn is a lot colder than the average and it was freezing. My nipples were so hard that they hurt.

When Jon finally let me in it was straight upstairs and on with the ropes and up in the air. When I was about 4 feet in the air Jon put some cling-film down my sides to get a joint in the mould, and then started putting the tea towels soaked in the plaster of Paris on me. I just hoped that the goose bumps that were all over my body wouldn’t show in the mould. When he had done, it was just a question of waiting for it to dry. To make sure that my nipples stayed hard Jon got a vibrator, switched it on and worked it into me. He also left the window open so that I would still be cold. Then he left me while the stuff dried. I’m sure that it dried long before Jon came back to me because I was having trouble being able to breathe deeply as the vibe did its work.

When Jon lowered me to the ground he told me to be careful that I didn’t do the mould any damage as I got onto my feet. Jon had real trouble getting the mould off in 2 pieces as the clink-film had disappeared down my right side. In the end he had to prise it off me and it broke. Fortunately only into 2 pieces that could easily be joined. As I went for a shower Jon joined the 2 pieces together with more plaster of Paris.

Later he started to trim the bottom off it so that it matched the mould of my lower body. He then joined the 2 moulds together with yet more plaster of Paris and he spent ages making the inside of the join all smooth. He told me that we would fill it with silicone later.

That night Jon took me to a pub in a village by a canal. I had to wear shoes, suspender belt, stockings and my coat. Nothing else. They had an open fire in the pub and it was quite warm. I felt a bit out of place being the only one who was wearing a coat but I would have looked even more out of place if I’d taken it off. I also had trouble with not being able to cross my legs and the fact that my coat doesn’t have any buttons. It wanted to lie in an inverted ‘V’ from the belt down. This left a clear view right up my legs. I’m sure that if (when) anyone looked they would be able to see my bare pubes. I didn’t notice anyone looking but I’m sure that some of the men in there must have had a look.

On the way home Jon decided that he wanted me to give him a blowjob. He told me to take my coat off, unzip him and get to work whilst he was still driving. There wasn’t much room between him and the steering wheel but I managed it and had just finished licking him clean when we arrived home. There were a couple of times when Jon had to swerve a bit and I couldn’t see if it was something on the road or the effect that I was having on him. Hope it was me. I always enjoy the taste of Jon’s cum. He made me carry my coat into the house and wait by the car while he unlocked the door - it was cold.

# Sunday October 11

I woke-up with a soaking pussy and 2 of my fingers inside me. I must have been having what Jon calls a ‘wet dream.’ I wasn’t going to waste my sleeping efforts and finished the job before getting up.

After reading the papers Jon went to B&Q and came back with buckets of some sort of white silicone. He then got me to cover the entire inside on the mould with Vaseline before he blocked-off the arm and leg holes, and pushed a dildo in the pussy hole. Next he tipped the buckets of silicone in through the neck hole and we left it to set. John reckoned that we should leave it for about a week to make sure that it had gone solid.

That evening Jon took me for a meal at a pub in town. Nothing special and we didn’t stay long. I was wearing just my black pencil dress and shoes and because of the cold and the fact that Jon sat us near the door, my nipples were hard for most of the evening. That got me a bit of attention but not much. We were sat behind a big low(ish) table so no one would have been able to see up my dress - unless they got down onto their knees.

On the way home the car started making funny noises as Jon put brakes on. He told me that he would get a lift to work in the morning, and that I had to take the car into the garage to get it seen to.

# Week commencing October 12

Monday - About mid morning I put my newish cheesecloth dress on (the sun was shining and it looked warm) and took the car to Kwik-fit. I had to wait ages for someone to talk to me but I could see the mechanics looking at me. I had been wandering round the workshop to fill-in the time and hadn’t realised that there was a pit underneath one of the cars. It was only when I heard a mechanic wolf-whistle and looked for where the noise had come for that I noticed it, and him - looking right up my dress. Not wanting to spoil his fun, nor mine, I pretended not to notice him and stayed where I was. I was feeling brave and lifted one foot onto the wheel of the parked car pretending to adjust the fastening on my shoe. That must have given him a right eyeful. It got me a little excited and I felt a little rush of juices.

One of the other mechanics came up to me and asked me what he could do for me. He was a bit of a hunk and I was tempted to tell him, but after a couple of seconds I told him about the noise that the car was making. He said that he thought he knew what it would be and asked me to bring it into a vacant slot. When I brought it in he opened the driver’s door for me to get out.

Not thinking (or maybe I was) I swung one leg out, it was only as I swung the other leg out that I saw his face and where his eyes were looking - right at my bare pussy. When I stood up he asked me if I had put the hand brake on. When I said, “yes” he asked me to take it off as he couldn’t work on the brakes with it on. He opened the door for me and I leaned in over the seat to the hand brake. I could feel the back of my dress riding up over my butt and nearly to my waist. I pretended to be having difficulty with the hand brake and stayed like that for what seemed like 10 minutes, but in reality it was probably only a few seconds. I heard the wolf-whistle again and remembered that the mechanic in the pit was right behind me as well. That was at least two of them that were getting a great view of my ass and pussy. The juices were flowing again.

When I stood up my mechanic had a big grin on his face, but very professionally told me that I could wait until the job was done in the waiting room at the end of the workshop. I thanked him and walked towards the waiting room. As I was walking along the side of the workshop I passed a hole in the wall as a young mechanic was walking out of it carrying an open bottle of something. I didn’t see him straight away and he wasn’t concentrating on where he was going and we collided. Part of the contents of the bottle splashed right down the front of my dress. As the lad backed away from me I could see that most of the liquid had splashed down him. “That’s acid” the lad said and shouted “Pete, I’ve spilt some acid on a customer.”

Pete was quick off the mark and was there in seconds. He took one look at us and said, “Quick, clothes off and into the shower, that acid will burn your skin.” It was then that I started to feel a tingling round the wet area of my stomach. I guessed that he wasn’t joking. What else could I do, not wanting to pull the dress over my head I pulled it off my shoulders and wriggled out of it. There I was naked in the middle of a garage full of mechanics and a couple of customers, but I wasn’t really worried about that, it was the tingling on my stomach that was getting to be a slight burning feeling.

Meanwhile the young mechanic had just about got his overalls off and was in the process of dropping his trousers. At the same time Pete was pulling his sweatshirt off. Within seconds he was down to his boxers and Pete was leading us to the shower which was in the toilet area at the other end of the workshop. As we were running down the workshop I noticed that everyone had stopped whatever they were doing and were watching us. Before I knew it we were both in the shower getting a real good soaking. Pete said, “Stay in there for 10 full minutes, both of you, and let the water wash over the area that got the acid on.” Pete left us to stand there facing each other. After I had collected my thoughts I asked the lad what his name was. It was Darren. I said, “Darren, you should really take those off (pointing to the boxers), you should let the water get straight onto your skin.”

At first Darren didn’t seem too keen to take his boxer shorts off but then he did saying “yes, I suppose you’re right.” We both stood there, two total strangers, naked and inches apart with the shower pouring water down our fronts. After a couple of minutes I was feeling okay and I guess that Darren was too because he was starting to get an erection. I saw it as we both looked each other up and down. I then felt it as it started to rise and touch my right thigh just below my pussy. Darren backed-off a bit and apologised. It wasn’t his fault, I suppose that any red-blooded male in that situation would get a hard-on, so I said, “that’s okay, I’ll take it as a compliment.” He said, “Well yes, you do have a gorgeous body.” “Yours isn’t so bad either” I replied. Just then Pete came back with a couple of towels for us. I turned the shower off and turned towards Pete who said, “I can see why Darren’s happy. Get dried and put these on. Then come into the office - both of you.”

As we were towelling down I asked Darren if he was okay and he said, “Yes.” He asked me the same and then apologised for the accident. “These things happen” I said, then “at least I got to see a handsome young man naked” as I looked at his still erect dick. Darren replied saying “In a way I’m glad it happened too; it’s not every day that we get a naked lady in the workshop, you’ll have made the lads day and I’ve never had a shower with a gorgeous naked lady.” “Try it, it can be lots of fun” I said. Darren then said that we had better put on the paper overalls that Pete had left for us and go to the office. He said that he was expecting to get into a lot of trouble for what had happened.

Back in the office Pete asked us if we were both okay and apologised for everything. He told me that there were a number of accident forms that had to be filled-in and got us both a cup of coffee while we answered his questions. He started to give Darren a bollocking but I stopped him by saying that it was probably just as much my fault as Darren’s. When we’d finished Pete gave me my dress - in a polythene bag. He said that if I got it out of the bag it would probably look okay, just wet but he guaranteed that within a few hours there would be big holes in it. The best place for it, he said, was in the rubbish bin. I said, “OK” and he then asked me how much it cost. I told him that it cost about £60 so he went to the sales counter till, came back and gave me £100 and said, “I hope the difference makes-up for all the trouble that you’ve had.”

I was just about to say something when another mechanic came in and told us that my car was fixed. Pete said that the repairs were on them as well and apologised again. Darren said that he was really sorry as well but I noticed a slight smile on his face. As I was walking to Jon’s car I couldn’t help noticing that all the mechanics were looking at me. I smiled at the nearest one, got in, and drove off. I was quite pleased with the way thing had worked out; I’d made a nice profit and had lots of men look at my naked body. A good day.

That night when I was telling Jon all about my day he had a real good look at all the front of my body he said that battery acid can be really dangerous and that I had been quite lucky. He said that it was a shame about the dress as he liked that one but that we would go and get another one at the weekend. He asked me if I’d enjoyed my time in the shower with Darren and asked me if Darren had tried to touch me. I think (hope) that Jon was being protective of me.

The rest of the week was nowhere near as exciting as the Monday. Saw Bridie when I went to Tesco and she asked if she could come round to see me on the Friday which was her day off.

Friday - Bridie arrived mid morning and we had a real good chat over a coffee. At one point she said that she felt a little over-dressed with her wearing a skirt and top and me wearing nothing. I told her that she could easily remedy that. She smiled, stood up and took first her woolly top revealing that she wasn’t wearing a bra, then her skirt. She wasn’t wearing knickers either. Nor tights or stockings.

Apparently her mother had told her off saying that without tights she would catch her death of cold. If only she’d known. Bridie said that she often didn’t wear underwear now. She said that her luck with boys had improved over the month or so since she’d been round and that she’d been out with 2 boys. The first one had been a bit of ‘a boring bugger’ (her words) and she had finished with him when he showed more interest in drinking with his mates than with her.

She was still seeing the second boy and he had cum in his pants when he found out that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. They were in a pub at the time and he’d been a bit embarrassed. They were going out the next night and she was hoping that he would try something. She said that if he didn’t she would keep flashing her pussy at him until he did.

Bridie told me that she’d even gone to work with no underwear a few times and had felt a little excited all day, especially when she’d been serving men. She said that she’d been tempted to say to some of them “there’s your change, and did you know that I’m not wearing any knickers.” We both had a good laugh over that.

When we’d finished the coffee I showed her the new conservatory. Even though it was cold and wet outside it was warm in the conservatory. Bridie said that with all that glass she felt as if she were standing outside. I said that we could go for a run round the garden if she liked, but she declined the offer - I wonder why?

We had some lunch then I took her upstairs to the new punishment room. She was amazed when she saw what was in there. I had to explain how some of it worked, even showing her some of the positions that I had to get into. I asked her to climb onto the top part of the ‘whipping-T’ and I strapped her wrists down before she realised what I was doing.

I then managed to strap her ankles down and asked her what she felt like. “Vulnerable and exposed” she said. I asked her if she would like me to use the cane on her back-side (only gentle) but she wasn’t at all keen and said that she couldn’t stand pain. But I did take advantage of her being in that position with her pussy wide open. She kept saying that it wasn’t fair as I first played with her with my fingers then my mouth. I kissed, licked and sucked that lovely young pussy as she moaned and pleaded for me to make her cum but each time she got near I backed off, I wanted to make it last as long as I could. I know the pleasure that that brings me.

All that time she was laid on the ‘T’ looking at the dildo that was at the end of the bottom part of the ‘T’. I just knew by the look on her face that she was waiting to be sitting on that dildo. I was as well, giving her that pleasure had made me get excited and my pussy was quite wet. I was really making her suffer and she was so desperate to cum that when I suggested that she climb onto the ‘T’ and impales herself, she couldn’t wait to do it but I made her promise to eat me out afterwards. I think that she would have promised to run naked through Derby city centre at lunchtime on a Saturday at that moment.

I wasn’t going to let her make the same mistake as me and I got a chair for her to be able to put her weight on and after a slow start she was riding that dildo for all she was worth. It didn’t take long for her to cum and after a lot of moaning and a bit of screaming she started again. After the second orgasm I switched the motor off and she just sat there for ages before climbing off saying that it was brilliant. I told her what had happened to me and she said that she would ‘kiss me better’. I asked her if she knew which part of me suffered and she put her hand on my pubic bone and pussy and smiled. We looked at each other for an intense moment before she bent her knees and started kissing my stomach and pussy. I grabbed her hand and led her into my bedroom. We spent the next couple of hours making love to each other before I went downstairs to get a drink.

While I was in the kitchen there was a quiet knock on the front door. It was about the time that the papergirl calls for her money so I opened the door and was inviting her in when I realised that it was a boy, the one that had seen me naked many times before. After the initial shock I invited him into the kitchen while I got his money out of my purse. While he was having a good look at me he was telling me about them changing rounds. As he was talking I heard Bridie come downstairs asking why I was taking so long. As she walked into the kitchen she just froze and after a few seconds she tried to cover herself with her hands, went bright red, then she said, “Hello Tom.”

Bridie was looking round for something to cover herself as I said, “I take it that you two know each other. It’s pointless trying to cover yourself, he’s already seen everything, and anyway he’s been looking at my body for months.” I got them talking and it turned out that he was the son of a neighbour of Bridie. She was still shocked as I said that it was only fair that we saw him naked.

He was with 2 naked women and he still had his clothes on. When I said that if it had been him and one of his mates that were naked and that there had been a young girl there with her clothes on he would have wanted to even things up. He agreed with that but wasn’t rushing to strip. Bridie agreed with me and said that it was only right that things were evened-up. He had something on her and it was only right that he did something to even things up. After a few silent seconds he stood up and took his jacket off. He took his shirt and jeans off but wasn’t going to drop his jocks until I lifted a foot onto a chair and let him have a good look at my pussy.

The poor lad’s dick sprung out of his pants as he pulled the waistband out and down. It wasn’t a bad size for his age, but not as big as Jon’s though. “I suppose that I’ll have to do something about that” I said and grabbed hold of it as he stared at Bridie. It wasn’t long before he was shooting his cum across the kitchen floor. He got embarrassed by that, grabbed his pants and pulled them on. “That wasn’t so bad was it” I said, “and now you won’t say anything about Bridie, will you?” “No” he said as he put the rest of his clothes on and went towards the door. I told him that he could tell his mates what had happened, but not where, or who with. He left with a grin on his face. I looked at Bridie and we both burst out laughing. We went back upstairs and had a pleasant shower together before she got dressed and left just as Jon arrived home. She promised to let us know when she wanted to go out for a drink with us. I hope it won’t be too long.

Jon wasn’t happy that his tea wasn’t ready and told me to ‘assume the position’ while he decided what punishment to give me. I was kept on my knees with my hands on the floor behind me and my knees wide open for about 5 minutes before he had me bend over the kitchen table with my feet wide apart. He gave my backside 50 hard slaps with his hand as I counted each one. I think that he must have been tired as I was expecting more. I didn’t even cry, but my backside was quite warm and I was getting a little wet between my legs.

# Saturday October 17

Jon kept his promise and took me to the big shopping centre just outside Sheffield. As it was another cold day Jon let me wear my coat, but nothing else other than a pair of high-heels. We wandered round lots of shops, not just looking for a dress but looking at things for Jon, the house and for me. I tried a couple of dresses on in different shops but I didn’t have any opportunities for any fun. The nearest I got to that was when it only took me seconds to take my coat off, put the dress on and get back out to show Jon. The girl at the entrance to the changing cubicles gave me a funny look and said, “That was quick.” “It doesn’t take long when you’re only wearing a coat” I replied but she didn’t say anything else. The look on her face told me that she wasn’t sure whether to believe me or not.

Down by the food hall we found an area that looked a bit like an indoor market. As we were walking past a shop that sold materials, Jon suddenly dragged me in and told me to look for some thin flesh coloured material. I eventually found some and then Jon told me to get enough for me to make a bikini for myself. That doesn’t take much so I only got a meter of it.

Going up the escalator Jon whispered that there was a man behind me that looked like he needed cheering-up and he told me to turn round and open my coat and give him a quick flash. I did but hadn’t bargained on the 2 youths behind him. One of them got just as good a look at my body as the then happy man. I pulled my coat sides together and turned round hearing one youth say to the other “did you see that? That bird just flashed her tits and cunt at me.” I didn’t hear what the other one said as we were by then walking off the top of the escalator. I did catch a glimpse of the unhappy man though; he had a big grin on his face. I was glad that Jon told me to do that, I got a bit of a thrill from it.

It was late afternoon before we found a shop that sold dresses like the cheesecloth one that had got acid on it. In the same baggy style that Jon wanted, they had cheesecloth and cotton ones and ones that nearly came down to my knees and ones that were so short that they were really just long tops. Some of them never even covered my ass.

Jon selected 4 from the racks and sent me to try them on. I had to come out of the cubicle to show him each one and the 2 youngish sales women watched my every move. When I came out wearing one that didn’t cover my ass (or pussy) and Jon told me to give him a ‘twirl’, the 2 women got a real good view of my pussy and ass. They were talking to each other as well as looking and when I was changing into the next dress one of them came over and asked if everything was all right. I hadn’t closed the curtain and I was naked when she turned the corner and saw me. She looked at me, then Jon, then back to me. Jon said that we were looking for a dress that was very baggy and when I bent over the top would hang down giving anyone in front a good view of my breasts and anyone behind a good view of my bottom.

The sales woman said that they had lots like that and that I should come out into the main shop area and try then on near the racks. There was no one else in the shop, the other sales woman wouldn’t mind and it would save time as they were about to close she said. As she was telling me this I looked out and saw the other sales woman locking the door.

The 4 of us were alone and I was being invited to walk around the shop naked. That didn’t worry me, quite the reverse; it made me get a little excited. I knew that Jon wouldn’t mind, and I guess that the 2 sales women liked the idea, maybe they were lesbians. It wasn’t long before Jon and the 2 sales women were all picking dresses off the racks and telling me to try them on. It ended up as a little fashion show with me as the only model. The women gave me some pairs of shoes to try on with the different dresses. I think that they just wanted me to bend over in front of them. This was okay with me, I didn’t fancy either of them (one was fat and ugly), but I knew that Jon would look after me.

I made a big deal of flashing my wet pussy to them and Jon as I bent over to fasten the shoes. It was fun and I was getting lots of attention. In the end Jon stopped everything by say that he had decided which one we would buy. It was a thin cotton one that hardly touched my body apart from my shoulder and breasts. As I bent forwards it rode up my backside and hung way down in front of me. I could look down my front and see all my bare body, right past my pussy. Jon told me to take it off again and get dressed. The 2 women looked a little surprised when I put just a coat on.

As Jon paid for the dress one of the women told us that we were welcome back anytime, with a big emphasis on the anytime. She said that they were proud of their ‘individual attention’. I don’t think that I shall worry too much if we don’t go back. That night Jon took me for a drink at a pub somewhere out in the country. I wore my burgundy jacket with matching short skirt. The place was crowded and we only just managed to get a seat. Just before we left Jon told me that because of the way I was sat, my jacket was bunched up a bit and that he had been looking at my right breast for most of the evening. He said that if he could see it then anyone walking passed would have been able to see it as well. I’d noticed one or two men walking passed and looking at me but I’d assumed that it was my short skirt.

# Sunday October 18

After the usual newspaper reading ritual we set to work on taking the plaster of Paris off the silicone mould. Jon told me to take it easy as the silicone would be very ‘rubbery’ and easy to damage with the sharp knife that I was using. It took us about an hour and when we had finished I felt a little strange looking at something that was an identical shape to me. ‘My’ pussy looked very strange with the big hole where the dildo had been. It even had all the folds of my pussy lips. Rubbing my hand over it made me get a little excited. The breasts looked better than mine did. They were more cone shaped, more like mine were when they were just developing, but the nipples were definitely not like mine were when I was a kid. They are just like they are now (well not this minute). Jon making me stay out in the cold before the plaster of Paris was put on really had been worthwhile. In Jon’s words “just like chapel hat pegs.” After lunch I realised that wasn’t feeling well and Jon told me to go to bed.

**Week commencing October 19**

By the Monday morning I was feeling terrible, I had a fever and was all bunged up. I stayed like that for most of the week. Jon was very good, he came home each

lunchtime to check on me and to try to get me to eat something. When I hadn’t

improved by the Thursday Jon arranged for the Doctor to come and see me. I think that the Doctor was a little surprised when pulled the quilt back to listen to my chest. The quilt is quite light and when the Doctor pulled it, it came right off me leaving him looking at my naked body. He seemed a little surprised but didn’t say anything. The doctor gave me a prescription for some pills that Jon went and got for me when he got home that evening. They started to work on me and by the Friday evening I was well enough to go down stairs and watch television - with a blanket wrapped round me.

**Saturday October 24**

Didn’t get much further than the television all day.

**Sunday October 25**

Started eating properly but still very weak. Jon’s been great this past week; I don’t know what I would have done without him.

**Week commencing October 26**

Jon wouldn’t let me go out, said that I should get 100% before I go out into the cold. Towards the end of the week I was beginning to feel well enough to try to catch up with the housework. That made me very tired and Jon said that I had been pushing myself too hard and not doing as he had told me. He said that I would get punished for that, but not for a week or so. He said that he didn’t believe in punishing people when they weren’t healthy. He said that if I was bored I should do something less

energetic and he went and got a vibe out of the drawer gave it to me and said,

“If you get bored, use that.”

Vicky rang on the Thursday evening and when I told her that I hadn’t been well she said that she would be over on the Saturday.

**Saturday October 31**

Jon picked Vicky up from the bus station and when they got home she rushed up to me, gave me a big hug and asked me how I was. Vicky can be really bossy at times; she wouldn’t let me do a thing all day. I had to sit watching television with a blanket wrapped round me all day. She wouldn’t even let me have a shower on my own

before going to bed, although I think that she was trying to cheer me up in the shower. We were in there for about 30 minutes. She massaged me all over, especially between my legs. She made me cum twice. Vicky slept with Jon that night.

**Sunday November 1**

I was feeling much better and got up early and made the breakfast. I could hear Vicky and Jon having a bit of fun before they finally got up and we all had breakfast - Vicky naked as well. I could smell the aroma of sex (male and female) on them before they had a shower. After breakfast we showed Vicky the new equipment in the punishment room and I told her about my ‘accident.’

“You poor thing” she said, “I bet you really enjoyed it.”

She was fascinated with the ‘whipping-T’ and wanted to try it there and then but Jon wouldn’t let her. He said that we were going to the gym and that we would come back to the ‘T’ later. At the gym Jon told me to take it easy and only do a couple of the exercises so I spent most of the time watching him and Vicky. Jon had told me to wear my white Lycra shorts and a T-shirt while Vicky wore my baggy green running shorts and a crop top. It was fun looking at Vicky’s pussy and tits as she bounced and stretched. There was a middle-aged man in there that was watching her as well. The bulge in his shorts told me that he was enjoying the view, so was I.

Vicky didn’t seem to care, she was concentrating on what she was doing and at times didn’t even talk to me. The best bit was when she was sat on the machine that had you stretch your legs as wide apart as you can. I could see the whole of her lovely smooth shaved pussy. I was enjoying the view and there was a big damp patch on my shorts. I wonder if the man saw that.

We went for a swim and Jacuzzi after that, Vicky wore my white bikini and I wore my white one piece - well the bit that covers my bum is one piece. We started off dressed like that but Jon had us take them off in the Jacuzzi and give them to him. We had to keep low in the water when a middle-aged couple came and joined us. We had already been in there for about 15 minutes and had to stay with the bubbles up to our necks for about another 10 minutes until they got out. I was getting very hot by the time Jon gave us our costumes back; I ended up with the bikini and was glad when I could get out.

The swimming was nice and relaxing and went off without incident. We went to a pub after that for some lunch and Vicky and I had a few men staring at us wearing just short dresses in the middle of winter.

Back home Vicky couldn’t wait to try-out the equipment in the punishment room. It was the ‘T’ that she was really interested in, she had been fascinated when I had told her about me getting stuck on the ‘fucking machine’ and passing out and wanted to try it. I don’t think that she wanted to go quite that far but she was almost desperate to have a go. After taking our dresses off Jon explained how it all worked, but he wouldn’t let her have a go straight away. He said that she had to ‘experience’ the other end of the ‘T’ first. Before he could tell her to get on, she was climbing up and over the top part of the ‘T’ waiting for Jon to strap her down. Jon put the padded nylon with Velcro wrist fasteners on her while I did the same with her ankles.

As I got up from doing that I gently ran a finger over her gaping pussy and said to her,

“You’re going to like this!”

Her pussy was quite wet already and she let out a little moan as I touched her. Jon was in a bit of a cruel mood and kept Vicky waiting for quite a while before he finally told me that I had to use the tawse on Vicky. I know what it’s like for a woman to be frustrated and I wanted to get the tawse bit over with so that she could get up onto the ‘fucking machine’ as soon as possible, so I gave her 10 gentle stokes quite quickly. Not a sound had come from Vicky and Jon had obviously realised what I was doing. He told me to stop and took over. He gave her 5 really hard strokes that made her scream out, especially the last one which wrapped round her left cheek, the end of the tawse hitting her open pussy. Vicky was crying by that time and her butt and left side of her pussy was going bright red. There was also quite a bit of pussy juices coming out of her.

After those 5 strokes Jon released the spring-loaded dildo which shot up and into her pussy. She stopped crying and let out a gasp followed by a long moan. Jon then pulled it out of her and wedged a piece of rope in the spring so that the end of the dildo was just touching her pussy. Jon then gave Vicky 5 more strokes carefully

placing them so that he didn’t hit the dildo. Vicky was whimpering by the end of that, a mixture of pain, frustration and some pleasure. Jon appeared to want to play on the frustration bit and told me that we were going to leave her like that for 15 minutes while I got us a cup of tea. Poor Vicky, I bet that she really suffered having the dildo just touching her pussy and not being unable to push back onto it.

When we went back to her she was still whimpering but as soon as she saw us she said,

“Do something, PLEASE!”

Jon did, he pulled the dildo right back and fastened the clip so that there was no chance of it going into her. He stood up, looked at her, smiled and said,

“Right, this is where it really starts.”

As I was unfastening her ankles I saw pussy juices running down the insides of her thighs and couldn’t resist pushing a finger inside her for a second. Jon saw me and told me that we were going to have a double session.

At that time I didn’t know what he meant but I soon found out. Jon strapped Vicky wrists together and to the rope through the ceiling ring. He then told her to climb onto the bottom part of the ‘T’ and impale herself on the dildo, which he had already

secured in place, facing the top part of the ‘T’. Vicky gave a loud sigh as she lowered herself down onto the dildo; the expression on her face told me that she was enjoying it. After removing the chair that Vicky had used to get onto the ‘T’, Jon put some

tension on the rope and fastened it going round the short side on the ‘egg’ disk on the motor. He didn’t switch the motor on at that point; instead he left Vicky and told me to climb on to the top part of the ‘T’. He then fastened my wrists and ankles to the legs of the ‘T’, which left me with my head nearly touching Vicky’s stomach. Instead of laying my head on one side I bent my neck back and looked straight at the front of Vicky’s pussy. If I bent my head right back and looked up I could just see Vicky’s face. We smiled as our eyes met.

That done, Jon switched the motor on and Vicky started to slowly go up and down on the dildo. I was still looking at her face and the expression told me that she was in heaven. After about 10 seconds Jon turned his attention back to me. In very quick succession he gave me 3 strokes of the tawse on my backside. I hardly had time to say the stroke number followed by,

“Thank you Master” before the next one landed.

After the third he stopped and told me that he didn’t want to tire me, and that I would get more at a later date. The 3 were just to warm me up a bit. The next thing that I knew was that something was entering my pussy. It was him; he had dropped his trousers and was fucking me. He timed his pace to match that of the ‘fucking

machine’ which meant that as Vicky came down on the dildo I was pushed forward ever so slightly, but just enough for my forehead to touch Vicky’s stomach. I can’t

remember ever having my face so close to woman’s pussy as it was being fucked and I was being fucked at the same time. That together with the fact that I was unable to move meant that I wasn’t going to last long before I had an orgasm.

I think that both Vicky and Jon were enjoying the experience as much as I was

because all 3 of us came within about 20 seconds of each other. Jon stopped pumping me as he shot his load into me but the motor kept Vicky going up and down. As I came back down to earth I noticed the amount of Vicky’s pussy juices that were

starting to spread around the base of the dildo. They were even spreading along the ‘T’ towards me and down the insides of her thighs.

When Jon pulled out of me he reached under the ‘T’ and released the clip that was holding the spring-loaded dildo in place. I had heard (and felt) him moving but just thought that he’d finished with me. I got a surprise as the spring loaded dildo sprung up and straight into my pussy. I gasped and looked up at Vicky but she was too

far-gone to take any notice. Jon said,

“Vanessa, I’m going to get cleaned-up, give me a shout if you think that Vicky is

going to pass out.”

After what seemed like hours of me trying to wiggle my backside and get some more pleasure out of the dildo that was in me, and listening to the slurping and sucking noises as Vicky went up and down, I realised that Vicky was getting a bit quiet. I had heard her moans and gasps as she had had 3 orgasms but she was starting to get a bit quiet. I shouted

“Master - I think that Vicky needs some help.”

Jon obviously hadn’t been far away as he was there almost immediately and after

taking one look at Vicky he switched-off the motor.

Vicky was left hanging there by her wrists near the top of the dildo. Jon lifted her off the dildo and then released the rope from the motor and lowered her down onto the ‘T’. As he lowered her body back into his arms her open pussy was right in front of my face, it was bright red.

Jon carried Vicky out of the room and put her on my bed then came back to me and unfastened me. I had to get myself down off the ‘T’, which wasn’t as easy as it sounds because the spring-loaded dildo was still pushing into me.

After Jon had unfastened me and told me to get myself down, he had left me and went back to check on Vicky. This meant that I could take my time getting off the ‘T’ and I took advantage of that time to see just how strong the spring was. Instead of climbing up and off the dildo I pushed back and tried to slide backwards off the ‘T’. With each inch that I slid back the pressure of the dildo in me increased and by the time that my feet were on the ground I was starting to think that I would be able to feel the dildo in my throat. It was hurting but at the same time it was nice. Once my feet were on the ground I managed to reach under the ‘T’ and push the dildo back into its ‘home’ position. As it came out of me I had to lean back to get the angle right.

When I got into my room Vicky was either unconscious or just asleep. Jon had left her naked on top of the quilt with her legs wide open. Jon wasn’t around so I decided to clean myself up, then Vicky. When I got to cleaning her pussy I couldn’t resist bending over and giving it a kiss and a quick suck of her little clit.

I covered Vicky up and left her and about an hour later she came down stairs with one hand holding her pussy and looking very tired. After some food Vicky still didn’t

wake-up properly so Jon told her to get dressed and we took her home. She fell asleep in the back of the car and I had to wake her when we got to her flat. Liz (one of Vicky’s flatmates) asked Vicky if she was all right, said that she looked like death warmed-up. Vicky didn’t answer so Jon said,

“If she looks like death then you could say that she’s been fucked to death. I’ll leave it to Vicky to explain.”

Back home things seemed a little dull so I started making my new flesh coloured bikini. It was good having the silicone model of me; it made life a lot easier. Jon wanted the bikini bottom to be big, but with a narrow crotch. He said that the colour was to make people look at me and at first glance think that I was naked. Once they realised that I wasn’t then they wouldn’t take much notice of me. That way when I was naked the people that had seen me before would think that I wasn’t naked. Well I think that that was what he said.

The top had to be fairly big as well, the 2 triangles held together with a thin strap and fastened in the front. When I had finished making it I tried it on. I can see what Jon means when he says that a quick glance it would make people think that I had

nothing on.

**Week commencing November 2**

Had a quiet week, I didn’t see Bridie when I went to Tesco, and the paperboy (or girl) didn’t call again.

On the Monday night we had been watching a programme on the television about

exercise and Jon had said that I should think about going to some sort of exercise

evening class. On the Wednesday when I was out shopping I saw a card in the Post Office window about an aerobics class that was run at the local junior school on a Thursday evening. When I mentioned it to Jon he told me to go and check it out. He said that if I didn’t like it then I could stop going. So, the next night I packed my trainers, a T-shirt, my green baggy shorts (Jon’s idea) and a towel into a bag and put on a dress and coat and drove to the school.

A woman about my age called Jenny ran the class. She was very friendly and after telling me about the set-up she pointed out the girls changing rooms and I went and got changed. There were about 8 other women of all ages getting changed in there and when we went into the school gym to start there were a few more women and 4 men, about 20 in all. Jenny had us line up in rows before she switched the music on and we started. I made sure that I got on the back row; I didn’t want to look an idiot not knowing what to do.

We started off doing all the things that I had seen on the television and by the time we stopped for a break I was knackered. Jenny came over to see how I was doing and told me that we had been at it for 45 minutes. No wonder I was knackered. As Jenny was talking to me I noticed that her eyes were looking at my chest, when I looked down I saw that my T-shirt was wet with sweat and it was clinging to my skin. It was really showing the shape of my breasts and nipples and I could see the dark area of my aureole. Jenny told me that the second half was less strenuous as most of it was floor work.

Before we started again we all had to get a mat to lie on and we all lined up again. I kept my place on the back row. Jenny had us do all sorts of stretching and press-up type exercises while she walked in between us all, telling us what to do and

‘encouraging’ the ones who weren’t trying that hard.

When she came my way she was quiet for a minute or so before telling me that she thought that I could get my legs further apart than they were. At the time we were all on our backs with our feet high in the air and wide part. I was really concentrating on pushing myself and wasn’t thinking about what I was wearing. It was warm in the school gym and I was sweating from all the exercises so I wasn’t thinking about

keeping warm.

It was only when I looked at Jenny and saw where her eyes were looking that I

remembered that I had my short baggy green running shorts on, with no knickers on underneath. Jenny was looking right at my pussy through the gaping leg holes. More than that, if Jenny could see everything that I’ve got then the people who were laid at my feet could too. Well it was too late by then; I’d obviously been giving everyone a good view for quite a while so another 10 minutes to the end of the lesson wasn’t

going to make much of a difference. I just started taking quick looks at the people in front of me to see who was trying to see my pussy and trying to think what they were thinking.

When we all stood up at the end of the lesson I noticed that the middle-aged man that had been directly in front of me had either been having a good look at me, or he kept a torch in his shorts.

Jenny called me over to her after bring the class to a close. She asked me if I had

enjoyed myself and if I would be going again the next week. She kept me talking for ages about nothing in particular, until she suddenly said,

“You’ll really boost the number of men coming to these classes if you keep coming dressed in those shorts.”

I blushed a little bit and said,

“I don’t know what you mean, what’s wrong with them.”

“Absolutely nothing” Jenny replied, “they’re just great, just what’s needed.”

I knew exactly what she meant, and the grin on her face told me that she knew that I knew.

She started walking towards the changing rooms and we went in as the other women were starting to come out and go home. By the time that we had stripped off and got in the showers we were the only ones left in there. It seemed funny being back in school showers, there’s something about them. As I was showering I was

remembering my days at school when all us little girls were shy about being naked

together, how we used to try to cover ourselves and only have a few seconds under the water.

Jenny suddenly said something that brought me back to reality and I looked over at her. She has quite a slim body with shoulder length brown hair. Her breasts are about the same size as mine but her nipples are a lot smaller. When she turned to look at me I saw that she hardly had any pubic hair, it didn’t look as if she shaved, she only had a few and they were all in a tall thin triangle above the front of her pussy. Jenny saw me looking at her and asked me how often I shaved my pussy. She seemed

fascinated when I told her that I didn’t shave any more, that I had removed them all with a special machine. I could she was cringing as I was telling her about the

depilatory machine so I told her that it didn’t hurt at all, the only problem was that it took so long. Jenny joked, saying

“Well it wouldn’t take long with me with the few that I’ve got.”

I laughed a bit and agreed with her.

As we were getting dressed Jenny noticed that I didn’t have a bra or knickers and said,

“Got rid of your bras and knickers as well then.”

She had said it in a joking way and just said,

“Oh!”

When I told her that I had stopped wearing them over 6 months ago.

On the way out Jenny asked me if I’d like to go for a drink with her. I said,

“Thank you for the offer but I’ve got to get back to my Master.”

She looked a bit puzzled as I continued,

“How about after next week’s class?”

Jenny said, “OK” and I headed for home.

Back home Jon asked me how I had got on and I told him that I had enjoyed it and that I wanted to go again the next week. I told him all about Jenny and he said that I would have to watch her; he said that she sounded as if she was a lesbian and might try to get into my knickers - if I’d been wearing any. When I told Jon that most of the other women there had been wearing leotards he said that we would go and have a look in the shops and see what we could find.

When I got up on the Friday morning I had aches all over. It took until lunchtime for me to get back to normal.

**Saturday November 7 and Sunday November 8**

The weekend went off without anything interesting happening, probably because Jon had a lot of work to do and he had to go in to work on the Sunday - all day. I say without anything interesting happening but that’s not quite true. I broke a cup when I was washing-up on the Saturday evening and Jon had me ‘assume the position’ on the kitchen floor for about 30 minutes before he put me over his knee and gave me 100 slaps with his hand. My bum was bright red and sore by the time I had said,

“100, thank you Master” but I managed to avoid crying.

After he’d finished that Jon had me bend over the kitchen table and he had me from behind. It hurt my bum each time he slammed into me. Because I had nearly cum while he had been spanking my bum, I came twice before he came in me. He had me stay laid over the kitchen table for 15 minutes after he pulled out and I could feel our juices running down my legs. I wanted to reach under and make myself cum again but Jon threatened to restrain me in the frame in the back garden for an hour. It was bloody cold outside so I managed to wait until he let me go and take a shower.

**Week commencing November 9**

Jon took me out for a meal on the Monday night, to a posh restaurant in Derby. I had to wear my black pencil dress with the remote vibe in me. I was glad that Jon let me wear my coat as it was a long walk from the car to the restaurant and I would have been frozen by the time we had got there. As it was my nipples really stuck out when I took my coat off and I noticed one man looking at me. He was so engrossed in

looking at my nipples and legs that he didn’t notice me staring back at his face.

As soon as we’d sat down Jon told me to shuffle my dress up so that my bare bum was on the seat. I was glad when Jon told me to put my napkin on my lap as even I could see my pussy when I looked down.

Jon got the remote control for the vibe out of his pocket and put it on the table, and he was lightly playing with it (but not switching it on) right up until the waiter came and gave us the menus and asked us if we wanted a drink. Jon ordered his and just as I was about to ask for a lager he switched the vibe on. I’d guessed that Jon would do something like that but it still caught me by surprise.

I almost jumped as it started throbbing inside me. The waiter asked me if I was all right as I went a bit red and struggled to get the word lager out. Jon just sat there

expressionless. Jon left the vibe on, on low, for the 4 or 5 minutes before the waiter came back with the drinks and to take our order. By the time he arrived I was getting quite fidgety and I was getting close to an orgasm. Just as the waiter arrived Jon switched the vibe off. On the one hand I wasn’t pleased as I wanted that orgasm, but on the other hand I didn’t want the embarrassment of having an orgasm while trying to give the waiter my order. Just as I was in the middle of telling the waiter what I wanted for my main course Jon hit the button. I almost jumped of the chair. The waiter said,

“Is madam alright?” and Jon replied by saying,

“Madam is just fine, just a little excited.”

It was a struggle but I managed to order and hold off coming until the waiter walked away. I was squirming in my seat, but I did it. Jon switched the vibe off straight away and started talking about what we were going to look for when we went shopping at the weekend. At least I think that that was what he was saying my mind wasn’t quite there.

Eating the main course was relatively uneventful; Jon switched the vibe onto low a couple of times but only for a few seconds. I guess that he wanted to keep me ‘warmed-up’ ready for more quite quickly. By the time that we finished the main course I was glad that Jon had told me to pull my dress up over my bum, my juices were making me and the seat quite wet and I could smell that familiar aroma of my pussy.

Another couple had come in and sat a couple of tables away. The man had sat with his back to the wall like me and he had started to look at me. No one else could see but with my dress over my bum, even with the napkin on my lap, the sides of my legs right up to my waist were uncovered and that man had noticed. By the time that I

noticed that he had noticed I had had about 3 glasses of wine and the lager to start with, so I didn’t care any more.

When the waiter brought the sweet trolley over Jon had the remote control in clear sight for the waiter to see. To make matters worse Jon asked him if he had seen one of those things before. Jon said that it was a remote control for his car alarm and if he pressed the button and tuned the ‘volume’ up he might just be able to hear the car alarm responding. Jon pressed the button a couple of times and asked the waiter if he could hear it. Guess what? - he couldn’t, so Jon gave it to him and told him to have a go. When the waiter still couldn’t hear anything he told him to turn the ‘volume’ up and have another go.

Well what could I do? I had to just sit there and take it. I was getting too close to a second orgasm for comfort, in the middle of a restaurant. When Jon told the waiter to turn up the ‘volume’ I just burst inside. I let out a quiet moan and sat there physically shaking. The waiter was concentrating on what he was doing but Jon was watching me, so was the man a couple of tables away. After what seemed like an eternity Jon said to the waiter,

“Never mind, maybe we’re too far away.”

He took the remote from the waiter, put it on the table and switched it off.

When the waiter looked at me and saw the sweat running down my face he said,

“Are you sure you’re OK?”

I managed to say that I was and to order some chocolate gateaux. Afterwards I thought that I should have said that ‘perhaps I shouldn’t have come (cum) tonight’. I think that that would have made Jon smile; it did me when I thought of it.

That was the end of the vibe being on that night and I managed to clean myself up a bit before we left. When we got home Jon had me over the back of the sofa before we went to bed. I asked him if I could make him cum again with my mouth but he said that he was too tired and we went to bed.

Thursday - went to the aerobics class and I was changed and in the school gym before Jenny arrived. I wore my green shorts and largish T-shirt. One or two of the other class members had said hello to me and one man in his thirties tried to chat me up. Jenny didn’t waste any time when she arrived and got us lined-up and started straight away.

The thirty something man was directly in front of me and as we started I thought about him being able to get a good look at my pussy, but I didn’t care. It wasn’t

costing me anything and I knew that if I thought about it I would get a bit of a thrill out of it; and I’m damn sure that he would be getting a thrill, maybe even a hard-on. About half way through the first half Jenny started walking round the gym

‘encouraging’ people to try harder. When she got to me she gave me a long smile

before moving on. She came and had a quick chat with me at the break before

pushing us hard in the second half.

When we finished Jenny came to me and told me that the man who had been in front of me had a big bulge in the front of his shorts and a wet patch where he had been leaking pre-cum juices. She was giggling a bit as she told me, and I started giggling as we both looked over towards him. I asked her if she had noticed anyone else

looking but she said,

“Only me.”

Jenny kept me talking for ages, telling me what she had been doing all week and about another keep fit evening class that she ran. It is a sort of circuit training with all sorts of obstacles that you have to complete a sort of assault course. It sounds fun; I might go and try it - if Jon agrees.

When we finally got into the changing room all the other women had gone and it wasn’t long before we were both naked in the showers. As were talking and soaping ourselves Jenny started staring at the wall at the end. When I asked her what she was looking at she whispered that she had thought that she had seen a light shining out of the wall. I said, “You’re losing it girl” but she was certain and went to get a closer look.

She picked up her soap and came back and told me that there was a small hole in the tiles and that she must have seen a light coming right through the wall. I said,

“I wonder if the light had been blocked by someone looking through?”

I squeezed my soap and made sure that it went flying towards the hole. When I went to pick it up I bent down and had a quick look through the hole. I nearly jumped back as I saw an eye staring at me. I stood up and thought for a second before walking back to Jenny. As I did I said,

“Its okay it’s just a hole in the tiles,” and carried on with my shower.

When Jenny looked at me I whispered that someone was watching us through the hole and was a little surprised when she said,

“Let’s give them something to really get them worked-up.”

At first I didn’t know what she meant but she stepped towards me and started

soaping my back for me. It didn’t take long for me to catch-on and I turned round and started soaping her front. It wasn’t long before we were ‘exploring’ all over each other’s body. My hand drifted down to the few light brown pubic hairs that she had and then down to her pussy and our lips met and we had a long French kiss. Her hands were working on my nipples which went instantly hard as soon as her fingers touched them. Jenny’s legs opened as my fingers searched for her little clit and then her hole. There was absolutely no resistance as first one and then two of my fingers went into her. As they did she broke the kiss and let out a long slow moan.

We collapsed to the floor and were soon in the ‘69’ position. I managed to make sure that Jenny was on the floor and me on top of her with my backside to the hole in the wall. Whoever was there would be getting an excellent view of my open pussy - when Jenny wasn’t ‘eating’ me. And eat me she was certainly trying to do. At one point I thought that she was trying to bite my clit off. The pain made me cum very quickly and I had to really concentrate to get her to cum. All this time our two showers were pouring warm water down onto us and when we finally stood up my hands were all white any wrinkly.

I stood behind Jenny and put my arms around her and down to her pussy. I whispered to her,

“Let’s give him (assuming that it was a him) one more little show.”

I turned her to face the hole and pulled her legs apart and with my left hand caressing her left breast my right hand stroked the insides of her lower lips and clit. Her head lay back on my shoulder as I slowly brought her to her second orgasm which had her shaking and shouting

“Yes! yes! yes!”

As we got dried I looked over towards the showers - and the hole in the wall and

decided that if I moved a little to the left then the person on the other side might just be able to see me getting dried and dressed. I really took my time getting dry and Jenny was dressed and ready for off whilst I was still naked.

“Come on, hurry up, or do you want some more?” Jenny asked.

“Sorry, I was miles away” I said and quickly put my shoes, dress and coat on.

As we were walking out of the school Jenny asked me if I would like to go for that drink with her and we went to the pub at the end of the road.

Jenny got the drinks and we sat opposite each other in a quiet corner of the pub. As usual I didn’t cross my legs and it wasn’t long before Jenny said,

“Cross your legs girl, I can see your pussy.”

I told her all about Jon and his rules and Jenny listened without saying a word. In the end I asked her if she was all right and she said,

“Oh, yes, that’s amazing, that explains why you said ‘your Master’ last week; and are you happy with things that way?”

It didn’t take long for me to tell her that I was VERY happy with things the way they were and she then said,

“Well I guess that I will have to get used to staring at your beautiful, smooth pussy every time that I see you.” I smiled and replied,

“Complaining are you?”

We were both laughing at that when Jenny noticed that there were 3 men at the bar that kept looking at us. When she pointed this out to me I noticed that they were looking at a small piece of paper and then up at us. After a while one of them came over to us and held a photo up for us both to see. It was of me, naked, spread-eagle, blindfolded, and tied to a bed.

The man said,

“Me and my mates are having a bit of an argument. I say that this is a photo of you and Joe says that it isn’t you. Is it you?” he said looking at me.

I went a bit red, as Jenny said,

“No it can’t be.”

“Yes it is you isn’t it?” the man replied.

Well, what could I say, I couldn’t tell a lie so I said,

“Yes it is, but I didn’t pose for it, it was taken without my permission. Were did you get it from?”

Before the man could answer Jenny pinched the photo from him and was having a good look as the man started to tell us that there were copies being passed all round his works and his mates. He didn’t know where they came from but there were plenty about. As he was telling me this I realised that if I played it cool he (and his mates) might go away and leave us alone.

I decided to pretend that it was a woman that took the pictures and that I wasn’t

interested in men. Jon would kill me if I let them try anything on with me. I said,

“They were taken by an ex-lover of mine and I’ve finished with her now.

This (pointing to Jenny) is my new lover. Do you like the photos then?”

“Yes, you’ve got a great body but I never imagined that you were a lesbian.”

He replied looking at Jenny and me with a disappointed look on his face. As if to

confirm what I was saying Jenny reached out and put her hand on my arm. The man left us and I could see his mates giving us funny looks as he told them what I had said.

Jenny and I almost burst out laughing and Jenny said,

“Nice one - LOVER.”

Our conversation drifted back to the school showers and Jenny suggested that we try to find out who had been spying on us. We both came up with suggestions as to who could have been. It could have been the man with the hard-on, or someone else in the class, or the caretaker, or some young men who knew about the hole and had sneaked into the school. Who knows, but we decided to turn up early next week, have a good look round and work out what was on the other side of that wall.

We left shortly after that as I told Jenny that I had better get back to Jon. When we parted Jenny gave me a quick kiss on my cheek and squeezed my bum as she did it. When I got home Jon asked me all about my evening. He stopped me when I started to tell him about the session in the showers and then got me to continue as he fucked me in his bed. Fortunately he had cum just before I told him about the photo in the pub. I had forgotten that I hadn’t told him about them being taken and he hadn’t read this journal for a few weeks. He was a bit mad and told me that I would be punished for it, but that didn’t stop him getting hard again and we went to sleep with his dick still inside me.

Friday - Woke up with Jon’s arm round me all contented and cosy. When he woke up I got his breakfast while he shaved. My muscles ached from the previous evening’s

exercise. Later in the afternoon the paperboy finally called for his money. It was the young man that had been many times and he didn’t seem at all surprised when I opened the door naked. I could see him staring at me but he wasn’t lost for words at all.

When Jon came home he was in a bad mood and had me ‘assume the position’ as soon as he walked in the door. I had to stay like that while he got his own tea then he took me up to the punishment room and had me lay face down on the floor while he put the velcro and nylon wrist and ankle cuffs on me. He attached ropes to them and put a support strap under my waist and then got the electric motor to pull me up to what I call ‘dick height’.

My arms and legs were stretch-out wide and it was a bit uncomfortable, but not too bad, which was a good job as he left me there all night. But that was after he had put the ball gag on me and given me 50 strokes with his leather belt. I was trying to count them but it was impossible with the ball gag on. After 25, Jon changed position and started getting the belt to go down between my legs and onto my pussy. Jon seemed to be putting more and more effort into each stroke; I suppose he was trying to get rid of his anger. I don’t know who’d upset him, but he was taking it out on my backside. I was crying quite a lot by the time I got the 40th stroke and my pussy was really throbbing. At the same time I could feel my juices flowing and I knew that it wouldn’t be long before I had an orgasm. The last 5 strokes all landed on my clit and by the end it felt as big as Jon’s dick. No sooner than Jon had given me the 50th stroke he was stood in between me and was pumping into me like a steam engine. I came again just as he shot his load into me.

**Saturday November 14**

I didn’t see Jon again until he lowered me down in the morning and I was glad that Jon always left the central heating on over-night. I had managed to get some sleep but I was aching all over. Not to mention my bum and clit that was still sore. As he let me down Jon asked me, in a quiet calm voice, if I was okay and even rubbed some cream into my sore bum.

His bad mood had obviously gone and he was back to his normal self. I had a long soak in the bath, then some breakfast before I put on shoes, dress and a coat and we went to Birmingham shopping for a leotard. We went into loads of sports shops but could only find big thick ones that looked as if they were designed for Grannies. In the end Jon told me to get some more of the thin white Lycra and make one myself. He said that it had to be low cut at the front, back and sides, and high cut at the sides. In other words it had to be almost side-less. He also said that it had to have a narrow crotch with only a thin strip going between my cheeks. As he was describing it I thought that it might as well be a few lengths of string tied together at the

appropriate places.

After we gave-up on the leotard we had some lunch in the cafe of one of the big

department stores. It was in there that Jon decided that we would go to some car

showrooms and have a look at some new cars. Not that Jon was thinking of buying one, it was just to look - and for Jon to show-off my ass. The first one that we went to had a big showroom with lots of cars ranging from small ones to big 4-wheel drive vehicles. Jon told me to leave my coat in his car, which just left me wearing a black tight fit short dress and shoes.

One of the salesmen pounced on us as soon as walked through the door and Jon

pretended that we were looking for 2 new cars, one for him and one for me. His idea was to get the salesman to show us round just about every car that they had. The salesman was in his late twenties and not bad looking. He seemed to be paying as much attention to me as he was to Jon. As the salesman took us to each model and told us all about them we pretended to be interested and had a good look at them. Jon told me get into each one and see if I thought they were comfortable.

To start off with I got in and out in a very lady like manor and kept my legs together but after the second car Jon whispered to me to start flashing my pussy to the

salesman. That was fine by me as I now enjoy letting strangers see my body. I

started wondering how many cars I would have to get in and out of before my juices would start to flow and my lips swell up. The third car was very small and only had 2 doors. Jon told me to get in the back to see if there was enough legroom and if it was

comfortable.

There was no way that I could get in the back without having to bend over. To make sure that Jon (and me) got what he wanted. I asked the salesman if he would hold the door open for me. As expected, when I bent over and stuck my head into the car the back of my dress rode up exposing most of my ass and leaving the salesman with a great view of both my ass and my pussy. I wondered if there were still any red marks left from Jon using his belt on me the previous night. That thought soon disappeared when I heard the salesman cough and ask me if I could manage. I stayed half in and half out for a few seconds more, then got right in, turned round and sat down. I looked at Jon then the salesman who had a red face and was staring at my lower body. My dress hadn’t had chance to slide back down to its normal position and even I could see where my pubic hair used to be. (I’m real glad that I no longer have to shave every day, I don’t know how men put up with it.)

The salesman was still transfixed with my crotch as I pulled the front seat back into place. It ‘clunked’ into place and I said,

“Ow!” as it hit my knees.

It didn’t hurt, but I just wanted to wake the salesman up.

“There isn’t much leg room in here” I said, “I’ve got to keep my legs apart to be

comfortable.”

The salesman was quick off the mark and he leaned in and looked over the back of the front seat to see my pussy staring straight back at him.

“Here let me help you” he said, “the seat will slide forward and give you lots more room.”

“Thank you” I said, “it’s not very lady-like having to sit like this is it.”

