**Introduction**

Hi, my name is Vanessa. I was born in December 1975 and now have a 34AA–24–35 95-pound figure with blondish hair. In 1998 I quit my boring existence in a little town in North Wales and went to work as a Housekeeper for a middle-aged man in the East Midlands of England. It was a brave decision to make as I’d applied for the job after seeing the job advert in a BDSM magazine that someone had left in the hairdressers where I worked. I didn’t really know what I was letting myself in for, but I really did need to do something because my life was so drab and boring. Even the interview for the job was unbelievable, but I was so desperate to change my life that I did everything that was asked of me, and I was finally offered the job.
Shortly after starting the job my employer (Jon) told me to write a Journal of my new life, and he has since created a web site that it is published on.

<http://www.asstr.org/~Vanessa/>

If you care to read my Journal you will discover that my relationship with Jon is rather different to that of most employee and employer, but I have easily come to realise that I have a life that just could not be more satisfying or pleasurable. I love my life and all the little adventures that Jon and I get up to.

Apart from a little bit of hair that grows on my legs, I have no body hair below my neck. It’s all been removed with electrolysis. I’m slim with small(ish), pert breasts that have small areolas and giant nipples. When they’re hard Jon says they’re like chapel hat pegs. I have a nice firm, flat stomach with a pubic bone that does stick out a bit. In my pussy lips I have 2 little gold rings that Jon put in me. My clit is very prominent and is usually sticking out between my lips. It’s about an inch long with a little round head. Jon sometimes calls it my little dick. I don’t own any bras, knickers, trousers, leggings or shorts; and 90% of my skirts and dresses can be described as mini or micro. I used to be a very shy girl, but I’ve now gone completely the other way, and get a great thrill from letting other people see my body.
I hope that’s enough to satisfy the people who asked. If it isn’t, perhaps they would like to e-mail me with specific questions.

vanessaevans69@hotmail.com

Jon told me to stop writing my Journal in the summer of 1999, but has recently asked me to document, some of the more interesting experiences that we have had since then.

Both Jon and I have been scouring the Internet looking for ideas for little adventures or incidents that we could manufacture to have some fun. We’ve found one or two stories that appear to be slightly rewritten copies of some of the text in my Journal, and one or two that are very similar to some of the adventures that we’ve had and that I’ve written about in my Journal. At first I was a bit annoyed about this, but Jon said that I should be honoured that someone thought our adventures were good enough to copy. I’ve started thinking that way as well.

The adventure I’m about to describe happened in late spring of 2000 when Jon took me to the South of France for a two-week holiday.

#### Holiday in the South of France

Unlike most of our trips abroad when Jon doesn’t tell me that we are going until about 3 or 4 hours before we climb on the plane, Jon gave me 3 weeks notice of this holiday. I had to let the manager of the Hair Salon where I work know that I wouldn’t be there. When I told them where I was going Debbie (one of the girls that I work with) kept pestering me to ask Jon if she could go as well. There’s no way that I would say that she could come with us without first discussing it with Jon. Debbie being Debbie wouldn’t shut up about it and she even offered me a lift home. She was going to try to charm Jon into letting her come with us.

(For those of you that haven’t read my Journal, or the story of ‘Debbie’s Pussy Power’, I should tell you that at an early age Debbie discovered that she could get men to give her just about anything that she wanted just by flashing her pussy at them. However, it doesn’t work with Jon. Jon is very used to having naked young women around him. I wouldn’t say that he isn’t turned on by them, he is, and it had led to a few mini orgies; it’s just that he’s seen Debbie naked so many times that I’ve lost count. He’s also fucked her a few times as well. I should also say that I spend just about all my time at home naked, and when my close friends come to visit, they are usually naked within minutes of arriving. Only the previous Sunday, Debbie and Bridie had spent most of the day sunbathing naked with Jon and me in our back garden.)