The salesman was fumbling with the seat catch and taking his time as he stared straight at my pussy. I looked at Jon who was just stood there with a big grin on his face. I could feel the salesman’s eyes burning my pussy as tingling in my lower body radiated out from my pussy. My clit was starting to throb just having that stranger staring at me from so close.

The salesman finally managed to move the seat; I pulled my knees together and said,

“Not bad in here, there’s more room than I thought there would be.”

The salesman excused himself and disappeared, leaving Jon and me on our own. I guess that the salesman was going to relieve the bulge that had appeared in the front of his trousers. Jon told me to get out of the car and came round to me and said,

“Well done, you’ve earned a good fucking for that one.”

We left before the salesman came back and went to another showroom. This one didn’t have small cars, only big expensive ones and lots of big 4 wheel drive vehicles.

Again a salesman came up to us as soon as we walked in the door. This time it was a middle-aged man and before he had finished saying ‘hello’ he was joined by a young woman in a smart ‘business’ suit. She couldn’t have been much older than me and gave us a nice smile as the older man introduced himself. Jon said that we were

looking for a 4-wheel drive vehicle for our family (!) and that it needed to have only 2 side doors because he didn’t want the kids to be able to play with things that they shouldn’t.

I ignored Jon’s little story and went over to a Range Rover. It looked very nice. The sales people and Jon followed me over and they started talking about all the bits and pieces that it had. I wasn’t really listening but climbed into the driver’s seat. It’s a lot higher off the ground than a normal car and there was no way that I could get in with any dignity so I just reached up with my left leg and pulled myself up and in. The

inevitable happened with my dress and I heard the salesman stop in mid-sentence and then continue talking to Jon after a couple of seconds pause. I didn’t bother trying to pull my dress down and again I could see my smooth pubes.

I started fiddling with all the knobs and switches and the sales woman came over to me and started telling me what they all did. She was stood next to me with the door open and was leaning over me some of the time to show me how a particular knob worked. Each time she leaned over me or pulled back I could see her eyes look down at my crotch.

After a few minutes of details that I wasn’t even listening to, she stopped talking so I shuffled myself about in the seat. This had the effect of making my dress go a bit higher and my legs opening a couple of inches. I asked

“These seats are quite big and comfortable, do they recline?”

She replied, “Yes” and pressed a switch at the side of the seat.

My back started going back and it wasn’t long before I was laid flat.

My dress had obviously gone with my body and the hem was about an inch short of covering my pussy. The salesman and woman were looking straight at my pussy. Jon let them stare at me for quite a few seconds before he asked for a brochure and a price list. The man ‘woke up’ and said,

“Yes, I’ll get one for you sir” and he left us.

The woman was still looking at my pussy so Jon said,

“How do you get the seat back upright?”

After about 5 seconds the woman said,

“Oh, err yes, you just press this button.” She leaned into the car and watched my body come upright.

I climbed out but Jon said,

“How easy is it to get into the back seats?”

The woman told us that we just had to slide the seat forward and climb in. Jon then said,

“Go on Vanessa, have a go and then tell us if it was easy.” So I did. Sliding the seat forward was easy but it was a real climb to get in and I had to bend over again.

The inevitable happened and my backside and pussy was on full display at about chest height. I’d seen some girls climbing into the back of vehicles like this before and

noticed that they often gave a glimpse of knickers but I’d forgotten about it until I

realised that my pussy was about 2 feet away from the face of this saleswoman. As I was struggling to get in I saw that the salesman was coming back with the brochure. I bet that he got a good view as well. I don’t know if I could have got out going

forwards because I didn’t try, I decided to get out the same way as I got in so

everyone got another eyeful.

After that Jon thanked the sales people and we left. As we were walking towards the door I heard the woman say,

“Well, I haven’t had one like that before, quite a little show-off wasn’t she?”

I just managed to hear the man reply,

“You get quite a few like that these days, there seems to be more and more as the years go on” as we walked out of the door.

Back in the car Jon and me looked at each other and burst out laughing. Jon said that he had had fun and that we would definitely have to go round some more garages, but not then, it was getting late, so we headed for home.

Back home, Jon gave me the good fucking that he promised. We watched the

television with me impaled on him for about an hour. He was playing with my clit for most of the time and he would not let me ride up and down on him. He said that he wanted to last, and he certainly did. He stretched and squeezed my clit so much that it didn’t take me long to want to have an orgasm, but each time I got close he stopped and waited for 5 minutes before he started again. I was getting really

desperate to cum before he finally took me over the edge. It was a really intense

orgasm and I couldn’t stop my body and pussy muscles from twitching. This made Jon cum as well and we both sat there with him still inside me until his dick went soft. We went to bed early that night and Jon fucked me again before we went to sleep.

**Sunday November 15**

Got up late - both of us, after another fucking session with me trying to swallow his dick and Jon trying to swallow my clit. I’d swear that it’s getting bigger, it must be well over half an inch long now and it doesn’t take much for it to really show between my lips. Jon says that I’m turning into a little boy. With it sticking out so much and not wearing knickers at any time it gets rubbed – accidentally (honest) - quite a lot.

That only goes to make it harder, so it gets rubbed more. That’s my excuse for feeling horny so much these days. When I spoke to Jon about it he said that we would have to try to get it bigger. That he would tie a weight to it on a bit of string and as I walked around it would swing back and forward and hopefully stretch it - as well as getting me more horny.

Jon went into the garage and came back with some nylon fishing line and what looked like a big heavy washer. It was about an inch and a half across and about an inch thick. He tied the nylon line to the weight and then the other end round my clit. When I stood up the weight has hanging about a half way down to my knees. I could feel the pressure on my clit, both from the knot round my clit and from the weight. It didn’t hurt, in fact it felt good.

I then walked into the kitchen with the weight bouncing about and getting knocked by my legs as I walked. Every time that happened, the nylon cord pulled at my clit. It did feel good. I knew that if I were to walk a long way then I would be having an

orgasm soon. It was nearly as good as wearing my Ben Wa balls. Jon told me to wear it all the time, when I was at home, for 2 weeks and that we would see if my clit grew in that time. I could see that I was going to have a very ‘interesting’ 2 weeks.

Round about lunchtime we went to the gym. Jon had me wear a crop top and baggy green shorts (minus the weight on my clit). He wanted to see my pussy as I opened my legs during the exercises. A couple of young(ish) men kept looking at me as they took their exercise. I enjoyed the exercise cycle and carefully moved the gusset on my shorts so that my bare pussy was on the saddle. After 10 minutes on that Jon had to stop me as I was in a bit of a sexual trance and was in danger of cumming and screaming out. The stretching the legs wide machine was a bit of a problem as I didn’t want to make my pussy flashing too obvious. I got round that problem by casually

letting my hands rest on my lap. The rest of the hour in the gym went quickly with nothing else happening worth mentioning.

From the gym we went for a swim. Jon wore his almost see-through undies and I wore my flesh-coloured bikini. As we walked into the pool area a few people did a double take of me but there was nothing to see as I was all covered-up. We jumped in and did a couple of lengths before Jon decided that we should go into the Jacuzzi. As we got out of the pool I looked down at myself and could clearly see my dark aureoles and big nipples pushing the thin material out. As I looked further down the thin

material of the narrow crotch was inside one of my pussy lips. The teenage girl in the Jacuzzi stared at me with her mouth wide open as we climbed in. I smiled at her and said, “Hi” but didn’t get any response.

After a couple of minutes Jon grabbed hold of me and pulled me onto his lap. As he did that one of his hands was pulling my bikini bottoms to one side and I felt his hard dick rest on my pussy lips. I pushed down and in he went. Not right in, just part ways. I sighed and said, “That’s better” and the girl looked at me in a puzzled way. I wasn’t sure if she knew what we were doing or not. Jon started lifting me up a little bit, and then lowering me down. I knew what he was doing and started helping him a bit. I think that the girl realised what we were doing because she suddenly got up and out and left the pool area.

We were on our own then and I kept going up and down on Jon for a few minutes but he stopped me and lifted me off him saying “not yet V.” We went back into the pool for a few minutes before going up to the Sauna.

There was only a Japanese looking man in the Sauna and he only had a towel draped over his lap. As I walked in I could see his dick and balls hanging over the edge of the seat. Jon had seen it as well and took it as a cue for us to strip off as well. He quickly took his undies off and pointed to my bikini indicating that I had to take it off. I did and sat down next to Jon, facing the Japanese man. After about a minute Jon looked at me, then down at my legs, then to my eyes, then to my legs.

I quickly realised that he wanted me to open my legs. So I did, about 6 inches. The man opposite looked over to me then back down to the floor. Jon obviously didn’t get the reaction that he wanted so he lifted his feet up onto the seat, bending his knees and putting his feet as near his bum as he could. This meant that his dick and balls were very prominent. He looked at me indicating that I should do the same, so I did. My pussy and clit were staring the man in the face. I didn’t see him look at me, but I could see his towel start to make a little tent and after a couple of minutes he got up and left.

We were alone in the Sauna and Jon immediately lay on his back and told me to give him a blowjob. It didn’t take long to get him hard and he was ready to cum in seconds. But before he did he told me to sit on him so that he shot his jism inside me. No sooner than he was in me I felt his warm liquid flow into me.

I sat there as his dick went soft and he then told me to sit with my legs up again so that he could see his juices dribble out of me. He was sat opposite me watching as the girl from the Jacuzzi walked in. She looked a little startled and said,

“I didn’t know that it was a nude Sauna.”

Jon didn’t say anything, so I said, “It depends on who’s in here. There has just been 6 naked Japanese people in here so we thought that we would do the same. You can join us if you like.”

“Well I don’t know” she said at first but then added, “well okay then” and she started taking her costume off.

She looked about 18 and had large breasts. When she got her costume off I saw that she had a small triangle of pubic hair that was obviously trimmed. She sat at the other end of the same bench as Jon and put her legs up (flat and together) so that she was looking towards both of us. I’m sure that she would have been able to see Jon’s cum seeping out of my pussy and I could certainly see some of it still on Jon’s dick. After a couple of minutes the girl relaxed and let her legs open a bit. I could see the lips of her pussy but there was no sign of her clitoris. I glanced down and saw mine really sticking out.

A few minutes later the heat got too much for me and I asked Jon if I could go for a cold shower. I left my bikini there and went for a shower half hoping that someone would come into the open area and see me, but they didn’t. When I got back Jon had turned to face the girl and still had his feet on the bench with his knees bent. He was starting to get hard (I don’t know how he manages that with all that heat). The girl was laying back against the wall with her knees about a foot apart staring at Jon. I could see why Jon was getting hard, her lips were swollen and I knew what both of them were thinking about.

I sat down on the other side of the room and brought my feet up again. I was

desperately trying to think of something to say that would break the ice when my mouth opened out came,

“I can see that I’m going to have to do something about that before long,” and I was looking at Jon’s dick which was starting to point to the ceiling.

Jon smiled and replied, “Yes you will, unless our friend here would like to oblige.”

The girl obviously lost her bottle because she got up, picked-up her costume and walked out. Just as she got out one of the staff (male) walked into the area and stopped dead in his tracks as he saw this naked 18-year-old girl. She just walked on and into the ladies changing rooms. The staff man turned round and went back the way he came and Jon looked at me and said,

“Come on, let’s get dressed and go home, I’m hungry.

We both walked back to the respective changing rooms carrying our costumes. As I was walking into the ladies a fat old lady came out and gave me a filthy look. Back home I got us some food and we had a quiet rest of the weekend.

**Week commencing November 16**

I did the housework then went into town and go some more of the thin white Lycra to make the leotard. As I was getting dressed to go to town I remembered that Jon had told me to tie the weight to my clit all week, so I did. When I stood up the weight was dangling below my dress hem so I took the liberty of shortening the cord. I hope Jon wouldn’t mind. It felt strange, but nice having the weight pulling on my clit all the time and as I walked my legs would knock the weight which would tug on my clit. I had to stand still every hundred yards or so because after the third orgasm I decided that I had better try to avoid orgasms for a while otherwise I would end-up totally knackered.

I have to admit that I did slip my hand under my dress on the bus on the way home and pull on the weight until I had another orgasm. When I did get home I got out the silicone model of my body and marked it out with where I thought that Jon wanted it to cover. I managed to make it without any seams on the crotch so that it would be nice and smooth when I put my hand on my pussy. By the time I had finished it and tried it on, the crotch part went instantly wet and nearly see-through. Guess why! I did look silly with the weight bulging in the crotch, even when I pushed my clit into the centre of it.

Tuesday - Bumped into Bridie as I walked round Tesco and she asked if she could come and see me on the Wednesday, it was her only day off that week. It was difficult walking up and down the aisles and there was a bit of a thumping noise when I bent down or over the freezers as the weight hit the floor or the side of the freezers. By the time I went to bed that night my clit was sore and swollen and it was nothing to do with sexual excitement.

Wednesday - Bridie came round just before lunch. As I was leading her into the

kitchen for a cup of coffee I heard her say,

“What’s that hanging between your legs?”

After I told her what it was for she said,

“You’d need to tie a couple of bricks to mine to get it even half as big as yours.”

In the kitchen Bridie took her coat off revealing that she was wearing a thin short summer dress. There was no sign of any VKL (visible knicker line) or a bra; her little nipples were pushing the material right out.

“Does your mother know that you’ve come out dressed like that?” I asked.

“No” she replied, “I put my coat on in my bedroom.”

We both laughed as I remembered the tricks that I used to get up to when I was at school when mini-skirts were just as popular but I daren’t go out in one as my dad would have thrashed me. Looking back I wish I’d been a bit braver then, I might have discovered my exhibitionist tendencies and liking for spankings earlier.

As I was making the coffee Bridie asked if I minded if she took her dress off, she said that she felt a bit over-dressed.

“Be my guest” I said and watched her pull the thin material over her head in one easy movement.

I stood there enviously looking at her small slim naked body and baby face, her blond hair just reaching her shoulder. She still had a lovely bald pussy. It was hard to believe that she was 18; she looked more like a little 12 or 13 year old.

The kettle clicked as it switched itself off and I ‘woke-up’.

“Glad to see that you’re still using a razor, does your boyfriend like it like that?” I asked.

“Oh yes, he wants to eat me every time that I see him” she replied,

“I can understand why” I said.

Over coffee and then something to eat we had a long talk mainly about sex. By the time it was 2 o’clock I was getting very wet between my legs and it wasn’t just from the thin nylon cord round my clit and the weight hanging from it. I was sure that Bridie was getting turned-on as well, her little nipples were rock hard and she couldn’t keep still on the chair.

When I suggested that we go upstairs she said, “I thought you’d never ask.” We never made it to the top of the stairs, as I followed her up the stairs I put my hand between her legs and onto her pussy. She stopped and turned round to face me. My face was right in front of her pussy. I could smell her pussy juices and just leaned forwards and kissed the front of her slit. She sat down on the stairs, opened her legs and I went down on her right there. It wasn’t long before she was shaking as her first orgasm hit her, but I wasn’t going to let her cum again, well not then.

I was looking forward to seeing her cum many times on the ‘fucking machine’. But

before that I wanted her to use her mouth on me. As she sat on the stairs coming down from her ‘high’, I climbed up above her head, opened my legs and bent down so that my pussy was right in front of her face. When the weight landed on her chest she opened her eyes and saw my pussy which she immediately started eating. It didn’t take me long to cum; I guess that we had been both close to cumming just with the talking that we’d been doing.

After I had ‘climbed down’ we went to the ‘punishment room’ and I got Bridie ready for her pleasure ride. As she lowered herself onto the dildo ready for the machine to start Bride looked at me and told me that she was nervous. I just smiled and said,

“Don’t worry; I won’t let it fuck you to death.”

As the motor slowly raised her up the first time I moved the chair that she had been supporting herself on and she said,

“Please don’t, I might need that.”

“Relax and enjoy it” I said, “you’re going to go to limits that you didn’t think you had girl.” I said.

To start off with Bridie looked a little nervous but it didn’t take long for her to relax and start enjoying it. After a lot of moaning, screaming and her third orgasm Bridie asked me to stop the motor and get her down, but every time she said,

“Please” I just said,

“Not yet.”

After her fifth orgasm she had stopped pleading with me and wasn’t even looking at me. She was looking down towards the ground, shaking and moaning. I decided that it was time to stop the machine and get her down.

I sat her down with her back to the wall and decided that I needed my share of the pleasure, switched the motor on and climbed on and lowered myself onto the dildo that was still covered in lots of Bridie’s pussy juices. I left the chair in place after using it to make minor adjustments so that I went all the way up and down on the dildo. I just hoped that the nylon cord wouldn’t catch on anything and rip my clit off.

After about 5 minutes Bridie started to get some life back in her and she gave me a very tired looking smile as I reached my first orgasm. After my third my clit was hurtng so much that I just had to stop and I put my feet on the chair. I had a bit of trouble supporting myself as my legs acted as if they were made of jelly. Eventually I got myself down and sat beside Bridie.

We both sat there for another 15 minutes as we slowly got some energy back. We must have looked a right sight with sweat all over us and our legs wide open. After a while we started talking and Bride told me that she had never experienced anything like it in her life,

“But there again, it’s the unexpected that I have come to expect with you and Jon” she said.

“Complaining are you girl?” I asked. She just smiled and shook her head.

We had a shower (together) but we were too tired to let it be anything other than a ‘get yourself clean’ shower and went downstairs for a drink - something a little stronger than coffee. We sat in silence for a long time before Bridie suddenly said, “Can I bring my boyfriend next time?”

“There’s an idea” I said, “Jon won’t let me have full sex with him but that doesn’t mean that we can’t have lots of fun. The poor lad will think that he’s died and gone to heaven.”

We didn’t fix up a date but that didn’t stop me thinking about what we could do to the poor boy.

Bridie left before Jon came home and I had a quiet evening apart from Jon inspecting my clit. He commented on how swollen it was.

Thursday - I went to aerobics early. I had agreed to meet Jenny 45 minutes early so that we could try to find out where from and who was looking at us through the hole. Jon had agreed to me taking the weight off my clit for the evening and I was quite glad of the relief from the pain. My clit had grown but I think that the extra size was just swelling. When I got there Jenny was waiting for me.

We had a good ‘explore’ and discovered that at the other side of the wall with the hole was a little storeroom where the caretaker kept cleaning equipment. The door was

unlocked and we eventually found the hole by moving a pile of boxes. Looking through I could see the whole of the shower area. The next problem was to find out who was looking through it. We decided that we wanted to find out whom but didn’t want to stop them as we were enjoying it as much as them.

Back in the changing rooms we got changed and I put my new leotard on. Jenny looked at me in it and said, “That might cause a riot in there tonight, the older women will get jealous and the men will not be able to keep away from you.” That made me a little nervous and I said that maybe I shouldn’t wear it. Jenny said that I would be okay but I still wasn’t sure and asked if I could make her one and then we could both wear them. She thought for a few seconds then said,

“Yes please, were about the same size, can I try yours on to see if it fits.”

So we both stripped off again and I stood there naked while Jenny pulled the thin white leotard on. We might be about the same height but there is more of Jenny than there is of me. The leotard looked good on her. She filled it very nicely and I told her so. What I didn’t tell her was that I could see her sparse triangle of brown pubic hair through the thin white Lycra. After looking at herself in the mirror, she said,

“Go on then, will you make one for me please?” I smiled and replied,

“Of course I will.”

She took it off, gave me it back and started putting her own leotard on. However she didn’t put her black Lycra shorts on underneath so her butt cheeks were totally

exposed just the same as mine were.

“There, that’s 2 butts for them to look at” she said.

We left the changing room and went into the main gym. About 5 minutes later the others started arriving and we both got a few raised eyebrows as the women and men saw our bare butts. I could see that both Jenny and I were going to cause a couple of the men to get a hard-on. What I also noticed was that there were 2 new men in the class, word must be getting round.

Jenny got us started and it wasn’t long before I was getting hot and starting sweating. At the interval Jenny came over to me and whispered to me to adjust the crotch on my leotard. One side of it had moved inside my lips and the whole thing was getting just a little see-through because of my sweat. As we chatted one of the new men came over to us and asked Jenny something about the class dates and times. She told him that the class would break for Christmas on December 10th and resume on

January 14th. All the time that they were talking I could see his eyes looking me up and down. I’ve got well used to this these days and it just doesn’t bother me any more.

Jenny got us started again and this part of the evening had us bending over

backwards a lot. When I was in what we used to call the ‘crab’ position at school (hands and feet only on the floor with my stomach facing the ceiling and my arms over my head); I remembered that the crotch of my leotard would be splitting my lips; and nearly see-through by then. This thought got me excited a little bit as this week there were 2 men in front of me and in the position that we were in they must have been having a great view. I felt a little rush of pussy juice as I was thinking about it.

At the end of the session these 2 men started trying to chat me up and after all the others had gone to get changed Jenny came over and ‘rescued’ me. We put the

equipment away and then headed to the changing rooms. By that time most of the other women had left leaving just us 2 to hatch our plan. I was to strip off and start showering, talk to Jenny who wasn’t actually getting ready for a shower but was going round to the storeroom to surprise whoever was there. When I heard Jenny shouting I was to grab a towel and run round to the storeroom to give her some backup.

After a couple of minutes soaping myself I heard Jenny shouting,

“And what do you think you’re doing?” so I grabbed my towel and ran.

I didn’t bother wrapping the towel round me until I got there. I wasn’t expecting

anyone other than the voyeur to be there and he’d already seen me naked so I didn’t bother wrapping it round me until I got there. Quite a surprise as well, the eye

belonged to a boy of about 14.

Jenny told me that when she’d opened the door he’d been looking through the hole with his trousers round his ankles and was pumping away. His little erection had gone by the time that I got there but his trousers were still round his ankles. He was

trembling with fear as he pleaded with us not to call the police. I was so surprised that I had forgotten to wrap my towel round me and I just stood there as Jenny said,

“What do we do now?” We hadn’t discussed that and I just said,

“I don’t know.”

We stood in silence for a few seconds before I said,

“I know, you (Jenny) go and lock the entrance door while I take this boy back to the changing rooms. We’ll work out what we’re going to do as we get changed.”

Jenny went off and I told the boy to pull up his trousers and follow me.

Back in the girls changing room I told the boy to take his clothes off and stand and wait while I finished my shower. I told him that he was less likely to run off if he didn’t have any clothes on. When he was naked I took him to the showers area and told him to stand facing the showers with his hands on his head.

“Not totally” I said, “I’m not sure what to do with him next. But first I’m going to

finish my shower, are you going to join me?”

As Jenny stripped off the boy kept looking from her to me and back. Apart from his embarrassment at being caught and having to stand naked in front of us he must have thought he was in heaven. He was starting to relax a bit and his excitement was beginning to show.

Jenny and me soaped each other before she pounced on me and gave me a long French kiss. My hands were playing with her nipples and pussy (and hers with mine) and it wasn’t long before we were both cumming. I had nearly forgotten about the boy when Jenny said,

“Go on then, beat that meat.” The lad looked a little puzzled so she said, “Get wanking.”

He knew what that meant and started pumping his little dick. We both watched as he worked himself up and shot his load over towards us. I was quite impressed with how far it came. When he was done Jenny and me started getting dried as the boy still stood there watching us. Jenny and I talked about what the rest of his punishment would be. In the end we decided that he would have to join us for the aerobics class for the next week and help us clean up afterwards. If he was really good we would let him watch us shower - providing he did the same as he did that night.

We kept him standing there naked until we were ready to leave and then made him carry his clothes to the front door. We then kicked him outside still naked and told him to get dressed and go home. We never did find out how he got into the school.

In the pub Jenny and I had a good laugh about the whole evening. The poor boy and the look on the faces of the class when they saw our naked butts. Jenny seemed a little worried at what it might do to attendance as she was getting a percentage of the class fees. I reminded her that we needed to think about what we were going to do with the boy. We needed some way to embarrass him even more and Jenny said that it would be a good idea to make him wear some girl’s knickers while he was in the class. I agreed with her that it would be a good idea but she would have to provide them as I don’t possess any.

“Leave it with me” she said. We left after one drink and laughed as we talked about the boy as we walked out.

Friday - was a quiet day. I had the weight hanging from my clit again and I was looking forward to a weekend without it. The pain from the swelling was starting to

outweigh the pleasure of the tugging.

**Saturday November 21**

Again another quiet day, Jon had to go to work in the morning and in the afternoon I had to wash the car wearing just my coat and shoes. That was cold. In the evening Jon took me to a pub in the country and we had a quiet drink and some food. The place was pretty quiet and nothing exciting happened.

**Sunday November 22**

Jon took me shopping for some knee high boots. We drove up to the large shopping centre outside Sheffield and looked in all the shoe shop windows. Jon (and me) wanted to have a bit of fun with the shop assistants so we found the shop that had the boots that we liked on display, and then I looked around until a young male

assistant became free. As I started walking towards him 2 things happened. Firstly someone else grabbed the young man and secondly a young girl asked me if she could help me. After a quick think I thought ‘what the hell’ and told her that I wanted to try on some lace-up knee high boots. I gave her my size and she told me to take a seat. I picked a seat facing a wall and waited until she came back with a pair. She gave me one boot and watched me struggle (deliberately) to get it on then start to lace it up. It didn’t take long for her to offer to help me and she brought over a little low stool, sat on it and asked me to put my left foot up beside her right leg.

As she was lacing up the boot I slowly let my knees part. At first she didn’t take any notice, but as she got further up towards my knee I caught her eyes looking up my dress. I realised then that I was going to have some fun. I spread my knees a bit more and her expression told me that she had just seen my naked pussy. She kept looking at it again and again. It took ages for her to finish lacing the boot and when she did I got up and went through the routine of walking about and looking at myself in a mirror.

After that I asked her if I could try on the other one. When she gave me it I said,

“Can you do it for me please, I’m not very good with laces.”

She sat down on the stool in front of me and lifted my right leg up and onto the stool. Automatically I moved my left leg to the left giving her a good view. It was a good job that I was facing a wall and that the girl was effectively blocking the gap between me and the wall. If anyone had tried to get through the gap they would have easily been able to see everything that I’ve got.

When the girl finally finished I got up and walked over to the mirror. I wasn’t going to stop there so I asked her if she had any different ones. She said, “Yes” and I sat down and started taking them off while she went for the different ones. I hadn’t got the first pair off before she came back with the second pair. I deliberately kept my knees open while I finished taking the first pair off. As I was finishing I kept glancing up at her and I could see that her eyes were looking at my pussy. When I finished I gave them to her and she put them back in the box before asking if I wanted help with the second pair as well.

Of course I did, that was the whole point of the exercise. What the girl didn’t know was that while she was in the store room I had moved my chair back a bit so that I had to slide down the chair a bit to be able to get the right position on the stool. This meant that more of my pussy was on show. After looking at the first boot in the

mirror I asked her if she could help me with the other one. As she sat down in front of me again she sat with her legs open a bit. As the lacing got further towards my knee I caught a glimpse of her knickers, white cotton ones. When she finished she moved both her arms to her sides and I got a good view of her knickers and the wet spot in the expected place. I could also see some dark pubic hairs sticking out of the sides. I gave her a knowing smile as our eyes met when she stood up.

Needless to say I wasn’t happy with the second pair and asked her if I could try some others. As I was taking the second pair off and she was in the storeroom Jon walked passed me smiled and kept walking.

When the third pair arrived I had already got the second pair off and was waiting for her. She sat down and lifted one of my feet up. As it went up my knees parted and I watched her eyes go down to my pussy. As she moved her hands to start lacing the boot up her knees opened and I realised why she had taken longer to get the third pair. She had taken her knickers off. There were now 2 naked wet pussies staring at each other. I could see her juices in her pubic hair and I could certainly feel mine. Talk about flashing the flasher, I was a bit taken a-back and didn’t know what to do. I just sat there and stared at her pussy as she slowly laced up the boots and looked at my pussy. When they were both fastened I got up and looked at them in the mirror. I couldn’t make up my mind which pair I liked most so I decided not to get any of them and I told the girl as I took them off, being careful to keep my knees together. The girl looked a bit disappointed as I left the store.

Jon was waiting outside and he asked me if I’d had fun and what was wrong with the boots. I told him that I quite liked the second pair of boots and he was quite amused when I told him that the girl had started flashing me. Jon decided that we would look at other shoe shops and if we didn’t find any others then we would go back to that shop. We looked round 3 more shoe shops before finding a pair that we liked in

another shop. Jon sent me in to try them on.

This time I got a male assistant, quite young, I guess that he was still at school or

college and only worked there on a weekend. I asked the lad to lace them up for me then slowly opened my knees. His eyes opened wide when he realised what he could see. The speed of the lacing slowed down dramatically and he went red in the face. When he eventually finished the second boot and stood up I could see that he was finding his trousers a little restrictive. The boots were comfortable and I liked them so I told the lad that I would take them but I asked him to undo them and put them in a box for me. That seemed to take forever and I really enjoyed the feeling of his eyes burning my pussy. When I stood up there was a little wet patch on the chair. I was glad that I had pulled the back of my dress up so that I wasn’t sitting on it.

We had a KFC on the way home and Jon sat me so that I was facing the serving counter with my knees about 6 inches apart, with no one between me and the counter to restrict the staff’s view. I’m sure that a couple of them noticed because they kept looking over towards me. Back home Jon spent the rest of the evening in his study and I never saw him until next morning.

# Week commencing November 23

As soon as I got out of bed I tied the weight to my clit with the nylon cord. I wasn’t looking forward to another week with it tugging at me as the pain was far greater than the pleasure that it gives me. When I initially tied it on the warm sexual feelings were there but by lunchtime my clit was swollen and hurting. That night I pleaded with Jon to let me take it off and he finally agreed to let me take it off on the Wednesday evening. All day Tuesday I tried to keep as still as possible and spent most of the day making the leotard for Jenny. I’d discussed the events of last Thursday with Jon and after having a good laugh at the boy Jon had told me to make the crotch part of Jenny’s leotard even narrower than mine. He said that he was thinking of coming along to the class himself. If he did turn up he told me to ignore him so that no one knows who he is.

Wednesday - I had to go to Tesco and it was real painful doing all that walking. Talk about a throbbing between your legs. Didn’t see Bridie.

I was glad when Jon came home and he gave me permission to take the weight off. We both had a good look at my clit which was bright red. Definitely a lot bigger but would it be when the swelling went down?

Thursday - I arrived for aerobics 45 minutes early and the boy was waiting outside the doors looking very sheepish. When Jenny arrived she let us in and we went straight to the girls changing rooms. Jenny told the boy to strip off and we did too. As the boy’s trousers came down I saw his hard-on sticking out of his undies and it looked quite good pointing to the ceiling when he was naked.

He tried to cover it with his hands but Jenny told him to keep them by his side. I gave Jenny her new leotard and we both put them on - without anything underneath. Jenny looked good in hers and I could see a couple of pubic hairs sticking out of the sides of her pussy and her little triangle of hair were clearly visible. Jenny said, “I’m going to have to be careful when I’m stretching my legs, are you sure that you’ve made this one exactly the same as yours?” I lied.

My still swollen clit formed a little bulge in mine. Jenny then went into her bag and got out a pair of little red, silky, bikini style knickers and a short T-shirt. She gave them to the boy and told him to put them on. After a minute or so of pleading to be let off, the boy finally put them on. He did look a pillock with his dick straining to stay in the flimsy red knickers. The T-shirt didn’t even come down to his waist so it was very obvious that they were girl’s knickers that he was wearing. Jenny said, “don’t worry, once you get into the workout your hard-on will soon go, now get into the gym and get the mats out of the cupboard.”

No sooner than he had left 2 of the women in the class came in, said, “hello” and started getting changed. We left them to it and went to the gym. The boy’s erection had gone by the time we got there, which was probably a good thing for him as there were 3 of the men in the class already there. They were looking at him when we walked in but their attention moved to us when they saw us. They all came up to us and started chatting to us both. I could see all 3 sets of eyes looking up and down our bodies. That alone was enough to start that tingling feeling between my legs.

Jenny took charge of the situation and started the class straight away. The rest joined in as and when they arrived. I did notice 2 new men who Jenny talked to at the break. I had taken my usual place at the back and had very little attention given to me. However, Jenny couldn’t say the same. Her leotard had ridden up in between her pussy lips. Every time she moved around the gym there was at least one pair of men’s eyes following her. After she had given the new men the course details, Jenny came over to me and said, “I don’t know if this leotard was a good idea, it’s cutting me in half and some of the men have noticed.” “Isn’t that what you wanted?” I asked. “Well yes, but now that I’m doing it I’m not so sure” she said. “Don’t think about it, just do it” I replied.

The boy had stood sheepishly in a corner during the break.

We started the class again and that section was going to be more interesting. It was mostly floor work and the leg stretching would pull my leotard right into my pussy. It was already damp with sweat, but I just knew that my juices would start flowing as I watched the men watching me. Jenny usually demonstrated each exercise before she asked us to do it, by facing us and then doing it. She must have been very self-conscious to start off with because each time she got down onto the floor she turned and faced the wall. One or two people at that end of lines would have been able to see the leotard tightly stretched over her pussy but not many.

As the session went on she obviously didn’t care as she went back to facing us. Just before the end she bent over backwards and I got a beautiful view of the damp Lycra digging into her between both of her lips. I looked over to the boy and saw that he was having a good look and he was starting to get an erection that was pushing the red knickers out in front. When it came to the crab position I deliberately took my time and waited until the man in front of me got down. His upside down face was staring at me in anticipation. I really went for it and stretched my legs as wide as I could knowing that the Lycra was bunched up inside my lips, but bulging where my still swollen clit was pushing against it. By the time the session finished both Jenny’s and my leotards were nearly transparent with sweat and as the people walked out I noticed at least 2 full erections bulging out in the men’s shorts.

Jenny wasn’t finished with the boy and she told him to clear away the mats while we decided what to do next. We waited until all the other people in the class had got dressed and left before she went and locked the school’s front door. This left just the 3 of us in the whole building with no windows in the gym that were below about 15 feet. When she came back Jenny told the boy to take the T-shirt and his trainers off, leaving him wearing just the red knickers. She then announced that the boy was going to have an extra workout. If he didn’t do what she said she would go to the police. His fingerprints in the store cupboard would prove that she was telling the truth. The lad said okay and asked what he had to do.

The first thing was to watch Jenny and I undress each other and make love to each other on the gym floor. I later realised that the idea behind that was (apart from the pleasure to Jenny and me) for the boy to get a real hard-on and to keep it as he did various exercises. Who was I to argue, it was what I wanted and Jenny and I had a most enjoyable 10 minutes. The poor boy’s dick was sticking out of the top of the little knickers and when he went to play with it Jenny told him to stop.

The boy then had to run to the other end of the gym and back 5 times. Jenny decided that it would be better if he removed the knickers and did it again. It was funny watching his dick and balls bounce up and down as he ran. It was even better when he had to run on the spot. His dick was starting to go soft so Jenny had him get in the crab position and then asked me to sit as close to his face as I could. Needless to say that my legs were wide apart and that I was frigging myself.

It wasn’t long before dick was pointing to the ceiling again. Twenty press-ups followed but it wasn’t his chin that had to touch the floor then rise up. Next Jenny had him walking on his hands for a few minutes. To finish with Jenny had him lay spread-eagle in the floor. We both stood with a foot either side of his body, back to back and we lowered ourselves down to him.

The idea was for Jenny’s pussy to be about 3 inches from his face and mine to be so close to his dick that he could feel my body heat, but not actually touch me. I have to admit that it didn’t quite go according to plan and I let the tip of his dick just go inside me. I wanted to impale myself on him but I didn’t, I knew that if Jon found out he would kill me.

When his dick touched my pussy he jerked quite a bit and I thought that he might cum but he didn’t. Jenny wanted to be fair and told me that she wanted to swap positions, so we did. As we went down I let my clit just touch his nose. The boy jerked again, this time a lot more violently and we all collapsed in a pile. I sort of went over his head and was just about sat on his face. When I turned round to look at Jenny she had gone almost straight down and was impaled on him. She moaned and shouted “NO!” and got up just as he shot his lot up in the air just missing Jenny’s pussy but getting the inside of her thigh. The rest of it landed on his chest and stomach. I think that a little bit might just have landed on my back but I wasn’t sure.

Jenny turned round to face him and said (aggressively) “That wasn’t supposed to happen. Now look at what you’ve done you’ll have to clean that lot up (pointing to the inside of her thigh), with your tongue.” (Her voice was calming down the more she said). The boy hesitated and Jenny said, “or would you rather I called the police. They won’t believe you if you try to tell them what’s been happening here.”

The lad had no choice. To start off with his face was a picture, I guess that he’d not tasted his cum before and he didn’t know what to expect. As his tongue licked higher up Jenny thigh she opened her legs wider so that he could get to the highest bit. His face was an inch from her pussy - again.

I was beginning feel left out but Jenny was thinking of me. When he stopped licking she said, “You missed a bit that landed here (pointing to my pussy) get on you back and when she squats down on you, lick it off.” “That’s very considerate of you” I said and lowered myself onto his face. It only took a couple of seconds for me to have an orgasm and I had trouble staying on my feet. After it subsided I got up and smiled at Jenny who said to the boy “Right, don’t let me ever catch you spying on us again. Now put those knickers back on and then your own clothes and get the hell out of here. If I ever see you again I will telephone the police. Is that understood?” “Yes miss,” he meekly said as he pulled on the knickers. As he ran out of the gym Jenny and I looked at each other and burst out laughing.

As we were picking up our leotards Jenny said, “There’s a lot of equipment in here, do you think that we could have some fun with some of it?” “I’m sure we could” I said, “let me think about it. By the way, did you want those knickers back?” “Not after he’d been covering them with his spunk” she said, “besides, it will give him something to remind him of tonight.” We went and had an uneventful shower and headed for home. Jenny had promised to go and meet some of her mates.

Friday - The previous night’s exercises were taking their toll on my muscles and it was the middle of the afternoon before they let me forget them.

# Saturday November 28

Didn’t really get the chance to tell Jon about the Thursday night fun until the Saturday morning over breakfast. He wasn’t at all happy that I had let the boy’s dick touch my pussy and made me get over his knee while he spanked me 100 times. I’m sure that his arm must have been aching by the time that he finished. My butt was red and sore, but I had managed to avoid crying - just. By the time I had got to “40 - thank you Master” I could feel his dick getting hard. By the time “70 - Thank you Master” came my stomach was getting damp with his pre-cum. In the nineties I noticed that he was slowing down and that his hand was staying on my hot butt for a second or two before the next stroke. When he finished he quickly lifted me off him, put me over the kitchen table and rammed himself into me. There was no resistance in my pussy as it had started getting wet as soon as I felt his dick rising. The only problem was that I was lying on top of some of the breakfast things and they were digging into my stomach.

It wasn’t long before he came and pulled out of me. I didn’t cum but was close to it and I was a bit frustrated when he stopped. I asked him if I could finish myself off but he wouldn’t let me. Instead he went for a tape and measured the length of my clit. It was slightly longer but that was probably because of my state of arousal at that time. I was glad that Jon decided that the stretching exercise had been waste of time. The pain had been unpleasant.

After breakfast Jon had me ring Vicky to see if she wanted to go out somewhere that night. Liz told me that Vicky was visiting her parents in London that weekend.

Not a very exciting rest of the day, we went shopping for a new washing machine. Jon had decided that the old one was ‘well past its sell by date’. At least there was the possibility of some fun when it was going to be delivered.

# Sunday November 29

Sunday started in its usual way - reading the papers. After that Jon decided that we would go for a ride to the coast. The thought sent a shiver down my spine. Anywhere in England is cold at the end of November but the coast would be absolutely freezing. Jon let me put on my new knee length boots, stockings and suspenders, leather skirt, a T-shirt and my coat. He let me do the driving as he said that I needed the experience.

It took us 3 hours to get there and as soon as we did we went for a walk on the beach. God it was cold. After that we went to a pub and had some food. There was a pool table in there and Jon ‘challenged’ me to a game. Jon put the money on the table and we waited for our turn. There was a group of rough looking young men there and I didn’t feel that comfortable, especially when they came out with lots of rude comments as I bent of the table to have my shot. Well I was giving them a great view of my ass (pussy too probably), but it was the comments like “I’d love to get that over the table” and “I know where I’d put my cue and balls” that put me off. It wasn’t so much the words, they were a bit funny really but it was the way that they were said. I was glad when Jon said that we were leaving.

I drove again and we got home about 7 o’clock.

# Week commencing November 30

Monday - went into town for a wander around the shops. Saw a few adverts for shops looking for Christmas staff but when I told Jon about it he said no.

Wednesday - the new washing machine arrived in the afternoon and I put on my cheesecloth dress to let the men in. It didn’t take long for them to install it but I did take the opportunity of one of them lying on his back to connect some pipes to go and stand right next to him. When he looked up at me he must have seen right up my dress as he suddenly stopped telling me what he was doing and went all quiet. His mate had to get something so I had to move out of his way.

Thursday - was aerobics evening and I went early again. Jenny and I both wore our white leotards and we had the same stares from the men. Jenny was a little more confident and didn’t turn away when she bent down. The front row had a good view. When it came to the floor work I got all wet looking at the bulge on the man in front of me as he watched my leotard disappear into my pussy. At the end of the evening Jenny was in a hurry - again, but she did find time to give me a long kiss and a quick grope.

Friday - went to Tesco but didn’t see Bridie. Made up for feeling a bit bored by bending down in front of a young male shelf stacker. He dropped a box of biscuits when he realised what he was looking at. Muscles ached from the previous night’s exercises.

# Saturday December 5

Quite a boring weekend really, Jon dragged me round the shops looking for something for his PC. Nothing of any interest happened all day.

# Sunday December 6

Sunday was just about as boring except that we went to the gym. Jon had me wear my leotard but with my white Lycra shorts on underneath. He said that he didn’t thing the Hotel was ready for my butt being openly displayed in the gym. Swimming pool, sauna and steam rooms yes, but not the gym. To get to the gym we have to walk through the Leisure Centre’s reception area and there are often lots of guests there. Because of all the clothes that I was wearing there were no pleasurable incidents in the gym but Jon did keep us there for over an hour. I was knackered by the time that we went for a swim.

Jon didn’t tell me what to wear for the pool so I took the shorts off and just wore the leotard. I’ve never seen anyone in the pool with a T-back costume but I thought that there has to be a first for everything. I walked out of the changing room with a towel round my waist and when Jon saw me he said, “Taken the shorts off have you?” He knows me too well. We swam for about 10 minutes before getting into the Jacuzzi. No one had noticed me as I got into the pool but an elderly couple did when I got out and into the Jacuzzi. The man was smiling but the look on the woman’s face told me that she wasn’t happy. We ignored her and carried on.

It was great lying there in those warm bubbles; I nearly went to sleep. No one came and joined us and after quite a while we went back into the pool to cool off. The pool was just about empty and when we got out and went to the sauna it also was empty. Jon decided that we would strip off and lay there for a while. Jon lay across the end and I lay along the side with my head near him.

After about 10 minutes a teenage boy came in and the only place he could sit was at my feet. My feet were about a foot apart and I knew that Jon wouldn’t want me to pull my legs together so I left them where they were. The boy sat as sideways as he could and was looking directly down at my pussy. After about 5 minutes (knowing that my pussy was being looked at, especially by a reasonable handsome young man) my pussy lips were swelling and my juices flowing. My pussy was starting to itch and I tried to resist scratching it for as long as I could but I just had to scratch it. My hand went down and the palm rested on my bare pubes while my index finger scratched the inside of one lip. This caused both lips to part and my clit become even more obvious.

The lad was concentrating on my pussy so much that he didn’t see me looking at him and his rapidly bulging costume that was quite brief for a young man’s today. The majority of them wear big baggy shorts that don’t do anything for me; I like to see men in very brief swimming trunks so that you can see the shape of their dicks.

This lads costume was brief and his large erection was starting to peak out of the top of his costume. His dick looked massive, bigger than Jon’s. When I had finished scratching I couldn’t resist giving my clit a quick flick as I brought my hand away from it. The lad’s eyes opened wider and he looked up at my face. Our eyes met so I smiled at him and licked my lips.

I guess that he couldn’t cope with a girl being so obvious and looked down at the floor and a couple of minutes later he left. As he got off the bench his still hard dick burst out of the top of his costume and the top inch was visible as he walked out. I looked at Jon who was smiling, and then settled down for more relaxation. No one else came in and after a while Jon told us that we were leaving. Just as we walked out of the sauna a male member of staff walked into the area. His face was a picture, he obviously wasn’t expecting to see a naked woman and the pleasurable surprise on his face was obvious. On the way out he was behind the counter and I handed my towel to him. He was very polite and with a smile on his face, he said, “Please come again, soon.”

The rest of the day was quiet and boring.

# Week commencing December 7

The only interesting thing that happened was when I went to aerobics. Jon decided to drop me off instead of me taking the car and I didn’t get there until a couple of minutes before Jenny got started. I was pleased to see that Jenny was wearing her leotard as I was wearing mine.

Just after we had started I heard the door open and someone come in. When I looked over to see who the person was I got a bit of a shock. It was Jon, wearing a very baggy pair of running shorts and a T-shirt. I was thinking of what to say to him at the break but remembered that he had told me that if he turned-up I was to ignore him.

At the break Jenny went over to him and another man and was probably explaining details of the course to them. After that she came over to me and said, “Hi.” We had a little chat and I asked if she’d seen anything of the voyeuristic boy. “Thankfully no” she said and went to get the class started again. As usual she spent some of the time walking around telling people what they were doing wrong, or right. She seemed to be spending quite a bit of time in front of Jon and I wondered why.

The same man was in front of me and having a good look at my pussy as my leotard had disappeared inside my lips - again, and I was definitely wet as I was dreaming-up things that Jon might be up to. At the end of the session Jenny came up to me and said, “You’ll never guess what that new man has been up to.” Well I could but I wasn’t going to let on. “No, tell me” I said. “His dick was hanging out of his shorts and as the session went on it got harder and harder. In the end it was rock hard and I could see every bit of it.” “Disgusting!” I said, “Watch out he’s coming over.”

Everyone else had gone off to get changed by then just leaving Jon, Jenny and I in there. As Jon walked up to us I could see his dick outside his shorts pointing to the ceiling. Before Jenny could say something Jon says “Can I help you to put the mats away?” “Err yes please; they go in that cupboard over there (pointing to a door).” Jenny said then looked at me as if to say ‘I don’t believe this!’ I said, “Let’s stay and watch this.” Jenny didn’t move so we just stood there and watched as Jon collected and then put the mats away. He still had his erection (outside his shorts) as he walked over to the door, opened it and said, “After you ladies.” We walked out without saying a word and walked into the girls changing rooms. By then everyone else had gone and it was a good job because Jon followed us in. When Jenny looked at him he just said, “Just carry on, don’t let me stop you” and he proceeded to take his clothes off and get into the shower.

Jenny looked a little hesitant so I stripped off and walked to the shower saying “come on Jenny, don’t be shy.” Jenny slowly stripped off and came to join us. Jon and I were soaping ourselves and still pretending to not know each other as Jenny turned-on another shower. Jon must have been waiting for that to happen as he turned to me and said, “”will you suck that for me (pointing to his dick).” I didn’t say anything but bent my knees and took his full length into my mouth. Jenny’s face was priceless; she must have been thinking that I was a right tramp. Jon didn’t cum and after a minute he pulled out and said, “Turn round and bend over,” so I did. As he rammed his dick into me I put my hands on Jenny’s hips and started licking the front of her pussy. She said, “I don’t believe this,” but she still responded by opening her legs and letting my tongue get into her hole.

As her (and mine) orgasm built one of Jon’s hands reached out and held her left breast. The other hand reached under me and started massaging my left nipple. It didn’t take long for all three of us to cum and when I stood up I said, “Jenny, meet my Master, Jon. Jon this is Jenny.” “I thought it must be” Jon said, “Vanessa has told me all about what you two have been up to.” Jenny blushed a bit and was just going to say something when Jon said, “Vanessa has been a little too forward and needs to be punished, would you mind if we used your gym please?” “Err yes” Jenny replied. Jon then told me to go into the gym and wait for me. He went into the boys changing room for something while Jenny said that she had better go and lock the school doors and off she went - grabbing a towel as she went.

As I waited for him in the gym I was wondering what Jon had gone for and what he was going to do for me. I didn’t have to wait long. As soon as he walked in I saw the cane in his hand and knew what was going to happen. I didn’t have long to think about it as he immediately told me to run from one end of the gym to the other and back. I was totally naked and my little breasts bounced as much as they could.

I was on my third length when Jenny came back in and stood next to Jon who said something to her. After 5 lengths I had to stop and spend 5 minutes running on the spot in front of them. I don’t know what Jon said to Jenny but she sat on the floor and watched me. Next I had to put my arms high in the air and then jump into a spread-eagle position, then back. This workout was worse than Jenny’s. After that it was press-ups. I couldn’t manage many of them and was really sweating by then.

After that it was standing on my hands and leaning my feet against the wall. Then came lying on my back and pushing my legs and body up so that I was on my shoulders and elbows. In that position I had to spread my legs as much as I could and hold it until I collapsed. As I was like that and getting a bit of a breather I saw that Jon was starting to get a hard-on again. After that I had to get in the ‘crab’ position and walk over towards Jenny and get my open pussy as close to her as I could. At last Jon told me to stand up, after a couple of seconds I had to part my feet about 18 inches and then bend over and touch my feet without bending my knees. I just knew what was next, as I looked back at Jon through my legs I saw him pick-up the cane and come over to me. I closed my eyes and waited.

The first one landed as a bit of a surprise (don’t know why). “Ow! One - thank you Master” I said. After “Ten - than you Master,” I was getting very wet and close to crying. I looked as Jenny who was mesmerised but not that far-gone to not be able to frig herself. Her right hand was moving rapidly. After “Fifteen - than you Master,” I was crying - a lot.

Jon stopped and looked at me for a minute then moved a bit then number 16 landed. They were now landing on one cheek and bending round and hitting my pussy lips. Numbers 18, 19 and 20 found my clit. The pain was terrible but at the same time my pussy was throbbing (and not just from the pain). My juices had run right down to my knees. Jon stopped after “Twenty - thank you Master.” He told me to stand up straight and pull myself together.

As I stood there sobbing Jenny got up and came over to me. She asked me if I was all right and gave me her towel to wipe my face. Jon went off to get changed and when I had stopped crying Jenny said, “Are you sure that you’re alright?” and “Why do you put up with it?” As we walked back to the changing room I told her that I was happy with Jon, I needed Jon and (pointing to my juices running down my legs) would I do it if I wasn’t getting pleasure out of it? Jenny had no answers and she helped me have another shower and then put my dress on. She kept telling me about all the red wheals on my backside. I said, “Look at the ones on my pussy.” She did and said, “Wow!”

Jon was waiting for us when we got to the schools doors. He asked Jenny to come for a drink with us but she declined. We went home with my trying to keep my backside off the car seat.

Friday - was quiet apart from when the papergirl came. When I turned round to go and get the money I heard her gasp and say “what happened to you?” I just said, “I was a bad girl at school and my teacher punished me.” “What!” she said, but I didn’t answer.

# Saturday December 12

Jon woke me up at 4 o’clock in the morning. When I finally came round he told me to pack a bag as we were going on holiday. It was my birthday on the Tuesday and Jon had decided to ‘treat his little slave’. At 8’oclock we were getting on a plane to Tenerife. When we got there it was great to feel the heat as the plane door opened.

Walking across the tarmac I had trouble with my dress blowing up. Jon told me that Tenerife was a quite a windy island, particularly in the winter. I said that I could get used to winters like that. The coach took us to Playa de las Americas and a Hotel called Columbus. We had a room that over-looking the swimming pool. The weather wasn’t as good as Ibiza had been but it was still a hell of a lot warmer than England and we stripped off and sat on the balcony. I’d seen one woman topless by the pool so I wasn’t worried when Jon told me to take my dress off. When I was sat on a chair on the balcony people walking beside the pool would have trouble telling if I was topless, never mind bottomless.

After about 30 minutes soaking up the sun Jon decided that he was hungry and told me to put on a short wrap-round skirt and crop top while he just put on his baggy short running shorts and we went looking for a restaurant. As we were walking down the street I realised that a lot of people were going to see the lower half of my naked body that week, the wind was bad. We found a café down the street and had a good meal.

After that we decided to go for a walk to see what was there. Every time that we came to a corner I was expecting my skirt to fly up. It did quite a few times and I got a few wolf-whistles. Jon was enjoying it and so was I in a way. Jon told me that the only time that I could hold my skirt down was if there was a policeman looking. The Spanish police can (he said) be a funny lot and lock you up for a very trivial reason. He said that he had often seen them treat holidaymakers very badly.

We found a shopping mall that wasn’t that big and Jon said that we’d go back later. There were dozens of tourist type shops that Jon said we would avoid. We also found a sex shop but it was closed. We wandered back to the apartment and got there as it was getting dark. Jon went to the bar but told me to go and put on (in) my Ben Wa balls and come back to the bar.

When I got back he was chatting to a couple of girls that were about my age or maybe a little younger. Jon introduced them (Emma and Chloe) to me. They were on their second week there and they told us about the main drinking area at the other end of town. Jon asked about beaches and they said that there was one up by the lively part of town, but not many more around that part of the island. Jon asked if they knew of and naturist beaches and after couple of seconds silence Emma said that she had heard someone talking about a little beach a mile or so up the coast but she said that she didn’t know exactly where it was as they hadn’t been. Jon said that we would be looking for it and asked them if they would like to come. Emma said that we didn’t look like naturists and Jon laughed and said, “What does a naturist look like?” That stumped them a bit and they had to admit that neither of them had thought about it. Emma looked at Chloe and said, “What do you think, shall we go with them?” Chloe replied, “Let’s think about it.”

Jon told then that we were both naturists and told me to stand up and prove it. Without hesitation I stood up and lifted the front of my skirt up and showed them my knickerless, bald pussy. I just stood there until Jon said, “OK Vanessa, you can sit down now.” Emma said that that didn’t prove anything as she often went out in a short skirt and no knickers. Jon said that I ALWAYS went without knickers.

We then had a conversation about how I kept my pubes so smooth and not itchy. Both girls were interested in the machine that I have, especially as I told them that I no longer needed it because the hair wasn’t growing back. A waiter came by just then and Jon ordered us all some more drinks then asked them where they were going that night. When Chloe said that they had intended either staying there or just going to one of the local bars. Jon asked if they would like to join us for the evening.