Debbie and I got home before Jon and by the time Jon arrived there were 2 naked girls waiting to serve his tea. After about 10 minutes of Debbie being extra nice to him, Jon asked me what was going on. It was then that Debbie went and sat on his lap and started slowly grinding her naked (probably soaking wet) pussy onto his dick. (Jon usually strips-off when he gets home as well). Jon told her to stop it or she might just get something that perhaps she wasn’t expecting. It was then that Debbie put on her little girl voice and asked him. At first Jon just said, “Hmmm.” After a long pause Debbie ground her backside down a bit more and Jon said, “That won’t make any difference girl, you know that I have more than enough pussy waiting for me any time that I want it.” Debbie stopped moving around but didn’t get up. After another long silence Jon said, “Okay then, but it will cost you, and I’m not talking about money.” “Anything, absolutely anything.” Debbie replied. Jon then lifted Debbie off him and told me to clean up his wet dick. As usual, Debbie’s pussy juices tasted nice. As I was cleaning his dick Jon told Debbie that if she wanted to come with us she would have to do EXACTLY what he told her, throughout the holiday. All Debbie said was, “Don’t I always?” To be fair, yes she does. I can’t remember one time when she hasn’t.

On the Friday evening 3 weeks later, Debbie drove me home and put her car in our garage. When Jon arrived I fed him and we then loaded up the car. We didn’t really have much luggage; Jon said that we wouldn’t be wearing much for most of the time. Before we did load the car, Jon went through Debbie’s bag and took out a few things that he said she wouldn’t need. There were 3 items that I didn’t even think Debbie owned – 2 pairs of knickers and a bra. Debbie had told me that she’d followed in my steps (well Jon’s originally) and dumped all her bras and knickers. I hadn’t seen her wearing any for over a year.

Anyway, lightly loaded, we set off and drove down to Dover. It was a night ferry crossing and we were all too tired to have any fun. Both Debbie and I slept for the first few hours that we were in France, and I woke up as Jon opened the window at the motorway tollbooth. Shortly afterwards he pulled into a rest area and we went to get some breakfast. It’s so much warmer in France and I was glad that I only had a short thin dress on (and shoes). My dress was tightish fitting, but Debbie’s wasn’t and I got a great view of her backside when the wind blew her skirt up just as we were going inside.

After eating we went to the toilet and then back to the car. Jon was in front of us and just as he unlocked the doors he turned to us and said, “Right, this is where it starts, dresses of, sort out which one of you is driving, and lets get going.” Debbie looked at me but I only got a quick glimpse of her, my dress was already up round my head. When I turned to her, her top covered her head. Her beautiful 34C breasts showing the effects of the fresh, warm French air on her nipples. “Do you want to drive?” I asked her. She said that she wasn’t bothered so I ran round to the driver’s side and jumped in. As I started the car I looked round, but no one appeared to have noticed the 2 naked girls getting into a car, and I drove off with Jon getting comfortable in the back.

Driving on the ‘wrong’ side of the road took a bit of getting used to and I did ‘cut-up’ a couple of cars at first. One man was shaking a fist at me, but he soon stopped when Debbie lifted herself up so that he could see her tits. “That shut him up,” she said.

About 5 hours later I decided that we had better get some petrol so I pulled into the next rest area. I parked the car on the outside row of petrol pumps and was about to get out when Debbie said, “Let me.” Because of the side of the pump that we were parked on, and the side of the car that the tank filler was, Debbie could fill the car without being seen. Well, apart from one man who was parked at the pump behind us. He just stared.

When the tank was full Debbie got back in and said to me, “You go and pay then.” I was just thinking about where my plastic was when Jon said, “I’ll do it, I don’t want you arrested before we’ve even got there.” He shook his head to tell me to look over to our right. There was a police car parked there with both policemen looking back onto the motorway. When he got back, Jon opened the driver’s door and told me to climb over into the back.

The rest of the journey was uneventful. It never stops amazing me that so many people can drive and walk around and not see what’s going on around them. Anyway, we continued on the motorway, then down the N9 until we came to a small town called Pézenas. As we arrived there Jon told Debbie and me to put our clothes back on, as we had to find someone there. The place took a bit of finding, but eventually Jon left us in the car whilst he went and spoke to this person. Jon told us that he was collecting the key to the cottage, or Gite as they call them, that we were to stay at. We the headed off south down this road that got narrower and narrower until we came to this cottage. Jon wasn’t sure that we were at the right place as it didn’t look like what he was expecting, but that didn’t bother him.