We never got further than the hotel bar that night and we ended up getting quite drunk. I have vague memories of being sprawled out on a big sofa and Emma asking me what it had been like removing my pubic hair, one by one. But not much else, I do know that Jon fucked me that night because I woke up next morning with a sore and very sloppy pussy.

# Sunday December 13

Woke up with one hell of a bad head. Jon had one as well but nowhere near as bad as mine. We didn’t have any breakfast and spent the first half of the morning drinking water on the balcony.

About lunchtime Jon told me to put just my bikini skirt, over-sized bikini top and shoes on and go and get us some food. I walked to a supermarket just down the road and had some fun squatting down to get something from the bottom shelf when people were walking by and bending over in front of man on the checkout. Each time someone gave me a filthy look or a smile I just smiled back at them.

On the way back one man turned round and followed me after the front of my skirt blew up as he was walking towards me. I guess that he was hoping for a rear view as well so just before the hotel entrance I bent over to ‘adjust’ my shoe. He must have had a great view of my ass and pussy.

After breakfast / lunch we went and hired a little jeep and Jon took me to a little village about 3 miles up the coast. There was only a café and the odd shop there but Jon wasn’t interested in them. We walked out of the village up a hill and onto the coast path. At the top of the hill Jon told me to strip off and we walked a couple of hundred yards to where the path went down into a little valley. There was a minute little beach in the bottom and a number of little ramshackle homes made of rocks and anything else that had washed-up. There were a few people around them who Jon said were dropouts. As we walked down I saw that they were all scruffy and thin, I guess that Jon was right. No one took any notice of us and we walked up the other side of the valley. In the next valley there was a beach about 100 yards long with some ‘white’ sand (unlike the ‘black’ sand in Playa de las Americas). There were only about a dozen or so people on them, all naked.

Jon decided where we were going to settle and we lay on our towels for about an hour. I dozed off and when I woke up a youngish couple were just above us with a baby that looked no more than a couple of weeks old. The couple were naked as well and the woman was laid with her legs open. When I looked up towards her I could see that her pussy lips were open and so was her hole, about an inch. I could see right into her. About an hour later the man pitched a tent a little way up the hill and they went and moved into it.

The waves started getting bigger and bigger and Jon decided that getting them crashing over us would really wake us up. So in we went, slowly at first then right into them. It was really cold and the waves were pushing us all over the place. We came out for a rest and I noticed that Jon had got a hard-on. He said that it was the waves pounding down on him that caused it. As we sat there 2 men and 3 women dropouts came over the hill and down onto the beach. They stripped off (which didn’t take more than a couple of seconds as none of them had more than 1 article of clothing on) and into the waves they went. As we watched I noticed that the 2 men also got a hard-on. We went back in and it wasn’t long before I was watching 3 men with rampant erections getting bounced about by the waves.

The 3 women dropouts seemed to be amused by it as well as they were having a bit of a giggle. Jon saw what was going on, came over to me and grabbed my solid nipples and said, “It’s getting you as well.” Before I had time to answer he picked me up pushed his dick between my legs. He said, “Put your legs round me,” and gave me a long French kiss during which time his dick pushed its way into me.

There we were having sex stood on a public beach and no one batted an eyelid. Jon carried me to the water’s edge and we collapsed with him on top and still inside me. I looked up and down the beach and saw that all the dropouts were in a heap having some sort of orgy and that another couple were at it as well.

It felt good having sex out in the open like that and even better when Jon rolled us over so that I was on top. I got onto my knees and rode him as fast as I could. I had just had my second orgasm when Jon came. Holding me still as he jerked the final drops out of him and into me.

After that we went back into the water and washed all the sand off us before Jon decided that he wanted me to give him a blowjob. He lay on his towel and told me to get down on my knees and bend over him. He said that I had to make sure that my open pussy was visible to anyone who looked down the beach. While I was doing that a young couple walked along the beach. They stopped and watched us for a minute or so before moving on. When Jon came I swallowed all his cum then licked him clean before we settled down and enjoyed the sun. When it came time to leave we both walked naked back to the top of the hill before the village. A German couple seemed a little surprised as we met coming over the top of a ridge. I bet that they got more of a surprise when they got to the beach.

We covered-up before walking down into the village and we had a drink and ice cream at the café right on the sea front. It was windy down there and it wasn’t long before my little skirt had blown over and the waiter and other customers could see everything.

Back at the Hotel we bumped into Emma and Chloe in the bar. They said that they were going out with some blokes that they’d met. Emma gave me my Ben Wa balls back and said that they were good. I asked her how she got them but all she would say was that I gave them to her the previous night.

I can’t remember a thing about it, it must have been when we were in the bar but that’s all I know. Jon wouldn’t tell me anything either.

That night we went into the ‘lively’ part of town for a drink and some food. Jon told me that I wouldn’t have to worry about my dress blowing up. What he didn’t tell me until just before we went out was that I had to wear my lacy dress, the one with thousands of holes that looks quite normal until you get close-up when you realise that you can see everything through it. Well it was dark outside.

Jon said that we weren’t going to drink much that night so we took the car. We walked the last bit and soon found ourselves in this noisy area with someone outside each bar trying to talk us into going in. We went into one on the street side that that had a TV playing a Chubby Brown video. Jon had heard his voice and said, “We’re going in there.” We spent the next hour laughing at some brilliant but filthy jokes; it was great. From there we went into a rather bright McDonalds and had a burger. One or two people (men) looked at me but there again there were a few other young girls wearing very little as well. It was the girls who were not with men that got most of the attention. All in all we had a pleasant evening with nothing special happening.

# Week commencing December 14

Monday - Jon got me up early and we both went to the supermarket. I had to wear just a sarong that didn’t cover much even before I started bending down or the wind started. Jon wore just a T-shirt that was a bit baggy and once or twice I managed to see the end of his dick peeking out. In the supermarket we decided to have a bit of fun with this middle-aged couple who looked a bit stuffy. We got ourselves about 10 feet ahead of them then we both bent over so that both our asses were on show to them. The man kept a straight face and ignored us but the woman looked a bit flustered and said, “well really!” as they walked passed us. We just looked at each other and laughed.

After breakfast we drove up the coast and found a deserted beach. It wasn’t very big but it did have a few sun-beds on it. We took 2 of them and soaked up the sun for a while before Jon decided that he was going for a walk - naked. I lay there naked day dreaming and quite unconsciously opened my legs and started masturbating.

After I had cum I fell asleep with my feet either side of the sun-bed. I started dreaming and can still remember what I was dreaming about. I was a slave in a jail in some Arabian city. There were other girls there all naked like me. One by one the girls were taken out. When it came to my turn I was dragged out into some open-air room where I was tied to a big post on top of a big step. I was being auctioned off and the auctioneer was inviting people to come up and ‘check me out’. I was being groped and prodded all over and I was eventually sold to a man who tied my hands to the back of his horse and led me through the streets naked to his home.

When we got there he thrashed my backside until it hurt then made me masturbate in front of his whole household. There were about a dozen people watching me and talking about me. A woman was describing my shaved pubes and little dick but I couldn’t see her. It was then that I slowly woke up and realised that the woman was real. She was with a man on the beach a few feet in front of me and they were talking about me. They obviously though that I was still asleep as I watched them through my sunglasses - good invention for people wanting to see but not be seen to be looking.

They were naked and hadn’t realised that I was awake. As I looked at them they got the urge and they fucked each other doggy style, right in front of me. I couldn’t help myself; my right hand continued what it started before. I was still quietly playing with myself when they finished, stood up and walked away. As they went I heard the man say “hell of a dream she’s having.” I watched them walk down the beach and saw Jon walking back towards them and me. When he got to me he told me to finish myself off and he told me that he had watched it all. He sat on the end of the sun-bed and watched as I thought about my Arabian slave Master and brought myself to another orgasm.

About an hour later Jon decided that we were going shopping and we drove back to Playa de las Americas. We went to the shopping mall that we found on the first day and wandered around. We found a shop that sold dresses and managed to find a few that Jon liked. The young Spanish girl got a bit flustered when I took the sarong off in the middle of the shop and tried the dresses on.

She kept trying to say something about ‘someone might come in’, but Jon just kept saying, “Don’t worry.” Someone did come in, one of her mates. They stood there speaking Spanish at a hell of a rate. They kept looking over to us and pointing but we ignored them. We eventually found one that Jon liked; it was very thin and silky and only just covered my butt. I reckoned that if I bent over even the slightest bit then anyone behind me would be able to see my butt. It had spaghetti straps and the front over my breasts was ‘different’. It was baggy and the way it hung on me even I could see my nipples. Anyone looking straight at me from the front wouldn’t have been able to see my breasts but if they were close enough to look down at me then they would see what I could see. From below my breasts it wasn’t tight but it wasn’t loose.

After Jon paid we left, found a cafe and had a late lunch. Nothing exciting there and we went back to the Hotel. Jon told me to have a rest as it was going to be a long night.

When we went out I wore my new dress and the remote vibe. To get to the nightclub we took a taxi and I’m sure that the driver got a got view as I bent over to get in. As we moved off he switched the interior light on and adjusted his mirror and I suspected that it was so that he could have a look at my legs. I thought that I would tease him a bit so I slowly opened my knees. Because they were up a bit I think that he would have had a good view of my pussy. Not sure if Jon noticed or not, he didn’t react.

The club was big; it had lots of rooms and one big dance floor where the ceiling was about 30 feet above us. There were 3 cages hanging from the ceiling and I asked Jon what they were for. He said that it was for people who wanted to get high on their dancing. I wasn’t sure what he meant and didn’t say anything.

We went to the restaurant and had a fantastic meal. It must have cost Jon lots of money. We even had a big bottle of champagne. French not the cheap Spanish stuff. Jon had told me to pull my dress up as we sat down to eat to make sure that I didn’t leave a wet patch on the back of it. He wouldn’t let me use a serviette so each time the waiter came to serve me he could see my bare pubes and down the front of my dress. I had nearly forgotten about the vibe until Jon switched it on while the waiter was serving the main course. It startled me a bit and I let out a bit of a gasp. The waiter ignored me. Jon left it on just long enough for me to start getting worked up, and then switched it off.

When the waiter came to serve my dessert we had been waiting a while (I think the champagne helped as well) and I had started to relax and lay back against the back of the chair. I never thought about what the waiter would see and he gave a slight gasp as he saw me naked from my hips down. I smiled and sat up straight but the waiter just carried on as if nothing had happened. While I was eating my sweat Jon gave the vibe a quick burst “just to keep you topped up” he said.

From the restaurant we went for a wander round and discovered that some of the little rooms had their own little dance floors and different music. The rooms seemed to have themes according to the type of music that they were playing. We went to the main dance floor that was getting quite busy by then and danced for about half an hour before finding one of the bars. It was circular and sunk low in the floor so that the counter was half way between my knees and pussy. There were only 3 girls behind the bar but I bet the male members of staff wanted to work there so that they could see up the skirts of the female customers. I’m sure that if any of them looked at me they would have seen my naked pussy but there again I bet they’ve seen so many naked pussies staring down at them that they just don’t bother any more.

As we stood there drinking, Jon switched the vibe on again and left it on until I was so close to cumming that I was looking forward to my first orgasm of the night. However, Jon being Jon, knew exactly when to stop it and I was left frustrated. He must have seen the disappointment on my face because he said, “later V, later.” As Jon was ordering another drink one of girls behind the bar decided that she needed to go somewhere because she started to climb onto the bar to get over it. In doing so her little short skirt lifted up to reveal a naked trimmed pussy. I looked at Jon and said, “Did you see that!” “Yes” he replied, “nice, but not as nice as yours.” A nice ‘loved’ feeling came over me for a second. When the girl came back she did it again but this time we got a great view of her small backside. I could just see her dark lips for a second.

I finished my drink before Jon and asked if we could go dancing again. Jon said that he wasn’t but that I could, but that I had to wait until someone got off one of the pillars and then dance on there. There were about 6 of these pillars spread around the edge of the dance floor. They were about 5 feet off the ground and wide enough for only one person dancing on them at a time. To get onto them there were 3 large concrete steps that people were sitting on.

A few minutes later 2 of the pillars became vacant. I headed for the nearest one and climbed on. Even getting up the steps must have given the people sat on them a great view of my ass. When I got onto the pillar itself I realised that if anyone either sat on the steps or stood on the floor cared to look up they would have easily been able to see what I wasn’t wearing.

The music started and I started dancing. A little bit later the vibe started and my dancing rhythm changed. I looked down to see Jon looking up at me. I turned to face him and I could see him playing with the remote control. He started pointing to my legs and then opening his arms to tell me to open my legs, so I did, about a foot. I knew that he was looking straight at my pussy and so were the 3 or 4 young men that were stood near Jon. I didn’t care; in fact I was enjoying it. Jon brought me so close to the edge so many times that I was getting almost desperate to cum. I was staring down at the young men. And tried to read their lips. They were obviously talking about me and I’m sure that one of them was pointing to my juices that were running down the insides of my legs.

Jon obviously didn’t want me to cum but it he kept up the same ‘on and off time periods’ then it wasn’t going to be long before he had no more say in the matter. After another couple of on and off sessions it happened. I stopped dancing and my body just shook. It was one of the most intense orgasms that I have ever had. It lasted for ages.

After that I decided that I needed to get down and have a drink, so, being the girl that I am I sat down on the edge of the pillar with my knees about a foot apart with my legs straight out and said, “Can someone help me down please?” These 4 young men all moved forward but one of them managed to get in between my legs. His face was right in front of my pussy. He wasn’t going to rush to do anything so I said, “come on then, help me down.”

He was strong, his arms came out and up behind my dangling legs and round my waist. This meant that as he pulled me forward my legs went over his shoulders. As he pulled me forward his face went right into my pussy. He stepped back and then lowered me down to the floor but it was my head that was going down. My knees were over his shoulders and I was rapidly getting upside down with my dress rushing down to meet my face. Luckily the pressure of him holding me upside down against himself stopped it from going all the way and my body was only exposed down (or should I say up) to just below my breasts.

The young man held me there and turned to his mates who cheered moved towards me and started groping me. One had just managed to get a finger in me when Jon stepped forward, pushed his way in and lifted me up saying “Thank you gentlemen, I’ll take my wife from there.” As Jon lowered me down my dress fell back into place and the young men walked away. They didn’t look happy that Jon had spoilt their fun and in a way I was disappointed as well.

We went to a different bar and had another drink. I was getting a bit drunk by then and I think that Jon was as well. About 2 drinks and a smooch later (where Jon had his hands on my bum (under my dress) while I gave him a long French kiss) the DJ announced that the cages were being lowered and that if anyone wanted to dance in them they were to go to see him. Jon told me to go and when I found the DJ there was another girl wanting to have a go. The DJ said okay and told us which cage to go to. There was a man there when I got there and he opened the door for me then locked me in.

As I was waiting for the cage to go up some drunks started saying silly things like “look at the monkey,” “where’s your banana” and “monkeys don’t wear clothes.” That seemed to give them the excuse to reach in and try to pull my dress up. Unfortunately with the cage only being about 3 feet square there wasn’t anywhere that I could go and my dress was up round my waist when the cage started going up. You can image the comments from the drunks when they saw that I didn’t have any knickers on. In a way I was enjoying them seeing me like that but I wasn’t keen on the fact that they were drunk and all trying to grope me. Jon was watching but I knew that he wouldn’t interfere as there was no chance of me coming to any harm.

The cage only went up about 8 feet above the ground just high enough so that people on the dance floor couldn’t reach it. When I looked round I could see the other 2 cages both had girls in them and both were dancing. One of the girls looked as if she was only wearing a bikini and the other had a mini skirt and bikini bra on. I started dancing and had just got into the swing of it when my pussy suddenly jerked. Jon had switched vibe on again. He was playing the same game as last time - on for a minutes then off for a minutes. I looked down to see where he was but couldn’t see him. After about 5 minutes strobe and spotlights came on and were moving all over the place. Then 3 fixed spotlights came and light up the 3 cages. Shortly after that 3 (probably - I couldn’t see the other 2) more light came on, they were sunk into the floor and were directly below the cages.

Yes, light was flooding right up my body from below which meant that anyone stood below could look up and see what I wasn’t wearing; and more to the point the juices that were running down the inside of my legs. Jon had as usual been keeping me right on the edge of an orgasm which meant that my juices were really flowing. If Jon kept it up for much longer then they would be dripping down onto the people below.

Because of the bright lights I couldn’t see who was below me or if they were looking up at me. But that wasn’t at the front of my mind; it was the orgasm that was building in me. The excitement of knowing that hundreds of people could be watching me and even looking at my naked pussy as I slowly danced and was getting extremely close to cumming only made it worse (or should I say better). When I finally came I stopped dancing and just shook. I think that I screamed but no one would have been able to hear me anyway.

Jon must have been watching and realised that I had cum because the rhythm of the vibe going on and off changed. Jon left it on and brought me to a second climax before he switched it off. It didn’t come back on and I slowly came down from my sexual ‘high’ then started dancing again. Not only were my pussy juices dripping off me but sweat must have been as well. I could certainly feel it running down my body and my dress was sticking to me in places as well.

After about another 10 minutes up there I was beginning to think that I was stuck in that cage forever. I was tired and thirsty. Looking over to the other 2 cages I saw that one of the girls had stopped dancing and was sitting on the bottom of the cage so I did too. There wasn’t enough space to put my legs out in front of me so I had to bring my knees up. The bars on the bottom of the cage were about six inches apart and my backside was resting evenly over 2 of the bars. This meant that my pussy was being pulled slightly apart in between the bars. It must have been quite a sight for anyone below but I didn’t care, in fact when I realised a little tingle went through my stomach and I felt a little more juice flow.

I don’t know how long after I sat down that the cage was lowered the next thing that I remember is a man with a big grin on his face leaning through the open door and pulling me up by my hand. I think that he said something to me as he pulled me up and out but I can’t remember what. Jon grabbed me as I started walking away from the cage and took me to a corner of the room to sit down and recover. He brought me a long cool drink that disappeared down my throat very quickly.

Just as I was starting to get a bit of life back into me Jon decided that he wanted to have me there and then so I had to sit on his lap with my back to him and one leg either side of his while he fucked me. I’m sure that some of the people nearby knew what we were doing but nobody seemed to care. I didn’t cum again but I remember that lovely feeling of his jism shooting into me. He lifted me off him straight away and he held the back of my dress up as I sat down on the cushion next to him. As I watched him put his dick away I thought about the sticky white stains that would be on the cushion when the cleaners came round next day.

Shortly after that we left and got a taxi back to the apartment. The driver didn’t look at us as he drove us back. If he had he would have seen that my dress hem was on my stomach and pussy open to catch the cool air of the night.

Tuesday - My Birthday. It was late morning when I woke up. Jon was already up and had been to get us some breakfast. He’d only worn a T-shirt to the supermarket and he told me that he had accidentally flashed the girl on the checkout when he’d picked-up all the items that he’d bought. Two of them had trapped his T-shirt and pulled it up when he’d lifted them up. Apparently the girl had gasped and blushed when she’d seen his dick and that it was then that he’d realised what had happened. He said that he’d just apologised and left leaving the girl watching him walk away.

It was a bright sunny day and as we eat breakfast on the balcony (hadn’t seen anyone in the rooms on either side of us since we got there); Jon told me that we were going to go to a Hotel just outside Playa de las Americas. I put on just a short wrap-round skirt and crop top and we set off. Just as we walked out of reception the wind caught my skirt and a group of people who were just arriving got any eyeful. I wasn’t really looking forward to spending the day in some Hotel or other, but if that was what Jon wanted, then ......

The Hotel Fanabe looked just like any other Hotel even when we walked around the place. It was when Jon took me into the lift and it arrived on the Hotel roof that I understood why Jon took me there. There was swimming pool and sun-beds on the roof and it was clothing optional. There were already about a dozen people there and all but one was naked. Half of them were old and wrinkly but there was a young couple with some young kids and a group of 4 young German sounding people, 3 girls and one youth.

We got a couple of sun-beds, put some sun tan lotion on, settled down with our books and had a very lazy pleasurable day. We went for a swim in the pool a couple of times and it was great not having to worry whether or not I was hanging out of a costume. Yes, okay I do get sexual excitement of letting people see my interesting bits in places that they don’t expect it but it’s good to be able to be completely naked and relaxed in public at times. It’s good being naked at home but it isn’t the same as lying out in the sun by a swimming pool and being waited on hand and foot. So natural and relaxing.

It was early evening when we headed back to our Hotel. We got showered and took the car to the middle of Playa de las Americas. Jon was just wearing a big T-shirt and I had to wear my bikini skirt and a baggy crop top. The way my skirt didn’t reach right round me made it obvious to anyone who looked and thought about it that I didn’t have anything on underneath. The wind was going to be a problem again.

We wandered around the shops and along the sea front and ended up near the shopping mall. Just up the road from it Jon spotted a sex shop and we went in. It wasn’t up to much but the man behind the counter soon realised what I wasn’t wearing and watched me as I moved around the shop. Jon noticed it and asked me to pass him something that was on the floor. I realised what Jon was after (and it wasn’t the box on the floor) so I bent over from my waist and picked the box up. I took my time so that the man got a good look at my ass. Jon put the box down and we carried on browsing. As I said there wasn’t much there but Jon did buy a butt plug.

As Jon paid the man asked if we wanted a bag for the plug, but Jon said, “No,” and unwrapped it. He then gave it to me and said, “Put that in your hole.” I took it from him and licked the end so that it wouldn’t be too painful then opened my legs, reached down and under the micro skirt and pushed it in. As I was doing that I was looking at the man’s face. It was a picture of surprise and pleasure. I guess that no one had done that in his shop before. Jon picked-up his change said, “Thank you” and we left.

The butt plug wasn’t small and it was a bit painful as I walked. I was sure that if (when) my skirt blew-up again whoever was looking would be able to see the end of the plug. We went into the mall and went to a different shop that sold clothes. As we looked at the clothes the young sales girl took something off a rack and went to the changing rooms. They were 2 curtained off cubicles at one end of the shop which was empty apart from her, Jon and me.

When she went into a cubicle I noticed that she only half closed the curtain. She then started taking off her jeans and top. I’m sure that she knew that Jon and I were watching her but she just ignored us. Next came her bra, which left her in just her knickers. As she pulled the dress over her head she turned to face us and we got a good view of her big breasts. I saw lots of black pubic hair sticking out of the sides of her white knickers. As the dress came down she turned and looked at herself in the mirror.

After checking to see that the dress fitted and looked okay she took it off and put her top and jeans back on. She left the bra off and was holding it and the dress when she walked passed us to the sales counter. Jon said, “Right, it’s our turn to give a show, find a tight dress then come back to me.” When I got back to Jon he had a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt in his hand. He motioned for me to go over to the changing cubicles and as we walked over he whispered “Don’t touch the curtains, and take your time.”

We each went into a cubicle and I didn’t hear a curtain close so I knew that Jon didn’t close his either. It only took me seconds to take my top and little skirt off and I stood there naked facing the shop and taking my time undoing the buttons on the dress. The girl was looking at us but I’m not sure if it was me or Jon. Just then I heard the shop doorbell and another girl came in and walked over to the sales girl talking to her in Spanish. The sales girls said something and the second girl stopped talking when she looked over at us. They both stood in silence as the watched either Jon or me (or both) as I put the dress on.

When I’d fastened it I walked out and turned to Jon. He was naked and struggling to pull on the jeans which were obviously too small. He had a semi erection. I said, “That’s nice, but the jeans are too small, shall I get you a bigger pair?” “No” he said, “I’ve decided that I don’t like them anyway” and started to take them off. I went next door and took the dress off. Just as I was pulling my top on Jon appeared in front of me and said, “Come on, let’s go.” He grabbed the dress and I followed him over to the sales counter wrapping the little skirt round me as I went. At the counter Jon put the clothes on the counter and said, “thank you, but no thank you” and we left. The girls just watched us as we walked out in silence.

From there we went to a café and had some food and a drink before wandering back towards the car. To get there we had to pass the area where there are lots of pubs. By the time we got there it was about 10 o’clock and there were a few young people around. Two couples who looked about 18 had obviously started drinking very early because they were totally pissed. They were having trouble standing up and kept falling over. Each time the girls fell over they gave everyone around a good look up their miniskirts.

At first I thought that they weren’t wearing knickers but then I got a good look at a black thong on one of them. As we got closer one of the girls tripped over right in front of me. She ended up on her back right at my feet. We stopped and Jon bent down to help her up. She was staring right up Jon’s T-shirt and giggling. As he pulled her to her feet she was trying to say something, but couldn’t get further than “you haven’t got.” Jon wasn’t interested and we stepped round her and left.

Back at the Hotel we went to the bar and had another drink before going to bed.

Wednesday - Jon got me up early and sent me to get some fresh bread for breakfast. I decided to go to a different supermarket and had a bit of fun bending over and squatting down. There were a couple of English lads about 10 or 11 years old in there with their parents. Once they’d seen me bend over they followed me until I left.

Jon seemed to be in a bit of a rush over breakfast and as soon as we had finished he said, “Right, sarong only on (big one), not even shoes and let’s go.” Within a couple of minutes we were walking to the car and then driving up the coast. We drove for about 30 minutes until Jon turned off the main road and down a dirt track. He appeared to know where he was going and after a few turns we came to a gate with a sign that said ‘Miguel’s Ponies’. I could see the sea so I had visions of riding a horse along a deserted beach. It wasn’t to be - well not as how it was in my daydreams. We parked the car and walked through a little gate into a courtyard.

I don’t know what I was expecting but it wasn’t to see lots of stables with 3 naked girls cleaning them out. Nor was it to see one naked young girl hanging spread-eagle by her wrists from a frame about 10 feet high in the middle of the courtyard. I just stood there and took it all in (none of the girls had any pubic hair) while Jon introduced us to Miguel.

As soon as the formalities were over Jon said, “Vanessa give me the sarong. For the next 2 days you are going to be a ‘Pony Girl’. You will live the life of a pony and a slave who looks after ponies. You will do exactly what Miguel says. Any deviation from that will result in you being strung-up and punished like that slave. She’s been hanging there for 2 hours waiting for you to arrive so that you can witness what happens when the slaves don’t do at they are told.” With than Miguel said, “Come.” We walked over to the girl who was to be punished, me talking the sarong off as we walked.

The girl didn’t look up when we stood in front of her. She was sweating and shaking a bit. It looked like she knew what was coming. Miguel shouted something in Spanish and the 3 girls stopped what they were doing and ran over. They stood in a line near us and when Miguel shouted something else they got on their knees with their knees about a foot apart and lay back and supported the body weight on their hands that were on the floor behind their feet. That’s the position that I have to get in when Jon says ‘assume the position’. I whispered to Jon that I was going to have a problem with the Spanish and Jon whispered back “Don’t worry, Miguel knows that you don’t speak Spanish, he’ll talk to you in English.” Miguel must have heard me or Jon because he looked at me and said, “Slave, don’t speak unless spoken to or you will be punished. Get in-line with the other slaves.” I wasn’t going to argue and jumped into line and down into the position. It was then that I realised that my pussy was getting wet.

In deadly silence Miguel took his jacket off and proceeded to give the girl a thrashing with the riding crop that he was holding, all over her back and butt. To start off with the silence was only broken by the noise of the crop flying through the air and then landing but after about 5 strokes the girl started crying and yelping as each stroke landed. I counted 50 strokes before Miguel stopped. The girl was sobbing her heart out. I half expected the punishment to stop there and in a way it did. Miguel went away and came back with a hosepipe with water running out of it.

He stood behind the girl and let it run down her back for a couple of minutes before he forced the end up the girl’s ass. She screamed as he forced it in and was really whimpering until he pulled it out about 10 seconds later. The water rushed out of her and so did little lumps of shit. Miguel forced it in again and the same thing happened when he pulled it out. The third time wasn’t in her ass but in her pussy. When Miguel pulled it out she tried to hold it but after a couple of seconds out it came like a jet from a squeezed hosepipe. Miguel only did that twice before he threw the hose on the floor and cut the girl down.

She collapsed on the floor still crying. Miguel said (in English) “Perhaps that will teach you to keep yourself clean. Clean up the mess on the floor then muck-out stable 2.” The girl stood up and started hosing her own shit away while Miguel turned to us 4 girls. I hadn’t dare move, neither had the other 3. He said something to them in Spanish and the got up and ran off. I started to get up to follow them but Miguel said, “Stay!” and walked off. A few minutes later the 3 girls came back with 5 horses. They just stood there until Miguel came back and told all 5 of us girls to mount up.

I had never been on a horse before and had a lot of trouble getting on. When I was half on I saw that there was a dildo about 2 inches in diameter and about 3 inches long sticking up from the middle of the saddle. I looked over to one of the other girls who was just getting on and she was slowly lowering herself onto her dildo so I did the same. As the horses walked out of the yard I was nervous about being on the horse but at the same time I was enjoying the experience. ‘So this is what a Pony Girl does’ I thought. I could get used to a life like that.

If only I’d known.

We walked out into some barren fields where the horses started trotting. I didn’t know how to ride and I’m sure that I was going up and down at the wrong time but I was enjoying being fucked by that dildo. I came twice before the horses slowed to a walk before we all went in a convoy along some dirt tracks. Two of the girls had big breasts and they were really bouncing about when the horses were trotting. It looked painful and I was glad that mine are small.

Twice we had to stop as a car came the other way. In one was a middle-aged couple and the other just had an old man in it. None of them looked at all surprised to see 5 naked girls on horseback, but the 2 young(ish) men that were mending a stonewall at the side of the track were. They were laughing and joking in Spanish as we walked by. None of the girls even looked at them; they just sat there staring at the back of the girl in front.

We eventually came to a deserted little beach and when Miguel dismounted we did too. The girls seemed to know what was to do and they went to Miguel and started undressing him. To get his riding boots off he sat on the beach and lifted one leg. One of the girls stepped over it and when she had grabbed his boot he pushed her backside with the other foot. When that one came off another girl stepped over his other leg and did the same. When he was naked I watched him walk into the water, his little dick just peeking out of the large mass of black pubic hair. We all stood quietly as Miguel swam around for a few minutes then came back to us. Two of the girls went to get the horses and the other 2 started to dress Miguel. I helped them.

The ride back to the stables was just as uneventful apart from the bouncing up and down as we trotted over the field. Back at the stables I was told to help the girls take the saddles off the horses, I tried to talk to some of the girls to find out which ones spoke English and then to try to find out what else went on there. All I could get out of any of them was a whisper “Don’t talk; just do what you are told.”

When we went out of the stables into the courtyard there were about two dozen smartly dressed people there including Jon. He must have borrowed the clothes because we didn’t bring them with us. We girls had to line-up along one wall while Miguel explained, first in Spanish, and then in English that this was where the Pony Girl races would start. He called each of us out in turn and had us parade up and down in front of the people. While all this was going on there was money changing hands and I guessed that the people were putting bets of some sort on us.

At that time I thought that we were going to have some sort of nude school athletics day and I wasn’t prepared for what happened next. We all went out to a field that had a little track round it. It must have been about 200 yards long, similar to a school sports field. What was different was that there were 2 single seater ‘carts’ in one corner. Two of the girls were led over to them and I watched as Miguel strapped a big leather belt round their waists. He then put a leather ‘Bridle and Reins’ over their heads. This was made of a metal ‘bit’ in their mouths with leather straps that held it firm on their heads. The reins came out from near each ear and were about 6 feet long. He then tied their hands together behind their backs before leading them in between two long poles that came out of the front of the carts that had hooks for the rings on the big waist belts. As they were being hooked up I realised what was going to happen.

Two people were selected from the audience and they climbed into the carts. The girls weren’t finding it easy but they pulled the carts to the starting line and when Miguel fired some sort of gun the race started. The 2 people in the carts were pulling the reins and shouting at the girls to get them to go faster. When they got to the finish one of them was slightly in front of the other. They were both panting and sweating like mad. The belts and bridles were moved to another girl and me. It was real hard work but I managed to just beat the other girl. When I was un-strapped I saw that one of the girls who went first was getting a drink from a water trough so I went over and did the same. It tasted funny and looked a bit dirty, but I needed that drink.

By the end of the ‘event’ each girl had raced against each of the others. I had won 2 and lost 2 but there was a winner, one of the girls with big breasts. I wasn’t surprised that she had won as she was bigger than all the others and she looked fitter. No flab. The winner and the girls who lost all her races were then hitched up again to have another race. This seemed little unfair until I saw that 2 people climbed into the winners cart and squeezed into the one seat. What also made me glad that I wasn’t one of the girls was the fact that all 3 riders had whips.

When the gun went off both girls had trouble getting going until the whips started landing. As they got round the circuit and back towards us I could see lots of red marks round both girls’ backs, some of them even wrapped round to their stomachs. The big girl also had some on her breasts. The smaller girl won by about 5 yards, much to the delight of most of the people watching. I could see money changing hands in the group of onlookers but it wasn’t long before the 2 girls who had been racing were unattached from the carts and all 5 of us were told to return to the stables.

When we got there leather ‘Bridle and Reins’ were put on all our heads and all our wrists were tired behind our backs. The end of the ‘Reins’ were then tied to hooks around the inside of one of the stables and we were left there.

There were 3 buckets in the middle of the stable and we could all just get over to them. One of the buckets had some food in it; it looked a bit like leftovers that had been all mashed up. The second bucket had water in it and the third one was empty. It wasn’t long before I realised what the third bucket was for, one of the girls went over to it, squatted down onto it and had a shit.

I tried to talk to the other girls, but all that came out was a garbled mess. A couple of the girls went and stuck their heads into the food and water buckets and I had some water but I didn’t like the look of the food. It wasn’t long before we all settled down in the straw and tried to get some sleep. I must have managed to get some because the next thing that I knew was when I woke-up in the dark listening to one of the girls having a pee into the bucket.

A bit later a man that I’d never seen before came in and switched the light on. He had a riding crop with him and he woke-up 2 of the girls who were still asleep by giving them a crack across their backsides. As he walked round the stable he had a good look and grope at each of us. One of his fingers went inside my pussy but he moved on quickly. After he had gone round all of us he went back to a Spanish looking girl with long black hair. He made her stand-up then bend over before he dropped his trousers and fucked her from behind. The girl didn’t offer any resistance; in fact she was obviously enjoying it. A moan of pleasure sounds the same even through the Bit of her Bridle.

When he had finished he untied us all (hands and from the wall), lead us outside and lined us up against a wall. He gave us a bar of soap each then turned a hosepipe on us. The air temperature was reasonably warm but the water temperature wasn’t. I had goose bumps all over and you should have seen the size of my nipples.

After the ‘shower’ we were all led into the big house and into a small room where our ‘Bridles’ were taken off. We were then told that we were to be the ‘entertainment’ of the Masters guests that night. There would be a mini ‘Olympic games’ and each of us had to do our best to win. If the Master didn’t think that we were trying hard enough then we would be punished. The man then got out a tin of paint and painted a number on each of our chests and backs. I was number 4.

We all sat around for about an hour before the man came back in to us. I tried to talk to some of the other girls, but none of them wanted to talk. Three of them just ignored me while the fourth just said, “No talking.” The man told us that the first game was a simple race. He told us that when we got out into the main room we had to line up and then race to the other side of the room and back. I was reasonably happy until he told us that we would be going one at a time and that we had to carry each of the other girls one at a time, on our backs. Out in the room I had a good look round as we lined up. It was a big room, something like 40 feet across. One end was completely empty and at the other end were about 20 people sat round tables with lots of food on them. They were all talking to each other and obviously quite happy. I could just see Jon; he was on a table at the back of the room talking to someone that I had seen earlier in the day.

It wasn’t long before the girl with number 1 painted on had to start. Girl number 2 jumped on her back and she grabbed number 2’s legs and started running. When she turned to come back, her breasts were bouncing up and down. She was out of breath by the time she let girl 2 down and girl 3 got on. When it came to me getting on her naked back she was covered in sweat and had trouble keeping me on her. Before she managed to get half way across the room she collapsed with me landing on top of her. We got up and walked back to the wall with lots of the audience booing her.

Girl 2 started and managed to get all of us to the other side and back but she had the advantage of being the biggest of us all. She carried us with her arms holding our legs to her sides but instead of then holding her hands in front of her she held them behind her. This meant that as we were bouncing across the room my pussy was bouncing down onto her hands.

Girl 3 only managed to get me both ways and girl 5 three quarters of the way before collapsing. Then it was my turn, I’d decided that I was really going to try hard. It wasn’t that I was afraid of the beating if I didn’t do well, I would probably have enjoyed it; it was that I wanted Jon to be proud of me. Getting girl 5 both ways was easy; she was the smallest of the girls. Girl 1 was heavier and I managed her too, but by the time I got her back I was sweaty and slippery. I knew I’d have problems with girl 2 and I was right. When she jumped on my back I nearly went down but managed to get half way before my legs gave way.

The other thing about her was that she held her arms tightly round my neck so I was having trouble breathing as well. Fortunately as we went down she landed on her feet and when I turned over to get up she was still there with one foot either side of me. I was looking up at her shaved pussy with its dark stubble just starting to grow. The lips were tightly closed leaving her looking as if she just had a clean, not very long, cut there.

Girl 5 started and managed to get girl 1 both ways but collapsed as soon as girl 2 jumped on. We were all herded out of the room and outside where we were hosed down again. I was glad to get back inside. We were allowed to rest for what must have been about 15 minutes before the man told us that event 2 was about to start. It was a bit like event 1 in that we were paired off (girl 1 was left out) and we then had a pillow fight with the girl on top holding the pillow. I started off on top and managed to get a couple of good blow in before we were floored by the other 2 girls running into us.

Event 3 followed almost straight away, it was a wrestling match. The objective was to get you opponent with her back on the floor and hold her shoulders down for a count of 3. Girls 1 and 3 were drawn first and it was a good clean fight. It took ages for girl 1 to win. My number was called next and my heart sank as the number 2 was called out. I’d expected it to be over in a minute or so, but I soon discovered that even though she was big, she was slow.

We started to get sweaty and slippery which helped me a bit. It was when she started pulling one of my nipples that I decided that I wasn’t going to lose. When she grabbed my pubic bone and pushed a couple of fingers in me and grinned at me I thought ‘right, 2 can play that game’. I grabbed her pussy with one hand and thumped her stomach with the other. She went down with me on top of her but facing her feet. She started pushing her fingers into my pussy so I did the same to her - only harder. My juices were already flowing and I was enjoying it a bit. I was finding it hard to get my finger into her as she was still dry but I wasn’t going to give in. She was starting to scream as I really pushed hard. She was so dry and tight that my hand was starting to hurt but I wasn’t going to stop. As she screamed louder she stopped pushing her fingers into me and just lay there screaming.

When my whole hand was in her I turned to look at her face to see that she was crying. I pulled my hand out, stood up moved up her body before squatting down so that my shins were on her shoulders and my pussy on her nose. As the man was counting up to 3 I wiggled my body about so that my pussy and juices were spread all over her face. I had won and as I walked back to the other girls I saw that they too were applauding me. What I didn’t realise was that I had to fight again, straight away.

It was against the smallest girl, number 5. I was still covered in sweat and she had trouble getting hold of me. Somehow we ended up on the floor with me on top of her in the ‘69’ position. My head was in between her legs and very close to her pussy. She gripped my head with her legs and held my face about an inch from her pussy. She had that unmistakable smell of female sex and I couldn’t resist putting my tongue out and licking her lips. She shook and moaned, so I did it again, this time I pushed my tongue inside her. She was enjoying it and stopped gripping my head with her thighs. As I moved my tongue around I lowered my pussy towards her face until I could feel her breath on my pussy. A little more and I could feel her nose just touching me.

At that point I think that we both forgot about the fight that we were supposed to be having and we both enjoyed each other’s pussies. I was just getting close to an orgasm when a man pulled me off the girl saying “You can stop now, you’ve won.” It took me a few seconds to realise that my shins had been holding down the girl’s shoulders and the ‘referee’ had counted her out. I think that it took a while for the other girl to realise what had happened as well. There was one more fight, girls 2 and 3. It got quite violent and girl 3 ended up with a bloody nose. There was lots of nipple pulling and pussy and stomach punching. I was glad that I didn’t have to fight girl 3.

The next contest was something that I had never even imagined before. We had to line up with 10 empty San Miguel Beer bottles in front of us. We had to carry them over to the other side of the room. The only problem was that we were not allowed to use either our hands or mouths (apart from to stand them up if they fell over). The options left to use were pretty limited so I opted to pick them up with my pussy. My only worry was that I would be too wet to grip them properly while I was walking with them in me. It was quite easy really and I was doing quite well. Two of the girls looked as if they were trying to pick them up in their backsides. They weren’t doing as well as the 3 of us that were using our pussies. By the time I got to the eighth I was having trouble gripping them and the eighth, ninth and tenth ones all fell out and I had to stand them up and start again. In the end I came in third, which I was reasonably pleased with.

That was the end of the contests and we all had to line up while the man called out our numbers one at a time, then judged how much applause we got from the audience. I didn’t win but I didn’t lose. I was glad of that because the girl who won (girl 5) had to go into the audience and let any and every one of them do what they wanted to her. I never saw her for the next hour or so. Girl 2 (the big girl) got the least applause and she started crying when she was told that she was going to be punished in front of everyone.

A big frame was brought in and girl 2 was tied spread-eagle to it. Then each of the Masters of the remaining 4 girls were called up one at a time to give her 50 strokes of whatever implement they chose. The first Master chose a belt, by the time he had finished her whole backside had red wheals all over it. She was crying but still managed to count the strokes and say “Thank you Master” after each one. Well I assume that that was what she was saying, she was Spanish.

The second Master chose a belt as well but he didn’t restrict his strokes to her backside. About half of them were directed onto her breasts and about a quarter were ‘up strokes’ between her legs on onto her pussy. By the time all 50 had landed she was screaming quite loudly. I got the impression that she had a low pain threshold.

Jon was third and as he came to the front he gave me a little smile. Jon chose a tawse. He’s good with that and he too split the 50 over the 3 parts of her body in spite of her loud screams as each one landed. It didn’t look as if Jon was trying too hard, I’m sure that I’ve seen him put more effort into giving me my punishments.

The last Master chose a small whip. When the girl saw it she started screaming “No, No!” but that didn’t stop the man. Most of the strokes were directed to her backside but about a dozen were split over her back and chest. She passed out before he had completed his 50 and he didn’t bother with the rest. She was still out cold when 2 men carried her out of the room.

After that and a few words from Miguel, we were herded out and into a room where there was couple of showers. We were told to have a shower and wash off what was left of the numbers that had been painted onto our chests and backs. Just as we were finishing the big girl, number 2, was carried in and were told to clean her up. She came round as we put her into the shower and she started crying straight away. I don’t think that my body has ever been that red when Jon punishes me.

From there we were taken back to the stable and given some bread and water before the light was put out. I snuggled down into the hay to try to keep warm and before I knew it there was light shining in through the badly fitting door.

Thursday - No sooner that I was awake a man came in and woke-up the 2 girls that were still asleep. Girl 2 started moaning and groaning as soon as she was woken-up. When she didn’t stop as soon as she was told the man pulled her up onto her knees, dropped his trousers and started fucking her. She was quietly sobbing when he had finished. He looked as if he came, but she didn’t.

We were all told to get outside where we were hosed-down before our hands were tied behind our backs. We were then put back in the stable with 3 buckets. One food, one water. I was hungry and made it to the food bucket first. I was glad that the food was all mashed-up but I still got it all over my face. I dunked my head in the water bucket to wash it off. I had a pee in the third bucket and straight after wards one of the other girls had a shit in it.

About an hour later we were taken out and lined up. Two of the girls were taken away by their Masters and 3 more arrived, but there was no sign of Jon. We then had to clean out the stables that had horses in them and I accidentally stood in some horseshit. It was still warm.

The next few hours went through the same routine as the previous day. I got quite worked up as we trotted over the fields with the horse’s movements pushing the dildo in the saddle into me. I was sorry when the horse started walking again; I’d been getting close to an orgasm. One of the ‘new’ girls looked quite frightened as her horse started trotting and she was screaming a bit as she was going up and down.

Down on the beach Miguel only went for a paddle when 2 of the girls had undressed him. I think that the waves were too big for him. When we got back to the stables there was another crowd of people and we went and had the cart races. This time we all had bridles on all of the time. I won 3 of my races and lost 2. I was knackered by the time we had finished.

When we got back to the stables Jon watched us get hosed down then came over to me and told me that we were leaving. On the way out we went looking for Miguel and Jon thanked him for ‘a very enjoyable 2 days.’

As we got near to Playa de las Americas Jon gave me my sarong and told me to put it on. I had been naked for so long that I hadn’t even thought about wearing some clothes.

Back at the Hotel I told Jon that I had really enjoyed myself but that I was quite tired. I asked him if we could get some food then have a quiet night in the Hotel bar.

We went to a little restaurant not far from the Hotel. Jon told me to wear just one of his T-shirts. Even so, the wind gave a few people flashes of my backside. I was forgetting how tired I was as we were drinking in the bar and I was lazily lounging in one of the Hotel’s sofas when Emma and Chloe came in and told me that they could see what I wasn’t wearing. The combination of being tired and ‘happy’ with drink meant that I just didn’t care. We talked to them for a while before going to bed early. John asked them if they would like to join us at the Hotel Fanabe the next day, but they weren’t sure and we left it that they would meet us in reception at 10 o’clock if they wanted to go.

That night Jon gave me a real good hard fucking on the balcony - doggy style. I slept well that night.

Friday - Jon sent me for the food for breakfast wearing only a big sarong. The only thing was that the way it was tied caused it to open up to my stomach each time that I walked forward. It was only when I was stood still that it covered my pussy. Every time I saw someone coming my way I slowed right down - except when it was someone in the 16 - 36 age range. I just let them stare at me. The girls in the little supermarket were staring and whispering to each other. One of them went and got a youth and pointed me out to him. I didn’t care and I even made sure that I took ages bending down to get jam from the bottom shelf. I was getting quite excited by the time I got back to Jon and he commented on the ‘snail’s trail’ as I shuffled off the bed when the kettle boiled.

Emma and Chloe were in reception when we got there and Jon drove us all to the Hotel Fanabe. I was still wearing just the sarong and Emma asked me if I was embarrassed by the fact that she (and everyone else) could see my pussy every time I moved forwards. Before I could answer Jon said, “I don’t think that Vanessa would be embarrassed if I were to fuck her, naked, in the middle of the street.” Chloe seemed a little startled and blushed a bit.

When we got there we went straight up to the roof top pool and grabbed some sun-loungers. Jon and I stripped off straight away and lay down. Emma took her shorts and top off revealing that she wasn’t wearing a bra and lay on one of the sun-loungers. Chloe was a bit more hesitant and when she took her shorts and top off she lay down still wearing both halves of her bikini. We got talking about nothing in particular and I noticed that Chloe kept looking over at Jon’s dick. I got the impression that she wasn’t used to seeing naked people, especially men. Emma noticed as well and said, “Stop it Chloe!” Chloe tried to plead ignorance but her blushes told us that she knew she had been caught. Jon just smiled and went back to his book.

After about an hour or so a waiter came over and we ordered some drinks. Jon insisted that they were alcoholic; he said that we needed to relax. I took it that he meant Emma and Chloe. The pool was filling up and most of the people were naked. Jon asked Emma and Chloe if they were going to strip off. I think that Emma was just waiting for someone to give her the chance because she immediately stood up and dropped her bikini bottom before lying down again. She has a neatly trimmed black bush with a small clit peeking out between her lips. That together with breasts that were bigger than mine, but not over big, meant that she has quite a nice body really. Jon thought so as well because he said, “That’s better, you have a great body and shouldn’t try to hide it.”

Chloe wasn’t ready for the ‘Full Monty’ and would only take her top off. Her breasts are a lot bigger with small nipples in the centre of large dark brown aureole. She immediately got back onto the sun-lounger - face down.

Later on Jon decided that we would go for a swim and Jon, Emma and I went straight into the water. Chloe took a bit of persuading but she finally joined us. After splashing around for a bit Jon whispered to me to take Chloe’s bikini bottoms off. I decided that I needed Emma’s help and told her. She agreed and we ganged-up on Chloe and while I held her Emma removed the offending article. She put up quite a fight and gave us a lot of abuse but she was out-numbered. All that time Jon was sitting on the edge of the pool with his feet in the water laughing at us. When we had got the bikini off Chloe Emma decided that Chloe was going to have a good look at Jon’s dick and we dragged her over to Jon and held her so that her face was in between Jon’s legs about 6 inches from his dick. The presence of her face so close to his face was having an effect on Jon and it wasn’t long before he decided that he ought to get back into the water. He slid down into the water right in front of us. Chloe’s face was a picture as the front of Jon’s body slid down the front of hers. I reached round the front of Chloe and grabbed Jon’s dick and pushed it in between Chloe’s legs. She gave a bit of a shudder before she managed to catch Emma and I off-guard and pulled away from us.

Emma had thrown Chloe’s bikini bottoms over to our sun-loungers and Chloe was complaining saying that we would have to give her them back before she got out. “No way!” Jon said and we swam off. When Chloe caught up with us she said, “It’s quite nice this nude swimming isn’t it?” “I told you that you’d enjoy it didn’t I?” I said. When it came to getting out Chloe made a big deal of waiting until she thought that no one was looking before she got out and ran to her sun-lounger. She lay on her stomach hiding her front.

After a while we went to the roof top bar for something to eat. Everyone that we had seen going there had covered up before going so Chloe and Emma wrapped their towels round their waists. I started to wrap my sarong around myself but Jon stopped me saying, “No, we won’t be coming here again so what the hell, let’s go naked.” We got a few funny looks but no one said anything.

Back at the sun-beds Jon started reading his book again while we 3 girls chatted about everything and nothing. The conversation got round to me and Jon and I told them all about my old and new lives. They were fascinated and kept asking me all sorts of questions. Emma said, “you really would do absolutely anything that Jon tells you, wouldn’t you?” “Yes I would, he’s very good to me, I trust him and I know that he wouldn’t put me in any danger.” I replied. “Jon!” Emma said trying to get him involved. “Ask Vanessa to do something outrageous.” Jon looked up and said, “Like what?”

After a long pause Emma said, “Like masturbate right here and now.” “That’s not outrageous, but okay, Vanessa, sit on the side of my sun-lounger facing Emma and Chloe open your legs wide and frig yourself till you cum.” So I did. Fortunately there weren’t many people around our area of the pool and no one seemed to be taking any notice of me - except Emma and Chloe.

As I was getting started Emma said, “That’s one hell of a clit that you’ve got there Vanessa.” “Jon likes it as well” I replied. All the time that I was getting quite ‘happy’ I was looking at both Emma and Chloe. Emma had a smile on her face but Chloe was the best, not only was she licking her lips, her legs were getting wider and wider apart. When I finally came I could see Chloe’s lips and minute little clit peeping out.

When I calmed down I looked round and saw that no one was paying us any attention (if only some of them knew what they had missed) and then at Jon. He smiled and said, “Good girl” as I noticed that he his dick was getting quite hard. I looked back at Chloe and saw that that was where her eyes were looking. I don’t know if it was me or him looking at Chloe that had got him that way but I knew that if anyone else out there noticed him then there might be some trouble so I offered to ‘hide it’ for him. He said, “Well, you had better get on with it unless Emma or Chloe would care to oblige.” I looked at them both (they were staring at his erection) but neither of them said anything, so I stood up then lowered myself onto him. I was sideways to him and still facing Emma and Chloe.

I just sat there for about 10 minutes with Emma and Chloe just watching both my face and Jon’s before I felt the jerks and warm squirts of Jon’s jism as he came inside me. Emma had been taking it all within her stride but Chloe was obviously getting quite aroused by it all. Her face was a picture of excitement and embarrassment. She looked like a little schoolgirl who had been caught doing something naughty. And that was just her face, her legs were as wide as they could get and the juices were dribbling out of her pussy. She looked great.

After Jon had gone all soft he decided that we should all go for another swim. This time Chloe was more relaxed and slowly walked over to the pool. Jon’s (and my) juices were running down my thighs as we walked and Jon’s dick was sparkling in the sun as he jumped in.

After about 15 minutes Jon decided that he’d had enough and we all got out and dried. It was getting late in the afternoon and the sun was starting to go down so we decided to leave. Before any of us could put any clothes on Jon suggested that we all walk back to the car naked. Emma and Chloe immediately said no but after a bit of persuasion they agreed to go topless. As Jon said, it was our last day and it didn’t matter if we got throw out of the place.

We finished packing and started heading for the lift. As we were getting into the lift one of the waiters came over to us and started trying to say something. With the bits of English and the fact that he was pointing to our bodies I guess that he wasn’t happy. He was still ranting as the lift door closed and we went down.

I was feeling a bit nervous as the lift door opened in the Hotel lobby. Silently we walked through reception and out into the Hotel car park. Most of the dozen or so people in reception had stopped what they were doing and were looking at us. I noticed one lady thump her husband to tell him to stop looking and a Spaniard behind the desk started shouting something at us, but we just kept walking, got into the car and drove off. When we got onto the road we all just burst out laughing. I’d quite enjoyed that.

As we drove back towards Playa de las Americas we saw a police car going the other way so Jon stopped and we all covered-up before continuing. I’d just put my sarong on and as we walked into our hotel it was blowing all over the place. He all had another couple of drinks in a corner of the bar before agreeing to meet-up later to go for some food and more drinks. Jon had suggested that all 3 of us girls wear our shortest skirts and skimpiest tops with nothing on underneath. Emma agreed straight away but it took a few minutes for Chloe to agree.

Jon and I got cleaned-up and at 9 o’clock we met Emma and Chloe in the bar. I was wearing a short crop top, one that showed the bottom of my breasts if I so much as shrugged my shoulders; and my bikini skirt. The one that doesn’t quite make it all the way round me. Emma was wearing a very short tight skirt that only just covered her butt. I reckoned that after we had walked a hundred yards or so her cheeks would be hanging out of it (and that’s just the rear view). With it she wore a white half-cup lace bra. When I looked hard I could see all her nipples and aureole. Chloe thought that she was being cleaver wearing a thin cotton ‘A’ skirt, it wasn’t that short but I smiled as I thought what the wind would do with it. On her top she wore her bikini top. Not very revealing but the straps were tied together so I could image Jon having a bit of fun with that.

As we had a drink in the bar before leaving Jon persuaded Emma and Chloe to prove that they didn’t have anything on underneath. Emma didn’t really need to as I could already see her ‘short and curlies’ as she perched on a bar stool but she obviously hadn’t realised that and stood up and wiggled her bum as she pulled the skirt up and then down. Chloe hadn’t moved, and Jon had to say ‘Come on Chloe, lift that skirt right up and show us what you’ve got.”

There was a bit of a blush on her face as she put her drink down and lifted her skirt up; right as 2 youngish men turned the corner coming towards us. Chloe quickly dropped her skirt but it was too late. One of the men said, “Nice Beaver honey” as they walked past us. Chloe was bright red as Jon gave her her drink back and said, “Drink that.”

After a minute or so Chloe said, “What about you Vanessa, you haven’t proved that you’ve got nothing on under that skirt.” Jon laughed and said, “I would have thought that that was obvious, but okay, Vanessa take the skirt off.” Well, what else could I do, I got off the bar stool and undid the bow. I let one end drop and was stood there wearing only my little top and shoes. Not wanting to get in trouble with Jon I just stood there as they all looked at my bald pussy for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually Jon said, “Turn round just to prove that you’ve nothing hidden behind you.” As I turned I saw the 2 men looking directly at me. I stopped with my back to Jon and the girls waiting for Jon to say something. The 2 men started smiling so I stood there smiling back and I didn’t hear Jon telling me to turn round and put my skirt back on.

The next thing I knew was Jon’s hand landing on my backside. Without thinking I said, “One - thank you Master” before Jon said, “I told you to put the skirt back on.” As I was fastening the skirt Emma said, “You really are Jon’s slave aren’t you?” “Yes I am.” I replied. We finished our drinks, left the Hotel and walked towards ‘town’. It wasn’t long before Chloe was complaining about the wind. We went into a café cum bar and ordered some drinks and food. By the time we’d finished our food the place had livened-up quite a bit and Jon took us onto the dance floor. Needless to say our skirts were giving the audience a good show. Chloe didn’t seem to care anymore; I think the alcohol was working.

We didn’t stay there long before moving onto to somewhere quieter. A little bar under some shops that had a TV on in one corner and a Pool Table in a separate room. There were some teenagers in there playing pool and we sat in one corner waiting to have a game. Emma said that she hoped that they would go before we started playing, but they didn’t. I’m sure that the lads had seen out short skirts and wanted to watch us. When we got up they got some fresh drinks and sat round the edge watching. There were 3 boys and 2 girls all about 15 or 16.

Unfortunately (or fortunately) the Pool Table was quite big and we all had to bend right over most of the time. The boys and girls were giggling as Chloe struggled to keep her modesty as she took her turn. It was me next and I deliberately pointed my ass at the boys and girls as I slowly took my shot. As I bent over I could feel my little skirt riding up my back. I knew that they must have had a great view. I could hear them whispering as I opened my legs to steady myself before taking the shot. I think that I was enjoying it as much as they were and really took my time. So much so that Emma said, “Come on Vanessa, stop messing about and get on with it.” I took the shot and missed the ball. If I hadn’t of had so much to drink I might have been a bit embarrassed. Not at showing the kids my pussy, at missing the ball.

It was Emma’s go next and she went to shoot from the same end as me. As she bent over her tight skirt rode up over her cheeks. It stayed up as she stood up to move round the table a bit. I don’t know if she realised cos she didn’t do anything about it but the kids were staring at her every move. Even the girls were staring at her pussy. I was looking at the kids when she bent over again to take the shot and one of the lads chin dropped as his eyes opened wide.

It was Jon’s go next and while he was taking it I heard the kids talking. One of the lads was asking the girls if they would play dressed like us. One of them said, “No” straight off but the other said, “How do you know that I’ve got any knickers on under this skirt?” That shut him up for a while and before he could answer it was Chloe’s go again. As she bent over to take her shot Jon put his hand on her back and bent over to tell her how to take the shot. What she didn’t realise was that as he got up he carefully untied her bikini top. When she stood up it dropped to the floor. I guess that the alcohol had dulled her senses a bit cos it took her a full minute to realise that it had gone. Of course the lads noticed straight away and were staring at her big tits. When she finally realised she tried to cover them up which just made the lads (and us) laugh.

Chloe finally managed to get her bikini top back on and then it was my turn. I could have taken an easy shot from the opposite end to the kids but Jon told me to go take a shot from the kids end. As much as I tried I couldn’t reach to take the shot. In the end I decided that I would have to kneel on the table edge to get at the ball. As I climbed up my little skirt fell open revealing my whole backside to the kids. When I bent over to take the shot by knees were apart and my backside in the air. All 5 of those kids and Chloe and Emma, who had helped me get on the table, got a fantastic view of my juices leaking out of my pussy. The thought of all those people staring at my open pussy really got them flowing.

Somehow I managed to get the ball in the hole and I stayed there saying, “I did it!” over and over. In the end Jon came up behind me and said, “Ok, so you got it in the hole, I can do that as well,” and he pushed his thumb in my pussy and grabbed my pubic bone and pulled me back down onto the floor. That hurt a bit as I bounced down but nothing compared to the pain when Jon uses the cane on me.

Emma was next and she had just one shot that she could take. Guess what? It was from the kids end. I think that the alcohol was getting Emma a bit as well cos she decided that she was going to lie right on the table to take the shot. She moved a chair over to the table to help her get high enough to get on. As she climbed on the chair her skirt rode up over her bum and when she stood up straight she looked down at her neatly trimmed pussy hair and said, “Ooh look, you can see my pussy.” Before she could say anything else Jon said, “Come on Emma, we’ve all seen it before, get on with the shot.” She lay down over the end of the table with her legs wide apart and started lining up the shot. Just as she was about to take the shot Jon (who had crept up behind her) pushed a couple of his fingers right in her pussy. Needless to say she missed the shot and she swore as Jon pulled his fingers out and lifted her down.

Jon announced that he thought that it was time we were going and told us to get ourselves ready. Emma wiggled her skirt back over her butt and we moved towards the door. As I passed the kids I heard one of the lad say “The lucky bastard.”

We headed back to the hotel and we all went up to our room for a final drink. As soon as I got into our room I took my top and skirt off and Jon stripped of as well. Emma’s skirt was half way over her bum and she collapsed onto the bed with her legs open showing us a rather wet looking pussy. Chloe was quite drunk by then and she “Well if you can, then so can I,” and she slowly took her skirt and bikini top off.

Jon was getting the drinks and as he offered one to Emma she got up off the bed, grabbed the drink and went into the bathroom. When she came out she was naked and came straight up to me and kissed me full on the lips. Meanwhile Chloe had staggered over to Jon and grabbed his dick which was starting to get hard. She was mumbling something about wanting Jon’s nice dick and she slid down him and took him in her mouth.

We had a mini orgy with us all fucking each other. Emma tasted nice, but Chloe was a bit sickly and I couldn’t find her clit. I managed to get Emma to cum twice whilst they all got me to cum. In the end we all fell asleep on top of the bed.

# Saturday December 19

The next thing I knew was that the sun was shining and there were people talking on next door’s balcony. When I looked out there was a young couple staring into our room and at the 4 naked bodies strewn all over the beds. I got up and opened the glass doors to the balcony, walked out and said, “good morning.” The woman looked a bit shocked but the bulge in the man’s shorts told me that he was enjoying what he saw. The noise of the door opening had woken the others up and they slowly walked out to join me.

Jon brought a bottle of water with him and passed it around. After a minute or so Chloe realised that she was naked on the balcony with strangers watching her. She went inside to get dressed. Jon realised what time it was and told Emma and Chloe that we had a plane to catch and that they would have to leave. Theirs was an afternoon flight whilst we had to leave in an hour. We said our goodbyes and we headed for the shower. I was quite surprised that I didn’t have a hangover, Jon said that he didn’t have one either but I bet that Emma and Chloe did.

When we came out of the shower the couple next door were still on their balcony and still watching us. We packed our things then got dressed. Jon had me wear just a skirt and top but before I could put them on I had to put my Ben Wa balls inside me and I had to do it in full view of our neighbours who were still watching me (us). I could see that I was going to have an interesting journey home.

When we had checked our luggage in we went through customs to the departure lounge. The security people were getting everyone to walk through some sort of x-ray arch. It bleeped when I went through and this man told me to go through again. It bleeped again. It was obvious that I wasn’t carrying anything so he ran this x-ray stick thing up and down close to my body. As it got near my stomach it bleeped over and over. I realised that it must have found Ben and wondered what he would do. I had pictures running through me head of being taken into a room and told to strip off. Then having to have an internal examination. I wondered if I would enjoy it but I didn’t get the chance. The man just shook his ‘stick’ then put it in front of my stomach again. When it bleeped again he shook his head and waved me on. In a way I was a little disappointed. It could have been interested.

Jon wanted to walk about the departure lounge which meant that Ben was working hard. After about 10 minutes I grabbed his arm and stood there and shook as an orgasm took control of me. I think that Jon had forgotten about Ben because he looked a bit surprised at first, then his face changed to a smile. When I’d calmed down we went and got a coffee and waited for the plane.

Amazingly enough the plane took off on time, but it wasn’t long before I realised that the 4-hour journey was going to take its toll on me. The constant background vibrations of the plane were keeping Ben working ever so slowly. The tingling in my pussy wouldn’t stop. I tried to think about other things but the tingling would not go away. I could feel my juices slowly seeping out of me and I decided that I had better lift the back of my skirt over my bum. I didn’t want to have a big wet patch on my skirt for everyone to see as we walked through East Midlands Airport.

I wriggled about to hitch my skirt up and held one of the magazines on my lap so that no one could see too much. When the flight attendant came to give us our meal I accidentally knocked the magazine off my lap as I release the little table from the seat in front. The flight attendant looked a little startled when she realised that she could see all my thighs right up to my stomach; but she just carried on as if nothing had happened. We finished the meal and I made sure that the magazine stayed in place when the food trays were collected.

After that Jon went to sleep but the tingling in my pussy was building up. I could feel an orgasm slowly building from deep inside me. About 3 hours into the journey I just couldn’t fight it anymore and it hit me. I grabbed Jon’s arm and trembled something wicked. I was squeezing Jon’s arm so much that he woke up to see me trying desperately to keep my mouth shut. I wanted to scream. My body felt like it was about to explode. In the end I think that did let out a bit of a moan but I think that I held it quite well really. One of the flight attendants walked by as I was coming down from my high. She stopped and asked me if I was all right. I daren’t open my mouth and Jon managed to persuade her that I was OK.

The rest of the flight wasn’t too bad. Another orgasm was slowly building up inside me but we landed before it hit me. When I got up off my seat I managed to get my skirt back down before anyone (even Jon) noticed. I looked at the seat and wondered how long it had to dry before the next person sat in it. It looked as if someone had spilt a whole bottle of water on it. If only they knew.

The walk through passport control to the luggage collection area finished me off and I had to go to the toilet. As soon as I got in there my skirt was up and my fingers were working on my clit. It took only seconds for me to cum again.

When I went out Jon had our cases and was waiting for me. When we went outside the cold really hit me. My nipples went like bullets in as much time as it takes a bullet to leave a gun. I was glad that we didn’t have long to wait for a taxi to take us home.

The house was cold when we got there and Jon let me keep my skirt and top on until things warmed-up but I had to keep Ben in for the rest of the day. I had 3 more orgasms as I did the housework. That night I begged Jon to fuck me before going to sleep. He did and at last I felt that I had got what I needed.

# Sunday December 20

We both woke up late and had a lazy day. After reading the papers Jon spent most of the day sorting out the mail and other such things. Nothing exciting happened.

# Week commencing December 21

Monday was quiet and I spent a few hours keying details of the last week’s exploits into this journal. I went to Tesco but never saw anyone I knew. That evening Jon promised to buy me some warmer clothes for going out in the winter.

Tuesday - I finished getting this journal up to date just before Jon came home (early) and he told me to get cleaned-up and ready to go out. I put on the dress that he bought me for my birthday, the short silky one that hangs out from my chest letting anyone who looks see all my breasts. Jon took me to a big hotel in Derby where we met the people that he works with and their wives and partners. There were about 30 of us in all but most of them were a lot older than me. There were only 4 of them that looked under 30, a man and his wife and a couple of girls in their late teens or early twenties. Jon said that they were the office juniors. One or two of the men asked Jon to introduce them to his ‘charming young wife’ and when he introduced me as his housekeeper they looked a little surprised.

We sat at a table with the younger ones. I had Jon on one side of me and the youngish man on the other. The 2 girls were sitting opposite us. The man kept sitting up straight and bending over to talk to me. It was obvious that he was looking at my breasts but I didn’t care. When Jon noticed what he was doing he just smiled. We had a great meal but the conversation was mainly about computers and their work.

After the meal a DJ appeared at the other side of a little dance floor and a few people started dancing. The 2 girls got up to dance and Jon told me to go with them. I had a great evening with most of the men wanting to dance with me. I was dancing with one of the older men when a slow number came on and he put his arms round me and almost hugged me as we slowly danced. My bum felt like my dress had been pulled up over it but this man hugging me stopped me from checking. He finally let me go and I went to the toilet for a pee.

One of the office juniors was in there and she told me that everyone had seen my bum. Jokingly I said that it was a good job that he hadn’t grabbed me from behind as everyone would have been able to see my pussy. She seemed a little startled and said, “Oh, I know that just about everyone’s seen both your tits and your bum now but I thought that you must be wearing a G-string or ‘T’ back knickers.” “I stopped wearing knickers years ago, the only thing I’m wearing is this dress” I replied. “Well” she said, “you’ve just cost me a tenner, some of the men at the bar were saying that you didn’t have any knickers on and I bet them £10 that you’d be wearing a G-string.” “Sorry” I said, “but I won’t tell them if you don’t.”

I never did find out if she paid-up because I didn’t see much of her again. Jon came to dance with me when I went back out and I know that he was holding the back of my dress up some of the time. When I mentioned it to him he just said that he was proud of my body. I had to drive home as Jon had had way too much to drink and as soon as we got home and upstairs he fell asleep.

Wednesday - Went to Tesco again and bought the turkey and the rest of the things for Christmas. There were too many people in there to have any fun. I bought loads of decorations and put them up before Jon got home. He liked them but I got punished for getting them without first checking with him. He had me bend over the back of the sofa, naked with my legs wide apart while he spanked me 100 times. After I had got to “84 Thank you Master” the doorbell rang and I had to stay there while he answered it.

It was the paperboy who had come to collect his money. Jon invited him in out of the cold while he went and got the money. As Jon was coming back down the stair I heard him say “Ignore her, she’s been a bad girl and is being punished.” It was only then that I realised that Jon had left the lounge door open and the boy must have been looking at my red backside and wet pussy. Nothing else was said and Jon came back gave me the rest of the 100. I hope his hand didn’t hurt as bad as my backside did, but as usual the pain was mixed with the pleasure. I hoped that Jon would fuck me afterwards but he didn’t and I had to finish the job with my hand when I went to bed.

Thursday - Christmas Eve - I spent the day getting ready for the next day. Jon came home just after lunch and just before teatime Vicky rang and asked if she could spend Christmas with us, she had been going to spend it with her family but they’d managed to get a late holiday in the sun so she was on her own. Jon told her that he was happy for her to join us, providing that she didn’t bring any clothes with her, only a coat, shoes and a toothbrush. It took less than a second for her to agree and within 5 minutes we were driving over to Nottingham to collect her.

When we got to Vicky’s flat we discovered that Liz and Kelly had already left to go to one of Liz’s friends for the weekend. Vicky was already waiting for us wearing just her coat and shoes.

On the way home we stopped at the pub at the end of the road for a drink. The place was crowded and quite warm and I wanted to cool down but there was no way that I was going to take my coat off, not unless Jon told me to. Instead I loosened the belt to let the air circulate which was fine as we were all stood at one end of the bar. Vicky tried to tell us what she had been up to in the couple of months since we last saw her but the noise was too great and in the end she gave up. She did manage to give us a quick flash of her smooth bald pubes just to prove that they were still like that. In the end we gave-up and headed for home.

As Vicky was walking from the car she suddenly stopped and leaned against the house wall. When I asked her what was wrong she told me that she was wearing her Ben Wa balls and that they had just got the better of her. Jon heard this and told her that she was told to bring just a coat, shoes and a toothbrush. Vicky said that she was sorry, but said that she didn’t think that things inside her would count. Jon wasn’t impressed and told her that she would be punished for it.

Inside we took of our coats and shoes and I got us some more drinks. Jon took his clothes off as well. After we told Vicky all about our holiday she told us what she had been up to. She hadn’t worn knickers since she had last seen us and had only worn a bra when it ‘wouldn’t have been appropriate in a Building Society’ to have had her tits bouncing about. She told us that she had taken Liz and Kelly to the nightclub where they had the foam and the swimming pool and that she had managed to get Liz and Kelly to go into the pool. They had kept their knickers on but Vicky (being naked) had attracted a bit more attention and one man had tried to fuck her from behind. She had turned to look at him and didn’t fancy him so she’d pushed him away.

As Vicky was telling us all this I noticed that she was squirming in her seat and that Jon’s dick was getting hard. Jon noticed Vicky looking at his dick and said, “You haven’t had a man for ages have you, you’d better sleep with me tonight?” As we headed upstairs Jon told me to play with myself, but not to make myself cum. He said that he’d explain all in the morning.

Friday - Christmas Day - I got up first and looked into Jon’s room. Vicky was sat astride him and having a good ride. I was a little disappointed as I wanted to do that to him as a little Christmas present. When they eventually came downstairs breakfast was just about ready and we all sat there, naked, eating and talking about lots of different things. Vicky asked if we still had the ‘wonderful fucking machine’ and when Jon said that we had she asked if she could use it. Jon just said, “Later.”

After breakfast Vicky and I started getting things ready for dinner while Jon disappeared. An hour later he returned and called us into the lounge. He told us that he had planned to give me one of the deepest most intense orgasm that I would ever have as a Christmas present. It was to be slowly built-up throughout the day as a mixture of pain, pleasure and frustration. He told me to resist having an orgasm all day and to tell him if I got anywhere near having one. Vicky hadn’t been part of his original plan but since she was here then he would make it a ‘double act’.

To start off with Vicky and I had to spank each other 50 times as hard as we could. This was to be administered while we were over Jon’s knee. I think that he wanted us to feel his hard dick pressing into our stomach as it was happening. I was the first over Jon’s knee and Vicky really did try hard. By the time I had said, “30 - thank you” my juices were starting to flow and Vicky eased off a bit in the forties. On the last couple her fingers were starting to linger on my pussy before she pulled her hand away. My backside wasn’t too painful at the end and I hadn’t needed to cry.

Next it was Vicky’s turn and she gave a little moan of pleasure as she pressed her stomach onto Jon’s hard dick. Without being told she opened her legs so that my hand would be able to get at her pussy easily. I think that she was hoping that I would concentrate on fingering her pussy rather than on the spanking. Vicky didn’t count the strokes so I did. I wasn’t going to give her an easy time and by the time I got to 25 my hand was really hurting. I stared to slow down but tried to direct my hand so that my fingers went round her cheek and onto her pussy. By the time I had delivered 40 spanks I had developed the art of moving my hand after it had landed so that a finger went into her pussy before my hand came away. I knew that Vicky had noticed it but I didn’t know if Jon had. He didn’t say anything. When Vicky stood up there were tears in her eyes, but at the same time she gave me a ‘knowing’ smile.

Jon still had his hard-on and he said that one of us would have to do something about it. He kept looking at us both but in the end he let me give him a blowjob to relive his pressures. I was down on my knees in front of him and he was really trying to get his dick as far down my throat as he could. At one point I was having a bit of difficulty breathing, but that soon changed when he shot his load straight down my throat. I didn’t even get the chance to taste it.

It was then back to the Christmas dinner but Jon brought us both a glass of wine. When everything was cooking nicely Jon decided that it was time for the next round. He had us both put our Ben Wa ball in their proper place and told us to run up and down the stairs 10 times. Boy did that get me excited. I was glad that it wasn’t 20 I was nearly ready to cum after the 10.

Just as we were about to sit down to dinner Jon told me to replace Ben with the remote controlled vibe. All through the meal he played with the control and got me so close to cumming that I only just managed to tell him to stop. I had that familiar feeling deep inside me that was threatening to explode out. Eating just seemed to push the feeling deeper inside me but my pussy was leaving a pool of my juices on the chair. Every time I shuffled about there was a squelching sound. When we stopped eating Jon told me to stand-up with my legs apart and he used his fingers to find and remove the vibe. Fortunately it didn’t take him long otherwise I would have cum.

Vicky volunteered to do the washing-up while Jon took me upstairs and into the punishment room. He strapped me onto the top part of the ‘T’ with my feet to the legs. I couldn’t move and my spread pussy was there waiting for some action. The action that it got was Jon with first the tawse, then the cane. I can’t remember how many strokes I counted but my backside thought that it was on fire. Jon’s an expert with the cane and the end of it must have reached my pussy about a dozen times. I was crying and almost screaming. My pussy was on fire and my juices just seemed to make it burn all the more. I was so close to cumming it was unbelievable. Just as I thought that I couldn’t hold it any more Vicky came into the room and Jon stopped. Vicky said that I didn’t look too good and asked if I was OK. I tried to say “yes” but the word wouldn’t come out. In the end I just nodded.

Jon decided that he needed to let me calm down for a while and while he left me where I was he told Vicky that it was time for her to get re-acquainted with the fucking machine. While she went and got a chair he sorted out the ropes and when she came back he tied her wrists and told her to get on. Vicky climbed on and slowly impaled herself on the big dildo. Her pussy was just inches from my face and I could see every detail as she went down. She gave a big sigh as she reached the bottom. Jon adjusted the ropes and then switched on the motor.

To start off with he set the motor to run very slowly and it seemed to take ages for her to rise up so that the dildo was just out of her before she started to go down again. Jon left us alone for about 5 minutes before coming back and increasing the motors speed.

Vicky was starting to get quite worked-up and her juices were down to her knees. Unless Jon switched off the motor I could see that Vicky was going to cum long before me. The sweet fragrance of her pussy was stopping me from relaxing. Jon left Vicky and turned his attentions to me again. He gave me 10 more strokes with the cane and I was crying again after the second stroke. By the 10th I was so close to cumming that I had to beg him to stop. Just as he did stop Vicky gave out a loud scream and shuddered as she reached the bottom of the dildo.

The motor just kept going and up she went again.

Jon ignore her and un-strapped me. I collapsed to the floor and felt the pain as my backside hit the floor. Jon lifted me across the floor so that I was spread-eagle under the ropes that were dangling from the ceiling. He then strapped these to my wrists and ankles and hauled me up to about his waist height. Thankfully he had already attached the supporting straps for my waist and neck. There I was hanging about 3 feet in the air with my arms and legs as wide as they possibly could be. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Vicky still going up and down on the dildo. She had tears in her eyes but a smile on her face.

Jon got the remote controlled vibe and pushed it into me. I say pushed but I’m sure that my pussy nearly sucked it out of his hand. He switched it onto low speed and left the room. When he came back five minutes later Vicky was just having her second orgasm and I was about to have my first. Jon saw the expression on my face and switched the vibe off. So close, yet so far away.

It was then that I saw a strange looking object in Jon’s hand. It was a bit like a big pair of pliers with a spiked wheel on the end. I’d never seen one of those before (I later found out that it was a Leather workers hole punch). At the time I’d no idea what it was for and was a bit surprised when Jon started playing with it and my pussy lips. All of a sudden there was a bolt of pain coming from my labia. That pain made me cum. I felt like I was exploding as my body danced about at the end of those ropes. I was just starting to calm down when it happened again, both the pain and the orgasm. Two within a couple of minutes. Jon later told me that my pussy actually squirted out some of my juices both times that I came.

Jon continued doing something to my pussy, but I didn’t know what and when he finished he switched the vibe back on and left us again. What seemed like hours later he came back. Vicky had cum another twice and her head was hanging down. I had only cum another once but I was shattered. Jon switched everything off and lifted Vicky off the dildo. He carried her out and laid her on his bed. He then came back for me and after lowering me to the floor he carried me to his bed and laid me beside Vicky. Within seconds I was asleep.

Two hours later I woke up as Vicky was climbing off the bed. We quickly decided that we needed a shower. As I pulled my legs off the bed I saw something on my pussy. When I looked closer there were 2 gold rings about half an inch across, one hanging from each of my pussy lips. Jon had used the ‘pliers’ to pierce each of my labia and they now had ‘sleepers’ in them. There was dried blood all round my pussy. Walking was quite painful although the warm shower did help. Neither of us said anything as we showered and we both went back to bed as soon as we had dried ourselves.

It was late at night when I woke up and woke Vicky. We were both still tired, but hungry. We both complained about sore pussies as we went down stairs. My backside hurt like hell as well. Jon was watching TV when we found him and he immediately got up and told us to sit (or lay) down while he got us some food and drink. We both agreed that we had never had so much pleasure at one session before. We both thanked Jon for our Christmas presents.

# Saturday December 26

It was late when Vicky and I woke up (we had both slept in Jon’s bed while he slept in mine). It didn’t hurt so much when I moved and we both explored my Christmas present it hurt like hell when I moved them. We all had a lazy day eating, drinking, talking and watching the TV too much. It hurt too much whenever I tried to move my new rings. Nothing else really happened apart from Jon sleeping with (and presumably fucking) Vicky.

# Sunday December 27

Jon was up bright and early and told us to get up as well. Surprisingly enough my pussy ring holes had healed quite a bit over night and it didn’t hurt much at all when I moved my rings around, but it still hurt a bit when I gently pulled on them.

Straight after breakfast he took us to the Hotel Leisure Centre. We hit the gym first. Jon told me to wear only my white leotard, the one with the T-back. That meant that my bum cheeks were totally exposed. Vicky wore my white Lycra bikini bottoms and a T-shirt. I got one of the male members of staff staring at me as we walked through the reception area into the gym and I wondered if one of my rings had ‘escaped’ out of the side of the crotch.

It was still quite early and there was no one else in there. Jon told us what exercise machines to use and before long the leotard had lost its self inside my pussy lips. The same had happened with my bikini bottoms on Vicky. So much so that Jon told Vicky to take them off. There was no one else in there so it was only us that she was flashing her pussy to. She looked good on the machine that you have to push your legs as wide apart as you can and she said that she really enjoyed the cycling machine. Jon kept us there for about an hour before deciding to go.

A man came in just before Jon told us we were leaving and I was a little surprised that he didn’t want to keep us there longer so that we could get the poor man’s heart beating even faster. Vicky wasn’t too happy about walking back through the hotel’s reception with her bum cheeks and pussy just visible at the bottom of the T-shirt but Jon said if anyone was going to be noticed then it would be me with my pussy lips and rings showing. As it turned out no one seemed to notice us. I’m coming to the conclusion that most people are just so wrapped up in their own little worlds that they don’t notice what’s going on around them.

We got changed, well Vicky put my white Lycra bikini on and we went for a swim. Jon had put on a pair of his fine mesh undies on and I could clearly see his dick through the mesh. There was only an old man and a young couple in the pool and the young man had a good look at Vicky and me as we got in the water. We swam up and down and generally messed about for about half an hour before Jon told us that we were going into the Jacuzzi. As we got out of the water I could clearly see Vicky’s nipples and one pussy lip through the now nearly transparent thin white Lycra. I say one pussy lip as the other one had come out of the side of the crotch of the bikini bottoms. When I looked down at my front I could see my 2 hard nipples were visible through the thin leotard, and both my pussy lips and rings were out. The material had disappeared right into my pussy. Jon was just as bad, he had a hard-on and his undies were hiding nothing.

The young couple were in the Jacuzzi and as we walked to it they stared then smiled as we climbed in. The woman eyes opened wide when she saw Jon’s dick. We got chatting and it turns out that they were staying in the hotel for Christmas. They were obviously so much in love and kept kissing each other. I couldn’t see what they were doing under the bubbles but the expressions on their faces told me that something was going on. Jon had pulled me onto his lap and I sat facing Vicky as he pulled the crotch on my leotard to one side and then lifted me onto his dick. It hurt a bit as his dick pushed against my rings as he entered me.

The main bubbles stopped for a couple of minutes and through the small bubbles I could see that the man was finger-fucking the woman while he kissed her. I think that Vicky was feeling a bit left out of things because after a few minutes I saw her hand go under the water and to her pussy. We stayed there for ages with no one else coming into the pool or the Jacuzzi. Eventually (and after Jon had shot his load into me) we got out and went up to the sauna. There was no one in there either so Jon told us to strip off. We were all laid there when the couple came in about 5 minutes later. When they saw us all naked they too stripped of. The woman asked the man if he had seen any signs saying that it was ‘clothes optional’ and said, “No, but there again there weren’t any saying it wasn’t.”

The man had a dick that wasn’t as big as Jon’s and he had a big bush of black hair all round it. The woman had big floppy breasts with small dark nipples that looked very hard. Her pussy was surrounded with masses of black hair but when she lifted her feet up onto the bench I could see a nice little clit peeping out of her pink lips. Vicky and I were lying on the bench when they came in and the woman sat at my feet. I had to sit up with my feet still on the bench facing her for there to be enough room for them. The man sat on the other side of her facing her with his feet up on the bench and as he looked at her he could see past her and me.

As my legs weren’t together he could see my pussy quite clearly. When I realised this I decided to have a bit of fun and opened my legs a bit more. I also kept slowly licking my lips. The man and the woman were talking about their weekend in the Hotel, but I could see that the man was looking at me a lot. Mixed in with the sweat that was running down my body was Jon’s jism that was still seeping out of me.

It was having the desired effect on the man and I could see hid dick starting to rise. It was full hard-on when the woman noticed and told him that they were going for a shower. Jon hadn’t been taking any notice of all this but Vicky had and when they went out she said, “I saw you, enjoy doing that to men do you?” “Yes I do, it’s great the power that a woman has over a man.” I said. “Not ALL men” Jon said. Vicky said, “Vanessa doesn’t have that effect on you because you see her naked every day, but you must admit that if an attractive naked woman started doing things like Vanessa did in front of you then you’d get a hard-on as well.” “I certainly would,” Jon said, “and that’s why I like my women to tease other men. I bet that a lot of women like watching men play with themselves as well.” Both Vicky and I said, “I do” at exactly the same time.

That made us all laugh a bit then Vicky said, “That couple are having a long shower - together.” Jon said, “I bet he’s fucking her in there.” Vicky looked out and said, “You’re probably right, I can see one of her feet sticking out of the curtain - at about his waist height.” “Good for them” Jon said. A few minutes later they came back in and sat in the reverse positions. This time it was the woman who was looking straight at my pussy. I wanted to see what reaction I would get from her so I started letting my hand wander all over my body. Needless to say that they lingered on my breasts and nipples and explored my pussy. I was gently pulling my lips apart with the rings. I could see her opening her knees slowly as she watched me. When they got wide enough I could see her swollen pink lips in the middle of all that black hair with a little dark pink clit in the middle.

Encouraged by her actions I started playing with my own clit. I quickly let my eyes wander around the sauna and saw that Jon’s dick was getting hard again and that Vicky was playing with her pussy as well. As I looked back at the woman I saw her hands go round her thighs and part her pussy even more. Her man was looking down at her pussy and his dick was starting to rise. Shortly after that Vicky let out a moan. She had cum. Jon said, “Vicky, your turn, come and sit on this” pointing to his dick that was pointing to the ceiling.

Taking that as a cue, the woman got off the bench and then backed onto her man’s now erect dick. There was now 2 couples fucking in there and me just frigging myself. I felt a bit left out of it but I knew that it wouldn’t be long before Jon was fucking me. The man came first and he pulled the woman back onto him. Shortly after that Jon did the same with Vicky. There was a long silence as everyone let their sexual frenzy calm down. After a couple of minutes the man lifted the woman off his now floppy dick. They got up to leave and Jon said, “Come on, it’s getting too hot for me,” and we followed them out into the open area.

Just as the man and woman started to put on their hotel towelling bathrobes a young female staff member walked in. She stopped dead in her tracks when she realised that she was looking at 5 naked people. After taking in everything she was looking at she started to say, “You’re not supposed to.” But then changed her mind and continued “Oh what the hell!” and she walked on through to the pool area. The man and woman left and Vicky and I went into the ladies changing room. We had a shower, dried ourselves and put our coats on and went to meet Jon in the reception area. As we were waiting the staff girl was whispering to some of her colleagues and pointing to us. I said to Vicky “They’re talking about us.” “So what!” Vicky said just as Jon walked up to us.

Back home I got the dinner ready and then we watched TV for a few hours before Vicky said that she had to go back home. Apparently she had promised one of her flat mates that she would go somewhere with her on the Monday. Jon drove Vicky back to Nottingham and didn’t get back until late.

# Week commencing December 28

Monday - Jon took me to Birmingham shopping. I had to wear just shoes and my coat and it was quite cold walking around outside. Jon bought me 3 sweaters that all went down to just cover my bum. One was very tight, but the other 2 were a lot looser and thicker. One was a ‘V’ neck and when I bent over in front of a mirror I could see my tits and all down the front of my body. As you probably guessed, Jon had me try each one on (and a lot more that we didn’t buy) and then come out of the changing rooms to show him what they looked like. He even had me bending over in them which gave one or two people a good look at my bare ass.

There was only one other ‘interesting’ incident. When I was in the changing rooms in one shop I had just taken my coat off and was standing there naked taking the sweater off its hanger when the curtain opened and a young woman shop assistant said, “Oops sorry, I didn’t think that there was anyone in here.” Her eyes were looking me up and down as she continued, “Is everything alright in here?” When I said, “Yes, thank you,” she said, “Yes, I can see it is; if you need any help please let me know.” She stood there for what seemed like a full minute staring at my pussy before backing out and closing the curtain.

Jon also bought me 3 pairs of black Lycra tights to wear with the sweaters. These took some finding as Jon wanted them to be all the same thickness right up to the waist and thin enough so that they were see-through if you did any more than glance at me. When we got home and I tried them on I felt strange at first, I hadn’t worn trousers, leggings or tights (only stockings) for almost a year. They took a bit of getting used to. Jon told me that they were only to be worn when I was going to be outside in the cold for a long time. The rest of the time it was to be just a dress or sweater, and / or my coat.

Tuesday - Jon took me to the Sales and he bought me a couple of skirts and tops and himself a new suit. Nothing exciting happened in the changing rooms.

Wednesday, Thursday - Jon had to go into work so I didn’t see much of him until Thursday teatime. When I was in the shower on the Wednesday morning I noticed that the holes in labia had now healed completely and the only pain is when the rings are pulled. I asked Jon if he had thought about piercing me elsewhere, like my clit or nipples. He said that he had thought about it quite a lot, but with both my nipples and my clit being so big and hard he didn’t want to interfere with the beauty of them in any way at all. I was pleased that Jon was happy with my nipples and clit, but at the same time I was a little bit disappointed that I wasn’t going to get them pierced. With rings in them I would have been able to pull them easier and perhaps make them even bigger.

That evening Jon took me to a New Year Eve’s party at the house of one of his friends. I had to wear my short silky dress, the one that hangs out from my chest letting anyone who looks down the front or sides see all my tits. With it Jon had me wear my dog collar. I hadn’t worn it for a while and it felt a bit strange. I got a couple of comments about it but I just ignored them. Jon spent a lot of the time talking to other people and I had a lot of the men talking and dancing with me. As the booze flowed some of the men got a bit more adventurous and kept finding excuses to put their hands on me.

At first I pushed their hands off but as I pushed one hand off I saw Jon looking at me and shaking his head. He wanted me to let them grope me, so I did. It didn’t take them long to realise what they could get away with. Most of them were a quick chat and grope then back to their wives or girlfriends, but a couple of the un-attached men kept coming back to me. For some strange reason one of them kept dropping things on the floor and asking me to pick them up for him. I wasn’t sure if he was trying to look down my front or give his mate behind me a good look at my ass. Whatever, I was starting to enjoy it. One of them tried to talk me into going upstairs with him but I knew that Jon would not be happy with that so I told him that ‘having a grope downstairs was one thing, but going upstairs for a fuck was out of the question’. He seemed a little surprised by my words but within seconds his hand moved from my bum outside my dress to my pussy under my dress. His eyes lit up for a second when he realised that I didn’t have any knickers on and he smiled when he found my wet pussy.

As the night wore on and people got a little ‘happier’, someone suggested some party games. The men seemed to take that as drinking games. One or two of the women joined in, but eventually one of the women suggested a game of Twister. When she said that it had nothing to do with drinking I said that I would join in. Little did I realise what was involved and it wasn’t long before bodies were twisted into all sorts of weird positions. You can just imagine what I was showing wearing only that dress. At times there were faces right in front of my chest and even between my legs (both men and women). One time when we all collapsed a hand was playing with my clit and a finger went in my hole for a few seconds. The thing was, I couldn’t see who they were attached to.

This game went on for ages and I seemed to be the only one that played in each session. I enjoyed it, it was a good laugh and I got a thrill out of knowing that so many people were looking at my naked bits. No one said anything, maybe that was because just about everyone there had had enough to drink to make them relax.

Friday - I woke up at lunchtime in Jon’s bed. I don’t remember the last part of the party, or coming home. The dampness of my pussy told me that Jon had fucked me, but I can’t remember any of it. Jon was still asleep when I got up and we spent the rest of the day getting over our hangovers.

# Saturday January 2 and Sunday January 3

Another quiet day, nothing of any interest happened all weekend.

# Week commencing January 4

A very quiet week, the weather was typical British weather - cold, wet and windy. I went shopping, but had to wear a jumper as well as my coat. I didn’t see anyone that I knew and wasn’t really bothered. I couldn’t seem to find the enthusiasm.

# Saturday January 9

The central heating wasn’t working when we got up and I had to wear some clothes to keep warm. It was the first time that I had worn clothes in the house (apart from when getting ready to go out, or just having come home) for months and it felt a bit strange at first. Jon tried to get someone to come and look at it, but no one would come until the Monday morning. Jon took me to a pub for a meal that night, and it was good to get warm, but nothing exciting happened.

# Sunday January 10

Another cold day - quite boring really.

# Week commencing January 11

Monday - A heating engineer arrived mid-morning and didn’t take long to fix the heating. I had been wearing just one on my big woolly jumpers and when I had take him upstairs to show him where the hot water tank was he followed me up the stairs. Just as we got near the top he said ‘It doesn’t feel that cold to me, in fact I’m quite warm at the moment.’ I presumed that he was looking at my bare ass sticking out of the bottom of the sweater. In a way I was looking for other ways of flashing him my body, but no opportunities came up and it wasn’t long before he was gone.

Tuesday - Jon came home in a foul mood and found a nothing excuse to tan my backside. By the time he had finished I was in tears and close to cumming, but he just left it at that. I had to finish the job myself when I went to bed.

Thursday - Aerobics started again and I had been looking forward to seeing Jenny again. I was disappointed when it was another woman who was taking the class. She was a lot older and seemed a bit aloof. When I asked her where Jenny was she just said that she had taken over the class and Jenny wouldn’t be back. Her facial expression told me that she didn’t approve of what I was wearing - only my white ‘T’ back leotard. A couple of times I spotted one of the men staring at me but things just weren’t the same. I decided not to go back the next week.

# Friday April 23 - no, there’s nothing missing

Jon surprised me when I got up. He told me that since I had now worked for him for a full year we were going to celebrate by having a long weekend in London. I packed our bags and we caught a mid-morning train to London. It was quite quiet on the train and Jon took me to a carriage that was empty. Jon told me that we were going to have a great time and that there would be lots for me to write about in this journal. It was then that I thought that I had better admit that I hadn’t been keeping the journal up to date. Jon was not happy and I had to stand up, take my dress off and bend over the table while he gave me 100 strokes with his hand. He said that that was just for starters, and that there would be more later.

Fortunately (or unfortunately) no one came into the carriage before Jon told me to put my dress back on. But I was thinking about what they would think if someone had of come in and seen me naked, bent over a table in a moving train, getting my ass whipped. As I was thinking about it I could feel my juices starting to wet my pussy.

When we got to London we had to go to the centre on the underground. Some of the escalators in the underground are quite steep and long and with Jon being in front of me I’m sure that a few people were getting a good look at my bare arse. On one of them I looked round a couple of times and the first time I saw a young(ish) man a couple of steps behind me. When I looked round again he was a couple more steps behind me and staring right at my ass. I smiled to myself and opened my legs so that he could see more of my pussy and just for good measure I bent forward slightly. I was enjoying riding on the London underground.

In the hotel we were given a nice big room. Jon immediately opened the net curtains and I could see across the street into a busy office. Before I could do anything else Jon told me to take my dress of, stand in front of the window and let him know when someone started staring at me. It wasn’t long before first one man then a whole group of men and women were looking across the street at me. When I told Jon he told me to turn round and bend over the chair that he placed behind me. I then had to open my legs wide while he gave me 10 strokes with the tawse. I hadn’t packed it so Jon must have put it in the bags afterwards. After 5 Jon told me to stand up and look at my audience across the street. A couple of them started clapping their hands as they saw me looking at them. After the second 5 I had to stand facing them with my feet about 2 feet apart for a full 5 minutes before Jon told me to get cleaned up and put a dress on. As I moved away from the window I gave my audience a little wave.

Jon took me out for some food and then onto the underground where we rode right round the circle line getting on and off and going up the escalators then back down again. Jon told me to pretend that I wasn’t with him and to see how many people I could flash. Each time I got onto the trains I sat opposite a ‘candidate’ and left my knees open. Under Jon’s instructions I last crossed my legs when I started working for him but on the trains I wanted to make it easy for my ‘victim’ to get a good look at my pussy. With a dress that only just covers my ass when I’m stood up, sitting down with my knees a good few inches apart makes it easy for someone sitting opposite to get a real good look at my pussy and sometimes even the rings in my pussy lips.

Sitting down was a bit painful at first but my backside soon got used to the pain. I lost count of the number of people who looked at my pussy. I remember that it was mainly the men and young women who stared at it. The older women and some of the older men seemed to be a bit embarrassed about it.

As time went on more and more people used the trains. As the schools were throwing out I got lots of interest from teenage boys and I’m sure that a couple of them followed me up and down the escalators and trains for a while. My pussy was getting wetter and wetter and the tingling was getting stronger and stronger.

Round about 4 pm it got to the stage where there was only standing room and Jon told me to stand near the doors. I was beginning to think that the afternoon’s fun was over because I hadn’t been able to flash anyone for about 10 minutes when we got onto another train that was very crowded. I was squashed in the middle of a group of men in suits when I felt a hand on the top of my thigh. There was no way that I could have moved if even if I’d wanted to.

After a couple of seconds the hand moved round to my bum and then slowly between my cheeks to my pussy. I bet the man thought he was in heaven when he realised that I didn’t have any knickers on. I bet he had a right hard-on as he slipped a finger into my pussy. He had just started moving his finger in and out as the train stopped in a station. I looked at Jon to see if we were getting out and a quick shake of his head told me to stay put. The man’s hand disappeared as people started moving and I looked round to see if I could work out which of the men had been fingering me. I didn’t know whether to look for a guilty face or bulging trousers.

Before I could work out who it was, the compartment got even more crowded and the train moved off. Within seconds the hand was back. This time it didn’t waste any time and went straight into my pussy - from the front. The force and speed made me gasp a little before I opened my legs a bit to make it better for both of us. As the train got to the next station I was just starting to cum and had gone over the edge as people started to get out. I looked over to Jon who told me that we were getting off. As we were doing so I looked round and saw a man with a big smile on his face and a shiny finger in front of his nose.

This time Jon took me out of the station. We were in a place called Kentish Town and Jon took me along the road to a place called Rios. As we were getting close Jon told me to ignore him once we got inside and to take my lead by looking at him. When I asked him what the place was he just said, “Wait and see.” After paying the money and being given a towel each we went through a door into a grotty looking changing room where there were 2 fat middle-aged men there getting dressed and talking. As I walked in they stopped talking and looked at each other then back to me. Jon started getting undressed, putting his clothes into a locker so I did the same. You should have seen the 2 men’s faces as I just whipped my dress over my head leaving them staring at my naked body. I just stood there facing them as I folded my dress and put it in Jon’s locker. Jon locked the locker and walked out so I smiled at the men and followed Jon.

From the changing room we went into a big room that had lots of sun-loungers, a TV and a bar at one end. There were a few men lying on the beds watching TV or reading. They all had only towels on. In the bar were more men (again with only towels round their waists), one middle-aged woman with a towel round her (top as well) and 2 women behind the bar. They were in their twenties and one was wearing just a sarong round her waist and the other a towel round her waist. Both had huge breasts. We went through that room to a room that had a seating area, 2 bigish Jacuzzis and a Sauna. I decided to get into one of them and Jon went into the sauna.

While I was relaxing in the warm bubbly water I noticed that the place must have had about 30 men and no more than 4 or 5 women in there. The most that any of the women were showing (except me) was their breasts and they were all a lot bigger than mine. Just about all of the men kept their towels wrapped round themselves apart from when they got into some water. Some of the men that did walk around in the nude had dicks so small that it was hard to see them through their pubic hair. And the size of some of the beer-guts!!!!

The warm water was very soothing on my backside that still hurt a bit. I wondered if I still had any red marks on it and if I did, what anyone who noticed them would think.

After a few minutes I decided to get out and go for a walk round to see what else there was there. There was a small swimming pool, a very large Jacuzzi, a small workout room, another sauna, a steam room, showers and you could get outside to where there were a few sun-loungers. As I was walking round most of the men had a good stare at me. I decided that I would go and sit at one of the tables and read one of the newspapers that were lying around.

I positioned myself so that my back was to a wall and I was facing the main seating area. With my knees open about a foot I lounged back in the chair and started reading. I held the paper so that my face was partially covered so that people would think that I couldn’t see them if they looked at me. It wasn’t long before a man came and sat in a position that would give him a good view. I kept glancing up and shuffling in the chair knowing that I was sliding further down the chair and my legs were getting wider apart. One time when I looked up I saw Jon walking past with a big grin on his face. He was obviously pleased with my ‘performance’. After a while I got up and walked past the man. He stared straight at me and made no attempt to hide the ‘tent’ that he was making under his towel.

From there I went into one of the saunas. It was empty when I went in so I lay down with my feet facing the door and my legs apart. It wasn’t long before a different man came in. He’d left his towel outside and was as naked as me. No, that’s not true; I had my 2 little gold rings in my pussy lips. He sat at the end of the bench looking towards me. I pretended to be dozing with my eyes shut and ignored him. After a few minutes I scratched the inside of my thigh as if I had an itch there. When I stopped scratching I left my hand there and ‘toyed’ with one of my rings pretending that I didn’t realise what I was doing. What I was doing was pulling my pussy lips open a bit more and flicking my clit a bit. Each time I touched my clit I pulled my stomach in a bit as if it was having some effect on me. That bit wasn’t pretending, it was getting me excited. When I squinted out of my closed eyes I saw the man staring directly at my pussy. He was playing with his erect dick.

I just love it when a man gets a hard-on watching me; it gets me more excited and makes me want to do more. It gives me a feeling of power over those men. I closed my eyes tighter and smiled to myself. If I wasn’t careful I was going to cum just lying there thinking about the effect I was having on him. A couple of minutes later I felt something touch one of my feet and heard a little grunt. I ignored it until a minute later when another man came in. I looked up and saw the first man with his hands on his lap. He was obviously trying to cover his hard-on. I looked down at my feet and saw some white creamy liquid on one foot. The bugger had shot his load towards me.

The second man sat on the opposite bench meaning that he was looking at my side. He was in his thirties, slim, with a big bush of black pubic hair and a reasonable sized dick (soft) resting on his leg. A couple of minutes later the door opened again and 3 more men came in and the first man went out. He still had a semi hard-on that was bouncing about as he left. There wasn’t that much room in there by then so I sat up and swung my legs onto the floor. I was now directly opposite the second man that had come in. The 3 newcomers had towels round their waists and were talking to each other about some business deal or other. I was feeling quite randy and brave and decided to see what effect I could have on the second man. I shuffled back on the bench and brought my feet up onto the bench so that my knees were under my chin. I then put my arms round my open knees and held one wrist with the other hand. My slightly open bald pussy was staring straight back at the second man. My head was bent forward and I was looking at the floor, but if I moved my eyes up I could see right up to his face.

The sight of my pussy with my big hard clit and little gold rings was beginning to have an effect on him and I could see his dick start to harden and rise up. I guess that he didn’t want the 3 men to see his dick so he put his feet on the bench in the same way that I was sitting. This meant that his dick was pointing to the ceiling between his thighs; the 3 men would not be able to see unless they walked between us.

We were sat there for what seemed like ages, each of us staring at the others genitals. His dick was quite big and circumcised like Jon’s. He was using the muscles in his dick to jerk it a bit. I was getting VERY randy and he must have been able to see the juices seeping out of my hole. If that had been Jon I would have been begging him to fuck me. The sort of trance between us was broken as the 3 men got up and left. I’m sure the man was going to say something but just as his mouth started to open the door opened and Jon walked in. He was still naked (as I would expect) and he sat along the bench from the other man. We had ignored each other but after a minute or so Jon said to me, “You look like you’re ready for a bit of fun, can I fuck you?” The other man’s eyes opened wide, I don’t think he believed what he heard. His eyes went wider when I replied, “Yes please, I didn’t think that anyone was going to ask me.” I bet the other man was really kicking himself.

Jon stood up and walked in-between me and the man. He stood facing me and I grabbed his dick. Within seconds it was hard enough to enter me and I put it at the entrance. Fortunately the bench was at a height where Jon could easily fuck me and he went in and out for about a minute before we both came. In a way I was surprised that I didn’t cum before Jon, I was very close to it before he came in. Jon pulled out and sat down beside me, his wet dick starting to go down. When it was soft he stood up, said, “thanks love” and walked out. The other man’s face was a picture. I don’t know if he believed what he had just seen. Before he had time to compose himself I got up and went out and had a shower.

Jon was still in the shower when I got there. He smiled at me then said, “Enjoy that did you? Meet me in the workout room in 10 minutes.” As I walked out of the shower I saw Jon sat reading a newspaper with his still semi erect dick lying on his legs. I went for a swim before going to the workout room when Jon walked through the pool area to get there. To start off with we were the only us 2 in there. There are only a handful of machines in there but enough to get a reasonable workout. Jon told me to try every one of them.

By the time that I got to the jogging machine another couple of men had appeared and I could see them watching me as I bounced up and down as I was jogging. Anyone would have thought that they had never seen a naked girl running on a treadmill before. My little tits were bouncing up and down as best they could. It was more than enough to make my nipples very hard. From the back of the room Jon motioned me to keep going and I was really sweating before his hands told me to stop. All the time the 2 men had hardly had any exercise at all - apart from their eyes and brains.

From there I went and had another shower and then went to the bar. Jon was on a stool at the other end of the bar but he told the girl behind the bar to get me a drink. I took the drink and walked up to him and thanked him loudly in such a way as to imply that we were strangers. We chatted quietly for about 10 minutes. I told him all about the man in the sauna shooting his load at me. Jon asked me to point him out but he wasn’t around. Jon thought it was funny.

From there we went to the sun loungers to watch a bit of TV. Jon told me to lay on one near the walkway with my feet on the floor at either side. Jon then sat at the bottom of the sun lounger with his back to the walkway. This meant that anyone walking passed would have a great view of my bald pussy and rings without Jon being able to see whoever was looking. It also meant that Jon could slip the fingers of his right hand into me when no one was looking. As I lay there looking at the TV and the people at the bar Jon brought me to 2 orgasms. It didn’t take much because I was still worked-up from before. All the time I had to keep a smile on my face and look as if I was talking to Jon. Each time someone walked by I had to tell Jon and he stopped frigging me. It was surprising how many men walked up and down through that room, and even I could smell the aroma of an excited pussy.

While we were in there 3 foreign teenage girls wearing bikinis came in. I say foreign because they were talking in a language that I didn’t understand. They seemed a little surprised when they saw me and Jon. I got the impression that they didn’t know that there would be naked people in there. After a few minutes Jon told me to go and find them and see if I could let them have a good look at my pussy.

I found them in one of the steam rooms and I sat opposite them with my legs apart. Although it was a steam room visibility was quite good and it wasn’t long before one of them started looking at me and then obviously telling her friends to look. They were obviously talking about me and they kept looking at me. I wondered if any of their pussies were getting damp (from the inside out).

When they left they went to the shower then into the big Jacuzzi. There must have been room for 50 people in there, but it wasn’t as hot as the 2 smaller ones. I went and found Jon and told him where they were. Jon told me to go there too and that he would follow me in a bit. I was enjoying the bubbles and trying to float on my back in there when Jon came in. He sat close to me then indicated that he wanted me to go to him. He told me to put a knee on the underwater bench either side of him so that I was facing him. I knew exactly what he was going to do and when his dick got hard enough he pulled me down onto him. He told me to lay back and continue my floating lessons, and he held one of his hands under my back so that my breasts were just out of the water. The 3 girls were all watching us, so was an old man that was in the other end of the Jacuzzi. Jon was bouncing me up and down and kept massaging one breast and nipple with his spare hand.

It wasn’t long before I felt Jon shoot his load into me and he lifted me off him. I hadn’t cum, but there again I’d had my share of orgasms that day. Jon moved away from me and ignored me. I’m not sure if the girls realised that Jon was with me or that they thought that he had just picked me up for a quick fuck. Whatever! When Jon got out I left it for about 5 minutes before going looking for him. I found him in the seating area and he told me that we were leaving. There was another man in the changing room and he watched my every move as I towelled myself dry then put just a dress on. Out on the street it was dark and we went back to the underground and caught a tube back to the hotel. The underground was relatively quiet and I didn’t get the opportunity to flash anyone.

Back in the hotel room Jon was a bit disappointed to see that the offices over the street were empty. We showered and changed and Jon took me out for a drink and a meal. He told me to wear the remote vibe, my black pencil dress and nothing else apart from shoes. We walked to a quiet little restaurant that had a little bar for people waiting for tables. Jon started with the remote vibe almost as soon as we got inside the place (London is so much warmer than the midlands).