We parked the car but before Jon would let us go in, he told Debbie and me to take our clothes off again. He said that there was a rule that we were both to be naked whenever we were on the property. It was a beautiful day and we were almost in the middle of nowhere so that was fine by. Debbie didn’t hesitate, and Jon stripped as well.

We all walked to the front door, and as Jon was trying to get the key in the front door, it opened and an old man looked at us in bewilderment. In very poor French, Jon managed to realise that we were in the wrong place. The cottage we wanted was another half mile down the road. The poor old man just stared at us as we went back to the car. Debbie was giggling a bit and waggled her backside as she walked.

We eventually found the right place. It was fantastic. Four bedrooms, its own little swimming pool in a small back garden, and no other building in sight.

We had a quick look round then took our luggage in, then had quick swim. Jon put some short on and told us that he was going to find a shop. Debbie and I soaked up the sun until he got back with loads of food and wine. We didn’t do much for the rest of the day, other than eat, drink and enjoy the peace and quiet. We all slept in separate beds that night.

##### Sunday

Jon was up at dawn and when I emerged he had food on the table and coffee in the pot. He told me that it was the last time that he was going to get the food ready. I went to get Debbie and found her asleep on top of her bed with her legs wide apart and one hand on her pussy. I woke her by pushing one of her own fingers into her hole.

After breakfast Jon told us that we were going exploring so we put just some shoes on (Jon said that shoes don’t count), and set off out the back. We found a little wooded area and were walking along a path through it when we heard voices. We followed the sound until we saw a clearing with a river flowing through it. Splashing about in the water were half a dozen teenagers about 15 or 16. Four girls and two boys. They all had swimming costumes on and were having so much fun that they didn’t see us.

We watched them for a minute or so before Jon decided that we should go for a swim as well. We got to the riverbank before they saw us. They stopped and starred at us. I don’t know if it was the surprise of seeing anyone there, or the fact that all 3 of us were naked, or that there wasn’t a pubic hair on any of us; but we were right in the water before they carried on with their ball game.

Boy was that water cold, my nipples were throbbing and as hard as they’ve ever been. Luckily, we didn’t stay in the water long and we lay on the grass in the little clearing to get dry and warm up. As we lay there the teenagers got out and walked right past us to their clothes. I had my eyes shut, but I could feel the eyes staring at me. As they walked off, Jon rolled over to me and I saw that he had a hard-on. He told me to straddle him on my knees and to impale myself on him. No problem there, but I could swear that I could see one of the boys looking at us from the bushes. He must have come back to watch us. Debbie just lay on the grass and watched us.

When Jon had filled my pussy we got up and continued exploring. We went along the same path that the teenagers went on, and after about 15 minutes came to a little village. Jon didn’t particularly want to walk through that naked, so we turned back.

Didn’t see anyone else and I was glad of the dip in ‘our’ pool when we got back. Having said that it was great being able to walk through the countryside naked without having to worry about people getting upset because we had no clothes on. It was so relaxing and ‘natural’. The fresh warm air helped as well.

Back at the cottage, we opened a bottle of wine (or two) and had a very relaxing afternoon and evening. At teatime Jon fucked me again as I tried to get the food ready. It was from behind at the sink as I washed the lettuce. I didn’t think that Debbie had seen us, but as we sat outside talking and watching the stars, Debbie got up and bent down next to Jon. She got hold of his dick and said, “Do I get any of that then?” “Vanessa seems to be getting all the attention and my pussy is feeling lonely.”

Jon never was one for missing an opportunity and told her, “If you can get it hard you can have it.” She did, and she did. Jon lay back in his char and Debbie straddled him with her back to him. With her legs wide I could see his dick going in and out of her. Jon saw me watching and told me to come and help them both. He held Debbie still and I tasted her juices as I licked her pussy and his balls. They both came without even moving.

That night I slept with Jon and woke up with him fucking me in the spoon position.

#### Monday

Jon decided that we were going to the beach. I hadn’t realised that we were that close to the Mediterranean Sea. Anyway, Jon told me to pack some food, wine and towels and to get in the car. He told us that we wouldn’t need any clothes, not even swimsuits (I was a bit disappointed as I was looking forward to wearing my new ‘sling’ swimsuit in public).

It took us about an hour to get to a place called Marseillan-Plage. A little village right on the coast. Jon parked on a little car park on the outskirts and told us to leave everything in the car and we walked down this little track to the beach. The only man-made objects that we had with us were the car keys, some suntan lotion and Jon’s wallet.

The beach was relatively quiet with only a handful of people on it. Most were naked. We walked west (or so Jon said), and we came to a place with lots of hotels. By then there were lots and lots of people, all of them naked. We walked right into the ‘village’. Jon told us that it’s called Cap d’Agde and it’s a naturist resort. What an amazing place, I never knew such places existed. We stayed there for most of the day and it was incredible. It was just like a normal village, people doing everything that happens in a ‘normal’ village, but no one was wearing a thing. Even the shopkeepers were naked. There was no way that we were going to have any sexual fun there, but it was only afterwards that I realised that. At the time sex just wasn’t on my mind.

Poor Debbie was gob-struck. She’d never seen anything like it in her life. The words ‘shy’ and ‘embarrassed’ aren’t in Debbie’s vocabulary so she didn’t have any problems fitting in. She never knew such places existed and she was amazed by the whole scale of things. I was a bit, there must have been a couple of thousand people there. Jon had been there before so he knew his way round the place, but it had grown since he was last there.

I really enjoyed sitting outside the cafés, eating and drinking whilst naked. Everything was just so ‘natural’.

Early evening we left and walked back up the beach. We stopped at the car and had a bit of food and some wine. A number of other naked people came and went. We weren’t the only ones who didn’t bother getting dressed when we got into a car. We then walked along the beach the other way, with the village on our left. As we got further on we saw a number of couples (every combination of sexes) making out, some in the small sand dunes, and other in the middle of the open beach. Not very shy or reserved the French.

As it got dark we headed back and drove back to the cottage.

Debbie slept with Jon that night.

#### Tuesday

I was up first and had breakfast ready. There was still no sign of Jon or Debbie so I decided to get the rest of the stuff from the car. I was bent over getting something out of the boot when I heard this man’s voice saying something in French. It startled me a bit and I jumped up banging my head on the boot lid. I cursed and held my head as the man came up to me. I couldn’t understand a word he was saying, but he put his hands on the sides of my head and gently bent me forward to have a look to see what the damage was. Fortunately it was just a bump and as I rubbed it and the pain get less I looked at the man and saw where his eyes were looking. He wasn’t looking at my head anymore, and his trousers were turning into a tent. We made eye contact and he said something and left. I turned round and saw Jon walking towards me.

That morning we went into Pézenas. Jon told me to wear just my white Lycra bikini top (more suitable for a 10-year-old) and my bikini skirt. This is a wrap around little skirt that’s about 10 inches long and doesn’t make it all the way round me. It’s held in place by a cord leaving a gap of about 4 inches (usually on my right hip) that tells everyone who looks, that I’ve nothing on underneath. Debbie wore a loose, cut-off, crop top and a very short (14 inches), tight skirt. When she bent over even a little bit the top went up over her breasts and the skirt rode-up showing her ass. When she stood up again it stayed there with her ass and pussy on display, until she pulled it down again.

Jon approved of our outfits and we set off. We parked at the side of the road and Jon waited for a man to be passing before he told us to get out in a very un-lady like manor. Poor man, he nearly walked into a lamppost.