Just as I was about to tell the waiter what I wanted to drink Jon switched it on. Although I should have guessed, it caught me by surprise and I gasped just as I was about open my mouth. The waiter gave me a funny look as he stood there waiting for me. All during the meal Jon played his usual tricks with the on / off switch and his timing and brought me so close to an orgasm whenever a waiter was stood in front of me. As usual when I sat down with the remote vibe in (and most other times as well) I make sure that my dress is not between my butt and the seat. I like to leave my pussy juices on the seat, not on my dress. That means that if I don’t strategically place a napkin my bald pubic area is visible to anyone who can look at my lap.

Before we ordered our desserts Jon told me to place my napkin on the table and leave it there until my dessert was arrived. The waiters face was wonderful when he realises that he was looking at. He hung around for as long as he could and just to let him know that he was looking I smiled at him and opened my legs a bit. The poor man was going bright red and there was a definite bulge in the front of his trousers. All this time I was finding it hard to concentrate as Jon was getting me so close to cumming. Unfortunately Jon obviously didn’t want me to cum and he knows me well enough to know when to switch the vibe off. It was only going up in the lift back to our room that he finally took me over the edge. The old couple in the lift must have thought that I was ill or something as I held my stomach and gasped when I came. When we got out of the lift Jon told me to take my dress off and I walked naked back to our room. No one saw us.

# Saturday April 24

When I woke-up the sun was shining in through the window. Jon was awake and when he realised that I was awake he told me to go and open the window and let some fresh air in. The window hadn’t been opened very often and it took me ages to get it to open just a little bit. As I was struggling I noticed that there some people in the offices opposite and what’s more, they’d noticed me. Two or three men and women were watching a naked me. I told Jon and he just said ‘take your time and get it wide open.’ I’m still not sure if he meant the window or me. Anyway after about 5 minutes I gave up, waved at them and went for a shower.

When I came out of the bathroom I got a bit of a surprise, Jon had called room service and a young girl was just unloading a trolley. She stopped and stared at my naked body as I just stood in front of her. It was only when Jon said, “haven’t you seen a naked woman before” that she said, “Sorry sir” and continued. As she was leaving she looked back at me a couple of times. We slowly ate breakfast with Jon deciding what we were going to do that day. Jon wanted some more hot tea, I said that I would make some using the kettle in the room but Jon told me to ring room service. When it came Jon told me to open the door. It was a young man who took his time looking at me. As he was going out of the door I heard a girl’s voice say “was she still in the nuddie then?” I didn’t close the door for a couple of seconds and I heard her say “what did you think of the rings then?”

Jon took me shopping down Oxford Street in the morning and he bought me a couple of dresses. One was a tight light blue, soft knitted one that really hugged my shape. The shape of my nipples was really visible. The other one was in 2 parts joined at the top. The outer part is made of a dark see-through net material while the inner slip is flesh coloured. Jon told me that I have to put a lot of large neat holes in that part and shorten it so that it only just covers my bum and pussy when I stand still.

All the shops and the street were absolutely crowded; I’ve never seen so many people out shopping before. After a couple of hours or so we went to a Burger King before Jon took me to a quieter part of town, to some smaller shops. To get there we had to use the underground. That was crowded as well and there were hundreds of youths going to a football match. We had to stand on the train and were surrounded by all these noisy youths singing and shouting. I was sandwiched between 2 of them and it was only a couple of seconds after the doors closed that I felt 2 hands groping me. One youth was probing at my pussy and the other was running his hand up and down my bum. I was expecting that hand to go down towards my pussy and I was wondering what would happen when the 2 hands met. It never happened as the youths all got off at the next station leaving me with a wet pussy.

I don’t know where it was that Jon took me, but there were some unusual shops there. One sold leather and rubber clothes and had some items like wrist and ankle restraints. There was even a long leather whip fastened to the wall. The staff were a man and a woman, both wearing leathers, the woman wore a leather dog collar round her neck that looked exactly like mine. Jon asked if they had any more bondage equipment that we could look at but the woman said that she was sorry, but all their other items were only sold by mail order. She gave Jon a catalogue.

The next shop we went in was a dress shop. They had lots of clothes with not much to them. As soon as I realised that I knew that Jon would want me to try a lot of them on. We were lucky as well; the changing rooms were 3 cubicles in a row in a separate room at the back of the shop. There was a largish area in front of the cubicles with a long mirror and a couple of chairs for the men to use while they waited for their wives or girlfriends to get changed. Jon selected a couple of dresses, I chose a skirt and top and we went into the changing area. As we were walking towards them Jon told me to only half close the curtain and to make sure that I gave the man that was sat on one of the chairs a good show.

I did as I was told and Jon sat next to the man. I hung up the clothes that I was going to try on and then with my back to the half open curtain I bent down, grabbed the hem of my dress and slowly lifted it right over my head. I was looking in the mirror in front of me and I could see the man and Jon’s faces as my totally naked back came into view. The surprise on the man’s face was great as he realised that I wasn’t wearing anything under my dress. It was then that I realised that if I could see him in the mirror in front of me then he could probably see my front in the mirror.

I turned to the hangers and hung-up my dress before starting to unfasten a dress that Jon had selected. It was going to be a tight fit getting into it so I had to undo the zip all the way down. As I stepped into it I turned to face Jon and the man. Jon smiled so I smiled back which caused the man to smile at me. The dress was tight and short, it had holes all over it, and some were big enough for a hand to squeeze in. On bigish one was just below my left breast and the bottom of my breast was clearly visible. Another bigish one was on my stomach showing that I wasn’t wearing any knickers.

Jon told me to come out of the cubicle and let him get a closer look at me. He’d got up and was talking to me in front of the mirror when the man’s partner came out of her cubicle. She was wearing a dress that was nearly as short as the one I had on and it looked nice, but it wasn’t as revealing as mine. The man got up to talk to her and I saw that he had a big bulge in the front of his trousers. I think that the woman must have seen it too because she giggled a bit and said, “What have you been thinking about?” He didn’t answer the question but commented on how nice she looked.

Jon squeezed his hand into the hole on my stomach and said (loudly), “these holes are big enough to get my hand in, look.” Not only did I look at what he was doing (holding my pubic bone with one finger in-between the lips of my pussy) in the mirror, but the man and woman looked as well. I jokingly said, “get off” and pulled back a bit. This caused the dress to ride up a bit and I could see Jon’s hand covering my pussy in the mirror. As he pulled his hand out my whole pussy was clearly visible in the mirror. I tried to see if the couple were still looking but Jon was in the way.

Jon told me to go and try the other dress on so I went back into my cubicle and took the dress off. From where I was I couldn’t see the couple but it wasn’t long before the man worked his way back so that he could see me. He was talking to his woman while looking over to me. I was stood there naked watching him and Jon as I fiddled with the zip on the first dress, then the one I was going to put on. The zip was only in the top of the skirt part, there was only a very low cut front to the top part and the skirt was flared out. The whole thing was made out of very light material and not a lot of it either. Just as I was zipping up the skirt I heard the woman say “what are you looking at?” and her face came into view. I walked out to Jon and he said, “Nice, very nice.” I had to agree when I looked into the big mirror, it did look nice and it was made of a materiel that felt good as well.

As I was looking in the mirror Jon said, “Bend over a bit.” As I did the front of the dress fell forward and I could see my breasts in the mirror. I turned round and did the same again. This time I looked down first to see my breasts again, and then I looked beside and behind me into the mirror. I could see all my backside and pussy in between. The woman had gone back into her cubicle but the man was staring at me. I smiled back at him and said, “Nice isn’t it!” “It certainly is” he replied.

I stood up again and Jon gently grabbed the 2 front parts of the top and pulled them away from me. The whole top was so lose fitting that the gap seemed big enough for someone to drive a bus through. Jon said that he really liked that one and told me to go and try the skirt and top on. Within seconds I was in the cubicle and had unzipped and dropped the dress. I was putting it back on the hanger (facing Jon and the man) when first his woman came out, saw me and said, “now I understand”; then as they both walked away 2 girls in their late teens walked in. One of them saw me - naked and full frontal, then look at Jon and then said, “I hope we’re not interrupting anything.” Jon said, “No, carry on ladies.”

The skirt that I had brought in was very low fitting; it only just covered my hips and relied on them to keep it up. When I zipped it up round my waist I just let it go and it settled nicely round my hips. When I pulled it up to my waist again all my backside and pussy were on view until I let go of it again. I thought that that was quite good and went to show Jon. I was still pulling it up and letting go when one of the girls came out of her cubicle. There I was, topless and flashing my bum and puss to Jon. The girl stopped and looked at me for a second then went to look at herself in the big mirror. Just as Jon told me to go and put the top on the other girl came out. She looked at me as well before turning to her mate.

The dresses that the girls had on were quite nice but one of them was way too small and her knickers were really showing through. As I was putting the little top on I heard one girl say “you won’t be able to wear any knickers with that.” The reply was “nothing new there then!” When I got back out the girl with the showing knickers was really showing them, they were in her hand. “That looks better” the second girl said. There was no way that there was time for her to go into her cubicle and take them off so she must have taken them off out in the open in front of Jon. I guess that she must have thought that if I was naked out there, then her slipping her knickers of was nothing to worry about. Quite right too.

Jon wasn’t happy with the skirt and top and told me to put the backless dress on again. He also told me to get it and change out there. Just as I was stepping into it another man and woman came into the area. I watched the man’s face and trousers as they stood and watched us for a few seconds before the woman said, “I think we’ll come back later.” As she virtually pulled the man out of there I could see that the sight of my naked body was having the expected effect on him. I was starting to get a bit excited as well and I could feel that familiar dampness in my pussy. I put the dress back on and whilst I was doing a couple of twirls for Jon I noticed that the girl who hadn’t taken her knickers off had changed into another dress. It was a lot shorter and as she stood in front of the mirror I could see that she had now taken her knickers off as I could see some of her black pussy hairs as she leaned slightly forward. Jon had seen as well.

Jon told me to get back into my clothes (I was only wearing one of my big woolly jumpers) and he bought me the backless dress. Time was getting on and we went back to the Hotel where Jon gave me another instalment of punishment for not keeping this journal up to date. My backside hurt quite a bit after the 20 strokes of the tawse. I managed to avoid crying but some liquid did come out of my body - my pussy. I couldn’t stop thinking about being groped on the underground that morning.

That evening Jon took me to the theatre. Jon really enjoyed it but I wasn’t that impressed. I wore my new backless dress and I’m sure that a lot of people got a good look at my ‘interesting’ bits as I squeezed along the aisles to get to my seat. During the interval we went to the bar for a drink, there were quite a number of other women all dressed up bit I think that my dress was the most revealing.

We had to go to the theatre on the underground and after the show and a nice meal we headed back to the hotel the same way we went. It was late and the trains weren’t very busy which gave Jon an idea. We were on the central line and Jon stopped me when I stood up to get off at our station. He waited until our carriage was empty then got me to kneel either side of him, facing him. As I was getting on him he got his dick out and lowered me onto it. We went through 2 stations like that before a young woman got into our carriage. Jon was holding me steady and to all intent and purpose we were just kissing. The woman sat at the other end of the carriage but I could see her looking at us and it wasn’t long before I was going up and down on Jon again. We both came just as the train arrived at the next station and at that time I wouldn’t have cared if half of London had got on the train.

No one got on and Jon lifted me off as we moved out of the station. Jon wasn’t finished with me and I had to bend over and lick his dick clean before he told me to sit down. When I did I realised that the woman was still looking and must have been able to see all my backside and pussy as I licked Jon. As I sat opposite Jon while the train was going round the circle and back to our station I could feel all my (and Jon’s) juices leaking out of me and onto the seat. It was then that I noticed a sign saying that the trains were monitored by closed circuit television. I smiled as I wondered if anyone had been watching us on a TV somewhere.

# Sunday April 25

I woke up early and found that Jon was already up. It was 7 o’clock when Jon told me to put on the hotel robe and follow him down to the hotel leisure centre which consisted of a little swimming pool, a Jacuzzi and a couple of workout machines in a separate room. I was wondering what we were going to do about swimming costumes but when we got there, there was no one else there I asked Jon about it and he said that the place was unmanned but monitored by a couple of CCTV cameras. He said that as long as we were quick we would probably get away with a naked swim. Jon took me into the gents changing rooms where we left our robes and quickly went out and jumped into the pool. After about 10 minutes of going up and down Jon got out and told me that we were getting into the Jacuzzi. It was lovely and warm and I nearly dozed off.

A while later a group of Japanese teenagers came in and went into the changing rooms. I was wondering what Jon would do, but he said nothing. When the Japs came out most of them went into the pool but one girl came into the Jacuzzi. Shortly afterwards Jon pulled me onto his lap and started kissing me. The only problem was that I was higher up and my tits were out of the bubbles. Jon gave my right nipple a quick tweak which made them stand to attention. I glanced over to the girl and saw that she was watching us. As I looked back a Jon I saw that he had seen her as well. I think the exhibitionist bit in Jon came out because I could feel his dick getting hard. He lifted me onto his dick and started playing with one of my tits while he continued to kiss me. Jon was lifting me up and down a bit and the girl must have known what we were doing.

After a while Jon came and we just sat there as I felt his dick start to go soft. Before it slipped out on its own Jon said, “come on, let’s go” and lifted me up. When we were stood up I saw that Jon’s dick was still a bit hard. He was right in front of the Jap girl with his dick about a foot from her face. She was staring right at it. As we walked to the changing rooms I noticed that all the other Japs had stopped swimming and were looking at us. We grabbed a couple of towels from the pile at the entrance to the changing rooms and went into the gents. As we were drying ourselves a middle-aged man came in and looked a bit shocked when he saw a naked woman in there. It didn’t stop him looking at me though. We put our robes on but didn’t tie the belts and walked out with them hanging open. Two of the Jap boys were at the end of the pool as we passed and they stared at us as we walked out.

We didn’t see anyone as we walked to the lift but when the doors shut us in it Jon told me to give him my robe and I had to walk back to our room naked. Two people saw me, one was an old man who was busy reading a newspaper as he walked and although he looked up to say “good morning” he went straight back to his paper as if it was normal for him to meet naked women in hotel corridors. The other person we saw was a young waiter delivering some breakfast to someone. He was wide awake and stopped and really stared at me as we walked by. I smiled at him and said, “good morning” to him, but he didn’t say anything.

Jon decided that we would go to the restaurant for breakfast and I wore the new tight, light blue dress. It really hugs my body and as I walk along I can feel the air coming through the thin, knitted material onto my skin. Breakfast was uneventful and Jon took me back to our room then to an arcade that he had seen where there were a couple of shops that he wanted to go in.

Just before we left our room Jon told me to bend over and I was a little surprised to feel the remote vibe being pushed into my pussy. It didn’t hurt; my pussy seems to be permanently damp and ready for action these days. Jon waited until we were on the underground before he gave me a couple of bursts on the vibe. With all the people wandering around I had forgotten about the vibe until it made me jump in my seat.

There were quite a few shops in the arcade and when I was getting a bit bored in the second shop that Jon took me into, he told me to go for a wander on my own and to meet him at the entrance in half an hour. I went into a couple of shops and then wandered around the rest of the place. As I passed a toyshop the vibe made me jump. It was on full throttle. I looked round for Jon but couldn’t see him. The vibe was really doing what it was designed for, but very quickly. I managed to walk to the side of the walkway and lean on the wall but I was coming to an orgasm quickly. I was shaking as I came first once, twice, three times, then a fourth time, all closely together. How I managed to stay on my feet I don’t know. I could see people staring at me as the whole of my body trembled and one oldish woman asked me if I was all right. I just managed to say that I was and thanked her for her concern. I was desperately looking round for Jon and I think I had cum for the fifth time when I saw Jon walking towards me.

“Please turn it off Master” I pleaded with him but he just looked blankly at me as if he hadn’t a clue what I was talking about. “The vibe Master” I said. He got the remote control out of his pocket and pressed the buttons but it didn’t make any difference.

Looking back we must have looked a right sight with me shaking and fighting to stay on my feet and Jon stood a couple of feet in front of me pointing something at my pussy and saying “it isn’t working.” Eventually Jon realised what was happening and picked me up and carried me out onto the street.

As I was slowly coming back to normal Jon told me that he thought the problem was the toyshop. He’s seen a kid playing with a remote controlled car and it must have been on the same frequency. When I say back to normal it wasn’t normal, I was covered in sweat, knackered and my pussy juices were right down to my knees. Jon had to help me walk back to the underground and then the hotel. I had a shower and lay on the bed for half an hour before I felt able to get ready to come home.

The train journey home was uneventful apart from a lad of about 13 taking an interest in my legs. As I never cross my legs these days (Jon won’t let me), the lad might even have been able to see my pussy the way he kept getting down onto the train floor with his little brother’s toy cars.

Shortly after we got home, Jon gave me the main part of my punishment for not keeping this journal up to date. As usual, as soon as I had got into the house I had stripped off, and no sooner than I had taken my dress off than Jon told me to go to the toilet then go and lay face down on the punishment bed.

I had been there for about 10 minutes wondering what Jon was going to do to me when he came in and told me to move the pillows to under my stomach. He then restrained my wrists and ankles to the corner posts and then put a blindfold on me. Somehow I just knew that he was going to cane me and I could feel that nervousness of knowing that I was going to get some pain and pleasure. My pussy was getting damp in anticipation. I didn’t have to wait long before I heard that ‘whoosh’ then felt the pain. Automatically I said, “One - thank you Master.” By the time I had said, “Five - thank you Master,” the tears were starting to swell in my eyes. Jon was really going to hurt me. As the tenth stroke landed I let out a little scream. They were really hurting.

There was a pause after the tenth stroke and I heard Jon moving. The next think I knew Jon’s hands were at my pussy. My lips were already swollen and slightly open as the pain was causing me pleasure but Jon opened them more and it wasn’t long before I realised that he was tying my lips open as wide as they would go using string through my little rings and then round my thighs. Suddenly I realised that my open pussy was Jon’s next target. Number eleven landed right down the crack in my ass and pussy. I screamed out loud before saying, “Eleven - thank you Master.” By fifteen my whole pussy was throbbing with pain and pleasure. It was number 19 that took me over the edge and I was sweating something rotten as I uncontrollably shook violently. I never did manage to say, “Nineteen - thank you Master.” I was starting to get control of myself again when number 20 landed. Thankfully that was the last one but I didn’t feel that much. My whole backside and pussy were numb. Before Jon left me he got the big double-ended dildo and pushed it into me as far as it would go. Within minutes I was asleep.

# Week commencing April 26

I woke up with a start and a feeling of emptiness to discover that Jon was just pulling the dildo out of me. As he released me he asked me if I was okay then told me to take it slowly when I decided to get up. He went off to work as the pain started as I moved my legs. When I made it to the bathroom I saw that my backside had lots of deep red wheals all over it. I jumped when I touched my open pussy and had to untie my pussy lips very slowly. I don’t know why but I just had to play with my swollen, tender clit and bring myself off again. I took it very easy that day and the next few. In fact it was the Friday before I felt well enough to go to the supermarket.

# Saturday May 1

A quiet weekend really. Jon spotted an advert in the paper for a ‘Bar person’, and when we went into town we went to the pub and Jon got us a drink while I asked for the manager. The job was for Friday and Saturday evening. He asked me if I normally dressed like I was (short dress) for work. When I said I did he said, “Good, I like to cater for the younger drinkers on a weekend evening and young attractive women wearing not a lot tends to keep the place crowded.” He asked me if I could start the next Friday and I said that I could and hoped that Jon would agree. He did.

Stayed at home for the rest of the day and went to bed early.

# Sunday May 2

Jon got up very early to watch some motor racing and then spent the rest of the morning reading the papers. The only exciting part of the day was when he came up behind me as I washed the dishes and fucked me.

# Week commencing May 3

It was a Bank Holiday on the Monday but we didn’t go anywhere, or do anything exciting. On the Tuesday I got a card from the doctors asking me to go for a smear test on the Friday. When I got there the receptionist said that the nurse wasn’t available and that the doctor would be taking it.

When my turn came I went in and saw that it was the short balding doctor that has a bit of an attitude problem. There were 2 other people in with him, one man and one woman, both about my age. The doctor explained that they were students getting work experience and asked if I minded if they took the sample. When I said, “okay” he continued to tell me that as it was a long time since I had had a thorough examination then he would give me one before they took the sample.

He asked me to take my skirt and pants off and lay on the bed. He obviously hadn’t been paying me much attention as I was wearing a dress and only a dress and the 2 students watched as I grabbed the hem of my short dress and pulled it over my head leaving me completely naked. The doctor looked a little surprised when he turned round and saw me naked. In case he was going to say something I said, “I don’t wear underwear.” “Healthy attitude” he said, “climb on the examination table please.”

As I swung my legs up and layback all 3 of them moved over to me and the 2 students stood at my feet while the doctor stood beside me. “A rectal examination first I think” the doctor said, “Turn over and get on your hands and knees please.” As I was doing so I looked back between my open legs and saw the male student licking his lips. I looked at the doctor who put some latex gloves on then scooped up some cream, presumably to lubricate my ass hole. When he turned to look at me he saw the red lines that were still on my backside and said, “Do these hurt?” and he ran a finger along one of them. As I said, “No” I wondered what I would say if he asked me how I got them, but he didn’t ask. Instead I felt the cold cream and his finger start prodding my ass hole. It all happened so quickly that I gasped and threw my head back. His poking and prodding only lasted seconds but the surprise attack had started my pussy tingling and my pussy involuntarily lubricating.

He pulled his hand out and said, “turn over please, and lift your legs into the stirrups, it’s time for the vaginal examination.” As I did so I saw that the eyes of the 2 students were firmly fixed on my pussy. The male student had a bulge in his trousers. That turned me on a bit more and when the doctor went to get some more lubrication cream for his new pair of gloves the female student said, “I don’t think that you’ll need that doctor.” The doctor turned and looked at my pussy and said, “I think you’re right.” The doctor had a little poke and pull at the rings in my lips and asked me if I had any problems with them. When I said, “No” he just started to push a finger into my hole. He really did poke around in there for what seemed like ages and quite hard too. At the same time he held his left hand on my stomach just above my pubic bone. All this was getting too much for me and I was glad when he pulled his finger out as I could feel an orgasm coming on.

Unfortunately it didn’t stop there and he started prodding and pulling my clit. As he was doing so he said to the students, “Take a good look at this, it’s a perfect example of a large engorged clitoris. The majority of women are not fortunate enough to have one. It can heighten sexual pleasure tremendously.”

I surprised myself a bit as the doctor’s remarks were embarrassing me a bit. Before I started working for Jon I would have died of shame and probably got up and run out, but a year with Jon had made me proud of my body and my sexual feelings. I guess that it was the formal doctor’s examination that had made me embarrassed.

“Right then,” the doctor said, “that’s the examination over with, it wasn’t so bad was it Miss Evans?” Before I could say anything he continued “Now it’s time to get the smear test sample. You take it Miss Johnson.” Miss Johnson moved forward and picked-up this stainless steel object. It looked like a short tube with some scissors handles.

Before I knew what was happening the object was being pushed inside me. The cold metal combined with the excitement of the doctor’s hands and this young woman’s other hand on my stomach was just too much for me. I started to cum right there with the 3 of them looking at me. I was shaking and biting my lip to stop myself from moaning out load. The doctor was very calm but the young man was getting embarrassed by the bulge in his trousers. He was moving his stomach in and out as if trying to hide it.

Right in the middle of me cumming the young woman jumped back and looked shocked. After about a minute she said to the doctor, “What was that?” “What was what?” The doctor replied. “Some fluid just flew out of her vagina.” After a couple of seconds the doctor said, “It’s perfectly normal, though not very common for a woman to have an orgasm when she is being examined by a doctor. It is also perfectly normal, again though not very common for a very sexually active woman with a sensitive vagina to ejaculate in a similar way to a man, although the quantity of liquid is not as great as that of a man. Wait a minute for the patient to compose herself then continue.”

I was embarrassed and as the orgasm subsided I stayed flushed with the embarrassment. The young student quickly opened my vagina with the ‘implement’ and took the sample. Before I knew it the doctor was telling me that I could climb down and get dressed. The male student continued to stare at me as I got down and dressed and I saw the female prod the male student and say “Peter!” to bring him out of his dream.

When I was dressed the doctor thanked me again for letting the students take part and then told me not to worry about what happened. He said that it was ‘quite normal’. On the way home my embarrassment turned to excitement and I had to make myself cum again just as soon as I got in.

That evening was my first day in my new part-time job and I asked Jon what I should wear. He told me to wear my leather skirt and a tight T-shirt that did quite come down to my waist. Jon drove me to the pub and when the manager saw me he said, “Very nice, that should pull the punters in.” It was then that I realised that he was looking at my breasts. I had just come in from the cold and my nipples there looking like thumb ends pushing the thin T-shirt material out. As the other staff arrived I saw that most of them were girls dressed in very little as well. There were a couple of men, both hunks with tight T-shirts showing-off their muscles. It didn’t take me long to get into things and the time just flew by.

The bar was in a long straight line and a couple of times I heard some cheering and looked round. One of the times I saw the skirt of one of the girls was up round her waist letting everyone see her thong knickers. She was pulling it back down and looking a bit embarrassed. I didn’t take any notice until it happened again a bit later with a different girl. I asked the boss, who was next to me what was going on, and he just said, “Oh, it’s nothing, just a problem with a faulty valve on a compressed air tank.” I was a bit puzzled as I thought that pubs used some sort of gas to get the bubbles in the soft drinks, not air. I thought no more about it and it was soon time to go home. Jon had come in just before closing time and he took me home. I was knackered and Jon told me to go straight to bed.

# Saturday May 8

Not much happened during the day and I went to work that evening wearing a tight skirt and tank top. It was a very busy night and I had to cope with a number of half drunk youths trying to chat me up. One time when I went to collect some glasses one of them slid his hand right up the inside of my leg to my pussy. Although I wanted to let him play with my pussy I pulled away from him when he started telling his mates that I didn’t have any knickers on.

Just before closing time I found out more about the ‘faulty valve on the compressed air tank’. It wasn’t faulty; it was designed that way by the manager. Every time he wanted to liven things up a bit he would wait for one of the girls wearing a suitable skirt to be standing in the right place and then open the valve giving anyone who was looking a glimpse of her knickers. When I explained it to Jon later he said it was the ‘Marilyn Monroe effect’ - whatever that meant. Anyway, I’d noticed that one of the girls spent most of the time at that end of the bar and that she was ‘caught’ the most and she was never in a rush to pull her skirt down. I guess that she was a bit of an exhibitionist too. I wondered how long it would be before I got ‘caught’ and let everyone know that I didn’t wear knickers.

# Sunday May 9

It was a boring day, nothing exciting happened.

# Week commencing May 10

Bridie surprised me when she arrived on the Tuesday morning. I hadn’t seen her for months and I was so pleased to see her. She’s quit her job at Tesco which explained why I hadn’t seen her there. She’s now got a job in an office in town but was having a couple of days off. She’s still got the same boyfriend and they appear to be getting on well. She wanted me to be her alibi for going on holiday with her boyfriend. They had already booked it but she had had to tell her mother that she was going with me not her boyfriend and she was half expecting her mother to ring me to check-up on her. I told her that I would cover for her but that it would cost her. When she asked what, I told her that I wanted her upstairs and naked on my bed within 2 minutes.

She didn’t say a word but within 1 second she was gone. I found her coat, shoes, skirt and top on the stairs and on my bedroom floor. When I found her she was laying naked on my bed with a big grin on her face. “No underwear?” I said. “Of course not” she replied. We had a great couple of hours with each other, I got out some of the toys and we really abuse each other’s bodies. She was fascinated by my pussy rings and played with them for ages. I felt really relaxed and fulfilled when she left just before Jon was due to get home. I promised her that next time she came she could have a go on the ‘fucking machine’.

Friday - went to work in a thin flared skirt and top which wasn’t long enough to tuck into my skirt. The manager kept telling me to get things from the end of the bar where the air jet was. I worked-out what he was after and I wasn’t going to disappoint him, but I wasn’t going to make it easy for him. The ‘tease’ in me was going to have some fun. Each time one of the girls got blasted I’d look at the manager and worked out where the control was. When I went near the air jet I kept an eye on him and if I thought he was going to open the valve I’d move away.

This went on until about 30 minutes from closing time when I thought “Ok, let’s go for it.” I went and stood over the little hole in the floor and faced him with my legs slightly apart. I pretended to talk to a customer and waited for it to happen. When it did my thin skirt flew right up past my waist. I pretended to look shocked and surprised but I didn’t move for about 10 seconds and even then I pulled my skirt down slowly. As I did I looked around to see who noticed. The manager had and his eyes were lit up, I guess he’d been expecting me to be wearing knickers. The girl who I’d decided was a bit of an exhibitionist had seen me as well. She had a big grin on her face. A couple of customers had seen me as well and I could hear them telling their mates.

I continued as nothing had happened but when I walked passed the manager he whispered “very nice.” I just ignored him. When we were closing I got chatting to the exhibitionist girl (Hannah) and she told me that she’d been dying to go to work with no knickers and get ‘caught’, but she’d just never had the courage.

# Saturday May 15

Told Jon about the air jet and Hannah. He laughed and said, “Sounds like my kind of girl.” When I went to work that night I put the same skirt on but with a different top. I was going to have some fun again. The manager was up to his tricks again with most of the girls. I saw 2 thongs (one with a big black bush showing through) and 1 big pair of knickers. All of them (except Hannah) tried to get their skirts back down as soon as possible. Hannah was being brave and didn’t attempt to pull hers down; instead she just stood there for a few seconds and then walked away as if nothing had happened.

I kept quickly passing over the hole in the floor but I never stayed long enough to be ‘caught’. That was right until just before closing time when I went and stood over the hole in the floor with my feet about a foot apart. Hannah was nearby and I said to her “watch this,” and I bent at the waist pretending to get a glass from that back of the shelf under the bar. It wasn’t long before the manager spotted me and opened the valve. My skirt flew up and onto my back leaving my bare backside and pussy on view to everyone behind the bar, and a few of the customers to see. I didn’t move and I could hear some of the customers cheering.

I slowly stood up with a glass in my hand and let my skirt fall back into place as I started to fill the glass with beer. Things got back to normal quickly and a bit later Hannah came up to me and said that she liked my rings and that she was going to find the courage before next weekend. I told her, “don’t think about it, come to work without knickers and it won’t be long before you forget that you haven’t any on. After that you’ll have exposed yourself before you realise it, and then it will be too late, you’ll have done it. After the first time you don’t need courage but you still get the excitement.” I left her thinking about it.

# Sunday May 16

After reading the papers Jon took me to the gym at the hotel. I had to wear just a long T-shirt in the gym and I had a bit of fun with a middle-aged man who kept staring at me. The exercise cycle was fun but my rings rubbed against the saddle and made my pussy a bit sore. We only went for a swim after that, I wore my white cotton bikini which hugs my nipples and pussy crack, especially when it’s wet, but no one appeared to pay me any attention. We had to be back home by lunchtime as Jon wanted to watch some Motor racing.

# Week commencing May 17

Did a bit of gardening in the back but it wasn’t really warm enough to stay out there naked for long.

Friday night at work was the only time when anything exciting happened. I’d been talking to Jon about the manager and the air jet and Jon decided that I should make life a little less interesting for the manager. Well until he realised what I had done that is. Just before I went to work Jon and I painted some knickers on to me, not big ones, but bigger than a thong. When the managers bumped into me early on he said that he was going to get another look at my pussy later. So I told him that he was in for a disappointment and to prove it I lifted my skirt (I’d worn the same one) up at my right hip and showed him my ‘knickers’. I only lifted it up for a second and he didn’t have time to realise that it was only paint. He looked a bit disappointed but said that the valve was still leaking.

We were very busy that night and I had to go collecting glasses quite a few times. Twice I got drunken youths touching me up. On actually managed to get a finger in me and I just stood there looking at him. After a minute or so he lost his nerve and pulled it out. Shame really, he was starting to turn me on.

Towards the end of the evening I stayed at the air jet end of the bar as much as I could and came very close to showing my ‘knickers’ a couple of times. Finally I waited right over the hole until the manager ‘got’ me. My skirt inverted itself right up to my waist and I just stood there enjoying the breeze. I’ve no idea how many people saw my ‘knickers’ and even less idea how many of them realised that it was only paint and that I was actually naked from the waist down. I found it quite exciting really.

Another thing that happened that night was that I’m sure that I caught a glimpse of Hannah’s pussy one time that the air jet got her. I didn’t get chance to talk to her.

# Saturday May 22

The day wasn’t very exciting but when I went to work (a bit early) Hannah was just arriving. We had time for a chat before things got too busy. She was a bit nervous as she had found the courage to come to work without knickers on but had brought some in her bag. For some reason she wanted to show them to me and I managed to grab them and refused to give them back. I told her that I’d give them back to her if she begged me later in the evening. She never did and I threw then in our rubbish bin when I got home.

I told her about my painted on knickers and she told me that she’d seen me with my skirt round my waist the previous night and thought that I was wearing knickers. I didn’t tell her that I was ‘wearing’ a much smaller pair of knickers that night. The paint only covered a very small triangle in the front (and I mean small) and paint strings to another small triangle at the top of my bum cheeks. It didn’t cover my pussy so that if I bent over enough people would be able to see my pussy and rings. I let myself be ‘caught’ quite a few times that night and no one said that they thought my knickers weren’t real. I’ve decided that I’m going to wear the same skirt every time that I go to work, it’s more fun.

Later on I let myself get ‘caught’ when Hannah was nearby. As usual I was ignoring the fact that my skirt was round my waist and I bent down to get a pint glass. When I was bent over I looked at Hannah and saw that she was having a good look at my backside and pussy. When I stood up and moved passed her I just said, “Go for it.” About 5 minutes later she did. Her skirt didn’t go as high as mine because the material was a lot heavier but I did see her pubic hair. She has it trimmed to a thin strip up the middle, and yes, she is a natural blonde. She looked good even if she did stay in the air jet for no more than a few seconds. When she moved away she was bright red but had a smug grin on her face. When I got the chance I whispered (more like a shout in that place) “well done, wasn’t too bad was it?” to her. I never got chance to talk to her later.

# Sunday May 23

Jon came with me to Tesco to do our weekly shop. On the way in he got them to put up a card saying that we were looking for someone to come and cut the grass once a week. As he was telling the girl I was thinking about whom we might get, and what fun I could have with them. While we were doing the shopping Jon kept encouraging me to bend over the freezers so that people could see my bum. I was quite cold when we left.

# Week commencing May 24

The only exciting thing that happened was that we have a new paperboy. I think that the old one must have told him about me because he had a big grin on his face when I opened the door and didn’t look at all surprised when he saw that I was naked. Poor lad had to move his paper bag in front of his trousers when I looked down and saw the little bulge.

# Saturday May 29

Jon took me to the local B&Q DIY store for some bits that he wanted. There are lots of things in there that could be used for the wrong purpose. We had a good laugh suggesting to each other what things could be used for what. By the time we left I was quite wet between the legs. I was glad when Jon took me to our local pub for a drink. I got a few people looking at me and I’m sure that one or two of the men got a look at my pussy.

Jon took me to bed with him and fucked me doggy style that night.

# Sunday May 30

After we had had breakfast Jon told me to pack a bag and we drove down to Oxford, stopping at a pub for some lunch. As we were driving down Jon told me that I was going to baby-sit a couple of kids for a few days while he and a business customer went away to an exhibition in America. Jon told me that the client was important to his job and I wasn’t to do anything to upset the kids. I was to be on my ‘best behaviour’.

He told me that the man was divorced and lived alone with his 14-year-old son and 13-year-old daughter. They were normally away at boarding school but as luck would have it, he had to go away on the first of the 2 weeks that they were at home. Jon had ‘volunteered’ me when the man (Peter) had tried to call off the trip because he didn’t want to leave the kids at home on their own.

When we got there I saw that it was a big house in acres of land. There was a smallish swimming pool out the back in a large conservatory type building. Peter came out to greet us and then gave us a guided tour of the place. The kids were out somewhere and didn’t appear until just before dinner. The girl seemed quite nice (and quiet), but I could see that the boy was going to be difficult. All through the meal he kept dropping things and going under table. After about the third time I began to suspect that he was trying to look up my skirt but I wasn’t going to make it easy for him and I kept my legs firmly together.

# Week commencing May 31

Next morning Jon and Peter were up and out very early and the house was very quiet when I went down stairs wearing just a T-shirt. It was going to be difficult remembering that I had to wear clothes all the time. Amanda came down first wearing just a T-shirt and knickers. I got her some breakfast and managed to get her talking a bit. She’s a nice girl but she doesn’t like her brother too much, she says that he’s too bossy and makes her do things that she doesn’t really want to. I couldn’t get her to tell me more about that one. When George came down he was just wearing boxer shorts and just sat at the table waiting for me to get him some breakfast.

After breakfast they went to get dressed and it wasn’t long before I heard Amanda screaming and shouting at George. He had barged into the bathroom when Amanda was in the shower and she wasn’t happy about it. George walked out when I arrived and I stayed to talk with Amanda. I told her that all boys that age are curious about girls’ bodies and I could see that Amanda had a nice body. She has curves in all the right places, is slim and has nice budding pert little breasts with cute little nipples. She has just a line of sparse pubic hair straight up from her pussy.

Amanda told me that George was always barging in on her and she was fed-up with it. I told her that it was only natural, “haven’t you ever wondered what boy’s bodies looked like?” I asked her. I told her that the only way to stop him would be to be cool about it and act as if it was no big deal. “Once he realised that she wasn’t upset by it he might just stop barging in. Try doing the same to him.” I told her.

The 2 kids decided that they wanted to go swimming. I was glad that Jon had told me to pack my bikini, even if it was the white Lycra one. I would have to be careful that I didn’t get out of the pool after the crotch had lost itself inside my pussy lips. I joined them and we splashed about with a ball for a while. Amanda had put on a black bikini and George a pair of tight Speedos. George was paying a lot of attention to me and kept ‘accidentally’ rubbing against me.

After a while I decided to take advantage of the sun and spread out on a sun bed. I was on my stomach and had undone my bikini top and fallen asleep when I got a rude awaking. George had tipped some cold water on my back. I jumped up forgetting about my top and before I knew it George was running away with my bikini top in his hand.

I wasn’t going to stand for that and I chased him all over the garden trying to catch him. When I finally caught him we were both struggling as I tried to get my top and we ended up in a heap on the grass with him on top of me. I was out of breath and he got up quicker than me and stood looking down at me. My lungs were pushing my breasts up and down and my nipples were like bullets. It was then that I remembered my bikini bottoms. I put a hand down to check and discovered that it was too late; the crotch part was lost inside my lips. I jumped up and adjusted them then grabbed my top back from George and put it back on.

As we walked back George said, “Why have you got rings in your cunt lips?” I looked at him and told him that it was none of his business and as I was saying it I saw that he had a hard-on and the tip of his little dick was sticking out of the top of his Speedos. I don’t know if he hadn’t noticed or he didn’t care because he was doing nothing to hide it. I decided to ignore it.

As we got back to the pool George shouted, “Hey Amanda, Vanessa’s got ear rings in her cunt lips.” I told George to shut up as Amanda just looked at us.

George went into the house and I stayed by the pool watching Amanda swimming for a while before deciding to have a shower. The house has a changing room at one end of the pool and I went in there and took my bikini off, got into the shower and pulled the curtain shut. I had been in there for a couple of minutes when the curtain suddenly went back and George came in. He was naked and his dick was pointing to the ceiling. He came straight to me and turned me so that we were both looking out of the shower. Before I had time to do anything there was a flash and George ran out. As he went out I realised that the flash was a camera and he’d taken a photo of us both naked and him with a hard-on. I didn’t think much of it until I was getting dried and George came back in. He had his Speedos on but I was still naked and I grabbed a towel to cover myself.

I was just about to ask him what he thought he was playing at when he said, “Right Vanessa, that was a Polaroid photo I took of you and I naked, and I had a hard-on. What do you think would happen if I showed that photo to my father, or worse still the police? I’m only 14 and I could tell them that you seduced me. Having sex with a minor is a very serious offence.” “You wouldn’t do that would you?” I asked. “I will unless you do EXACTLY what I tell you” he replied.

I thought for a few seconds and then said, “OK, what do you want me to do?” The little runt had got me. There was no way that I wanted to cause any trouble for Jon or Peter and I didn’t want to go to jail. “For a start you can take that towel off.” That didn’t bother me at all and I started to think that his little blackmail game wasn’t going to be so bad. “Right” he said, “now lie down on the floor and open your legs wide, I want to look at those rings of yours.”

I did as I was told and he had a gentle pull and prod all round my pussy and big clit. He stopped short of putting a finger inside me but that didn’t stop my pussy from starting to lubricate. After a couple of minutes he stopped and said, “Next I want you to put your bikini bottoms on, just the bottoms and go back into the pool. Swim about with Amanda for a while then talk her into coming here and taking a shower naked. When she’s in, you strip off and join her. Get her facing the curtain with you stood beside her. I’ll do the rest.” I thought as I put my bikini bottoms on and went out. I couldn’t think what he was going to do but I rather liked the idea of seeing Amanda naked close-up.

Amanda looked a little surprised when I walked out topless and said, “Careful, George might see you.” I smiled, jumped in and threw the ball to her. We messed about for a while then I told her that it was time to get out and shower. She started to go towards the house so I said, “No, let’s use this one.” She looked at me then said, “OK” and we went in. I took my time and within seconds she was naked and under the shower. I looked around for George as I took my bikini bottoms off but couldn’t see him. I pulled the curtain back and said, “Mind if I join you?” “OK” she said and I got in.

Amanda was looking down at my bald pussy when she said, “Have you really got rings down there?” “Yes” I replied, “why don’t you have a look?” Amanda paused for a second then squatted down beside me. I moved my feet apart so that she could get a good look. The next thing I knew the curtain was pulled back and a camera started flashing. After 2 flashes it stopped and George was gone. Amanda stood up and started to cry. I put my arm round her and told her that everything was all right (which it wasn’t). She was just starting to calm down when George came back in. He was still in his Speedos and he still had a hard-on. Amanda moved behind me so that George couldn’t see her.

“I now have photographs of both of you in a very compromising situation that could easily get you both into very serious trouble.” If you don’t want me to copy them and pass them all round your school AND go to the police, you will both do EXACTLY as I say.” Amanda was obviously terrified and burst out crying again. “Shut up” George said, “I’m not going to hurt you; in fact you’ll enjoy what you’re going to do.”

I put my arm round Amanda and said, “Its okay, everything’s going to be alright, he’s not going to hurt you.” After a minute or so she calmed down and remembered that she was naked in front of her brother. She put one arm across her little breasts and the other at the top of her legs. “Why are you doing this George?” she said. “I’ve always wanted to see you totally naked, not just a peek up your skirt, totally naked and doing what I say. When dad told me that he was going away this week I thought up this plan. I was worried that a baby-sitter would spoil it all, but Vanessa here just turned out to be a bonus.”

I wasn’t unduly worried by all this, in fact I found it all a bit exciting after all he was only a 14 year old boy and I knew that if I really wanted to I could just pounce on him and threaten to really harm him. I was sure that I’d be able to get the photos back if I really tried. But, just to play along with him I pretended to be a bit scared.

“For starters,” George said, “you can finish your shower while I watch and then come into the house without getting dressed. I think that I prefer you both to be naked all the time.” Amanda said, “Nooooo,” but it was nothing new for me as I spend most of my life naked these days. Amanda and I got back under the shower and I watched both of them as I washed my hair.

Amanda obviously wasn’t very happy but she wasn’t that bad, and George was definitely on a high. His Speedos were too small for him and his little dick was just poking out of the top of them. I thought that it wouldn’t take much to get him to cum and shoot his load all over the place. Amanda looked good. She was still trying to hide herself from George as much as she could but she was starting to relax.

We dried ourselves and followed George into the lounge. Amanda’s bottom wiggles nicely as she walks. George told me to sit on a sofa and he told Amanda to lie on the floor. Then he knelt down, opened her legs and had a real good close look at all of her body. As he was doing this he said, “get used to it Sis, you’re going to be naked for a long time.” Amanda didn’t look happy. She jumped a bit as George put his hand on her stomach and then ran it up to her little breasts. She shut her eyes as he held a breast. Her little nipples were as proud as they could be and George started to flick and play with them.

The whole head of his dick was now sticking out of the top of his Speedos. He just started to move his hand down to Amanda’s stomach when he lost control of himself. A squirt of cum flew out and onto Amanda’s stomach and George grabbed his dick and ran out. The poor lad was embarrassed at cumming in front of us.

Amanda hadn’t seen him cum but heard him get up and run out. She opened her eyed and looked at her stomach. “Is that what I think it is?” she asked. “Yes” I replied as I got up and put my finger in it. As she watched I put my finger to my mouth and licked it. “What does it taste like?” Amanda asked. “Try it, I think that you’re going to need to get used to it” I said. She put her finger in it and slowly moved it to her face. She looked at it and then gently touched her tongue with it. “It tastes a bit salty but nothing else.” she said. “Yes, it’s alright isn’t it?” I said.

Amanda then said, “Vanessa I don’t understand what’s happening to me, I hate what George is making me do but I’m getting wet between my legs like when I play with myself. I don’t want it to happen but I can’t stop it.” “It’s okay,” I said, “our bodies betray us at times, it’s quite normal. I’ve found that it’s best not to fight it, just let it happen that way we get some fun out of what can sometimes be a bad experience.”

Just as Amanda was about to say something George came back in. His dick had gone soft but he still only had his Speedos on. He told Amanda to get back on the floor and then me to go and get some food ready. I don’t know what happened while I was away but I heard Amanda saying, “No, please don’t” and “No, you can’t, you’re my brother.”

We were all silent as we eat and afterwards George disappeared for a couple of hours. I asked Amanda what had happened and she told me that George had first pushed his finger into her (which hurt like hell) and then actually fucked her. She had mixed feelings about it. On the one hand she believed that it was all wrong and that she hated George for doing it, but on the other hand she had enjoyed it. She said that she got quite excited by it and in a way she wanted it to happen again. I didn’t say anything but I strongly suspected that it would. I’d expected her to want to go and have a shower to clean off George’s’ cum and the bits of blood but she didn’t want to.

We sat on the sofa and talked for ages, we were both still naked and I couldn’t help looking at her beautiful little body. At one point she got a little tearful and I put my arm round her. She responded by putting her head on my chest. Her face has resting on one breast and she was looking at the other. When I realised that she was looking at me my nipples went hard. She told me all about her experiences with boys (very little) and about the girls in the dorm at school. They get up to all the things that you would expect in a place like that. One of the older girls had made her eat her out. When she told me that I had visions of her eating me, it made me go all damp.

A while later I suggested that we went and had a shower. She agreed and up we went. We got in together and I started soaping her back. She seemed to like that so I moved my hands to her front and onto her little breasts. When my hand slid over a nipple she moaned a bit and her little nipples went hard. She leaned back on me and I let my hands wander up and down her front. When I touched the front of her pussy she moaned again, this time even louder. She was enjoying it even more than I was. When I let my fingers go between her legs they opened to give me better access. I found her little clit and started playing with it. It wasn’t long before she was shaking as she came to an orgasm.

The water started cooling down so I said that we should get out. As we were drying ourselves Amanda asked if she could do the same to me. I held her hand and led her into her bedroom. When I got there I lay on her bed and gently pulled her to me and kissed her.

Boy was she eager, her tongue was everywhere and it wasn’t long before she had a hand on my pussy. When she got to the rings she stopped and asked me about them. I told her that Jon had put them in me, that it had hurt like hell but that it felt good when people played with them. She pulled them a bit them slipped a finger into me. I was wet and she went straight in then out.

She slid down my body and knelt in between my legs. She started playing with my rings again then my clit. She asked if hers would grow that big and all I could say was “I hope so.” I lay back and let her explore me while I just took the pleasure. She had obviously been enjoying herself at school as she was quite good at it, especially with her mouth. She was just getting me close to cumming when I saw George stood in the door way. I didn’t say anything as I watched him take his shorts and T-shirt off and walk up behind Amanda who was too engrossed in what she was doing to have noticed him. His dick was pointing to the ceiling by the time he got behind her and he rammed it straight into her before she even realised he was there. Amanda stopped eating me and gasped then turned to see what had happened. She smiled then turned back to my pussy.

Intermingled with sticking her tongue into me and chewing my clit, Amanda was moaning and moving her hips back and forwards. George had grabbed her hips and was pulling her back and forwards on to him. It was fascinating watching these 2 young people fucking while one was making me cum. The sight of them cumming together and what Amanda had been doing to me made me cum soon after them. There were no complaints from Amanda now.

George and Amanda had both collapsed on the bed and it was a while before anyone spoke. And when they did it was Amanda asking for George to fuck her again. George didn’t need to be asked twice but told her that she could fuck him this time and told her to straddle him which she did. George lay on his back with Amanda kneeling either side of him facing his head. I had an idea and knelt either side of body facing Amanda. My shins were pinning his arms down as I lowered my pussy onto his face. I kept lifting up a bit so that he could breathe while I gave Amanda a French kiss.

George was getting excited and I told Amanda to raise herself off him while I talked to him. I lifted my pussy off his face and then said, “Right George, I think the time’s come for you to stop all this blackmail rubbish and let us have the photographs. Now that things have gone this far you’re getting more than you could have ever dreamed of. Amanda wants you as bad as you want her and you’re having fun with my body as well. What do you say?” Poor lad couldn’t do anything but agree so I told Amanda to get off him while he went for the photos. Just as soon as he got back Amanda told him to get back on the bed and she climbed on him again. I kept the photos.

That evening Peter telephoned to see how his little darlings were getting on. If only he’d known that when he was talking to them they were both naked and that Amanda had had to climb off George’s dick to answer the phone.

That night we all slept in Peter’s bed although none of us got much sleep. George wasn’t too happy that I wouldn’t let him actually fuck me but as I told him, “Amanda wants as much of him as she can get and there’s lots of other things that he could do with me.

Tuesday - When I finally woke up George and Amanda were gone. I found them down in the swimming pool, naked. They were messing about with each other and when they got out George had a little hard-on. I got them some breakfast then Amanda said that she wanted to go into Oxford to do some shopping. George wasn’t keen at first but when I suggested that both Amanda and myself only wear dresses and shoes he became interested. Amanda wasn’t too sure at first but I told her about the feelings that I get when a man gets excites because he’s seen parts of my body that they don’t normally. I said that it’s a sort of power that women have over men at times. Then she seemed to get interested.

We all went upstairs to get dressed. I put my dungarees dress and a short top on and went to Amanda’s room. She didn’t know what to wear and she tried lots of clothes on. She has lots of short skirts and dresses and couldn’t make up her mind. As she was trying them on I told her to turn her back to the mirror, bend over and look at her backside in the mirror. If she could see all her backside then the skirt was the right length. She kept telling me that she wasn’t sure about it but that she had a little tingle between her legs every time she thought about it.

In the end Amanda decided to wear a little skirt that she’d stopped wearing about a year ago because it was too small for her. She could still get into it but it now only just covered her ass and pussy. When she bent over I could see all her ass and pussy. With it she wore an old tight T-shirt that left her little nipples sticking out. I ‘suggested’ to George that he should wear some old baggy shorts and a T-shirt. He didn’t think that he looked very ‘cool’ but when I told him to take them off and I cut the insides of the pockets out he began to forget about looking cool. Especially when I put my hand inside a pocket and played with his dick.

During the drive into Oxford, George and Amanda where at it on the back seat. Amanda’s skirt was round her waist and George’s shorts were round his ankles. As we got into the built-up parts I told them to stop it, and that we were going to but some condoms for them. Neither of them had thought about the possibility of Amanda getting pregnant and Amanda got a bit depressed until I told her that there was every chance that she wasn’t and that it was too late to worry about it. She was a little subdued when we got out of the car in the car park and kept pulling her little skirt down as far as it would go.

Once we got into the Mall and saw that no one was taking any notice of her she became less self conscious and relaxed. George didn’t relax though; he kept putting his arm round either me or Amanda and putting it under our skirts. In the end I had to tell him to stop being so obvious about things and to look for somewhere where he and Amanda could have a quiet fuck.

George can be quite a confident little person when he wants to; he saw a Teens shop and led us in. He grabbed a couple of dresses off a rack and walked straight into the girls changing rooms and into a cubicle before any of the assistants had a chance to see him. He and Amanda were at it while I stood outside the cubicle waiting for them. I got a couple of funny looks from girls as they came in and heard the noises that George and Amanda were making.

When they finally came out they were both very red in the face with that familiar ‘just fucked’ glow to them. From there we went up to the next level. On the escalator I had to stop George from putting his hand on Amanda’s ass. I told him that it was time that someone else had a look. As George moved to Amanda’s side I saw her ass cheeks looking down at me. The inside of her legs was all wet. I moved to the side so that anyone lower down the escalator would be able to get a good view. As we walked off the top of the escalator I looked back and saw a group of young lads looking up at us. As we walked along I decided that the lads were following us and told George and Amanda that we were going to have some fun. We went up every escalator in that Mall about half a dozen times with those lads not far behind us.

Sometimes it was Amanda’s ass and pussy that was on display to them and sometimes mine. Amanda told me that she was quite excited by it all (and I know I was) but George wasn’t that thrilled. Just to keep his interest up (and his dick) Amanda and I took it in turns to stand behind him on the escalators and put a hand in his shorts pocket. He had a hard-on all the time.

After about 30 or 40 minutes I decided that the security people might be getting a bit suspicious and I took them into a Burger King. As we were carrying our trays upstairs an old man followed us up and the smile that he gave me when we got to the top told me that he had enjoyed the last minute or so. Amanda liked the feeling of the cold plastic seats on her bare pussy and George liked it when I got his dick out and covered it with an empty cola cup. The cup came in handy when Amanda put her hand in his shorts pocket and wanked him until he shot his load in the cup. The poor lad had been close to cumming for ages and it didn’t take long. After all, what man wouldn’t be with 2 knickerless women flaunting their assets round him.

After the Mall I decided to take them for a walk round town. We went past a building site and Amanda was amazed when some man whistled at her. We came across a sex shop and I had an idea. I told them to wait for me and I went in and bought a pair of Ben Wa balls for Amanda. The both looked blankly at me when I showed them what I’d bought and I had to explain in great detail what they were for. Amanda liked the idea but George just couldn’t understand.

A bit later we came across another small Mall and George went into a computer games shop while Amanda and I went into an Etam shop. We got a skirt and a top for her to try on and went into the changing rooms. It wasn’t long before we were both naked and I was showing Amanda what to do with Ben. As I was helping her put them in I brought her off playing with her little clit while she played with one of my nipples. She wanted to return the compliment and I sat on the bench as she played with my clit and rings with her teeth and tongue.

George wanted to know why we took so long when we met him outside the shop. He also wanted to know what was wrong with Amanda. When I looked at her she was walking slowly and had a look of shock and pleasure on her face. By the time we got a hundred yards down the road she stopped, shook and moaned out loud. I decided that it was time to get them back home and George and me half carried Amanda back to the car. As we were doing that I could feel that my dress was higher than it should be and the looks on one or two faces around us told me that it probably was. It was either me or Amanda that they were looking at.

As I was driving them home George looked a bit ‘left out’ so I cheered him up by saying that anything that got Amanda worked-up was good because it meant that she would want to have him fuck her even more.

Amanda was feeling ‘better’ by the time we got to their house but she didn’t want to know when I suggested that she take Ben out. By the time that we ate that evening Amanda was well and truly knackered, so was George, Amanda’s appetite for sex was greater than his. When I went upstairs later I found them fast asleep in their father’s bed. I joined them later hoping that they would wake-up but they didn’t.

Wednesday - I woke-up with George finger fucking me. When I opened my eyes George was on his back with his head near my feet. Amanda was knelt either side of him and was lying back so that her back was on his chest. This meant that my eyes were greeted with the sight of his dick in her pussy. I reached out and played with his balls and her pussy and it wasn’t long before then both came. I’m pleased to say that George kept playing with me until I came as well. When I went for a shower Amanda was there and was just putting Ben back in. She didn’t want to know when I suggested that she could get too much of a good thing and that it might be a good idea to leave them out for a while. She said that she was going to wear them every day for the rest of her life. I just love kids!

We all had breakfast naked before going to the pool for a swim. It was only when Amanda got out of the pool to go and get the ball that she noticed that the gardener had come to cut the grass. When Amanda screamed I looked up and saw him staring straight at us all. I got out and went to Amanda who had ‘frozen’. As I walked Amanda to a chair I asked the old man how long he’d been there. He said, “Long enough.” When I asked him not to say anything to Amanda and George’s father he told us “Don’t worry, I’m not going to spoil what I’ve got going for myself here.” He was an old man and I could see that there was nothing for any of us to worry about. I told Amanda and George to just carry on as if he weren’t there. The old man spent ages looking at us and I wondered if he could still get a hard-on.

After lunch Amanda said that she had a problem, she’d arranged for one of her school pals to come and visit her that afternoon. After a bit of thought and discussions George decided that he didn’t particularly want to meet one of Amanda’s school friends and that he’d make himself scarce for a few hours. We put some clothes on and George disappeared shortly before Annabel arrived. When Annabel did arrive she and Amanda disappeared into the lounge and I left them alone. I heard a lot of giggling and at one point I heard Annabel say, “Amanda, you haven’t got any knickers on!” and “You did what!” I left them to it and went for a walk.

I got back around teatime to be greeted by the sight of George fucking Amanda, doggy style over the arm of a sofa. Neither of them noticed me so I slipped off my dress and went up behind George and put my hand between his legs and played with his balls. He didn’t last long after that and he was soon grunting as he shot his load into Amanda. When he pulled out I was glad to see that he was wearing a condom.

We had a pleasant evening watching TV, talking and fucking (them). Amanda had taken Ben out, though she said that they were going back in before she went to bed. I’ve no idea how many times they both go to cum, but both George and Amanda made me cum with their tongues. At one on the ‘intervals’ I asked Amanda about Annabel. Amanda said that she had told Annabel everything and that Annabel had given her an idea when she’d jokingly said, “now that you’ve fucked your brother I suppose that you’ll want to fuck your father as well.” Amanda said that she just laughed it off at the time but the more that she thought about it the more she wanted to. I told her that if she was serious she would have to be careful and slowly seduce him. I told her that it wouldn’t be a good idea to just come out with it and say, “Daddy, will you fuck me please?”

Amanda had also told Annabel about Ben and promised to lend them to her when she gets back to school.

In the middle of the evening Peter telephoned to say that they would be back home sometime the next afternoon. Both George and Amanda weren’t too please about that. I fell asleep that night in Peter’s bed with George and Amanda still at it next to me.

Thursday - I woke up before the others and went and got breakfast ready. It was ages before they came down and after breakfast they both disappeared again.

In the middle of the afternoon Peter telephoned to say that they were at Heathrow airport and that they wouldn’t be that long. I had to go and find Amanda and George and tell them to get dressed and clean up the place.

The trip had gone well and Peter invited us out to dinner and then to stay the night. He took us to this posh restaurant and we had a great evening although Peter did keep asking Amanda if she was okay because she looked a bit flushed a lot of the time.

When we got back Amanda went and got ready for bed then came back down and watched some TV with us. She was wearing only a T-shirt and she kept sitting in such a way that anyone who looked would be able to see her naked pussy. I noticed straight away and I kept looking at the others to see how long it took them to notice and if they would say anything.

Jon was the first to notice and he just smiled and looked at me. I smiled back and nodded my head as if to say ‘I know’. It wasn’t long before I saw that Peter had seen his 13-year-old daughter’s pussy. He almost stopped talking in mid sentence and his face went a bit red. That didn’t stop him looking even more though. When Amanda realised that her father was looking, she started talking to him and opened her legs a bit more.

When Jon and I went to bed I gave him the photographs and told him all about the going on and what Amanda had said about what she was going to do to her father. “Lucky Peter” was just about all Jon said before he fucked me - hard.

Amanda crept into our room sometime in the middle of the night and asked Jon to fuck her. There was no way that Jon was going to turn down an opportunity like that and I watched her ride him for ages before they both came.

Friday - We left shortly after breakfast, George had appeared in just some boxer shorts and Amanda in just the same T-shirt. As we were saying out good-byes I whispered to Amanda, “keep working on your father, I reckon that there’s a good chance that you’ll have him soon.”

On the drive home Jon told me a bit about his trip and how he’d seen a notice pinned up somewhere that reminded him of me. He’d copied it down and he gave me the piece of paper to read.

# A Smile

A Smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it. A Smile creates happiness in the home, fosters goodwill in the business and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad and it is nature’s best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a Smile. Give them one of yours, as no one needs a Smile so much as he who has no more to give.

So Smile!

He said that a smile is created using cheeks and lips and when I flash my pussy at someone I’m using my bum cheeks and pussy lips, so I’m smiling at them. I’d never thought of it like that and it made me smile just thinking about it.

Jon also gave me another little present that he’d brought back from America for me. Its a little gold chain about 3 inches long with only 12 big links. When I told Jon that it wasn’t long enough to go round my wrist he said, “Silly girl, it’s for your pussy rings.” As we were driving up the motorway I reclined the seat and connected it up. Walking around at home later it felt good and the constant rubbing kept me thinking about sex.

When I went to work that night I couldn’t wear my ‘favourite’ work skirt as it still smelt of beer from the previous weekend. Instead I wore my dungarees dress and a top which meant that anyone standing next to me could see down the top of the skirt part and see all my naked body from the waist down. There was one interesting bit one time when I was collecting glasses. A youth was so drunk that he kept falling over and he collapsed right at my feet. He was staring up my skirt but I doubt that he would remember much about it. His mates who were trying to get him up also got a good view as they bent down to help him.

The manager wasn’t too happy when he realised that the air jet wouldn’t lift my skirt but just as a bit of compensation for him I bent over in front of him a couple of times. That brought a smile to his face and reminded me of what a smile does for people.

# Saturday June 5

I’d slept in my bed on the Friday night and Jon woke me early and led me into the ‘punishment’ room. He restrained me over the ‘T’ and then went and got a ‘present’ that he had brought back from America for me. It was a remote control vibrating egg that was much bigger than the other one that I’ve already got. It’s the size of Jon’s fist and at first I was a bit worried that Jon would just force it into me and hurt me. Thankfully he didn’t, he switched it on to low and rubbed it across the lips of my pussy, teasingly. With each pass he parted my lips more as he coated the egg with my juices. Finally he started applying light pressure. My body heaved as he slowly inserted the egg into me. He could see that I was close to cumming but he just said, “Don’t - not yet my love.” Then just to torment me he lightly fingered my clitoris. He smiled as he saw that I was struggling to not cum. Jon stopped and let my desire subside a bit before he teased my clit again. After the third time that he did that he stopped completely and told me to go and get the breakfast ready.

After that he told me to “Assume the position” and then he teased my clit four separate times with a 5-minute gap in between before he finally let me cum. I was so desperate to cum that when I finally did cum I cried out. I could feel myself convulsing and as I looked down at my pussy I could see my juices squirting out. I was cumming like a volcano.

When I finally calmed down I realised that I was covered in sweat. Jon made me stay in that position for 30 minutes before he let me get up and have a shower. My knees ached as I climbed up the stairs.

I had to wear the egg (not switched on thankfully) right up until I went to work that night and as I walked through the streets to the pub I could feel the cool air going right into my pussy.

All day I’d felt like I had a football inside me and as I walked to work I felt like I had a big hole in me. I’d washed my usual thin flared skirt and was wearing it. I was please to see that Hannah was back and that she was wearing a similar skirt. As soon as I could I asked Hannah what she was wearing under the skirt. When she said, “nothing” I knew that quite a few customers and staff were going to see our backsides and pussies that night.

At one point in the evening when Hannah came back from collecting glasses she came up to me and told me that she had just been groped by a couple of youths and had a few suggestive comments when they’d discovered that she was naked under her skirt. I asked her if she was going to take them up on their offer, but she said, “No.” I asked her to point them out to me, and when I got the chance I walked passed them to see if I would be as lucky as Hannah. As I walked up to them one of them saw me, nudged his mate and then said to me “Have you left your knickers at home as well?” I just smiled and said, “Never wear them.” “Prove it” another one of them said. Not wanting to miss an opportunity to make a man uncomfortable in their trousers I put the glasses down and then lifted the front hem of my skirt just enough for them to see my pussy. I kept it up for about half a minute before dropping it. In that time one of them said, “Bloody hell!” another said, “Very Nice” and a third said, “Would you like to have breakfast at my place?”

I didn’t say anything to them but I turned round and bent down (at the waist) to pick-up a glass from the floor. They must have had a great view of my ass and pussy. When I’d got the glass I stacked it with the others and walked back to the bar. “Don’t know if I’m as brave as that” Hannah said as I walked passed her.

The manager had also seen me and heard what Hannah had said. He told us both to go and work at the other end of the bar (the air jet end) for the rest of the night. He must have used that air jet to get our skirts round our waists about a dozen times before closing time. To start off with Hannah had been pulling her skirt back into place quite quickly but by the end of the evening she was just letting it fall back down on its own - like me. That end of the bar had a lot of customers that night. As we were clearing-up after closing time the manager tried to hit on me, but there was no way I was going to upset Jon.

# Sunday June 6

The day started the usual way but it was warm enough to eat breakfast on the patio. During one of his breaks from reading the papers Jon looked down the garden and said, “I think we’ll have to get the scaffolding frame back into action.” Later on I saw him (still naked) cleaning-up the frame and I guessed that I was about to attached to it for a while. I wasn’t wrong and after lunch he restrained me spread-eagle on it facing the sky. I stayed there for 4 hours while Jon did some gardening (naked). Every so often he would come up to me and tease my clit but not enough to make me cum.

At one point I felt something cold inside me, it was too cold to be his dick and I think it was one of the gardening tools. By the time it was getting to early evening I was getting desperate to cum and when Jon finally untied me I asked him if he would fuck me. He said, “No” and he wouldn’t let me masturbate for more that 5 seconds every 5 minutes right until it was time to go to bed. The frustration was agony and I was so relieved when he finally told me to make myself cum. After he watched me doing that he took me to his bed and fucked me until we both came again.

# Week commencing June 7

It’s nice being able to spend most of the day outside without clothes again. I hate the British climate, I wish that Jon would take me to live somewhere round the Mediterranean. Jon told me to wear my pussy chain all week.

Tuesday - Hannah gave me a ring then came round to see me. At first she looked a bit shocked when I opened the door naked but after a couple of seconds she, “I don’t know why I was surprised, and with you wearing so little for work I should have expected it.” We went into the conservatory and talked for hours. I told her all about my relationship with Jon and some of our little ‘experiences’. After a while I could see that she was getting a little warm - to be expected in a conservatory with the doors shut and the sun shining.

I suggested that she take something off to get a bit cooler. After a little hesitation she took just her top off showing me a nice little bra, so jokingly I said, “come on, you can do better than that, get the lot off.” “Why not” she said, “after all we’re all girls together.”

When she took her skirt off I was glad to see that she wasn’t wearing any knickers. Her little strip of blond pubic hair looked quite cute. Her breasts are quite a lot bigger than mine and they bounced about as she moved. When she sat down again she said, “Don’t you ever cross your legs? I’ve been staring at your fanny and those rings and chain for ages.” So I told her all about the conditions of my employment and how Jon had put the rings in me. She was amazed and a couple of times she said, “All this talk about sex is turning me on.” I asked her about her experiences about being naked anywhere and she said that she’d thought and dreamt about being naked in public but had never had the courage until I’d talked her into going knickerless to work. I told her that I knew the ideal was to start and got up and walked out into the garden. She followed me and as we walked around she said, “Are you sure that no one can see us.” “I thought that you wanted someone to see you?” I replied. “Yes, but.” she said.

Hannah was starting to get used to being naked and actually said that it felt good. After I’d asked her to come to see me again and told her that we’d go out and have a bit of fun, she asked me what the scaffolding frame was for. I told her that it was a sort of sun-bed and suggested that she tried it. After I told her that it was quite comfortable she climbed onto it.

When she started relaxing a bit I went to the top and grabbed a wrist and tied it down. It only took seconds because of the way that Jon had left it and before Hannah could ask me what I was doing I’d got the other wrist. She didn’t seem at all alarmed when I told her that the feeling of being tied down, naked and totally helpless was a great turn-on and that she should try it for a few minutes. As I gently pulled one of her legs to the corner to tie it there she said, “No please.” But it was so feeble that I just ignored her and then tied the other ankle. When she was totally spread-eagle I stood back and said, “You look good like that, isn’t that feeling of sexual excitement good? Look at that lovely pussy I can see the effect things are having on you.” I reached out and ran a finger gently over her slightly open lips and little clit. She moaned a bit and I said, “Doesn’t that feel good?” I did it again and she moaned again, this time louder. I can take a hint and I started working on her pussy with one hand and after a while, my mouth, while my other hand played with her big breasts.

She was just about on the point of cumming when I heard Jon say, “Well, what have we got here?” He had arrived home and stripped-off without us hearing and was now stood just behind me. I stood up and Hannah said, “Oh my god!” and started struggling. Jon walked all round Hannah looking closely at her and then said, “I don’t have to ask what you two have been up to, who are you anyway?” I introduced them and saw that Hannah was looking at Jon’s dick that was starting to get hard. Jon said, “Well carry on then, I don’t want to spoil your fun.”

It took a bit to get Hannah worked up again, but when she was she was moaning even louder than before. Jon had taken advantage of my bent-over position and was fucking me from behind. I came first, then Jon, then Hannah. Hannah is a loud person when it comes to sex; it was a good job that we have a big back garden and that there was no one in the fields at the bottom of the garden.

When things had calmed down Jon had another good (close) look at Hannah’s body. Hannah didn’t look as nervous but said, “Can someone untie me please.” “Not yet” Jon said, and he touched her pussy. She moaned a bit and shuddered. “Want a real dick in you do you?” She didn’t say anything so Jon touched her pussy again. This time it was a long touch and a finger went inside her. After gasping Hannah said, “Yes, yes, please, please fuck me.” Jon was never one for missing an opportunity and he did just what Hannah asked. Her head was rolling from side to side and her body was heaving so much that her tits were wobbling about like two big jellies.

The expression on Jon’s face told me that he had cum again and he just stood there for ages before pulling out of her with a big ‘plop’. Jon told me to go and get some food for him and to leave Hannah where she was. We both went inside. When I’d got the food ready for Jon he told me to go and release Hannah and I went back out to her. When she saw me she said, “That was incredible, but can you please untie me?” When I had I said, “Come on, let’s go for a shower.”

As soon as we got in the shower she started soaping me and then she started kissing me. I was glad that she did and I gave as good back.

It was Jon that broke the ‘spell’ by telling us to get out and get dried. When we went downstairs (both still naked) Jon told me to tell him who Hannah was, where we had met and everything else that I thought he should know. Hannah was still a bit shy about being naked in front of Jon but after a while she relaxed. At the end of all the details Jon said, “Well if you want to show-off your body to other people then you’ve come to the right man. I’m sure that Vanessa will tell you that. Jon told me to tell Hannah about some of the ‘exploits’ that we’d had, and he left us to it.

Two hours later he returned and asked Hannah what she thought, “Fantastic” she said, “will you let me come with you next time, I’ll feel a lot safer if there’s 3 of us.” When Hannah finally left Jon promised to let her know when we were next going to have some fun.

The rest of the week was a bit dull and nothing worth putting in here happened. When I went to work on the Friday night Hannah and I had lots of fun going out into the crowds and getting groped. Hannah said that she had had 5 different men’s fingers in her pussy (not all at once) on one glass-collecting trip. I’d only managed 2 but I’d spent a lot of time near the air jet and the manager had made my skirt do a ‘Marilyn Monroe’ so many times that I lost count. Hannah had been got a few times as well. There seemed to be a lot of men staying at that end of the bar for quite some time that night.

# Saturday June 12

Bit of a quiet day, we went into town but didn’t have any fun. The only fun that day was at work that night. Things had just started to liven up, Hannah was out getting groped (sorry, collecting glasses) and I was stood over the air jet showing all my jewellery when the music suddenly stopped and a voice said that it was a police raid. Apparently there were some drugs being sold there on a regular basis. The place was closed and after been questioned, all the hired help were sent home. Hannah gave me a lift home and came in for a coffee and we told Jon all about it. Jon decided that it was best that I didn’t go back there again and Hannah decided that she wasn’t going back either.

# Sunday June 13

No sooner that we’d got up the phone rang and someone asked if we were still looking for someone to cut the grass. Jon said we were and invited them to come over that afternoon. It turned out to be a lad of about 15 who was looking for some extra pocket money. He arrived just as some motor racing was starting on the TV and Jon told me to take care of it.

You should have seen the lad’s face when I opened the door naked. The poor lad just didn’t know where to look and his face was the colour of a red pepper. When he finally spoke he said that he’d come to see about the grass-cutting job but asked if he should come back later. I invited him in and we went into the kitchen. I told him what was expected of him and how much he’d get paid. All the time he was looking everywhere except at me. The lad’s name was Trevor and he finally agreed to take the job. He said he’d be along each weekend but didn’t know which day as it depended on what else he was doing. That didn’t bother me and the excitement of him just turning-up and getting a thrill just looking at me, perhaps without me even knowing, made my pussy tingle a bit.

I took him to see the grass cutter and left him to it. About an hour later he came to the back door to tell me that he’d finished and to get his money. I had to turn my back to him to get the money out of my purse and ‘accidentally’ dropped some. I bent over with my back to him and my legs apart. As I was picking-up the coins I looked through my legs and saw him staring at my pussy and re-arranging his trousers. The lad had got a hard-on.

When I was paying him I asked him when he’d be coming back. At first he’d said that he wasn’t sure but in the end I made him promise that he’d be back the next weekend. I hope I didn’t frighten him away.

# Week commencing June 14

Boring week, Hannah rang on the Wednesday night to see how I was and Jon told me to invite her out on the Saturday night. At first she didn’t sound too keen, but in the end we agreed a time and a place to meet.

# Saturday June 19

We went into town on the bus and took care of a few things. Nothing exciting except that 1 man realised that he could see all my legs right up to the top as I sat on the bus. He’d stopped and stared for a few seconds before moving on and he followed us for a bit when we got off. I guess that he was hoping for more but Jon had other things on his mind.

When it came to time to get ready to go out that night Jon told me not to bother making a lot of effort, “just put a dress and shoes on,” he said. He told me that we were going swimming at Mansfield. We met Hannah at a pub and had a drink before going. While we were sat round a table Jon suddenly said (quite loudly), “Well Hannah, have you left your knickers at home then, Vanessa has?” I’ve got used to things like that but Hannah was embarrassed and she went bright red.

After a few minutes of Hannah hiding behind her drink Jon asked her again, this time quietly. Eventually Hannah said “yes” and Jon said, “And you’ll lose that bra soon too.” Hannah looked puzzled but didn’t say anything.

We drank-up and got into Jon’s car. After we’d been driving north for about 10 minutes Hannah asked where we were going. All Jon would say was “Mansfield.” As we pulled into the car park Hannah said, “But this is a leisure centre!” Jon didn’t reply until he’d parked and he got out saying, “Come on.” Hannah looked puzzled as we queued-up to pay but that was nothing to her expression as we turned the corner into the changing area. Her eyes were wide open and her jaw had dropped.

She said nothing as I pulled her arm into a changing cubicle. It wasn’t until Jon and I had stripped off and I started unfastening her dress that she finally said, “I can’t do this” but she didn’t try to stop me undressing her. Her big bra came off last and as it did Jon said, “You wanted people to see your body so now’s your big chance.” With that he stepped out of the cubicle and pulled Hannah out. We were surrounded my dozens of either naked or rapidly becoming naked people. As we pulled Hannah towards the swimming area she just stared at first 1 naked man then another without saying a word. She didn’t even attempt to cover her tits or pussy.

It was about 10 minutes before Hannah started talking. She started by saying, “Look at all those dicks, I’m starting to get horny.” “You won’t get any of that in here,” Jon said. “We’ll see about that!” Hannah said and walked off. We didn’t bother following her and we went for a swim.

I just love these naturist swims.

About an hour later we came across Hannah again. She was in the sauna with 3 men all about in their thirties. Hannah was talking to all of them and sitting with her legs wide open. I’m sure that she was trying to get them excited but she wasn’t having any success. They all had very limp dicks. She said “Hi” when we walked in but she just kept talking to the men. After a while they all got up and left together.

We next saw Hannah in the changing rooms when the place was closing. She came and grabbed her clothes and was off mumbling something about going home with some man. As we drove home I said sorry to Jon, I told him that I didn’t expect Hannah to react like that. Jon wasn’t angry, he just said, “There’s nowt so queer as folk.”

# Sunday June 20

Was a quiet day, after breakfast Jon took me to the hotel gym and we had a workout but Jon had told me to wear my white shorts and a T-shirt. He didn’t seem to be in the mood for any fun.

The afternoon was reasonably warm and I lay out on the patio while Jon worked on his PC. There wasn’t’ much sun but I was determined to start my all-over tan. I was laid there on the sun-lounger with my feet on the floor at either side and dozing off when I heard a sound. I slowly half opened an eye and saw Trevor standing there. He hadn’t seen me open my eyes because he was staring at my jewellery. I decided to let him enjoy the scenery and closed my eyes again.

It seemed like ages before I heard Jon (who was wearing some shorts) come outside and say, “Hi, you must be Trevor, I’m Jon, we spoke on the phone.” After Trevor mumbled a ‘Hi’, Jon said, “Oh don’t worry about Vanessa, she spends most of her live without clothes on. Look as much as you like, we don’t mind, in fact Vanessa likes being watched, she likes the effect that it has on men’s trousers.” At that point I opened my eyes, just in time to see Trevor moving his hands in front of what looked like an uncomfortable bulge in the front of his trousers. I said “Hi” to Trevor and asked if I could get him a drink before he started. He just said “No” and rushed off to the garage to get the mower. Jon just smiled and went back in. I got a drink and got back on the sun-lounger.

It took at least twice as long for Trevor to cut the grass at the back of the house that day and when he finally came and told me that he’s finished I could see a wet patch on his trousers.

# Week commencing June 21

Not a very exciting week, Jon took me to his bed on the Wednesday night and I gave him a blowjob before he turned me over and fucked me doggy style.

# Saturday June 26

Jon had to go to work in the morning but when he came back and we’d eaten he took me outside and strapped me, face up and spread-eagle on the scaffolding frame. He didn’t waste any time in fucking me but it was a quick one that made him cum but left me wanting.

About 30 minutes later he came back outside and put a blindfold on me then left me again. Ages later I heard him come outside and walking near me but the next thing that I felt was something very cold on my nipples. They immediately went rock hard as what I think was an ice cube was rubbed all round my nipples. The cold was turning me on and I got that familiar feeling on my pussy.

I presume the ice cubes were melting as I started to feel Jon’s fingers rubbing and then pulling my nipples. When that stopped there was nothing for a while then an unbelievable pain in my pussy. So much so that I started cumming straight away. The orgasm lasted for ages with me needing the scaffold restraints to stop me from rolling about. When I finally calmed down I realised that my pussy and insides were VERY cold. When I asked Jon what he had done to me he said that he’d found 3 ice cubes in the freezer that were all stuck together looking a bit like a dildo so he’d just pushed them into my pussy and let mother nature do the rest. Wow, I hope that he does that again sometime; it’s an experience that a girl just should not miss.

Jon left me on the scaffolding frame with the blindfold on until early evening. After my body calmed down and all the sweat dried I eventually fell asleep. I woke up feeling something being pushed into my pussy. It felt like a vibrator but at that time I wasn’t sure. A few minutes later I heard the lawn-mower start and it going up and down the lawn. I didn’t know whether it was Jon or Trevor that was pushing it. I tried to imagine that it was Trevor cos he wasn’t used to seeing me tied up like that and that thought made my pussy tingle.

After a few minutes I realised that it was a vibrator in me, it was the remote controlled one and someone had turned it on a bit. Not fully, but enough to start getting me excited. The grass cutting started getting long pauses and I started getting close to cumming. All of a sudden the vibe speed increased to maximum and within seconds I was cumming again. I was writhing about (not that I could move much) and moaning for more. Whoever it was kept the vibe on full throttle for what seemed like hours. I had about 4 orgasms all joined into one. When the vibe finally stopped and I calmed down I felt someone poke their fingers in my pussy and remove the vibe. After that the grass cutting continued and then there was silence. I fell asleep.

I still don’t know if it was Jon or Trevor that did that to me and Jon won’t tell me. That night Jon took me to a country pub for a meal. I wore only a tight black mini-dress and shoes. I was so knackered that I lounged back in the chair and didn’t even bother to look to see whether or not people had noticed that my dress was only just covering my pussy.

# Sunday June 27

Before breakfast Jon took me jogging. Jon told me to wear just my tennis dress and trainers. It wasn’t windy so I didn’t have any problems with that but Jon decided to take me along paths through fields. Each time we came to a fence or a gate I had to climb over it rather than open it or go through the special gaps. After a while I was starting to get tired and at one fence that I was climbing down from I caught my dress on something, as I went down the dress stayed up leaving me naked from just below my breasts down.

Fortunately the dress didn’t rip but a man walking his dog got a right eyeful. Of course Jon just laughed as I struggled to sort it out and I have to admit that I took my time. Two reasons, firstly I wanted to let the man enjoy the scenery and secondly I wanted the rest, I was knackered.

When we got home and fed and watered Jon worked on his PC until he watched some motor racing from France. Jon let me sleep with him that night and he went to sleep still inside me with us in the spoon position.

# Week commencing June 28

The week started off quiet, Vicky rang on the Tuesday and promised to come over and see us soon. She asked if I’d used the fucking machine recently and I said that I hadn’t for ages. That started me thinking about it and on the Thursday morning I decided to make it earn it’s keep. I put a chair on either side then put the padded wrist straps on. Next I joined my wrists with a karabiner and switched the motor on. After a final ‘should I, shouldn’t I’, I climbed up and positioned myself either side of the ‘T’.

My pussy was just hovering above the big dildo and was getting wet in anticipation. After gently rubbing my pussy over the dildo I hooked the karabiner to the rope that was going up and down above me. My arms started going up and down then I lowered myself onto the dildo. It felt good as I slowly took it all. When my whole weight was on the dildo and the ‘T’ I lifted my feet off the chairs and let the motor take over. Up and down I went. It was good and my pussy was making sure that I didn’t get sore. There was a sucking noise each time I started to go up. I was just getting close to cumming when the telephone rang but there was no way that I was going to stop and answer it. I heard the answering machine do its job and then Bridie telling me that she hadn’t heard from us in ages and asking us to call her.

That slowed down me cumming, but it wasn’t long before I could think about nothing other than the pleasure that I knew was seconds away. The gap between orgasms reduced quickly and I was getting tired. When I decided to stop I lifted my feet to put them on the chairs but disaster struck. Somehow I managed to knock both of them over. After another orgasm I was getting frantic. It was still mid morning and I wasn’t expecting Jon back until early evening. I was sure that if I didn’t do something very soon I would be literally ‘fucked to death’. There was no way that my body could survive that machine for something like 7 or 8 hours. I had visions of newspaper headings like ‘Young sex slave fucked to death’ or ‘what a way to go’ or ‘she died with a smile on her face’.

I haven’t a clue where I found the strength but I managed to push myself up before the machine started the rope going up and I grabbed the knot in the rope. As I went up the next time I went right off the dildo and by wriggling about I managed to go down behind the dildo. I relaxed and let myself go up and down with the dildo just rubbing up and down the front of my pussy. Now my clit was getting all the treatment and after a couple of ups and downs I came again.

When the ‘high’ subsided I made a big effort and just managed to get a leg up and onto the ‘T’. At last I was in control. As I climbed down my legs buckled and I lay in a heap on the floor for ages before managing to crawl to my bed and fall asleep.

I woke up in the middle of the afternoon and put things straight in the punishment room. The paperboy came for his money just before Jon got home and as usual I invited him in while I got the money. I always take my time sorting out the right money and dropping some of it on the floor so that I have to bend over with my back to him. While I’m bent over I look at him and he’s always got a bulge in his trousers. I just love the effect that my naked body has on men.

# Saturday July 3

Jon took me to Tesco but we didn’t buy much, he said that I would have to go back on the Monday or Tuesday. I’d got my favourite cheesecloth dress on and Jon kept getting me to bend right over the freezers again. He said that he enjoys watching people watch me. He says that their reactions to realising that they can see my bum and pussy are amazing. The ways that people try to keep looking but pretend that they’re not always amuse him. Me too, but it’s more difficult for me to watch them watching me than it is for him.

When we got home Jon gave me a challenge. I had to make myself cum, but without using my hands in any way. I think that he’d guessed what I might try so he unclipped my pussy chain first. He said that he didn’t want to risk me ‘damaging’ myself.

At first I couldn’t think of anything, I couldn’t touch myself and I couldn’t hold anything. Oh, one other thing, he wouldn’t let me use the ‘whipping-T’ in any way. To start off with the only thing that I could think off was to find something that I could put my legs either side and bend back and rub my pussy against. The first thing that I thought of was the scaffolding poles out back. It worked a bit and I managed to get myself wet but it wasn’t good enough. I thought about switching the washing machine on and sitting on top of it but because I wasn’t close to cumming that would take an eternity.

Then it twigged. In our kitchen we’ve got some chairs that have circular posts at either side of their backs. Each of these posts stick up about 3 inches from the top of the top cross bar. I put 2 of them back to back slightly offset and climbed on so that I had one foot on either chair. Then I lowered myself down so that my pussy was just touching the top of one of the posts. It was just like a dildo and it wasn’t long before I was fucking that chair. After I came Jon said that he’d have to think of something more difficult the next time.

I lay out in the sun for most of the afternoon and we didn’t go out that night. Jon said that he wanted an early night.

# Sunday July 4

Jon woke me up at 4 o’clock in the morning and told me to pack our bags. At 6 o’clock we were at East Midlands Airport checking-in for a flight to Ibiza. Jon had booked us a so-called last minute ‘cheap’ holiday. I’d had the usual problem of going through the security x-ray machine and had to have the man run his ‘magnifying glass’ up and down me when I kept getting the machine bleeping as I went through. This time it was my pussy rings and chain that was causing the problem. It had to be, I wasn’t wearing Ben.

At Ibiza airport we collected our bags and then went to the toilets to change into just our long T-shirts and shoes before going looking for a bus to get us to San Antonio. It wasn’t any cooler for me as I had only been wearing my white Lycra dress and shoes but Jon had had jeans on. We had to change buses in Ibiza town and as the second bus was filling up Jon had an idea. He wouldn’t tell me what it was at that time but he said that as soon as we had found and checked-in to the hotel then we were going shopping.

Jon seemed to know his way around San Antonio and it didn’t take us long to find the Hostel Rita and to check-in. The rooms (and the hotel) weren’t up to much and we soon discovered that it was full of teenagers having their clubbing and boozing holidays. The place didn’t even have a swimming pool. We had a little balcony over-looking a busy road and a window that looked out onto a little courtyard with other rooms doing the same. We could look out of that window and 10 feet away was another one directly opposite doing the same. As well as that there were rooms above and below us.

Jon wanted to get out to the beach so after a quick look round we were out and getting a bus to a place called Cala Conta. There are 3 beaches there and we went straight to the one where no one was wearing any clothes. This was a good job as I’d left our swimming costumes in the hotel. We soaked up the sun until early evening then waited for a bus back.

When we got to San Antonio Jon took me shopping and bought me 2 sarongs, one was see-through. Back in our room we stripped off and Jon told me to shorten the 2 sarongs so that when I just wrapped them round me (like a towel just above my breasts) they would just over-lap by about 6 inches. The see-through one obviously showed everything that I’d got when I tied the corners to one side but the other one didn’t. When they were tied to the outside of either breast it was only one leg that was trying to escape and, although I’d expected it, I don’t think that anyone would have been able to see my pussy. Both of them were long enough to cover my ass and pussy without me having to worry about getting arrested for showing too much. After I’d got that all sorted Jon told me to take the non see-through one and just over-lap and lightly tuck in the ends instead of tying them. It didn’t feel at all secure and when I told Jon he just said, “Good.”

Right in the middle of doing all that our ‘neighbours’ across the courtyard opened the shutters on their window. It was then that I realised that as I could see all of them down to their knees, then they could see all of us down to our knees. They were 2 Scottish girls who said “Hi” to us, but stared at Jon and me, as we were both naked. They kept looking over to us on and off as they got changed and eventually went out.

Jon and I went and sat in the chairs on our little balcony and watched the people going up and down the street. We were only on the second floor and when a coach went by I felt as though I could reach out and touch its roof. At least it was so close that we didn’t have to worry about anyone on it being able to see us.

The same couldn’t be said of the 3 girls on the floor above. They were getting a good start for the evenings drinking session and were spending a fair bit of time on their balcony shouting to other people on their balconies and in the street. At one point I heard one of them shout, “There’s a naked man and woman on the balcony below us!” Shortly after that I saw 3 heads peering down at us and giggling. One of them said, “I can see his todger,” and another said, “They’ve got no pubic hair.” They then proceeded to tell everyone else that was out on their balconies. Jon just said, “Ignore them.”

At about 11 o’clock we put some clothes on (me just a thin cotton dress and shoes) and went out for some food and a drink or two. We went just down the road into the ‘lively’ part of San Antonio and it was just like the TV program ‘Ibiza Uncovered’. ‘Happy’ people everywhere and every other building was a bar with loud music blaring our. We had something to eat and a few drinks and then went back to our hotel.

We managed to get to sleep easy enough but got woken-up a few times during the night.

# Week commencing July 5

Monday July 5 - It had been a bad night. There were people returning to the hotel all the time right up until we were getting up at 7 o’clock, and the majority of them were drunk and shouting and slamming doors. Jon said that it was to be expected in a place like that but that we’d get our own back on them by slamming doors from when we got up until we went out each day. He said, “If they’re going to disturb our sleep then I’m going to disturb theirs.”

The hotel was ‘Bed & breakfast’ but the breakfast only consisted of Tea and Toast so on our way to the beach we stopped at a café and got something to eat. Jon wore just one of his vests and I had to wear just the new non see-though sarong and to just tuck it in. As we were walking along it kept feeling like it was about to fall down so I had to keep tucking it in again (Jon had said I could - unless he told me not to).

Jon had decided that we were going to Ses Salines which meant that we had to get a bus to Ibiza Town and then another to Ses Salines. Jon followed me onto the first bus and as we walked down the aisle my sarong suddenly disappeared leaving me totally naked on a bus with quite a few people on it. All of them seemed to be looking at me. Even though I like being naked I still felt embarrassed, even after Jon picked it up, gave it to me and I’d put it back on.

After we’d got a seat and the bus was moving I realised that I’d enjoyed the excitement and that my pussy was wet and tingling. When I told Jon he said, “I’m sure that I can arrange for it to happen again.” He then told me that he’d grabbed a bit of the sarong and held it against one of the seat backs so that as I moved back along the bus I just walked straight out of it. He told me to try it as we got onto the next bus.

I did, and it worked. I was left naked on a bus in the middle of Ibiza Town with quite a few people looking at me. This time the excitement was greater than the embarrassment and I could really feel my juices. On the beach I discussed this with Jon and we decided that I should do it more often. See what reactions I can get from people.

We spent another quiet day on the beach with not a lot happening. I’m sure that the people walking up and down the beach stared at me a lot longer because of my lack of pubic hair, pussy lips rings and chain. The man who came to collect the money for the hire of the sun loungers seemed to ‘hover’ at the bottom of my sun lounger for quite a while as well. At one point we both went for a long naked (apart from shoes) walk in the dunes and pine trees that are behind the beach. I’ve got to the stage where the chain doesn’t get me excited unless I’m already thinking about sex.

As we waiting for the bus to go back to Ibiza Town we both sat on the step outside the café eating an ice cream. Anyone who looked would have been able to see both my pussy and Jon’s dick and balls, though we never saw anyone staring at us. We had to stand up on that bus because of the number of people on it and at one point my sarong came un-done and started to fall down on its own. I let it get down to my waist before pulling it back up. The bus to San Antonio was better; I did what Jon suggested and down went the sarong onto the floor. Two hunks of men looked at me but when one of them started talking to the other one I decided that my efforts had been wasted, they sounded as if they were gay.

On the walk through San Antonio back to the hotel I decided to try it again when a group of English youths were walking towards us. I ‘caught’ the sarong on the side of a van and down it went when I was right in front of them. What a cheer I got. It was great. I didn’t rush to pick-up the sarong and even bent over at the waist to pick it up. What a wonderful feeling.

While we were in a shop getting some more water Jon accidentally (yes it was!) dropped his wallet and squatted down to pick it up. He did this with his knees wide open (like men do). Because he wasn’t wearing anything under his vest his dick and balls were clearly visible.

Right in front of him were 2 teenage girls waiting to be served and one of them looked down to see what was going on. Her jaw dropped when she realised what she was looking at and when Jon stood up I could see the girl whispering to her mate. I couldn’t hear what she was saying but her mate turned and looked at Jon. When we left the shop I asked Jon if he’d dropped his wallet on purpose. He said, “Don’t be so silly!” so I told him about the girl. I guess that he hadn’t realised because he said, “I didn’t think about that, I’ll have to try it again.”

Back in the hotel the 2 Scottish girls were in their room with the shutters open. They were getting changed and walking around in their bras and knickers. One of them stared at us as we stripped off and walked around naked but in general they just ignored us. We sat out on the balcony watching the world go by for a while before taking a nap before we went out for the evening. While we were on the balcony I saw the head of one of the girls in the room above us lean out and look down at us a couple of times.

When we went out I just wore my bikini skirt (the one that only has the thin fastening cord on one side making it obvious (to anyone who bothered to look) that I have nothing on underneath) and my white Lycra bikini top. With all the young girls wearing see-through dresses on skimpy skirts no one took any notice of me at all, but it was nice walking around amongst all those people feeling quite naked.

After getting some food Jon took me into a couple of the very noisy, lively bars. The music was good, but way too loud. We stood in a corner drinking and watching the kids dancing and falling over. I was stood in front of Jon laying back on him. His hand was in the side of my skirt and he was playing with my clit as we stood there. He brought me to an orgasm quite quickly and I could have screamed my head off and no one would have taken a blind bit of notice.

Back in our hotel room Jon had me ride him. We left the window open (as usual) and I could hear a few people talking but I don’t know if any of them saw us. The Scottish girls room light went on and then off after a few seconds but I couldn’t see them looking towards us.

Tuesday July 6 - Another night when we kept getting woken up. When we did get up, Jon slammed our bathroom door lots of times.

Jon decided that we were going to Ses Salines again but he decided that it best not to try the sarong ‘falling off’ trick again so soon. He told me to wear my short sarong skirt and crop top. I tied the skirt at the side but Jon pulled the knot round so that it was right in front of my pussy. It was only the ends dangling down that were stopping people from seeing everything I’d got. In the café having breakfast the waiter kept looking at my lap. I don’t think that he could see my pussy even though I could see the top of my bald pubic bone with just a hint of the top of my slit.

Both bus trips were un-eventful and as we were walking through the long car park to the beach we stopped for a drink and Jon told me to take my top off and we walked the rest of the way with me topless. No one seemed to notice.

We had another very relaxing day soaking up the sun and cooling down in the lovely sea. In the middle of the afternoon Jon put a pair of his mesh undies on and I put just the short sarong skirt on and we went to a beach bar for something to eat. As we were queuing to be served we were stood in front of a table with a youngish couple on it. The woman was staring at Jon’s dick and the man was staring at my crotch. When I looked down I saw that the knot in my sarong was a little off-centre and the man must have had a great view of my pussy, rings and chain. I got all damp just thinking about it. That sounds a bit strange cos I’d just spent a couple of hours laying on a sun lounger with my legs wide open and not got wet. It must have been the excitement of it not being intentional.

We went for another long naked walk in the woods. This time we ended-up near the part of the beach that has a lot of gays on it. As we walked through the sand dunes we say 2 gay couples having sex. Jon wouldn’t let me stop and watch them. He said that he felt like throwing-up. Back near our ‘base’ we saw a ‘normal’ couple with the woman riding the man. That sight gave Jon a hard-on and he pulled me deeper into the woods and fucked me doggy style. I’m sure I saw someone watching us at one point but the odd voyeur was the last thing on my mind as Jon shot his load into me. I didn’t cum.

Back on the sun lounger both our juices were slowly running out of me as I lay on my back with my feet on the sand on either side of the sun lounger.

Early evening we went for a long swim before heading back through the long car park to the bus stop. Jon only had his vest on and me my short sarong skirt (with knot on my pubic bone) right until we got to the bus stop. Then while we were right in the middle of the crowd waiting for the bus Jon told me to put my top back on.

The bus driver gave me a funny look as we gave him our return tickets. On the journey into Ibiza Town we couldn’t get any seats and we had to stand holding a strap hanging down from the roof. I was using my right hand and my top had ridden right up over my right breast. There was a young(ish) woman stood in front of me (facing me) and she spent most of the journey with her face just inches from my breast. When it had first ‘popped’ out I noticed a smile appear on her face. When she kept staring at it my nipples went all hard.

The rest of the journey back to the hotel was uneventful until about half way through San Antonio when Jon told me to slip into a doorway and take my top off. I had to walk the rest of the way back to the hotel topless. You should have seen the faces of the youths in the hotel reception area. I felt nervous, but proud.

Didn’t see anything of the Scottish girls but I did see a head looking down on us as we watched the world go by on our balcony (naked) before going out later. Before we did go out that evening Jon used the body paint to give me some knickers. Two little triangles, one at the top of my bum cheeks and the other at the top of my slit. He also painted some knicker elastic on me in the form of a 1-inch band joining the triangles. It was then on with the see-through sarong, tied in a knot just to the side of my right breast.

I didn’t feel at all nervous as we went out but I thought I was going to get arrested at one point as 2 unpleasant looking policewomen walked towards us. One looked me up and down but then ignored me. My little heart was pounding. Having said all that, there were loads of girls with see-through dresses with very small thongs showing so I guess that I looked as if I was wearing no less than them. To be truthful I never noticed anyone looking at me and no one seemed to realise that I was virtually naked. In one noisy, dark bar, Jon finger fucked me until I came. I was stood facing the bar and Jon had his back to the bar on my right so it was easy for him to go in the side of my sarong and get at my pussy.

Wednesday July 7 - Somehow we managed to sleep late and it was 9 o’clock before we went to a café for some breakfast. We were both wearing just our vests and Jon had his wallet with him. After breakfast Jon decided that we would go for a long walk around the streets and have a bit of fun ‘dropping’ his wallet. He flashed 3 lots of girls and I flashed 2 lots of lads before Jon decided that we should go and get our stuff and go to the beach. The reactions from the ‘victims’ was quite mixed. Jon said that one of the lads that I flashed even looked embarrassed.

Jon wore just his vest and I had to wear my see-through sarong with bikini bottoms to beach. I felt a bit strange having something cover my pussy. The sarong was just tucked in and Jon helped it fall off as we walked to the boat to Cala Conte. As we were getting onto the boat I’m sure that a woman got a glimpse of Jon’s dick because I saw her eyes open wide and her jaw drop.

It was a bit difficult keeping my sarong covering me as we sat next to each other on the boat. The breeze kept trying to blow it to one side. I did notice one teenage girl, sat opposite us, staring at Jon’s lap. As Jon was lounging back on the bench, his knees not together, I guess that she would have been looking at everything that he’d got. As soon as we got off the boat Jon told me to remove the sarong and walk to the car park topless. When we got to the car park my bikini bottoms came off as well (and so did Jon’s vest) and we walked through the car park and down the cliff to the nuddies beach naked.

Had another very quiet day on the beach and in the sea until it came to time to go. Jon told me to wear only the see-through sarong. He told me to follow him onto the boat and to hold my bag in front of me until I sat down. When we got back to San Antonio I did the same trick getting off the boat, but this time Jon followed me. It was nice walking through town virtually naked with no one taking any notice of me. In fact people were taking more notice of a couple of girls that were wearing bikinis with T-back bottoms.

As we were walking passed a café one girl in a group of ‘happy’ girls and youths shouted at Jon, “Hey mate - you should tuck your vest into your shorts.” Jon stopped, turned and we walked back to the girls. Before any of them could say anything Jon said, “I would if I was wearing any.” The same girl said (in a very dis-believing tone), “Oh yeah, prove it!” Jon looked round then with one hand he pulled the bottom of his vest up to his waist. With his other hand he pulled my sarong off me. There were screams and laughter as all the girls turned and saw Jon’s shaved dick and balls and a naked me. He waited about 20 seconds before dropping the bottom of his vest and giving me my sarong that I quickly put back round me. There were all sorts of comments coming from the girls, ranging from, “dirty bastard” through to, “nice one mate.” One lad said, “What the hell’s that on her pussy?” Jon had a big grin on his face right until we got back to the hotel.

When we got back to the hotel we saw that 2 English girls had replaced the 2 Scottish girls. Also, in the room below them were a young boy and girl (18 ish). John reckoned that it was their first holiday away from home. They’d moved their beds under the window and we could see them making love, naked, on the beds. The girl was kneeling either side of the boy and riding him quite quickly.

Something made her look out and see someone (may have been me or Jon (although we were being quiet), or it could have been someone in the room below us); because she decided to close the curtains in their room. Still impaled on the boy’s dick, she reached up and pulled the curtains closed. When the show ended Jon said, “There’s nothing quite like seeing a girl naked and on her knees with them spread wide and her arms stretched up.” Perhaps that’s why the position that I have to get into when Jon says, “Assume the position” is very much like that. I guess that turned Jon on a bit because he joined me in the shower and fucked me till be both came.

When one of the English girls first saw us walking around our room naked she dodged behind a curtain and I could hear her saying, “Hey Becky, come and have a look at this.” The next thing I heard was, “What you on about?” and then a gasp. We both ignored them but I kept getting quick views of both of them trying to look at us without it being obvious. In the end Jon stood at our window and said, “It’s alright you 2, if you want to look then do so, it doesn’t bother us.” A few seconds later Becky came to the window and said, “Hi, I didn’t think that you’d want to know that someone could see you.” Jon replied, “We don’t care, we’re both naturists and it doesn’t bother us in the least.”

Becky’s mate (Sam) slowly emerged and we had a long chat about the weather, the beaches and where to find the nightlife. By the time we’d finished talking I think that they were quite relaxed about our nudity, and later on, as they were getting ready to ‘hit the town’, I saw Becky walking around their room naked as well.

When we went out I just wore my lacy net dress, my collar and Ben. I guess that my lack of pubic hair helped cos no one seemed to realise that I was naked under my lacy see-through dress, although Jon did change our direction when we were walking down one street and we saw a couple of policemen coming the other way.

Ben made it difficult for us to go far and I came twice before we’d even found somewhere to eat. While we were looking for somewhere to have a drink we saw this bar that was on the first floor and it has a balcony. There were quite a number of people on it and I lost count of the number of girls with short shirts who may or may not have realised that everyone on the street below could see either their knickers or their pussies. With it being dark it wasn’t too easy to tell, but both Jon and I reckoned that at least 2 of the girls weren’t wearing knickers or thongs.

San Antonio really is like Ibiza Town when it comes to ‘anything goes’ as far as clothes are concerned. We saw people in all sorts of weird outfits and a couple of men that looked almost reasonable dressed as girls. On the way back to our hotel we saw one couple having sex in a doorway. She was up against the wall and his trousers were round his ankles. He had a nice tight butt.

I really did enjoy going out that night. I was naked apart from a see-through dress and no one appeared to take a blind bit of notice. Okay, I got the odd person looking at me who was obviously thinking ‘is she, isn’t she?’ but in general no one realised. I suppose that fact that I have no pubic hair helped a bit and I’m sure that my Ben Wa balls had something to do with it; but I felt daring and excited all the time that we were out. I came about 6 times before we eventually got back to the hotel. I was knackered but that didn’t stop Jon wanting to fuck me as I leaned over the balcony. It’s a nice feeling being fucked only a few feet from people who just might look up and see what you’re doing. In a way I was surprised that no one did as I was moaning and grunting a bit as Jon thrust into me.

Thursday July 8 - That morning Jon put some shorts on (first time during the day since we arrived there) and left me while he went and hired a car. As soon as he got back we both put just our vests on, packed out stuff for the day and went out. When we got into the car Jon took his vest off and told me to take mine off. He said that we were going to be naked in the car all the time and would only pull our vests onto our laps when a policeman or some oldies looked as if they were looking in. We were sat in a parked car, naked, in the middle of a busy town. I could see that things were going to get interesting.

We drove to the outskirts of San Antonio and to be honest no one even seemed to look inside the car. People seemed to see the car but never looked inside. By the time that we parked outside a café and put our vests back on I was starting to get relaxed about driving round naked. In the café the waitress got a bit of a surprise when she brought our food, Jon had turned round and was looking at something and his vest had ridden-up displaying all his dick and balls. I’d realised but didn’t say anything to Jon (maybe he knew). Instead I just watched the waitress’ face which was a picture. First shock then a smile.

She took ages lifting things of her tray and onto the table and all the time her eyes kept looking back to Jon. When Jon turned back she stopped looking at Jon and went a bit red. She looked at me and I smiled and licked my lips as I looked straight at her. She hurried off but I could see her talking to another waitress and the other girl kept looking over to us.

When it came to time to pay it was girl number 2 that gave us the bill and her eyes were firmly focused on Jon’s lap. When I told him he said that she’d get a surprise when she brought the change. Her eyes really opened wide when she saw his knees open and a semi laying down his leg.

As we walked back to the car his dick was having real trouble staying under his vest and by the time we got into the car he had a full erection sticking out of the front of his vest. I don’t think that anyone saw it. As soon as we took our vests off and started moving Jon told me to do something about it with my mouth.

We drove round the island for most of the day only stopping twice. The first time was for Jon to take some photographs of me, naked, on top of the car, with a nice view of the sea and an island in the background. It was a bit painful on the car because of the heat of the metal and I was glad when we’d finished.

The second time that we stopped was at a little café in the middle of nowhere for some lunch. Jon just put his long vest on and he told me to put just my bikini skirt on. The locals took me being topless in their stride but there were some other holidaymakers in there that couldn’t stop looking at us. Some of them left at the same time as us and Jon told me to make a big show of taking my little skirt off and showing that that I was climbing into the car naked. Jon did the same. They all watched us as we drove off waving at them.

At one point late afternoon we ended up in Ibiza Town. I was nervous at us driving through it naked but Jon just said, “Keep cool, and keep your eyes open for policemen.” We drove all round the town naked, even stopping at traffic lights in busy streets and no one appeared to notice us. That was until we stopped at a street corner where a gang of young teenagers (boys and girls) were hanging out. One of them spotted us and told all their mates. They came up to the car and had a real good look before the traffic let us out. I was tempted to try to cover-up but Jon said, “No, just keep your cool and we’ll be ok” and we were.

Back at the hotel we showered and eventually sat on the balcony. As we were moving around our room I saw Becky and Sam and said “Hi.” Sam was only wearing a thong and a bra but Becky had only a thong on. At one point when I looked over and saw 2 lads in there with them. Becky was still topless and one of the lads was looking over at me and Jon (naked as usual). I have to admit standing and giving a full frontal with my legs about a foot apart as I pretended to read a little piece of paper. I don’t know if it did anything for him but I went a little damp. We had a quiet night in a bar just round the corner from the hotel. I wore just my bikini skirt and a bikini top. Jon fastened it for me and deliberately fastened it loosely so that it kept slipping of my boobs. Jon just wore a T-shirt.

Friday July 9 - Got up at 4 o’clock and drove to the beach. It was still dark and when we got there, there was a whole bunch of ‘happy’ teenagers going skinny-dipping. Jon decided that we’d join them and we took our T-shirts off and went in near them. Most of them didn’t last long before they got out and disappeared, but 2 girls were still in the sea when we got out. It was just starting to get light and Jon decided to have a bit of fun. After we’d got dried and dressed Jon picked up their clothes and put them in the boot of our car and we drove off round the corner and parked the car off the road. We then walked back and hid so that we’d be able to see their reaction when they got out and couldn’t find their clothes.

The sun was coming up when they finally got out and went to where their clothes had been. We couldn’t hear what they were saying but it was funny watching them search all over. After 2 or 3 minutes a local arrived on a tractor and started cleaning the beach. The 2 girls didn’t take much notice of him apart from when he drove near them and they tried to hide behind a stack of sun loungers. After about 10 minutes they started walking towards the road. We let them pass us then put our T-shirts in the car boot and then got in. When the girls were out of sight we drove down towards them.

When they saw us coming they waved at us to stop us. It was quite funny really. They were waving to stop us and at the same time trying to cover their boobs and pubes. They both had boobs a lot bigger than mine (that wouldn’t be difficult) and one of them was shaved as well. You should have seen their faces when we stopped and got out - naked.

Jon asked them what they wanted and with their hands strategically placed they told us what had happened. Jon asked them where they were going and they said San Antonio. I don’t know how they were expecting to get there at that time of the morning, even if they’d had their clothes.

Jon said that we were going there and offered to give them a lift. One of them said, “Dressed like that!” Jon ignored her and told them to get in. Jon drove them back to their hotel but he took a very roundabout route through everywhere that had people out and about. Both the girls sat there with one hand covering their boobs and the other on their laps. Both Jon and myself tried to get them talking but neither of them would say much.

When we finally got to their hotel Jon parked round the corner and one of the girls said, “Right, now we’ve got to get a key from reception and up to our room. Jon got out to let them get out and said, “I’d offer to help, but look at me, I’m sure that I’d get arrested, but no one’s going to arrest you 2 lovelies.” As they got out I could see them looking at Jon’s dick and at the same time I was getting a good look at their pussies as they bent over to get out of Jon’s side of the car.

Just as they started walking towards their hotel Jon opened the boot and called them back. By the time they got back Jon had put their clothes on the road and was back in the car. As we were driving off I could see them putting their dresses on. When I was putting our bags into the car later I found 2 pairs of knickers. I left them there and guessed that Jon would leave them there as well. Perhaps someone at the car hire company will have a use for them. When we parked outside our hotel we put our long T-shirts on and went to our room and got ready to go out for the day.

That day we walked to a café nearby for breakfast before going to the beach. Jon decided that I was only taking my see-through sarong with me that day and I’d tied it on the outside of my right breast. As we were walking into the café I accidentally (honest) caught it on one of the wooden chairs. It didn’t come off but it certainly pulled it wide-open revealing everything but my left breast. Jon burst out laughing and I swore but all that did was draw people’s attention to me. There were a few customers and a couple of waiters that all got a great view of my body. I couldn’t have done a better job if I’d planned it.

I’d taken the sarong off and Jon had taken his vest off as soon as we got back into the car and when we arrived at Ses Salines Jon said that we were leaving ALL our clothes (except shoes) in the car. Just to make things worse, Jon parked the car at the back of the car park so we had to walk, naked, right through the car park before we got into the cover of the trees. On the beach we got some sun loungers and settled in for long beautiful day of soaking up the sun. As usual, when I lay on my back I want to get the insides of my legs tanned so I lie with my legs wide open and my feet on the sand. It was a different younger man who came asking for money for hire of sun loungers and he squatted down at the bottom of my sun lounger when he asked for the money. I had my sunglasses on and as Jon was getting the money out I could see the man staring at my pussy. His staring turned me on a bit and I’m sure that he would have been able to see my juices coming out cos they certainly felt like they were flowing fast.

Early afternoon Jon decided that he wanted us to go for a walk, but this time he wanted to go along the water’s edge right along where the unfortunate people who keep some clothes on were. This worried me a bit as I’d seen a policeman walking up and down the beach and I for one didn’t want to get arrested. When I asked Jon about the policeman he told me not to worry, he’d seen him and all we had to do was to time it so that we set off just after he’d passed us going the opposite way. Jon said that if we saw him coming towards us when we were coming back then we’d just have to suddenly go for a swim.

We waited until the right moment then set off. Once we were in the middle of the ‘clothed’ part we got lots of people staring at us and I saw a few people nudge other people and tell them to look. One teenage lad even got up and came to the water’s edge to look at me (presumably) close up. It felt good and I could feel my juices leaking out of me. About half way back Jon suddenly grabbed my arm and pulled me into the sea and down on my back.

When I looked up I saw the policeman but I guess that he hadn’t seen us cos he just kept walking. When he’d gone we got out and continued back to our sun loungers.

Later on I was getting very hot and asked Jon if he was going for a swim. He said he wasn’t but told me to go. I was in the sea for ages really enjoying myself. Some of the time I was laying half in and half out of the water watching the people who were walking up and down the water’s edge right next to me. Needless to say my legs were wide-open most of the time and I even saw the policeman having a good look at me. I wasn’t worried about that as just about all of the people around me were naked.

When I finally decided that I’d had enough I got up and went back to the sun loungers. Jon had gone. All I could find were my shoes and a note saying ‘meet me at the car.’ I was going to have to walk through the woods and the car park, naked, all on my own. I wasn’t worried when I was with Jon but I was nervous about doing it on my own.

After a couple of minutes thinking about it and probably making things worse, I put my shoes on and set off. No problem on the beach but when I went up the back into the dunes and trees I felt like I was being watched. I was glad when I got to a path and saw a couple (man and woman) walking towards me. Putting a brave face on I walked straight passed them, only to see a group of men following them. They stopped talking when they saw me and stopped and stared at me as I went passed them. Round the next corner was the car park but there were lots of people there. Thinking that it was probably worse to stay in the woods, I walked out and into the car park. To keep to the most direct route I had to climb over a wire fence and when I got one leg over the wire went straight up into my pussy. That made the feeling of nervous excitement worse and when I’d got my other leg over I looked back and saw my juices on the wire.

Straight on, through the mopeds and motorcycles and then the cars I went. People were really staring at me. When I got to where I thought the car was there was no sign of it or Jon. All those little white cars looked the same to me. I searched round for what seemed like a lifetime, all the time people were staring at me. I was starting to get worried with visions of having to walk back to San Antonio. That wouldn’t have bothered me too much, so long as Jon had been with me, but on my own...

All of a sudden I turned round and there was Jon, naked as well. I was so relieved that I ran to him and gave him a big hug. “Careful,” he said, “you’ll give me a hard-on.” I reached down and gave his dick a gentle squeeze. The response was immediate, his dick was pointing to the sky. He grabbed my arm and pulled me to our car which was only a few yards away, opened the passenger door, sat down and said, “On that!” I climbed in and knelt either side of his thighs (facing him) and lowered myself down onto his dick. It wasn’t long before I came and then a couple of minutes later I came again, just as Jon came. As we were coming back down a couple of men walked down the side of the car and looked in. They must have realised what we were doing.

As we were driving back to San Antonio Jon told me that he’d been watching me all the time that I’d been walking back from the beach. He hadn’t really expected me to come to any harm, but he’d kept an eye on me just in case.

I put my sarong on and Jon put his vest on after we’d parked the car. Jon told me to just tuck the sarong in, not to tie a knot. When I got out of the car I saw a big wet patch on my seat where our juices had been leaking out of me. As we walked towards the hotel Jon told me to ‘catch’ my sarong on the hotel doorframe. I was a bit nervous cos I’d no idea who would be in the reception area. It worked perfectly and I was left standing there, naked, in front of a group of 2 youths and a group of 3 girls as well as an old man on reception.

The girls all saw me and at least 1 of them gasped. One of the youth saw me and I saw him nudging his mate as they all watched me slowly squat down to pick the sarong up, then take my time putting it back on. The man on reception never even looked up from his desk.

As we were going up the stairs to our room Jon pulled the sarong off and said, “Not much point in having that on.” Becky and Sam were walking along the corridor as we turned on to it. When we got close Becky said, “Walk like that outside as well do you?” Jon replied, “As often as possible, you want to try it.” There was no reply.

We had a shower and a nap on our beds because we were going to Ibiza Town that night. I wore just my lacy see-through dress and shoes when we went out, but as usual Jon had me take it off before we got into the car for the drive to the other side of the island. When we got there we parked, then got dressed, then walked down to the harbour area. It was very much the same as it was when we went there last year with everything from smartly dressed people to transvestites, from people wearing less than me to people who looked like they were ready to go to the North Pole, from cheap junk shops to bloody expensive shops, from cheap fast food joints to expensive restaurants. An amazing place! We wandered around for a while before getting some food and then looking for a bar.

We came across Gropers Bar again and went in. It was crowded and it wasn’t long before it lived up to its name, a hand was sliding up my leg as we stood at the bar waiting to get served. It stopped when it encountered my chain and rings but then continued and a finger went in me just as Jon passed me my drink and motioned for us to move to a corner. When I walked away the hand caught my chain and hurt me a bit.

The corner was crowded with a group of girls as well as some men. We ended up near the girls and I thought that that was the end of my fun, but I was wrong. It wasn’t long before another hand was on my bum - under my dress and slowly moving towards my pussy. I looked around and although it was dark in there, the hand could only have belonged to a woman. I opened my legs a bit and enjoyed the experience as I tried to talk to Jon. It was difficult because of the noise but from the way he was leaning down I guessed that he was doing a bit of groping as well.

The hand was very skilled at handling pussies and it wasn’t long before I was cumming. I think that the fact that I didn’t know whose hand it was made it even more exciting. After I came I decided that I was going to have a piece of the action and I let my hand wander onto the chest of a woman that was sat close by. At first she tensed-up then had a look at me. I smiled at her and felt her body relax. She wasn’t wearing a bra and it wasn’t long before I was squeezing and pulling one of her nipples. It was quite hard and I was just getting her breathing heavily when Jon pulled me away. I was a bit disappointed when Jon pulled me out onto the street.

We wandered around some more and even went to look at the big cruise ship and some sort of navy ship that was there. Jon seemed to find in interesting. After that Jon decided that he’d had enough and we walked back towards the car. It was about 2 in the morning and the place was still very lively. At the end of the street where our car was Jon told me to take my dress off and I had to walk back to it naked. Fortunately we only saw one young couple (a male and a female) and they were more interested in themselves than what was going on around them.

San Antonio was still heaving as we drove through and back to our hotel. Jon had threatened to not let me put my dress on when we got out of the car but he didn’t say anything as I put it on so it stayed on until we got to our room. Not that the see-through dress was covering much, but at first glance I looked quite normal.

Saturday July 10 - Usual noise overnight but I did manage to get enough sleep. This was our last day and Jon wanted to get as much sun as possible. We put just our vests on and went and had some breakfast at a café down the road. The waiter was a young man and Jon told me to make sure that he could see lots of my body so when I sat down I pulled the vest up at the back and down at the front. This meant that the 1-inch straps were over my nipples. I wouldn’t take much for them to ‘pop out’ if I turned to one side. It also meant that the vest was bunched-up on my lap so I grabbed as much as I could and pulled it to either side. My bald pubes were now showing but in pulling the vest my right nipple popped out. I pretended not to notice as the waiter took our order. I looked at him as I gave him my order and it was obvious where he was looking.

We were still watching the world go by with my right nipple getting plenty of fresh air as the waiter served our breakfast. Poor man nearly tipped our tea all over the floor. When he came back to get his money I was laying back in the chair, I’d covered my nipple but with my legs slightly apart the waiter was eyeing the bits of gold between my legs. He had a bulge in his trousers so I said, “You should really wear something more comfortable.” I don’t know if he understood what I’d said, or what I meant, but he didn’t say anything.

We took our vests of just before getting into the car and the 2 girls that were passing just stopped and stared as we drove off. There were hardly any cars at Ses Salines when we got there so we were able to park under the trees nearest the beach. Again we left all our clothes in the car and walked naked to the beach. We got a couple of sun-loungers and settled in for a beautiful long day soaking up the rays. The difference that day was that we’d settled on sun loungers just inside the clothed area and it wasn’t long before we were surrounded by unfortunate people who wanted to go home with some white bits. There was one couple who stripped off when they saw us. I was half expecting the policeman who walks up and down the beach to move us on but we never saw him.

Three times during the day Jon sent me back to the car for something. By the time it came to us leaving the beach I thought nothing about walking to the car park naked. I had been nervous being on my own with people staring at me the first time but that wore off as the day went on. I was feeling a bit sad when we finally drove away from there I hope Jon takes me back there one day.

We put our vests back on again and drove back to San Antonio. Just on the outskirts Jon told me to put my vest on and we drove to the car hire place. Jon gave them the keys and we walked back to the hotel. As we turned the corner after reception Jon said, “Right off with the vests, we’re going to risk it.” As we walked up onto the second floor there were a couple of girls and youths coming down. We got a few of the usual comments from them but the best was as we walked along our corridor when a nice hunk of a man asked if I wanted to go to his room with him. Jon just said, “Cheeky sod.”

Becky and Sam were in their room when we got into ours; they were leaning out of their window and talking to some blokes in the room below us. They said “Hi” when they saw us and just carried on talking. I saw that they were both topless and their big tits were hanging over the edge of the window as they talked. The blokes below must have been able to look up and see 4 boobs staring down at them.

After a shower Jon was feeling randy and I had to ride him on my bed near the window. I was going up and down on him when I saw a couple looking down on us from the room above Becky and Sam’s. I waved at them but and the man smiled but they didn’t look away. After we had both cum I got off Jon and cleaned his dick and balls with my tongue. I did this with my backside facing the window and my knees apart.

When I’d finished I lay on my back with my legs open and looked out of the window. Not only were the couple still looking at us but I saw Becky as well. Our eyes met and she smiled and said, “Hard work was that?” “No, he’s gone soft now but it was great while it lasted” I said. Jon looked up and saw Becky and said, “You can sample it if you want.” Beck just smiled and turned and walked. It was then that I saw that she was naked as well.

When we finally got up I looked over to Becky and Sam’s room and saw them both at it in the 69 position with each other. You just never can tell whose bi these days.

We sat on the balcony until about 11 o’clock and then went out for some food and a drink. Jon told me to wear my bikini skirt and white bikini top. He told me to fasten it so lose that it wouldn’t take much for it to slide off my boobs. He went out wearing just a T-shirt and shoes.

We ate in the KFC - upstairs. Two ‘happy’ youths followed us up the stairs and I heard one of them say to his mate, “She isn’t wearing any fucking knickers. I’ve just seen her pussy and she’s got a chain hanging from her cunt.” Halfway though our chicken and chips one of them came over to us and said (in a very slurred voice), “Excuse me mate, my mate reckons that your woman has a chain hanging from her cunt. Is that right!” Jon looked at me, smiled, looked back at the youth and said, “Go get your mate, I’ll show you.”

When they both got back Jon told me to get off the stool, take my skirt off and get back on the stool with my knees wide apart. My bikini top slipped off my right boob as I got back on but I didn’t do anything about it. The youths unsteadily bent over and had a long stare at my pussy and its jewellery. As they were doing that I could feel their eyes burning into my pussy and my juices started to flow. I could feel my lips swell and part and my clit get harder. I’d swear that if they’d stayed there that close for much longer then I’d have cum and squirted one on them in the face.

Jon had been enjoying it all and so had the young couple at the other side of the room. I could see a bulge appearing in his shorts. As Jon told me to get down and put my skirt back on I realised that the windows went right down to the floor. I haven’t a clue how many people out on the street saw me.

As the youth stumbled down the stairs I heard one of them say, “Fucking told you.” And then, “That’s nearest you’ll get to a pussy tonight.” We went into the bar that has a first floor balcony (can’t remember its name) and Jon took me upstairs onto that balcony. We both leaned on the railings and watched the hoards of youngsters stagger by. At one point I heard a lot of giggling below us and looked down to see a group of about 4 or 5 girls looking up at us. They’d obviously seen either Jon’s dick, or my pussy, or both.

Jon took me for a walk down by the harbour and we sat on one of those concrete seats and watched all the people in the cafés and the square. I’ve never seen a place that’s so busy at that time in a morning.

We walked back to the hotel the long quiet way and Jon took my bikini top and skirt off me as soon as we were alone in the street. I’d walked about 300 yards naked before a car came the opposite way. Jon said, “Just keep walking.” When the car got close its horn started sounding and some youth started shouting at me. “Ignore them.” Jon said and we went round the corner to our hotel.

As we walked in the old man on reception stared at us. Jon just said, “Someone stole her clothes.” The man didn’t say anything and we went up to our room. In the room I saw that Becky and Sam were in and they had a couple of men with them. Becky and Sam were wearing just bras and knickers and the lads what looked like boxer shorts. Jon said that he wondered if they’d just had, or were just about to have, an orgy. He said that he didn’t care (good luck to them were his actual words) and he put the light off and we went to sleep.

Sunday July 11 - The day we came home. We didn’t have to be at the airport until 9 o’clock and we’d got up early. We put our vests on and went to a café for some breakfast. We went to the same one that we’d been to the previous day and the same waiter was there. Jon told me that as we wouldn’t be going back there I was to sit with my knees open and to slide forward in the chair. Jon also told me to slide the straps of my vest over so that a nipple was just showing. When the waiter came over to take our order he just couldn’t take his eyes off me.

We finally made it through breakfast and then Jon told me that we were going for a walk to see how many people we could ‘accidentally’ flash using the dropping the wallet trick. In about 30 minutes we got 2 groups of youths and 3 groups of girls just going back to their hotel after their night out and 3 Spanish teenage girls. The reaction of one of the Spanish girls was good, when she saw Jon’s dick she stopped walking and after a gasp, she just stood there staring and licking her lips. One of the lads said, “Let’s have a look at your tits as well,” so Jon lifted my vest right up to my neck for a few seconds. I got a little tingle in my pussy as he did that.

We went to the airport on 2 different buses and Jon told me to wear my non see-through sarong and to just tuck it in so that I could get it ‘caught’ as I walked down the bus. He wore just a T-shirt. As it turned out we had to run to catch the bus in San Antonio and the sarong came off on its own. When it did I shouted to Jon who was in front of me. He looked round and said, “Keep going.” The sarong was wrapped round my left arm and the bag that I was carrying in my left hand. I had another bag in my right hand so I couldn’t do anything about it. I must have run about a hundred yards like that with lots of people looking at me. I finally managed to put the sarong back on just before I got onto the bus. As I walked down the aisle in the bus a man said, “Very nice love.” We sat at the back of the bus and got our breath back. Jon followed me onto the bus from Ibiza Town to the airport and he trapped my sarong against a seat back. The inevitable happened and I walked the last half of the bus in the nude. There were only a couple of teenage Spanish girls in the back half of the bus and they just stared and giggled.

We checked-in and then went to the toilets to get changed. Jon told me to wear Ben and my denim dungarees dress with nothing under it. As the bib of the dress only just covers the front of my boobs I could see that a few people were going to catch a glimpse of them. When we went through to the departure lounge we had to go through a security check. When I walked through the archway the alarm sounded (Ben and / or my jewellery). The man looked at me and motioned for me to go through it again. This time when the alarm went off the man came over to me and indicated that he wanted me to fold my arms out from my body. As he was running his ‘magnifying glass’ over me Jon said something. Because Jon was behind me I turned my body to face him. As I was turning I suddenly remembered what I was wearing. My right boob came out of the dungarees bib and when I turned back the security man had stopped moving and was staring at my boob. Silly man was going red in the face and when I pulled my dress straight he just waved me on.

In the departure lounge the only chairs that we could find that were free were some very low down ones. As I sat down I realised that I was in the perfect position for anyone passing to look up (or should I say down) my dress and see my pussy and jewellery. I have to admit that a couple of times when a smart looking man came passed I opened my knees a bit. Ben was making me feel randy.

Eventually we got on the plane and away, and it wasn’t long before I was regretting wearing Ben. I’d forgotten about the effects that the constant vibrations of the aeroplane have and it wasn’t long before I started to cum. Jon told me to lift the back of the dress up so that it wasn’t under my pussy. He said that he didn’t want me showing a wet patch on the back of my dress to everyone as we got off. I came twice more before we landed 2 hours later. Each time it had been a slow build-up to the orgasm which I tried to hide. The first one was just as the flight attendant was serving the breakfasts. My face was all red and I was straining and biting my lip so that I didn’t let out a moan or scream. The woman asked me if I was okay but I was in no fit state to answer so Jon told her that I was.

When I came the second time the woman on the other side of me to Jon asked me if there was anything that she could do to help me. When we got up to get off the plane the woman noticed the wet patch on my seat and gave me a very sympathetic look and said, “You’ll soon be home.” I’m sure that she thought I was ill and had peed on the seat.

Going through customs and collecting our luggage was a bit of an ordeal as well. I had to take it very slowly. We got a taxi home and no sooner than I’d taken our bags upstairs and taken my dress off Jon told me that I’d screwed-up the video recording and that it hadn’t been recording the British Grand Prix from Silverstone. He was mad and he took it out of my backside. I had to lean over the arm of the sofa while he gave me 50 slaps with his hand. I’m sure that hurt his hand because it certainly hurt me. He then took me outside and strapped me face up on to the scaffolding frame.

Trevor arrived late afternoon to cut the grass and you should have seen his face when he saw me. He turned the corner and was stood at my feet. I pretended not to see him but I was sneaking a look with half closed eyes. I was thinking about the last time that I’d been tied onto the scaffolding frame and the grass was being cut. Jon still won’t tell me if it was him or Trevor that used the remote vibe on me but the look on Trevor’s face when he saw me then made me think that it was Jon before. As I was thinking about that I felt my pussy tingle and get wet.

Trevor stood there for a few seconds then moved closer and bent down to have a closer look at my pussy. I let him have a good look then said, “Hi, just topping-up my sun tan, just ignore me and get on with the grass will you.” The poor lad jumped and went all bright red before finally saying, “Err yes, OK” and he went off towards the garage.

When he came back with the lawn mower he came over and asked me if I was OK. I told him that I was and that it was quite comfortable lying there. I could see his eyes moving from my breasts to my pussy and I could feel that tingling and my juices starting to flow. Just to keep him looking at me I asked him if he could get me a drink of water from the kitchen. He went off and when he came back he stood next to me and held it out for me. I looked at him and then at the glass and said, “Slight technical problem Trevor, can you hold it to my mouth please.” He looked at my face then said, “Oh yes, sorry” and put the glass to my mouth. When I stopped drinking I said, “Trevor, do you think that you could do me another favour please, could you get the sun tan lotion off the kitchen table and rub some on me please?” He didn’t answer but went away and came back with the lotion and just stood beside me again.

“Can you start with my arms and legs please,” I said. He started with my arms then went to my legs. As he was slowly moving up my legs I was enjoying the feelings and I know my pussy lips were swollen and gaping open. I was thinking, ‘what must this 15 year old lad be thinking. He was rubbing sun tan lotion onto a naked woman who was spread-eagle and tied down to a big frame.’ The bulge in his shorts told me part of what he was thinking but I would like to have known the rest.

Trevor had stopped well short of my pussy, so I said, “Can you do right up to the top of my legs then my body please?” He stared again and slowly and gently moved up to the tops of my legs. He didn’t touch my pussy but he got close enough to touch one of my rings. When that happened I shuddered a bit and moaned a bit. I wanted him to know that I was enjoying it, but not too much.

All of a sudden he stopped working on my legs and moved up to my shoulders then down the sides of my body to my stomach. When I decided that he probably wasn’t intending doing my breasts I said, “Can you do my breasts as well please, they get sun-burned as well.” There was a little hesitation then his hands gently moved back up and onto my right breast first. As his fingers touched my nipple it went even harder. I let out another little moan and said, “That’s nice, keep doing that.” My nipples were so hard that they were hurting. A nice hurt that was running all the way down to my pussy.

The lad was good and after a while he started pulling on my nipples a bit. That sent bolts of pleasure right down to my pussy and I moaned even loader. When he eventually moved down my body to my stomach I said, “That was nice, can you do the rest of my body please?” When he started doing round my pussy I said, “Can you do ALL round there please?” There was no way that I wanted him to miss massaging my pussy. I could feel an orgasm building inside me.

As he was rubbing lotion on my stomach I could feel Ben moving slightly inside me. He was stood between my legs and he stopped for a few seconds before starting rubbing the lotion onto my bald pubes. His hand started going lower until I gasped as he touched my clit. It was already making its presence known and when Trevor touched it, it started throbbing. Trevor’s hand started rubbing all over all of my pussy. It didn’t take him long to get a finger inside me and I started cumming. As I started Trevor stopped but I didn’t want him to stop and I told him so. As I started to come down from my high I looked up to the bedroom window and saw Jon looking down at us with a smile on his face. My moans and gasps must have been loud enough to disturb him.

Trevor made me cum again before he stopped and just stared at me. When I looked at him he said, “Why have you got those rings and that chain in your cunt?” I smiled and said, “Why not? Why do people wear earrings and studs in other parts of their bodies? I’ve seen men with rings in their foreskin. No seriously, I like them, they make me ‘different’ and I like people looking at them.” For a while Trevor didn’t say anything, and then he said, “I like them too.” Just then there was a noise as Jon opened a window. Trevor said, “I’d better get the grass cut.” And he walked off. As he came past me with the lawn mower I saw a bit wet patch on his shorts. It was 7 o’clock when Jon came and released and told me to go and take Ben out and have a shower. After that he told me to get this journal up to date. He also threatened to publish it on the Internet. I thought about that in bed that night. When Jon had said it my initial reaction was, ‘Oh my god, everyone in the world will know what I’ve been doing, the shame, and the embarrassment if someone recognises me.’ In the end I finally decided that it would probably be my one and only chance for a little bit of fame. Who cares, I decided I’m happy with my life and why should I be ashamed about it. When I finally went to sleep I was quite happy with the idea.

# Week commencing July 12

Not a very exciting week. The only interesting bit was that I saw an ad for a part-time hairdressing job. When I first started working for Jon I swore that I wouldn’t go back to that, but for some reason the ad seemed to jump out at me. When I told Jon about it he said, “Go for it!” The salon was in the middle of Derby and I went there on the Thursday. I was a bit nervous when the manager told me to do a woman’s hair for her.

I think that I managed to do a reasonable job and the manager seemed pleased. He then told me that the salon cut men’s hair and did waxing - legs, armpits, bikini line etc. and he asked me if I had any problems with doing that. We didn’t do any of those in that salon in Wales but I’ve been cutting Jon’s hair for over a year now and he’s been waxing more than my bikini line. The manager told me that they had a private room upstairs for doing the waxings and then asked me if I would be able to work on Fridays and Saturdays. I’d already discussed the possibility of this with Jon so I said okay. The manager then gave me on of their ‘uniform’ dresses and told me to be there at 9 o’clock the next morning.

The uniform was a white cotton dress that fastened all down the front with press-studs. I’d noticed that the ones that the other girls wore were slightly see-through as I’d been able to see the shapes and colours of bras and knickers. Wouldn’t have that problem with me but it was a bit tight and a bit long. I couldn’t do anything about it being tight but I shortened it (not as short as my own dresses - only to half way between my knees and my pussy) that evening. When I put it on my nipples were just visible when they were soft, I could see that I would get a few people staring at them when they got hard.

Friday - My first day cutting hair again was interesting but not really exciting. One of the young girls is quite cheeky with the other staff and she asked me why I wasn’t wearing a bra. I said that my tits weren’t big enough, that I didn’t need one and that I never wore underwear. That seemed to shut her up but she kept looking at me. I think she was trying to see an outline of some knickers (VKL - visible knicker line as Jon calls it). I’ve noticed that with the uniform dress being so tight there is often a gap between some of the fasteners and that people can sometimes see some of my flesh.

Jon took me to the local pub for a drink that night. I had to wear my tight white Lycra dress that shows my dark nipples through it even when they’re soft. Before we went out Jon got 3 small rubber bands and put them on my nipples and clit. Not only did that mean that my nipples (more like bullets) were very visible but I was constantly being reminded that they were there. I definitely had to lift the back part of my dress up so that my pussy left the wet patch on the seat on not on my dress.

When we got home Jon wouldn’t let me take the rubber bands off and after he’d fucked me and sent me to bed, I had dreams about big rubber dildos and rubber dresses.

# Saturday July 17

Woke up with extremely wet legs and a big wet patch on the bed. The rubber bands were hurting and I was glad when Jon told me I could take them off.

Jon drove me to work and as I was getting out of the car the bottom 2 press-studs of the uniform dress popped open. There was no one around to see me but I made a mental note to be careful to not let it happen when I didn’t want it to.

Late morning I had to cut a man’s hair, he was about my age, very talkative and he obviously fancied himself and his chances. At one point when I was stood in front of him he put a hand on the inside of my leg and moved it up. He couldn’t get far because of the tightness of the dress and the fact that I pulled away from him. Later I asked one of the girls if we got a lot in there like that. She said, “a few.”

The rest of the day was busy, but not exciting and I was tired when Jon picked me up.

It was a warm evening and we both sat outside in the back garden, naked, eating our tea. Later we put some clothes on, walked to the pub and had a couple of drinks in the beer garden before walking home. Jon was feeling randy and he took me the long way home through where they are still building houses. He took me into one half built house and fucked me on the bare staircase. As I was getting up I caught my chain on something and I screamed. It really hurt, but didn’t draw blood fortunately. My pussy was still sore when I went to bed.

# Sunday July 18

We went jogging in the morning and I was knackered. I don’t know what got into Jon because he was off like a marathon runner. I had trouble keeping up with him. He’d told me to wear my tennis dress but I never got the chance to give anyone a pleasant surprise. The rest of the day was spent in the garden sunbathing and gardening. Trevor had been and cut the grass the day before and Jon hadn’t told him where I was when he asked.

# Week commencing July 19

Before he went to work on the Monday, Jon put the rubber bands on my nipples and clit again. He told me to leave them there all day and by the time I got to Tesco in the afternoon both my nipples and clit were throbbing. The pain and pleasure made my juices run and I’m sure that if anyone had looked at me closely then they’d have seen my juices down the insides of my thighs.

Walking around made it worse and in the end I came as I was coming home. I thought about using the fucking machine but it was too close to when Jon was due home. After tea he made me frig myself while lying spread-eagle on the back lawn. After he watched me cum he fucked me over the side of the scaffolding frame.

Friday - Got to work a bit early and so did the cheeky young girl. Her name’s Debbie and we got talking. She’s okay once you get to know her and as we both had our lunch breaks at the same time we went to the coffee house down the street together. The conversation got onto men and sex and she asked me if I was wearing any knickers (it was obvious that I wasn’t wearing a bra). When I said that I wasn’t she said that she thought not and that she wasn’t either. I’d worked out that she wasn’t wearing a bra but her uniform dress wasn’t as tight as mine, nor was the material as thin and it was difficult to tell.

Debbie started telling me about what she called ‘pussy power’. She’d only just got started when one of the other girls from the salon came in and joined us. We didn’t get chance to talk about ‘pussy power’ again until just as we were leaving. She suggested that we get together for a good chat.

Nothing else exciting happened that day, other than that Jon took me to bed with him that night. He fucked me from behind before he went to sleep still inside me.

# Saturday July 24

A busy day. Hardly got a chance to breathe but I did manage to have a quick chat with Debbie. We arranged for her to come round on the Monday for a chat.

Late in the afternoon I got told to wax a man’s legs. I’d never heard of a man waxing his legs before and had to ask if I’d heard it right. When I saw the man it didn’t surprise me, he looked and acted more like a woman that a lot of women do - very sweet.

When I took him upstairs and he took his trousers off I got a little shock. He was wearing some see-through women’s knickers. I had trouble keeping a straight face because he looked so stupid. I did though, and it was even funnier when I ripped the wax strips off. The little effeminate whimpering was amazing and he got a little hard-on. I say little because it was; Jon’s thumb is as big as his dick. Poor man.

That night Jon took me to country pub for a meal. We sat outside and didn’t get a chance to have any fun. The food was good though.

# Sunday July 25

A quiet day, nothing exciting happened, but Jon tried to explain the ins and outs of formula one racing which was coming from Austria. I just liked the crashes.

# Week commencing July 26

Monday - Debbie came round at about 11:00 o’clock and she looked surprised to see me naked when I opened the door. I put the kettle on but she wanted something stronger. Over a few martinis in the conservatory we told each other all about ourselves. I did most of the talking to start off with, explaining all about my change of life and Jon. She seemed very interested in some aspects, but she said that she liked to be in control, she didn’t like men telling her what to do.

I asked Debbie about ‘pussy power’ and she told me that she discovered it when she was about 15. She’s been trying to persuade her father (one parent family) to let her stay late at a party and wasn’t being too successful. She’d been getting ready to go out, and in the shower she’d decided to have one more go at him. She’d gone downstairs in just a towelling robe and sat on his lap trying to be nice to him when she realised that he was getting a hard-on. It was then that she realised that he was looking at her tits down the top of the robe.

Deciding that she might just be able to use that to persuade him she’d started twisting round and moving around on his lap. By the time he’d finally agreed his dick was pushing up between her legs (still with his trousers and her robe on) and the top of the robe was gaping open. Debbie had realised that she now had a means of getting her father to agree to whatever she wanted. She used to leave the bathroom door open while she was in the shower or while getting dressed in her bedroom, bend over wearing only a short T-shirt and things like that. She said that it worked every time. I wish that I’d thought of that and had the nerve to try it when I was a kid, but everything at my parents home was so ‘old fashioned’ and kids back home just weren’t like that.

Once Debbie had started using ‘pussy power’ on her father she realised that she had something that would work on other men as well. She’d used it at school to get better grades. She said that there was one teacher who taught history which she wasn’t very good at and wasn’t very interested in, but she ended up getting an A+.

The teacher was an arrogant man who fancied himself. One day Debbie had sat at the front of the class and let her legs open a bit. She’d kept watching the teacher’s eyes and spotted that he’d been looking at her legs so she’d opened them a bit more.

At the end of the lesson she’d stayed back and asked him what she could do to improve her grades. The teacher had said something like; “It’s amazing how a student sitting at the front of the class can SHOW their full potential, even if no one else can see it. Debbie, you sit at the front of the class and be more OPEN about the subject, SHOW me what you’ve got UNDERNEATH that exterior of yours. I like to SEE MORE of my students HIDDEN talents. Do you hear what I’m saying Debbie?” As he was saying all that his eyes were looking down at her thighs.

What he’d said could have been taken either way but Debbie knew which way he meant it and decided to use her ‘pussy power’. Just to make sure that he knew that she knew what he meant Debbie said something like, “Let me see if I’ve understood you right. If I SHOW you a different part of me, one that I’ve kept HIDDEN UNDERNEATH, then I could get top marks in your class and it doesn’t matter if ANYONE ELSE sees it too. Is that right?” The teacher had replied saying, “I think we understand each other now Debbie, you sit in that desk next lesson and let’s see how you get on. Okay?”

For the next history lesson she wore a short skirt, sat at the front and flashed her knickers to him a few times. Because she was on the front row, none of the other students could see what was going on. At the end of the lesson Debbie stayed back and asked the teacher how she was getting on. He’d replied something like, “Debbie, if you continue improving as you did today, then I’m sure that your grades will improve. Remember, the MORE effort that you SHOW me, the better the grade will be.”

Her next homework got a C+. The following week she kept her legs open for most of the lesson and her homework got a B. The week after that she decided to leave her knickers off and flashed him her hairy puss, not for long, just enough to let him know what she wasn’t wearing. Just for good measure she’d put her hand under her skirt and scratched her pussy one time that he was looking.

This went on for a few weeks and got to the stage where Debbie was sitting there with her legs quite open with no knickers on. Sometimes she’d have a little play with herself while he was watching. Debbie said that she was enjoying it and the teacher must have been able to see her juices seeping out. All that time Debbie’s grades were getting better, but never got better than an A. Debbie wanted an A+ and decided to do something special to get it.

The next week when she opened her legs for the teacher to see her pussy he nearly choked. He coughed and spluttered for ages before regaining his composure. Debbie had shaved her pussy and every wet fold and hole was staring him in the face as she smiled at him. She got her A+.

Debbie discovered that she got pleasure from showing her body to girls as well. In the girls gym changing rooms all the girls used to quickly wrap a towel round them when they went to and from the showers. Debbie stopped doing that and slowly walked to the showers.

When she’d shaved her pussy some of the girls had started whispering and giggling when they saw her. They’d obviously talked about it to the other kids and one day Debbie had been a little surprised to over-hear one boy telling his mates in the corridor, “That’s the girl that shaves her cunt.” At first she’d been a bit shocked but it hadn’t taken long for her to realise that it had made her pussy wet and she’d gone to the toilets to masturbate.

I think it was at about that point in the conversation that Debbie stopped talking about her past and asked me about my rings and chain. She said that she had never even considered doing anything like that and wanted to know what it was like. While Debbie had been telling me about her ‘pussy power’ discovery at school her legs had relaxed and opened. I’d been so interested in what she was saying that I hadn’t noticed that was until she’d asked about my rings. As I was telling her about how I got them I noticed that I could see her pubic hair.

When I mentioned that I could see that she wasn’t wearing knickers she said that it was warm in there (conservatories and hot days!) so we went outside and lay on the grass. Debbie asked if I was worried about being outside naked and when I told her that no one could see she decided to strip off as well. She used the excuse about not wanting any white lines.

Debbie has a nice slim body, her breasts are a bit bigger than mine are, but not too big. Her hair is dark brown and she keeps her pubic hair trimmed very short. She said that she often shaved it all off but she just couldn’t be bothered to shave every day. I told her that I hadn’t shaved for months after I used the Sonique depilatory machine on my pubes. I topped-up our glasses and Debbie continued with her story.

Her teasing wasn’t just confined to her father at home and at school, she’d started stopping in the park that she had to go through to get to school. She used to sit either on the grass or a bench if the grass was wet and let her legs open up. She said that she was amazed at the number of men who would stop and stare, or go up to her and start talking.

She told me about one party that she’d gone to wearing just baggy shorts and a tie front blouse. Everyone had been sitting round on the floor and she’d noticed the number of boys that came over to her and asked if they could get her a drink. After a while she realised that they were looking up her shorts and seeing her naked shaved pussy. Once she’d realised she opened her legs more, giving them a view of a wet pussy.

It was an end of term party at one of her schoolmates’ house and the booze was really flowing. One of her girl friends was really knocking it back and it didn’t take that long for her to pass out. Two of the lads took her upstairs to sleep it off on one of the beds. Debbie said that about 20 minutes later she’d had to go upstairs for a pee and she looked through a partially closed door into one of bedrooms. She’d got quite a shock when she’d seen her friend (out cold) with her skirt up round her waist, her knickers round one ankle and her top up round her neck. One of the lads was wanking and shooting his load all over her face. The other lad was bent over her licking her pussy.

Debbie had stared for a minute before moving away. She’s never thought much about oral sex before and watching what the lads were doing had got her excited. She wanted a slice of that and as she was going back downstairs she devised a plan to get some.

Back downstairs she sat down where she’d been and waited until the 2 lads came downstairs and came to talk to her. When they did she pretended to have drunk too much, slurring her speech and swaying about. After a while she pretended to pass out. As with her mate, the 2 lads carried her upstairs and plonked her down next to her mate who they’d partially dressed again. She lay there with her eyes shut pretending to have passed out, listening and waiting to see what happened.

One of the lads grabbed her arm and shook her then gently slapped her face. When they got no response one of them said, “She’s right out of it, what shall we do with her?” The other lad said, “For starters we’ll get those shorts off and open that blouse, I want to see if her cunt is really completely bald.” With that she felt her shorts and blouse being opened and her shorts being pulled down.

As her bald pussy was exposed she heard one of them say, “Wow, look at that!” Her shorts were pulled right off and then her legs were opened wide. Debbie said that she was getting very aroused by all that and that her pussy felt like it was about to explode. There was a short pause at that point as the 2 lads were obviously enjoying the view, then one of them said, “I really fancy fucking her but I suppose that we’d better not, I don’t know if she’s still a virgin and I don’t want to risk getting blood all over Katrina’s parents bed. She’d have trouble explaining that.”

Debbie told me that she was virgin (technically) at that time and that she’d been a bit disappointed at that point, but things looked up very soon. The other lad said, “Yeah, best not, but we can still have fun like we did with Gemma. You take her face and I’ll eat her cunt then we can swap.” The next think that Debbie knew was that she felt one of them breathing all over her pussy, and then she felt a tongue touch her clit. She couldn’t help herself; she let out a little moan. That caused the lads to stop for a second but when she didn’t ‘wake up’, they continued.

The lad eating her was really getting her going when all of a sudden she felt something touch her head lips. Natural reaction took over and she opened her mouth and a dick went slightly in. Debbie said that she automatically started sucking on it which caused the lad to say, “Christ, she’s sucking me.” And suck she did. She said that he came within a couple of minutes. Debbie said that she didn’t have time to think about whether or not to swallow his cum, before she realised it, it was in her throat and going down. She said that she’d gagged a bit but then calmed down and continued sucking until he’d gone soft and pulled out. All that time the lad had been ‘mauling’ her tits quite roughly.

Meanwhile the lad who was eating her was getting her very close to cumming herself. Before she did cum the lad stopped and she heard one of them say, “Bloody hell, that was good, much better than Gemma. It’s much better when they don’t have any hair on their cunts.” Then there was silence for a minute or so before she felt another mouth start on her pussy and another dick touch her mouth lips.

Automatically her mouth opened. The second dick was different, it wasn’t as thick, but it was longer and it wasn’t long before it was pushing at the back of the throat as she sucked away at it. At first the length had been a problem and she felt like she was choking but she just relaxed and down it went until it felt like she had a broom handle down her throat. When the lad started to cum Debbie swallowed all of it without really tasting it.

Meanwhile the other lad was sucking at her clit and pushing his tongue into her hole. She just couldn’t help moaning as much as she could with a dick down her throat and it wasn’t long before she could feel her body shuddering as she started to cum. Both lads backed-off as she was shuddering and when she stopped she heard one of them say, “That was amazing, I didn’t know that a woman could cum when she was out cold.” The other one said, “Well you do now. What shall we do with her now?” They decided to pull her shorts back on and to tie her blouse and then they left her laid on the bed next to her mate.

The next term at school was Debbie’s last; she didn’t want to go to university so she decided that to get a reasonable job she needed to get some good results. When she first went to the history class the teacher had spoken to her as all the kids were walking in. He’s said that he hoped that she would be DISPLAYING all her hidden talents again that term. Straight away Debbie realised what he meant and decided to get more A+ grades.

Debbie had worn knickers to school that day but that didn’t stop her letting the history teacher see what colour they were, or the damp spot as it appeared over the next 30 minutes or so. At the end of the lesson the teacher stopped her from leaving and told her that she had made a good start to the term but he was sure that she could SHOW him MORE of her hidden talents. He also told her that she would be able to get better graded in English, French and Geography if she sat at the front of those classes and SHOWED her HIDDEN talents to those teachers.

At first Debbie had been a little shocked to realise that the history teacher had been telling other teachers their little secret. She didn’t want to flash everything she’d got straight away to those teachers so she decided to reveal a bit at a time to them. Over the next few weeks she showed a bit more each time, but in the end she lost track of which teachers had seen her bald pussy and which ones hadn’t. She’d also get fed-up with trying to keep track of when she had to go and take her knickers off and when she had to put them on, so in the end she just didn’t bother putting any on in a morning and went to school without any every day.

The English teacher had been a bit more demanding than the rest and had told her to be more imaginative in her efforts to SHOW him her HIDDEN talents. He had told her to let her ‘FINGERS DO THE TALKING’ with her solutions to wanting to improve her grades. It had taken Debbie a while to realise that the English teacher had wanted her to frig herself as well as showing him everything that she’d got.

It took a couple of English lessons for Debbie to progress from a quick fingering to full-blown masturbation in the middle of the English lesson. When she finally did it she had been worried that everyone else in the class would realise what she was doing, but she’d managed to keep still and quiet even though she’d wanted to scream her head off. The other kids had known that something was going on but it was the teacher talking garbage and getting a bit flustered that they commented on later, nothing to do with her.

By the end of her last year at school Debbie was getting A+ grades without any effort whatsoever.

PE lessons proved to be a bit interesting sometimes. They played tennis sometimes and some of the boys had realised that Debbie wasn’t wearing knickers. They often used to hang around trying to get a glimpse up her little sports skirt but she used to ignore them so that she didn’t get into any trouble with the gym teacher.

While all this had been going on at school Debbie had been having fun at home as well. Her ‘accidental’ showing of her body to her father had been put into reverse and he’d been doing the same to her. A few times she’d seen him naked in the shower or getting dressed and one time she’d seen him with a hard-on and she’d really stared at him until he’d seen her and turned away.

One time she’d wanted to go to a concert with a few friends but her father wouldn’t let her so after she’d had a shower and was walking back to her room from the bathroom with just a towel round her she’d seen him in his room in bed reading. She decided to have another go at persuading him so she’d gone in and lay on the bed next to him and asked him again.

This time when he said ‘no’ she cuddled up to him and pleaded with him. They’d started horse playing about (all innocent like) but Debbie had made sure that she ‘lost’ the towel and the quilt ended-up on the floor as well. Like Debbie, her father slept naked and they ended-up with him on his back and her knelt either side of him tickling him. When they both realised the position they were in they just stared at each other.

Debbie started to feel his dick poking in her back so she’d slowly eased herself down so that his dick was touching her pussy. As he was quietly saying that it shouldn’t be happening, Debbie lowered herself onto him. She’d been a virgin until then and it hurt like hell but she lost her cherry to her father that night. Her father had kept saying that they shouldn’t but at the same time neither of them could stop themselves. They had sex together for about a month before her father finally made her stop going to his bed.

Oh, she went to the concert.

Another exciting story that Debbie told me was about the end of school party. The one at school had been a bit boring so a group of them (boys and girls) had gone to one of their parent’s houses, one where the parents were away. Anyway they’d raided the booze cabinet and most of them (including Debbie) had had too much to drink. Someone suggested a game of strip spin the bottle. At first there were a few who didn’t want to know but eventually they all sat on the floor in a circle. The rules were that when it was your turn you had to put a blindfold on then spin the bottle. The person of the opposite sex who was nearest where the bottle stopped had then to remove one article of clothing from the person who had spun the bottle.

Because it was summer Debbie hadn’t been wearing much (just shoes, skirt and top) and it wasn’t long before she was the first one naked. After most of them were either naked or nearly naked, a couple of the girls lost their nerve and the whole game stopped. Someone put some music on and Debbie started dancing without getting dressed.

Debbie can’t remember much after that as the alcohol took over and she just about passed out. The next thing she remembers is waking-up on the lounge floor next morning, still naked and with a very sore pussy. She doesn’t know what made her sore and she doesn’t think she was fucked, well not without a condom on, and she didn’t get pregnant. None of the other kids there could remember much either - or wouldn’t tell her.

It was at about that point in the conversation that Jon suddenly appeared. Debbie and I were still laid on the grass, naked, and getting quite happy on the martini’s when Debbie saw Jon. She jumped up, tried to cover herself and said, “I thought you said no one would see us.” I laughed and introduced Jon who told her to stop being so shy and relax.

After the introductions Jon told me to go and get some food for us all and I left them talking. When I took the food out Jon had stripped off and was enjoying the sun as well. I’m sure that he was enjoying looking a Debbie as well because his dick was well on the way to a big hard-on. Debbie appeared to be enjoying herself as well. She was sitting on the grass with her knees under her chin showing Jon everything that she’s got. I said to her, “I don’t think your pussy power will work with Jon, he’s too used to seeing naked pussy.” Debbie replied, “Yeah, after what you’ve told me I didn’t really think it would work, but I’m having fun trying.” A bit later Debbie decided that it was time that she went home and got dressed. As we were walking her to the front Jon asked if I’d shown her all round the house. When she said “no,” Jon told her that she must come and see out punishment room. He guaranteed that she’d enjoy it. Looking a little intrigued Debbie said, “Okay, I will, and can I borrow that hair remover machine,” as she walked to the bus stop.

The rest of the week wasn’t very exciting apart from when I went to Tesco on the Thursday afternoon. There was this young lad that was looking at me as I bent over the freezers. I was wearing a very lose, low-cut top and as I bent over I could feel it dropping off my breasts. The lad was the other side of the freezers and staring straight down my top to my breasts. Every time that I moved to another freezer he would quickly go to the other side of it and have another look. Stupid boy, if he’d got himself behind me then he’d have seen a lot more than my breasts.

Friday at work wasn’t very interesting; at lunchtime I cut the hair of one man who insisted in pushing his elbows into my pussy as I tried to reach to his head. Don’t know if he realised that I was actually enjoying it. At break time I managed to have a chat with Debbie as we drank our coffee. She asked if she could visit me again on the Monday. I told her to make it early as removing all her pubic hair would take a long time.

That night Jon took me for a long pleasant evening stroll out over the nearby fields. He took my dress off and fucked me in the middle of a field full of cows. I was a bit scared that one of them might come and trample on me or something, but Jon told me to stop worrying. After that we called in at the pub at the end of the road for a drink. We sat on the tables outside and I could feel all our cum dribbling out of me. When I got up to leave I saw a couple of drops that had escaped and dripped through the gaps in the bench.

# Saturday July 31

A busy morning and I was glad when it was lunchtime. Debbie and I both had the same lunch break so we went to the coffee shop down the road. She asked again if I would permanently remove her pubic hair for her. I said yes and reminded her to be at our house early on the Monday morning. Debbie told me that she’d been saving up to buy herself a car and would be glad when she didn’t have to rely on buses. She said that she had just about got enough money dependent upon how much discount she could get with her ‘pussy power’. I told her that I would like to help her with that and said that, “Two pussies are better than one.” As we were laughing about that one of the other girls from the salon joined us so the conversation got boring.

In the middle of the afternoon the manager asked me to wax a lady’s legs. She looked slightly older than me and as we went upstairs she quietly asked me if I would trim her hair ‘down there’. At first I didn’t realise what she was wanting and I just said, “Yes, sure, no problem.” It was only when she lifted her skirt up and took her knickers off that I realised what she meant.

She sat on the reclining chair with her legs up waiting for me to get the wax strips sorted out. As I was ‘doing’ her legs she was telling me all about the new love of her life. When I’d finished her legs she told me that she wanted to be left with just a heart shape of short pubic hair with the bottom of the heart starting at the top of her slit. As she was telling me this she opened her legs wide and ‘drew’ the shape of the heart with a finger. I thought that I’d trim away most of her dark brown bush and then use an eyeliner pencil to mark out the heart on her skin.

She was talking all the time that I was trimming her hair but most of what she was saying didn’t make any sense. I guess that she was nervous. It only took me a few minutes to do the trimming but by the time I’d finished her pussy lips were swollen and open and her juices were starting to seep out. She seemed a little embarrassed so I said, “You know, by this stage a lot of women have had their first orgasm.” That seemed to make her relax a bit but that distinctive aroma of a woman’s pussy was filling the room. She jumped a bit as the eyeliner pencil touched her skin but she settled down as we agreed on the shape and size of the heart.

Next came the painful part as I got a couple of wax strips and put them on either side of her pussy lips. I didn’t ask her if she was ready, I just did it. She screamed as I ripped the first one off. I was stood beside her and as soon as the first one was off her hand went round my leg and up my dress. She was looking waiting for the second one to come off and as it did her hand went up the inside of my thigh and grabbed it just below my pussy. That second strip missed a few hairs and I told her that I’d come back to them.

The next 2 were up the sides of the heart and were easy to do. Just before each one came off her hand started pushing up against my pussy. By that time I think that my pussy was just as wet as hers was. When they were off I had to go over to the table to get some more strips. I pulled away from her and she let go of me but as she was letting go the pressure made the 2 bottom fasteners on my dress come undone and for a second she could see that I was naked under the dress. She just smiled and said, “I thought so.”

We were alone in there with the door shut so I didn’t bother fastening the dress and when I went back to her to do the top of the heart her hand went straight up my dress and round to my pussy. As I was delicately cutting the wax strip to the right shape her hand was playing with my pussy. As I pulled that top strip off a finger went inside me, and she came. She shuddered and moaned for ages as her finger pushed hard into me. I was glad when her orgasm started to subside as she was starting to hurt me.

There was just one more strip to go to remove the few stubborn hairs on the left side of her pussy. She was so wet that I had to dry her with a tissue before putting the strip on. As it came off, her finger shot into me again. I’m sure that if there had been any more to do then I would have cum as well.

After that there was just the final trimming of the heart to do and then the inspection. As I was holding the mirror for her to see herself she said, “Look at me, I look like Ken’s just cum inside me and it’s starting to leak out.” “You look perfectly normal to me.” I said. She then said, “I couldn’t help but notice that you’ve got your labia pierced, would you mind if I had a look, Ken’s talked to me about it and I’d like to see what I’d look like.” I didn’t mind so I pulled back the sides of the dress to show her. I wasn’t thinking about how much pressure was needed and the rest of the press-studs popped open and I was left showing the whole of the front of my naked body. When she said, “What does it look like from underneath,” I opened my legs wide. She got off the chair, stood in front of me and put a hand on my pubes with her fingers pressing into my hole pushing part of the chain in as well, and said; “Very nice, I bet your boyfriend loves it.” “He does.” I said, and backed off.

There was something about her that I didn’t really like, I can’t put my finger on what, but I wasn’t going to let her do more to me than was necessary to get my job done. I know I was getting a bit sexually excited by it, but it just didn’t feel right. I fastened my dress as she put her knickers on and she followed me down the stairs. As I gave her the change at the till she gave me a £10 tip and said, “Thank you, you were wonderful.”

Nothing much happened after that and Jon picked me up at 5 o’clock and took me home.

Jon didn’t fancy going out that evening so we had a quiet night in front of the TV.

# Sunday August 1

A boring day, nothing exciting happened. Jon spent most of the day either watching motor racing or working on his PC while I soaked up some sun.

# Week commencing August 3

Monday - Debbie surprised us by arriving just before Jon left for work. Jon greeted her at the door saying, “You’re keen aren’t you, can’t wait to get rid of all that horrible hair then.” Debbie looked a little bit embarrassed as Jon said good-bye and left. We had some breakfast and then I said, “Come on then girl, get ‘em off.” We both laughed as Debbie whipped off her top and skirt. She hadn’t been wearing any underwear. The no bra had been obvious but with a lose skirt it’s never easy to tell.

Debbie was now as naked as I was and I invited her to come and have a look at the punishment room while I got the Sonique depilatory machine out. When Debbie first saw what was in the punishment room she just stopped dead in her tracks and said, “What the hell’s all this?” I explained it all to her but she said that she couldn’t understand how the ‘fucking machine’ worked. I told her that I guaranteed that it did and that I’d show her it in action after we’d got rid of all that hair. As I said that I lightly ran my fingers over her pubic hair. The next question was where were we going to perform the operation. I suggested outside on the grass but Debbie said that it was a bit ‘fresh’ for her at that time of the morning so we settled for the conservatory. I got lots of cushions and put them on the floor for her. Debbie had trimmed her pubes so that they were all about a quarter of an inch long, which made it easier for me. I suggested that I started with the hairs inside and round her lips saying that I wanted to get them out before she got too wet. Debbie said that she wouldn’t get wet, but I just said, “You will girl.”

I must say that it took a lot longer for me to see and smell her juices than I’d thought. It was about an hour, just before I was ready for a break. Debbie has a nice pussy, not a very big clit though and just to let her know that I knew she was ‘warming-up’, I quickly slipped a finger in and then out of her hole and then said, “Told you so, come on, let’s have a coffee.” Debbie had gasped a bit as my finger went into her and then she looked a bit embarrassed as we got up and went into the kitchen. Nothing was said about it over coffee but when she got back onto the floor and spread her legs I could see that her natural chemistry had taken over and all her pussy lips very wet.

As I started with the machine again I told her all about my last trip to the doctor’s when there had been the couple of student doctors there and I’d cum in the middle of being examined. Debbie (and me) was laughing about it but at the same time her pussy was getting wetter.

By late morning I’d just about got all round her lips done and had got some of the front done. My back was aching and I needed a break so we went for a walk round the garden then upstairs to the punishment room. Debbie asked where it got its name from so I climbed onto the ‘whipping-T’ and put myself into the position that I was often in. Debbie said that the ‘fucking machine’ part now made more sense but that she would never let anyone beat her like that. She couldn’t understand when I tried to explain that although the pain was bad, it really tuned me on and that I often had an orgasm just through the pain. When she said that she still couldn’t understand I offered to let her watch the next time Jon punished me. I told her that I was sure that Jon wouldn’t mind, but she wasn’t sure. We went back down to the conservatory to start again but it was so hot in there that Debbie asked if we could move out onto the patio.

We’d been at it for about an hour when I heard the side gate open. Trevor had come to cut the grass. Debbie was startled and tried to get up until I told her that it was only a 15-year-old lad who had come to cut the grass. I think that her state of sexual excitement had a bit to do with it and she quickly relaxed as I told her about the times that Trevor had seen me naked and perhaps done things to my body without me knowing who was doing them. Debbie said that I had an amazing life.

Trevor got on with his job and I got on with mine. There was very little conversation with Trevor (probably because he couldn’t get a word in with Debbie and me rabbiting on) but whenever I looked at him he seemed to be looking at us. It took Trevor twice as long to cut the grass as it used to take me but there again what would you expect from a 15-year-old boy in that situation.

It was the middle of the afternoon when I finally finished and let Debbie examine her now permanently bald pussy. She said that it reminded her of the times she’d had to use communal showers at junior school and there had only been one or two of the girls who had had hair by then. We both laughed and went for the martini bottle.

After a couple of drinks I asked Debbie if she wanted to have a go on the ‘fucking machine’. She said that she wasn’t sure so I said that I’d show her how it worked first, and then let her decide. We took our glasses and the bottle and went upstairs. I got a couple of chairs and rigged everything up and switched the motor on. I then climbed up, strapped my wrists together and hooked them onto the rope. My arms were going up and down, but my legs were supporting my weight and keeping my pussy above the dildo. The anticipation had lubricated my pussy so I didn’t have any problems as I lowered myself onto the dildo as I looked at Debbie. Her face was a picture of fascination and envy. She was already holding a hand on her pussy.

On one up-stroke I lifted my feet off the chairs and let them hang down. The motor was now doing all the work and I was just taking the pleasure. It didn’t take long before I started to feel an orgasm building inside me and within about 10 minutes I was cumming. As I calmed down I saw that Debbie’s hand was busy working on her pussy.

I lifted my feet onto the chairs and lifted myself up so that I was off the dildo, then asked Debbie if she wanted a go. “You bet!” was the reply and she was helping me untie my wrists in seconds. As Debbie lowered herself onto the dildo she let out a big gasp and it took a few seconds before she got into the rhythm of the machine and lifted her feet of the chairs. When she did I moved them out of the way and told her to relax and go with the flow.

It wasn’t long before she was moaning and sighing and within about 5 minutes she was screaming, “Yes, yes!” as she came for the first time. As she calmed down I asked her if she wanted me to put the chairs back so that she could stop. As she said was, “Don’t you dare!” Just as she was cumming for the second time Jon walked in the door. I hadn’t realised what the time was. He didn’t waste any time in telling me to get on the ‘whipping-T’ and strapping me down. Debbie was facing the whipping end and my head was very close to her bald pubes as she went up and down. She’d seen Jon come in but hadn’t said anything, I guess that she was too interested in the pleasure she was getting to care.

The moans from Debbie made me believe that she was about to cum for the third time but they stopped when Jon landed the first stroke of the cane. As I said, “One, thank you Master” Debbie went all silent. By the time I got to, “Ten, thank you Master” Debbie was moaning again and I was getting close to cumming. Jon landed the next 3 so that the cane end whipped round and hit my clit (he’s getting very good at doing that). I came on the 13th stroke and Debbie came shortly after that.

Jon stopped after that, switched the motor off with Debbie in the down position, and then dropped his trousers and fucked me from behind as Debbie looked down at us. After he had cum he pulled his dick out of me then pulled his trousers up. Debbie was silent as Jon undid the Velcro fasteners and let me get down. I put the chairs in position and helped Debbie lift herself up. When she was on her feet she said, “That was just amazing, I’ve never felt anything like that before, and never seen anything like that before. Did you really enjoy that Vanessa?” “I came didn’t I” I said.

Debbie and I went to the bathroom to get cleaned-up and then went down to join Jon. Debbie got her top and skirt and put them on. As she did Jon said, “Your bald pussy looks good Debbie.” For some strange reason this embarrassed her and she went all red. I got us all some tea and then Debbie said she had better be going but not before she asked if she could come again and if we would help her buy a car. When I explained what she was talking about Jon said that he would be happy to give some cars the ‘once over’ for her, then stand back and let us girls manipulate the salesman.

The rest of the week wasn’t anything special, nor was work on the Friday. The paperboy came for his money on the Thursday evening, but he’s seen me naked that often that it doesn’t do anything for me anymore.

# Saturday August 7

Saturday wasn’t too bad. Had a chat with Debbie who asked if we would help her buy a car on the Sunday.

# Sunday August 8

Jon took me to the gym and really made me work hard. I had to wear my white Lycra shorts and bikini top AND my Ben Wa balls. It wasn’t long before my pussy was soaking the shorts and I was glad that I didn’t have any pubic hair to show through the then near transparent Lycra. When it came to the exercise cycle Jon set the saddle quite high and I had to slide from side to side on it. Just as I was getting on a youth of about 16 or 17 came into the gym and started working out just in front of me. Within a minute of getting on the cycle I realised that Ben would be working overtime and that it wouldn’t be long before I had an orgasm. I started sweating a lot more and I wasn’t sure if it was because of the exercise or from my attempts to not cum.

I couldn’t help it; I let out a slow moan that attracted the attention of the youth. He asked me if I was okay and then kept watching me after I managed to say, “yes - thank you.” The orgasm was coming and there was nothing that I could do to stop it. I tried to pedal faster to try to hide my shaking as I started to cum. The expression on my face must have been amazing. The faster I pedalled the more I came. In the end I just stopped pedalling and collapsed onto the handlebars gasping for breath. The youth asked me if I was okay again. All I could manage to say was, “Oh yes.”

That was one of the best orgasms that I’ve ever had. Getting myself off like that with a young man stood just in front of me, watching me, really turned me on. I don’t know if he knew what was going on but the bulge in his shorts told me that he’d enjoyed it. I decided that I’d try to remember to wear Ben every time that I go to the gym. When I’d calmed down I looked over to Jon who was also watching me and smiling.

From there we went to the pool where Jon told me to take Ben out. I’d never thought about taking them out under water. It wasn’t as easy as when I’m stood on dry land and it was fortunate that there were very few people in the pool.

I was glad of the cool water though it really made my nipples stick out. We didn’t stay long there and went home to wait for Debbie. As we were driving to the first car showroom I told her about the gym. She’d never heard of Ben Wa balls so Jon promised to buy her some.

The first car place wasn’t very promising. Firstly there weren’t any cars that Debbie liked and secondly the salesman was an old man that neither Debbie nor I fancied flashing our pussies at. We’d arranged it so that Debbie and I would go in and have a look round then come out and tell Jon which car(s) she fancied. Jon would then go in and have a look at it / them and then come out and tell us what he thought. If he was happy then we’d go back in and start working on the salesman. Debbie wore a loose blouse and a short tight skirt. I wore my baggy cheesecloth dress. Not a piece of underwear between us.

At the second place we struck lucky. It was a big place and there were quite a few cars that Debbie fancied. Also, most of the salesmen were in their twenties and there were a few that were quite dishy. As we looked round we saw a few of them eyeing us up and 3 of them came up to us and asked if we needed any help. Debbie finally decided on 2 cars that she fancied and we went out to where Jon was and told him which ones.

Ten minutes later Jon was back saying that both of them looked okay to him but reminded us to ask about warranties. Within seconds of us starting to look at one of the cars one of the salesmen pounced. Debbie asked him to tell us all about the car while we listened and looked.

Debbie was the first to flash her tits at him as she bent-over to look at the engine. He was stood at the other side of the car and I saw his eyes open wide as her blouse fell away from her chest. I got into the driver’s seat and adjusted my dress while he was still looking at Debbie. When he turned to look at me he was staring right at my pussy. I’d sat with my knees open so he could see the lot. He was mumbling something and looking a bit red in the face when Debbie asked him if there was much room for the passengers to get into the back (it only has 2 doors). “Let me show you,” the salesman said as he went round to her side and held open the door. Debbie bent over to climb in but stayed half in and half out with him behind her. He must have had a fantastic close-up view of her pussy. I could just see round part of Debbie and could see the bulge in his trousers.

After what seemed like hours Debbie finally climbed right in and flopped down with her legs at his side and her butt at the other side. Even if her tight little skirt hadn’t ridden-up he would have been able to see all her pussy. As it had ridden-up he could see the bottom half of her naked stomach as well. After a couple of seconds Debbie said, “Shouldn’t really wear short skirts when climbing into the back of cars should I?” “Oh, I’m not complaining,” said the salesman. I said, “Neither am I.” That made him turn to me with a puzzled look on his face.

“Right then, let’s have a look at the red one over there.” Debbie said.

As we followed the salesman over I whispered to Debbie that it was my turn to get in the back. “Spoil-sport” was all she said.

The salesman went on about the history of the car or something but I wasn’t really listening.

Neither was Debbie and we kept asking him what some bit was or what something else did. Each time we either bent over so that he could see down our tops or up our skirts. At one point I saw that another of the salesmen had got into the car next to us and was pretending to do something to it as he looked over to us.

I made sure that the other salesman got a real good view of my ass and pussy as I got in the back. I bet that he’d have a hard-on for hours after we left. Debbie had climbed into the driver’s seat and was asking the salesman to explain what each of the “knobs and dicks” did. At least I think she said ‘dicks’ and not ‘sticks’, the salesman took it as ‘sticks’ because he quickly said, “and this stick controls the indicators.”

As I climbed out of the car backwards to give the other salesman another look Debbie asked, “Was there enough room to have a bit of hanky-panky in the back Vanessa?” I finished getting out then got back into the front seat and said, “I think so, do you want to try it now?” “No, sex isn’t quite at the top of my list of priorities at the moment,” was the reply.

After that we got out and Debbie told him that she like both cars and that she wanted to talk about money and discounts. The salesman asked us to follow him into a building where he offered us a seat at one side of a desk while he sat at the other. Both our chairs were not close to the desk and I’m sure that he was looking at my un-crossed legs and up my dress. When Debbie asked about discounts the salesman said that he’d have to go and talk to his boss and he left us. When he was gone Debbie said, “Don’t you ever cross your legs?” As Jon won’t let me, I said, “Never.” After a few seconds Debbie said, “I know, remember that film with Sharon Stone in it?”

Nothing else was said but when the salesman came back we were both sat there lounging back in the chairs with our knees a few inches apart. When the salesman saw us he went red again and as he sat down I noticed that the bulge in his trousers was still there. Debbie is quite good at haggling and managed to get the price of one of the cars reduced by quite a bit more than I would have thought was possible. As we walked out of there and round the corner Debbie clenched her fist and said, “YES, see what pussy power can do for us women.” Jon over-heard her and said, “Yes, you women can just about get whatever you want - if you go about it in the right way.”

Jon took us to a pub for some lunch and Debbie insisted on paying.

Back home Debbie was still quite pleased with herself and asked Jon if she could use the ‘fucking machine’ again. Jon gave the impression that he wasn’t too keen on the idea so Debbie said to him, “I’ll let you fuck me first.” Jon’s reply was, “Your pussy power won’t work with me but if you can make love to Vanessa first then you can use the machine.”

Without any hesitation Debbie turned to me and started French kissing me. She caught me by surprise so I looked at Jon who just shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room.

Debbie is quite a good kisser and while I was enjoying that her hands were easing the top of my dress over my shoulders and down to the floor. As her hands came back up my body they stopped at my breasts and she squeezed my nipples between her fingers. They went rock hard and I moaned a little. Debbie backed-off, lifted her top off over her head and unfastened her skirt. After a little push it fell to the floor leaving us both naked.

Jon came back in at that point and told us to go outside into sun on the grass. Debbie grabbed my hand and pulled me outside. She gave me the impression that she was in some sort of hurry but that went away when she told me to lie on the grass and then she started kissing me all over. It was very sensual, she started at my feet and went all up my legs. She by-passed my pussy and kissed all over my stomach and chest, but not my breasts. She then started on my face then neck. It was so relaxing it was amazing.

Next she opened my legs wide then knelt between them and leaned over and French kissed me again. This time her hands started massaging my breasts and nipples. At one point I thought that I was going to cum and she hadn’t even touched my pussy. She then started kissing and licking my stomach. This time she went to my wet, aching pussy and started playing with my clit with her teeth. I could feel an orgasm building but still managed to see that Jon had come outside and was standing just above my head. He was naked and had a big hard-on. Debbie saw him too and stopped eating me long enough to say, “Please fuck me.” Jon (calm as ever) said, “Are you sure?” Debbie almost screamed, “Fuck me, now.” Jon went round behind her, grabbed her hips and entered her. As he did he pushed her forward and her face pressed hard against my pussy. It hurt a bit and straight after she pushed her tongue inside me. It wasn’t long before I came and as I calmed down I saw the expression on Jon’s face. He had cum as well.

We all kept still for about a minute before Jon said, “Right, straight upstairs and onto that machine.” He had us run upstairs and while he set-up the wrist straps, ropes and motor, I got the chairs and got Debbie up and ready to be lowered down onto the dildo. Jon did a quick check round then told Debbie to lower herself onto the dildo. As she went down she let out a big sigh. Jon switched on the motor and when Debbie went up I moved the chairs. After watching her go up and down a couple of times Jon told me to clean his dick (with my tongue). As I was doing this I could see Debbie out of the corner of my eye. She was staring at us with a glazed expression on her face.

I’d just about got Jon’s dick clean when I heard Debbie start to moan. Jon sat on one of the chairs and lowered me down onto his Dick that had got hard again. We watched Debbie go through 3 orgasms before Jon decided that she’d had enough. By that time Jon had cum in me again, but I hadn’t cum again. I was a bit disappointed when Jon told me to get off him. We had to help Debbie get off the machine because she was totally knackered and we left her on my bed to recover. When she eventually came downstairs she was dressed. Jon has also got dressed and was working in the garden. I got Debbie a cup of tea but she was still too tired to talk. All she really said was, “That’s one hell of a machine you’ve got there girl.” Jon took her home leaving me to get some food ready.

# Week commencing August 9

Quite a quiet week really, nothing exciting happened. Even the eclipse of the sun wasn’t worth the effort of looking at.

When I went to work on the Friday Debbie told me that she’d collected her car and that there had been a bit of a reception waiting for when she’d arrived. Four of the salesmen were there, all wanting to show her every bit of the car. Of course she’d had to bend over a few times and there had always been one of them behind her and in front of her waiting to get a glimpse up her skirt or down her top. It had only taken her seconds to realise what was going on so she’d decided to milk it a bit and had managed to get them to fill up the petrol tank (they paid) for her before she’d left.

# Saturday August 14

Early afternoon Jon came into the salon and stayed just long enough to give Debbie a little box. I kept watching her and when she went to the loo I followed her and asked her if she was going to put her new friend Ben Wa to work. At first she wasn’t sure but in the end she did. I watched her for the rest of the afternoon, it was quite interesting and watching her made me get all damp. Twice people asked her if she was all right and when it came to going home she said she just had to go and take them out. She said that there was no way that she could have walked to her car and then driven home with them in.

Jon took me into town that night and round some of the livelier pubs. No one gave my ultra short dress a second glance and most of the girls were wearing skirts that short. I wonder just how many of them weren’t wearing what I wasn’t.

# Sunday August 15

After the newspapers it was straight to the gym and a workout. I wore my white Lycra shorts, bikini top and Ben again. I hadn’t intended to put Ben in but when I saw the same youth that was there the previous week I changed my mind. Needless to say that he smiled and said hello when we walked in and he kept looking over towards me all the time. I’m sure that he saw the outline of my rings and chain AND the wet spot on my shorts when I used the machine that stretches your legs wide open. His face went all red and he looked away for quite a while. I’m sure that he was waiting for me to use the exercise cycle, I know I was.

Ben had been working before I got on the cycle but as soon as I started the cycling movement with my legs Ben really earned his keep. I pedalled faster and faster as I tried to hide the building orgasm. I don’t really know why I pedalled faster because there were only 3 people in that room and all 3 knew that I was getting off in front of a man that I didn’t know. Jon was quietly getting on with his weight lifting and the youth and I were staring at each other. I’m sure that he knew exactly what I was doing.

I slowed down when I came but didn’t stop pedalling until I was something like normal. I got off the cycle with sweat poring off me (and a very contented look on my face). The youth was still staring at me right up until I looked directly at him and said, “I needed that!” The poor lad came back to earth again and started using the rowing machine again.

We went for a swim next and as we walked to the changing rooms Jon told me to leave Ben in and to change my shorts for the rest of the bikini. In the pool there were a group of about half a dozen teenagers, boys and girls. As I walked from the changing rooms the boys saw me and stared at me. I wondered if one of my pussy rings had ‘escaped’ from the confines of my bikini bottoms but I just ignored them and jumped in after Jon.

We did a few lengths and the movement of swimming made me cum again, then we went into the Jacuzzi. We were the only ones in there to start off with and Jon told me to take my bikini off and put it on the tiles at the side. This didn’t bother me for 2 reasons, firstly I would be below the bubbles and no one would be able to see me even if there had been anyone there; and thirdly, I enjoy the feeling of the bubbles on my naked pussy.

I was laying back end enjoying the experience for about 5 minutes when 2 of the boys came and joined us. No problem as I was below the bubbles, except that one of them was looking at my bikini on the tiles outside the water and then looking back at me. He nudged his mate and they were whispering to each other.

A couple of minutes later there was a problem, the bubbles stopped (the last few times that we’d been there the bubbles were on all the time). After about 10 to 15 seconds the water was calm and very clear. The boys could see everything that I’ve got. I looked down and with me being sat at the edge of the underwater seat I could see all my pussy and jewellery. If I could see it then they could. I looked at Jon who said, “Young lady, do you often take your swimwear off in a Jacuzzi?”

It took me a few seconds to think of what to say then I said, “Where I live people don’t normally wear anything at all.” “That’s not the done thing here so I suggest that you leave. Better still I’ll take you out.” Jon replied. With that he grabbed my arm and pulled me up out of the water and then the Jacuzzi. I just managed to grab my bikini as Jon pulled me by my arm right round the pool to the stairs towards the changing rooms.

I didn’t make it up the stairs before Ben took me over the top again. The fast pulling that Jon had been doing brought on a strong orgasm and I just couldn’t move. Jon saw what was happening and let go of my wrist. I leaned against the wall while I shook as it arrived with force. As I started to calm down I looked round the pool and saw that everyone in there was watching us.

Outside the changing rooms Jon laughed and said, “Good reply, I’m glad to see that you didn’t tell any fibs, otherwise I would have had to punish you. Go and get dressed, we need to be back at home.” As I walked into the changing room I said, “Must remember to tell a fib next time.” I just heard Jon say, “I heard that.”

Back home we both stripped off and I got us some food then Jon settled down to watch some motor racing. I’d just finished clearing up when the doorbell rang. It was Debbie; she was out for a drive and had called to thank us (again) for helping her buy it. She didn’t look at all surprised when she stuck her head into the lounge to thank Jon and saw him naked. We went into the kitchen and no sooner than I’d got us a drink than the doorbell rang again. This time it was Bridie and she was upset. I took her into the kitchen and poured her a drink as I introduced Bridie to Debbie.

As Bridie sat down she said to Debbie, “I know you don’t I?” After a few minutes of working things out it turns out that they went to the same school and that Debbie was in her last year whilst Bridie was in her second year. Debbie couldn’t remember Bridie but Bridie certainly remembered Debbie because of all the gossip about her. Needless to say that Debbie (and me) wanted to know what everyone had been saying. It turns out that all the kids knew that Debbie shaved her pussy and that she used to sit at the front of the class so that she could flash her pussy to most of the teachers. Bridie said that she had been amazed by it all at the time, but now she’d wished that she’d had the guts to do it, especially when Debbie told her that it got her lots of A+ grades.

Bridie had come round because she was upset - she’d just bust-up with her boyfriend. He’d started getting all possessive about her and wanted her to wear underwear all the time. Now that Bridie had discovered the joys of being knickerless there was no way that she was going back to sweaty crutches and not having any flashing fun. Well not when the weather was reasonable. After a couple of drinks and lots of talking we all made a pact never to wear knickers again.

About an hour later (and most of a bottle of martini) Jon came in to get himself a drink. He hadn’t heard Bridie arrive and was a little surprised to see her. When she saw his lack of clothes she said, “Well if both you two are starkers then I might as well be as well.” As she stood up and started taking her top and skirt off, Debbie stood up and said, “What the hell!” and off came her dress as well.

There were now 3 naked, shaved, women and 1 naked, shaved man in the same room. I guess that most men in that situation would have had a raging hard-on and want to screw all 3 of them but Jon was so cool about it. He just said, “Cheers!” took a mouthful of his drink and walked out. I suppose it must have been something to do with the fact that he could probably have any one (or all 3) of us anytime that he wanted.

The 3 of us took the bottle into the conservatory and it wasn’t long before we were talking about sex. Debbie was telling Bridie the truth about what she got up to at school and how she used ‘pussy power’ to get things that she wanted. She also told her that she’d flashed her pussy at the salon owner to get her the job, and that she still did it sometimes if he’d asked her to do a job that she didn’t want to. I made a mental note of that in case there came a time when I was asked to do something that I didn’t want to.

We spent the next couple of hours finishing off the bottle of martini and telling each other about the ‘exploits’ that we had been up to in the last few months, and the next thing that I knew was when Jon came in and told us that we were all drunk. He brought us another bottle of booze in and left us to it. I know that we went on talking for ages but the next thing that I really remember was that it was getting dark and that Jon was carrying me upstairs.

# Week commencing August 16

Monday - I woke up next morning in Jon’s bed with both Debbie and Bridie next to me. We were all still naked and they were both fast asleep. I don’t remember anything happening between us.

Jon had slept in my bed and he was trying to wake us all up so that Debbie and Bridie could get to work on time. He finally managed to get them up and away then he told me that I couldn’t go back to bed because we was taking the week off and that we were going for a walk to clear my head. He told me to put just a dress and trainers on and we went off towards the open country.

I have to admit that even though my head hurt it was quite nice walking though the fields at that time of the morning, everything was so quiet and fresh.

By lunchtime I was back in the land of the living and Jon decided that we’d go and play tennis in one of the local parks. He told me to wear just trainers, one of my very short, thin ‘A’ skirt and a crop top that is so short that you can see the lower part of my tits. It’s quite a loose fit and every time that I lift up an arm it rides-up over my breasts. Sometimes, if my nipples are hard it gets caught above them and leaves me exposed when my arm comes down. When I was putting it on I was thinking that playing tennis would be quite ‘interesting’, especially when I serve. As we were driving down there I hoped that there wouldn’t be any young kids there.

We got there and as we were hiring the court the old man was looking me up and down. He looked what I imaging the typical ‘dirty old man’ to look like, shift eyes, eyeing me up and down, and wearing shabby clothes. I’ve had more than my share of men staring at me over the last year or so, so it didn’t bother me in the least.

The court we were given was a grass one in the middle of a few of them. There were a couple of teenage girls playing on a court to one side and 2 teenage couples playing doubles on the other side. We were about half way through our first game when I noticed the 2 girls talking and looking over towards me. My little skirt was still covering my bum and pussy but my right breast was uncovered. The action of serving had caused my top to ride up and my bullet like nipples were stopping it going down again. When that volley ended I went up to Jon and pointed-out my predicament. At first all Jon said was, “Yes, nice isn’t it.” “Master,” I said, “those girls are staring at me and they now know that I know that I’m exposed.” “Okay,” Jon said, “at the end of each volley you can pull your top down. That way it will look as if you’re not doing it on purpose.” “Thank you Master.” I said, and we restarted the game.

Needless to say that as soon as my right arm stretched to hit the ball my boob popped-out again. Then when Jon won the volley I pulled my top down again. This went on for ages until Jon won the first game. In the second game Jon had me running around more and a couple of times when I had to turn or run quickly I tripped-up and went flying headlong onto the grass. As I got up the second time I noticed that we (or should I say me) had an audience. The 2 girls and the 2 couples AND the old man of an attendant were watching me. Not only that, when I came to get up I saw that my top was above both my boobs and my skirt was nearly up round my waist. No wonder I had an audience.

At the end of the next game Jon told me that we would play one more game the leave. After a brief rest (where the others started playing again), Jon told me to walk back to the other side of the court scratching the top of my right cheek - under my skirt. He said that he’d once seen a very sensuous picture called ‘The Tennis Girl’ where a girl had been doing just that. The last game was just as energetic as the previous one (for me anyway). The teenagers had given up looking and were getting on with their game but the old man was still there. Half way through Jon told me to stop adjusting my top and we played the rest of the game (Jon won again) with me virtually topless.

When it came time to go we collected the balls but we were one short. After a couple of minutes Jon said that he remembered me hitting one right out of the court. We went looking for it and eventually Jon saw it stuck in a branch about 4 metres up a tree. The old man had come over to help us look for it and kept saying that we’d have to pay for it if we couldn’t hand it in.

There was no way that we could shake it down so Jon said that I’d have to climb up and get it. “Besides, it could be fun.” For him and the old man he meant. The last time I’d climbed a tree was when I was a kid but after a few seconds working-out how, I started to climb. As soon as I lifted my foot of the ground I realised that the old man was going to get one hell of a view of my pussy. When I got onto the first branch I saw that the 2 couples who were playing doubles had stopped and all 4 of them were up against the fence watching me.

I made it onto the next branch then I had to stretch right across to the branch that the tennis ball was stuck on. ‘What the hell’ I thought as I virtually did the splits above Jon and the old man. I glanced down to see Jon smiling and the old mad drooling. The branch that I stretch out to wasn’t as solid as it looked and my legs opened even further. I started to fall and my arms grabbed out for anything they could find. They found the branch that I was trying to get on and I just saw the tennis ball get shaken lose and fall before I lost my grip and started to go down. As I went down I saw my thin ‘A’ skirt blew up round my waist.

I deliberately rolled over on the grass to break my fall and when I came to a stop I was on my back with my skirt still round my waist and my legs reasonably wide open. The worst (or best) part was that I was about 2 meters from the fence where the 2 couples were watching me, and my feet were facing them. I just lay still for a few seconds getting my breath back then I saw Jon and the old man come over to me. Jon knelt down beside me and as he was asking me if I was okay I saw the old man appear at my feet. Guess where he was looking? I was winded and I tried to tell Jon that I was but the words wouldn’t come out. Jon said, “Stay still and I’ll check you over.”

Jon then started to slowly run his hands all over me to see if he could find anything out of place or anything that hurt when he touched it. Fortunately nothing hurt but he did find something out of place. My skirt was still round my waist and my top was round my neck. As Jon moved down my body he lightly ran his hands over my breasts. This made my nipples stand to attention. As his hands went down up one leg then down the other he pressed the side of his hand onto my pussy. I let out a moan that made the old man jump a bit. As Jon reached my other foot he said, “Nothing seems to be out of place, does it hurt anywhere?” I waited for a few seconds thinking what to say, then said, “I’ve got this burning feeling between my legs can you do something about that please?” Jon said, “There’s nothing wrong with you get up and cover yourself up.” As I got up I saw that the old man’s face was a picture.

We didn’t go directly back to the car; we went for a walk round the park. There was no one in the kids play area so we went and had a go on the swings. As Jon pushed me higher and higher my skirt blew up. It was a good job that there were no kids there. After that Jon told me to climb over the climbing frame. When I got to a sort of arch in the frame Jon told me to hang upside down by my knees. Of course my skirt was round my waist and my top was round my neck and my blood was rushing to my head.

I never heard them approaching but I definitely saw the 3 young teenage kids when they stopped their bikes just in front of me. I started to pull myself up but Jon said, “Stay!” After what seemed like an eternity where I could hear my blood pounding in my head Jon finally got hold of my body and lifted me off. As my head slowly cleared I saw the lads sniggering then biking away. Jon had to hold me a bit as we walked back to the car. I enjoyed that.

Before he would let me into the car I had to take my skirt off and we drove home with me wearing just my trainers and skimpy top. Not one person gave any indication that they’d noticed.

Back home Jon and I packed the car. We were going camping at Blackpool for a couple of days.

Tuesday - We set off very early and got to the Manchester area before we hit any real traffic problems. We got held-up in a traffic jam just before we needed to turn off the M6 and it was late morning when we finally found a campsite. As we entered the campsite I remembered that I was wearing my favourite cheesecloth dress and that I’d have to bend-over and squat down a lot to put the tent up then get everything into it. I felt a bit disappointed when there was no one around the area that Jon decided we’d use.

After we’d pitched the tent we went for a walk round. The site was a little self-contained village with its own little shop, café and bar. Jon decided to give that a miss and we walked onto the main road and got a bus into the centre of Blackpool. We walked along the beach and I was glad (I think) that I was wearing my cheesecloth dress rather than the skirt and top that I’d worn the previous day. At least the dress dropped back down into place after the wind had blown it up, the skirt was so light that it would probably have stayed up. I got a few people looking at me when the dress did blow up.

We had some ‘typical’ British Fish and Chips for lunch, I thought that they were all right but Jon said that he’d had a lot better. On the walk back to the campsite we stopped at one of the hundreds of amusement arcades along the seafront. Jon gave me some coins and I spent ages dropping them into one of those machines that slowly push the coins over the edge. I think I just about broke even by the time I’d finished.

Near the campsite was a bit of a fun fair that we had a look round. We had a go on the bumper cars, which was fun. Jon had a go at rifle shooting and won a big pink teddy bear that he gave to me. For a laugh we went into this hall of mirrors. There were hundreds of them on the walls and ceiling. They really did distort shapes. There were a few other people in there as well, quite a laugh. At one point I saw a lad of about 14 who didn’t seem to be enjoying himself. After a few seconds I realised that he was looking at a mirror on the floor, one that I was stood on. Guess what he was looking at. What the hell I thought; I’ll give him something to have a quiet wank about in bed that night so I looked away from him and opened my legs. After a couple of minutes Jon came over to me grabbed my arm and pulled me away saying, “Stop it,” you’ll drive the poor lad crazy.

Back at the campsite I made a cup of tea on the little camping stove. We didn’t have a table with us so I was doing everything down on the grass. At first I forgot that with me being squatted down with my dress not covering all my legs that my pussy would be on show for everyone to see (if they looked). It was only when I saw some young lads playing football in the area in front of our tent spend a lot of time on the grass looking over towards me that I remembered. Too late by then so I just stayed there letting them get educated.

Before we went out that night we went for a shower. The ladies shower block backs onto the men’s and there was a hole in the wall at the back of the shower cubicle that I went into (the only one free). I couldn’t be sure but I’m think that there was someone looking through it because I kept seeing light coming through it, then it going off. Anyway someone watching me take a shower isn’t going to upset me. I made a point of standing where whoever would be able to get a good look at my pussy. And I frigged myself to a quick orgasm just for the fun of it.

It was a bit windy that evening so Jon let me wear a sweater over my dress. That didn’t stop the skirt part blowing up, but at least I was a bit warmer. We walked to a pub on the seafront that was full of young people. Nothing exciting happened other than that we had a good time watching everyone get drunk.

Both Jon and I climbed into a double sleeping bag that night. Jon fucked me from behind and I went to sleep with Jon still inside me.

I woke up at about 4:00 o’clock in the morning dying for a pee. I climbed out of the tent and squatted down behind it. I hadn’t bothered putting any clothes on as it was dark and quiet but when I was in mid flow I was lit-up by someone shinning a torch at me. Everything was still quiet and the beam was coming from a tent a short distance away. The torch beam stayed on me as I finished off then stood up. When I was upright the beam was on the lower part of me so I could see where it was coming from but I couldn’t see a face. After a few seconds of trying to see I gave up and went back into the tent. The beam followed me all the way.

Wednesday - Next morning I was up early and in the shower before Jon got up. I checked the showers and found that the cubicle that I’d been in had the smallest hole in the wall. All the others were bigger and one was so big that I thought that I’d be able to get my hand through. The wall wasn’t very thick either. Anyway I decided to have my shower in that cubicle and half way through I saw the light in the hole go a bit darker. I made sure that whomever it was got a good look at my pussy and jewellery then I bent over so that my bum and pussy was close to the hole.

The next thing that I knew was that something was just touching my bum. I looked round and saw about 2 inches of this dick sticking out of the hole. It was circumcised like Jon’s but I don’t think that it was his and I wasn’t going to let it fuck me. I thought about backing onto it but I decided against it. What I did do though was to grab it and wank whoever until a whole load of his cum shot into my cubicle.

After that I decided to get out and quickly get dried in the open area, wrap my towel round me and get back to our tent. Fortunately I didn’t see any men around as I almost ran back to our tent. Jon was still in the sleeping bag when I got back and when I went into the tent he got out of the bag and told me to sit on his morning erection. As I sat there I amused him by telling him what had happened.

I wore my dungaree dress and a short crop top that day and I had the expected problem (ha) of my pussy showing as I cooked some bacon and eggs for us. As I was doing that 2 youths got out of the tent where torch had been shining from when I’d got up for a pee. Both of the youths stared at me as they walked passed us.

After breakfast we walked away from the centre then turned round and ended up back at the fun fair. Jon was in a bit of a daft mode and we had a ride on a roundabout. Jon told me to ride on a horse while he got on a motorbike. That plastic horse was cold on my bum and anyone who was looking must have had quite a sight when I got on and off it.

As we got off I said that I remembered that last time that I was on a horse, in Tenerife. It brought back some nice memories. Jon said that we could go horse riding there; he’d seen an advert back at the campsite. I reminded him that I’d only got dresses with me but all he said was, “so what? “Before I knew it we were back at the campsite telephoning the riding school and booking a session that afternoon.

When we got there this young girl looked me up and down and said, “Haven’t you got any trousers?” before I could say anything Jon said, “It doesn’t matter, she can ride like that.” The girl gave me a funny look and then turned away. There was another couple who arrived about the same time as us; they were in their early twenties. He was wearing shorts and a T-shirt and she looked as if she was wearing black tights under a T-shirt. When she got on the horse they gave her I’d swear that I could see her pussy. It was just a quick flash but I couldn’t see any trace of any knickers and I’m sure that it was her hairy pussy that I could see through the stretched material.

Jon got on his horse then it came to my turn. They put the horse next to a big lump of concrete so that it was easy but as I swung my leg over I saw that all the others were looking at me. By then they must all have seen my jewellery. As the horses started to walk out of the yard 3 other girls on horses joined us. Two of them were only wearing bikinis and the third a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. Those 3 were obviously experienced riders and they were galloping round the fields as soon as they got the chance. The rest of us stayed at a walking pace. One of the girls has big breasts and a lose fitting bikini top. As soon as she started galloping I wondered how long it would be before that top came off.

We all started going a bit faster and I was starting to enjoy the feeling of the leather saddle on my pussy and between my legs. We went from the fields and down onto a quiet stretch of beach. The 3 girls were riding up and down the beach at the waterfront. The 2 girls in bikinis were both having problems (not that they looked as if they minded). The one with the big breasts had come out of her bikini top and both Jon and the other man were watching the bouncing. The other girl’s bikini bottom had turned into a wedgie. She looked as if she was wearing a thong.

The girl from the stables stopped us then told us that we could ride up and down the beach for a bit. While we were doing that she said that she was going to join the 3 girls who were racing up and down. As we set off I looked back and saw that she had got off her horse and was taking her T-shirt off (she had a bra on). I kept looking and watched her take her jodhpurs off. As she pulled them down her knickers came down with them. She pulled the knickers back up then got back on her horse and was off.

The 4 of them came passed us a few times and all of them looked as if they were in some sort of trance. It was obviously a happy trance as the all had a grin on their faces. I don’t know why I didn’t twig, but it was Jon who said, “They’re getting off on that aren’t they?” The other man heard him and said, “Yeah, great isn’t it?” He turned to his woman and said, “Why don’t you have a go?” With that she was off, not as fast as the others though. Jon turned to me and said, “You have a go.”

I’d never ridden a horse fast and was a bit nervous but I wanted to have a go. I’d already got a wet patch on the saddle and my pussy was telling me that it wanted more so off I went. As the horse started to gallop I was scared at first but I managed to get into some sort of rhythm bouncing up and down. I don’t know if I was doing it right from a horse riding point of view but the bouncing up and down on the saddle was doing my pussy the world of good. I think I was starting to realise why so many girls like horse riding. Maybe the material that jodhpurs are made of is so thick because it needs to absorb all that pussy juice.

Anyway I was off. My dress was up round my waist with all the bouncing up and down and I was starting to get close. I turned (somehow) the horse and started back. It wasn’t long before I was cumming and I was still shaking as I went past Jon and the other bloke who were both trying to watch all of us at once. When it came to the turning point I got the horse to slowly walk back with me squelching as I gently bounced up and down on the saddle. My dress was still up when I got back to Jon and the other man who just couldn’t take his eyes off me. Jon said, “Good was it?” All I could manage was, “You bet!” as I swung one leg over and slid off the horse. As I stood there my dress slid back down to cover my bum and pussy.

After a few minutes the other girls came back over to us. They were all wet and I’m still not sure if it was with sweat or spray as they rode through the waves. Four of them had their bottom halves lost into the cracks of their bums and the girl with big breasts hadn’t bothered to cover them. All 5 of them had nipples that were sticking out, and the girl with the man had her tights looking as if she’d sat in a bowl of cum. She looked quite silly really.

When the girl from the stables got her breath back she put her T-shirt and jodhpurs back on then said, “That was good, let’s start back shall we?” She didn’t wait for an answer, but I heard the other man say to Jon, “That was one hell of an experience there’s times when I wish I was a woman.” Jon just said, “Yes” and came over to help me get back onto my horse. Needless to say that as I got my leg over (no pun intended) everyone could see my jewellery again.

The walk back to the stables was uneventful and we left as soon as we got back. On the way back to the campsite Jon decided that he wanted to go for a walk on his own so I decided that I’d walk back into the noisy part for another look around. I walked along the beach and then up towards the crowds. I was busy looking at something up on the road and lost my footing on a rock near the steps. Over I went twisting my ankle as I went. Fortunately I landed on the sand and didn’t hurt anything other than my ankle, which hurt like hell. A middle-aged couple saw me go over and not get up so they came over to help me. When I told them about my ankle they helped me up and over to a first-aid point.

It wasn’t long before 2 first-aiders were administering their skills. They’d told me to lie on this bed while they slowly removed my shoe then prodded and poked my foot to see what the damage was. At first I was more interested in my ankle to realise that the men were lifting my leg up and out a bit. I guess that they were expecting to see a pair of knickers, or at best a hairy pussy. One pair of eyes lit up when they saw my jewellery.

“What the hell,” I thought, my priority was my ankle and whatever they were doing was helping. I didn’t care about the little modesty that I still have. One of the men eventually told me that he didn’t think that anything was broken and asked me if he could spray something on my ankle. I haven’t a clue what it was but it was amazing, one minute my ankle was throbbing and the next it was nearly normal. With most of the pain gone I decided to have a bit of fun and sat up, bent my knee and brought my ankle to my lap so that I could rub it.

After a couple of seconds I looked at the men, both sets of eyes were riveted on my pussy so I stopped and pulled my skirt down so that they couldn’t see it any more. As I did I said, “Whoops, it was such a nice day that I didn’t bother putting any knickers on, hope you don’t mind.” After a couple of seconds as their brains realised that the show was over one of them said, “Not at all young lady, we’re used to it.” The bulges in their trousers told me that they weren’t used to it. I thanked them and left.

I took the tram back to close to the campsite and was having a lie down when Jon got back.

After an uneventful shower Jon told me to put my best dress on and we got a taxi into town. I’d put my silky dress on and as I got into the taxi the driver watched my every move. Because I had to bend over to get into the car I’m sure that he was getting a good view of my breasts.

Jon took me to a big hotel and the taxi driver watched us walk up the steps to the main entrance. I knew that he was watching so I bent forward a bit so that he got a good view of my bare ass. We had a fantastic meal but no dancing; my ankle was still hurting a bit so Jon agreed to let me stay sat down. Didn’t have any fun with the waiter, it was a girl and she seemed more interested in Jon than in me.

Thursday - Got up early and the weather wasn’t too good so Jon decided that we’d pack up and head for home. We took a detour and drove through part of the Lake District. Very nice, but as the weather was dull we didn’t bother stopping anywhere. On the drive down the motorway Jon told me to take my dress off and ride back naked. The only people who seemed to notice were a couple of lorry drivers that we passed. I think Jon deliberately slowed down and crawled passed them to let them have a good look at me.

Friday - Wasn’t really looking forward to work but it wasn’t too bad. I did notice Debbie giving the Manager a quick flash up her dress. I wonder what she was after. That night Jon took me to our local pub, I noticed a couple of men looking at my legs but the place was too crowded for any real fun.

# Saturday August 21

Work was OK. Had lunch with Debbie and asked why she was flashing her pussy at the manager. It turns out that she was trying to get a pay rise but the manager didn’t want to know. She said that she was beginning to wonder if the bloke had decided that he was gay. She wasn’t too happy when I suggested that perhaps she’d flashed him so many times that it had become the norm and it didn’t do anything for him anymore.

Just before closing time I got a really awkward customer. She really pushed my patience to its limits and I was still mad when I got home. I did something stupid in the kitchen and Jon told me off. Instead of apologising I answered him back so I got punished. I know that I like Jon’s punishments but at the time I wasn’t thinking about that, it was that stupid woman at the salon.

Jon’s immediate reaction was to tell me to ‘assume the position’. It had been a while since Jon had told me to do that and I was a bit slow in reacting. He left me like that for about 30 minutes before marching me upstairs and strapping me onto the ‘whipping-T’. I’d forgotten how good it feels being strapped over the ‘T’ with my breasts and bald mons pressing down onto ‘T’ and my legs stretched wide apart with my feet not touching the floor. That feeling of helplessness and the anticipation of knowing what is going to happen next really does clear my mind of everything else.

That evening was full of pleasant surprises. No sooner than Jon completed restraining me to the ‘T’ than I felt something hit my pussy then go into it. It was the spring-up dildo that Jon had released. I couldn’t” have been completely ‘square’ on the ‘T’ and it hurt as the pressure of the spring forced the dildo into me, but once in it felt good.

Jon left me strapped there for about 10 minutes before he came back in and pulled the spring-loaded dildo out of me. The anticipation had already made me wet but when I saw Jon come back in naked and with a big hard-on I really felt my juices flow.

It had been a while since Jon had used the cane on me and I’d forgotten how bad the pain was. By the time I’d got to “10, thank you Master” the tears were dripping down onto the floor. At “15, thank you Master,” Jon changed tactics a bit and got the end of the cane to whip round a cheek so that the end hit my pussy. At “19, thank you Master” I started to cum. Jon realised this, dropped the cane and pushed his dick hard into my pussy. I think I started screaming a bit at that point.

It wasn’t long before Jon came as well, and then there was silence for a minute or so as we both slowly came down from our ‘highs’. As soon as I felt Jon start to get soft he pulled out of me and started to un-strap me. He took me round to the other end of the ‘T’ and I had to climb up and lower myself onto the dildo. He then strapped my wrists to the rope, way above my head then switched the ‘fucking machine’ motor on. There I was going up and down on the dildo and enjoying every second of it. It wasn’t long before I was cumming again. When I did Jon left the room and didn’t come back for what seemed like hours. In reality it was probably only about half an hour.

I lost count of the number of times I orgasmed in that 30 minutes and when Jon finally did come back I was covered in sweat, absolutely shattered and very close to passing out. But boy, was I happy. Jon switched the motor off and then turned the wheal so that I was at the lowest point with the big dildo totally hidden inside me. Just when I thought that he was going to help me get down, Jon said, “You can stay there until morning,” and left.

I had to spend the whole night impaled on the dildo, hanging by my wrists. Fortunately most of my weight was supported by my thighs on the ‘T’. After a couple of minutes of trying to pull myself up a bit I just gave up. As I passed-out I remember feeling like the end of the dildo was going to push up through my stomach and out of my mouth.

# Sunday August 22

When I woke up I was in agony. I don’t know which hurt the most, my aching arms or my stretched pussy. I was real glad when Jon came in and lifted me off. I couldn’t stand up and Jon had to carry me to my bed. When I woke up again it was mid morning. My arms were almost normal but I felt as if the dildo was still inside me. I had a shower and walked downstairs keeping my feet wide apart.

I couldn’t find Jon anywhere so I got some breakfast then went and lay (face down) on a sun lounger on the patio. About an hour later I heard someone coming round the side of the house and assumed it was Jon. It was only when I heard a voice say, “Bloody hell, what happened to you, what are all those red marks on your backside?” that I realised that it was Trevor. I got up and then said, “I’ve been a naughty girl and Jon punished me, I deserved it.” As I said it I could see Trevor’s eyes looking up and down my naked body. The poor lad’s obviously too young to be used to seeing a naked woman and I could see his shorts move as his dick was getting hard. I don’t think he really knew what to say, he just said, “Well, if you’re alright I’d better get on with cutting the grass.”

Poor lad, he really does need to get himself a girlfriend and get himself laid. I left him to it and went inside to get on with the household chores. Jon returned just as Trevor was leaving. That night I watched TV lying on my stomach on the floor. Jon kept playing with my pussy with his toes. I was hoping that he’d let me sleep with him and fuck me that night, but I slept alone.

# Week commencing August 23

Monday - Debbie came round and was a bit shocked to see the red wheal marks on my backside. The pain had gone by then - apart from when I pressed on a red bit. When I told her what had happened she said that she could never let anyone do that to her, even if she did get to cum a few times in the process. I told her that I certainly wasn’t complaining.

Debbie had come round to ask a favour, a few pubic hairs had started growing again and she wanted me to use the hair removal machine on them. Before I’d had chance to say anything she’d dropped her skirt leaving her naked from the waist down. “Look” she said, pointing to one of them.

I don’t remember having had that problem when I removed mine, but there again; I did remove all Debbie’s on the same day so I guess that it was possible to miss a few very small ones.

I went and got the machine and we went into the conservatory. Debbie lay back on one of the reclining chairs and I got to work. The inevitable happened and I started to see Debbie’s pussy lips swelling and her juices seeping out. I looked up at Debbie’s face to see her eyes closed and a bit of a smile on her face. As I moved from hair to hair I had to open her lips to look for any more and I let my fingers slide in and out of her pussy. By the time I got the last one my hands were so slippery that I was having trouble keeping hold of the machine. I put the machine down and started doing a proper job on her pussy. It wasn’t long before she started to cum and I kept going until she came for a second time. After she’d calmed down we went into the kitchen and got us some lunch before Debbie said that she had to go - “things to do.” She dressed and left leaving me a bit ‘wanting’.

Wednesday - Had a reasonable time a Tesco, I wore my cheesecloth dress and had some fun bending over in front of a couple of young male shelf-stackers.

The paperboy came for his money that evening and had a good stare at me. I suppose that at his age you just can’t get used to seeing naked women.

Friday - The only exciting thing that happened that day was that the salon boss asked me to wax the legs and bikini line of a woman. It turned out to be a girl of about 15 or 16. When we got upstairs I told the girl to get on the reclining chair as I started getting the things ready.

When I turned round the girl was sat in the chair all right, but she was naked from the waist down. When I told her that she could have kept her knickers on she said, “I wasn’t wearing any. And anyway, wouldn’t you have needed to remove them to do my bikini line?” The girl obviously didn’t know what was normal and I guess someone had been winding her up a bit. I managed to think quickly and saw the opportunity for a bit of fun. After a couple of seconds I said, “That depends on whether or not you want all your pubic hair removing, some women like to leave a bit.” The girl thought for a few seconds then said, “All my friends say that everyone has them all removed so I want them all off.”

I was quite surprised at how well the girl handled the pain of the wax strips being pulled off. It was only when I started on the hairs round her pussy that she started cringing before I pulled them off and she let out a couple of muffled screams when I did rip them off. She also let out some pussy juices as well. Part of her was enjoying it.

We were both enjoying the part where I rubbed oil all over her pussy afterwards. I told her it was part of the treatment and made a big deal of rubbing it right into her hole. She was enjoying it as well, I’m sure that I felt her have a little orgasm but she was obviously trying to hold back.

# Saturday August 28

Work wasn’t very exciting but when I got home that evening I saw that Jon had bought a new vacuum cleaner. One of those Dyson ones where a lot of the parts are made of transparent and brightly coloured plastic. When I switched it on I realised that the suction was a lot stronger than the old one. When I told Jon he smiled and said that we were going to have some fun with that. I didn’t realise what he meant at the time.

That evening Jon took me to a nice pub way out in the country and we had a lovely meal. I wore just a tight black pencil dress and shoes and I got lots of looks from the men there. Jon kept talking about what I could do with the new vacuum cleaner and I hadn’t a clue what he was on about.

# Sunday August 29

After the usual slow breakfast and paper reading Jon took me to the gym. We didn’t go for a work out which was a bit of a shame as on the way there I had been wondering if the same young man would be there and I was looking forward to ‘getting off’ in front of him again. Instead Jon told me to put just my white Lycra bikini on and meet him in the pool. The place was nearly empty and we managed to get quite a few laps in before people started getting in the way.

From there we went into the sauna and lay on the benches. As I climbed on Jon said that as my bikini bottoms were just about lost in my pussy and ass crack I may as well take them right off, the top as well. Even if there had been anyone else in there I would still have done it and it wasn’t long before I was laying on my back naked.

About 5 minutes later a woman about my age came in and spent the rest of our time in there staring at me. I couldn’t work out if the staring was with approval or disapproval. Anyway when he’s had enough Jon told me to go and get showered and dressed and to meet him at the entrance.

Back home Jon settled down to watch some motor racing from Belgium while I cooked the dinner.

After the motor racing Jon told me to get the new vacuum cleaner out and then to lie down on one of the reclining chairs in the conservatory and to close my eyes. I heard the vacuum cleaner being switched on and then the next thing I knew was that the end of the thin crevice suction nozzle was touching my right nipple. Needles to say my nipple went rock hard instantly. My nipple was easily sucked into the end of the nozzle and when I opened my eyes I could see it vibrating about in the end of the transparent nozzle. The feeling was fantastic and I was disappointed when Jon pulled it off. It wasn’t too bad because Jon moved the nozzle to my left nipple straight away. I could feel my pussy getting wet and that lovely feeling deep in my stomach.

A couple of minutes later Jon took the nozzle off and slowly moved it down my front to my pussy. As soon as it got near my chain it sucked it up and I screamed. Jon immediately pulled back and switched the machine off. After a quick inspection Jon decided that it would be best if I removed the rings and chain. He said that he didn’t want them to be ripped off me.

When I lay down again Jon started the vacuum and moved the nozzle all around my pussy eventually letting it suck my clit into it. Boy was that good. My clit was rattling around inside the nozzle and I was really getting turned on.

It only took a minute or so of that before I started to cum. Jon wasn’t finished, he alternated the nozzle between sucking my clit, my pussy lips and my nipples. At the same time he let the nozzle get close to the entrance to my hole. It was unbelievable; the whole of my body around my pussy was vibrating like mad. I was cumming over and over again. This went on for what seemed like a lifetime. It was nearly as good as being left on the ‘fucking machine’ upstairs. I was glad that Jon didn’t let the nozzle go right inside me, I’m sure that it would have sucked half of me out and down that pipe. As it was my juices managed to get right down the pipe and into the transparent tank.

In the end, when Jon finally switched the machine off I was knackered and a bit sore but that didn’t stop Jon from fucking me.

After about an hour just lying there I went and had a shower before getting on with the rest of my chores for the day.

That night Jon surprised me when he told me to stop writing this Journal. I’ve got quite used to the routine of updating it, and will miss keying the details of what I’ve been up to into it. I’ll also miss the hours of playing with myself and bringing myself to orgasm after orgasm as my brain goes though all the exciting times that I’ve had. Never mind, if that what Jon wants.

Jon also told me that he’s thinking about publishing it on the Internet. On the one hand that makes me all excited (wet as well) but on the other hand I’m a bit apprehensive. I’m not ashamed of what Jon and I get up to but I’m a bit concerned that people we know me will recognise me.

If this really is the end of this journal then I feel that I have to say that not only have I enjoyed writing it, I’ve also had (and hope to do so for a long time yet) a lot of fun and pleasure out of my new life. I’m really glad that I found the courage to take that first big step and I’ll always be grateful to Jon for showing me that life really can be so good.

# Sunday November 21 1999

Hi there again, Jon has just told me that he’s created a web site http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/

for me and that he wants me to post this journal to it. I’m still a bit nervous about doing that but Jon wants me to do it so I will, once I’ve found out how.

Vanessa