All due respect to the French, but Pézenas isn’t up to much. In fact it’s a bit of a dump really. At least it has a decent supermarket. Jon told us to ignore him and try to get a few people even hotter under their collars. And we did. We spent ages bending over the freezers and squatting down to get something from the bottom shelves. The cold of the freezers really had an effect on my nipples. Debbie and I were almost having a competition to see how we could shock someone the most without making things too obvious. Daft statement, of course we were obvious. Those people knew exactly what we were doing. Either that or they’re blind or stupid. Anyway, I think Debbie won when she ‘handled’ a big carrot. At one point I thought that she was actually going to put it inside her, but she didn’t. One old ladies face looked like it was about to explode. We were having so much fun that we nearly missed Jon leaving and we had to run to catch him. I don’t think that us running would have given their security anything to be suspicious about, there was absolutely nowhere where we could have hidden anything. Well maybe one place…..

We did find one clothes shop that had a few nice looking dresses. Debbie asked Jon if we could go in for a better look. The sales assistant was a girl of about 20 and she looked very bored until we arrived. By the time we left she must have thought that the British people are all exhibitionistic nuts. Some of us are!

Debbie was the first to wake the girl up. She dropped a dress on the floor and bent-over (at the waist) to pick it up. The girls got a long eyeful of Debbie’s pussy in all its glory. As Debbie stood up she turned to the girl and said, “Sorry.” The girl never said anything; she just stared at Debbie’s pussy. Debbie put the dress back on the rack and pulled her skirt back down. My turn I thought. I moved between 2 rails of clothes knowing full well that as I brushed past the one in front of me, my loose fitting bikini top would move to one side. As I got out the other side I pretended not to notice and went up to the girl to ask her if I could try on the dress in my hand. I watched her eyes and as they registered what they were seeing, my nipples went like bullets. Without taking her eyed of my chest she said, “We” and pointed to the back.

The changing room was nothing more than a room about 10 feet square with a bit of a curtain for a door. The dress I’d picked was quite nice, no arms or shoulder straps, but it was obviously too small even for me. My bikini top and skirt were off in seconds and I waited for a minute before going out into the shop holding the dress to cover my body. The girl saw me and I asked her if she could help me. She didn’t understand me so she came over. When she got close I turned and walked back into the changing room. She followed me in and I turned round holding out the dress. She was looking up and down my naked front. She didn’t do anything so I started to step into the dress. As I struggled to pull it up over my thighs it got stuck and she motioned me to take it off again. I gave it to her and she went out. When she came back in I was sat in a chair facing the door with my legs wide open. She saw my pussy rings as she came back in and blushed a little.

I put the dress on and went out to show Jon. As I went out, Debbie came in with a couple of dresses. She said something to the girl and started to strip. When I went back in Debbie was naked and just about to pull a dress over her head. When her arms were up in the air I pinched her left nipple, which made her scream a bit. When she saw it was me she laughed and said, “I didn’t realise you were back, I though my luck had changed,” looking at the girl who didn’t know where to look.

By the time Debbie had decided that she didn’t like the dress and taken it off, I had taken off the dress I was wearing and was naked as well. I was just about to try on the dress that Debbie had, when Jon came in. The girl looked at him but didn’t say anything. She looked as though she was about to, but stopped herself. Jon turned to Debbie and me and told us to go and find something else to try on. Neither of us attempted to put anything on and walked out. As we did, Jon was asking the girls if she minded us walking around the shop naked. She didn’t answer and I couldn’t hear any more.

Out in the shop Debbie and I were looking at other dresses in full view of anyone who would have been passing. I occasionally looked out, but didn’t see anyone looking. I didn’t feel at all exposed, but there again having walked around the town wearing only 2 small triangles on my breasts, and a skirt that when opened up is only 20 inches by 10 inches, it’s not really surprising.

We both found another dress and went back to the changing room. Jon was still talking to the girl who hadn’t a clue what he was on about; she just stood there. Debbie had taken 2 dresses back in with her, one quite big. She gave it to Jon and said, “You’d look good in this one.” Jon looked puzzled then saw her winking at him. Debbie wanted to shock the girl a bit more and Jon had twigged. He said, “Yes, you’re probably right,” and to the girl, “can I try it on please?” He didn’t wait for an answer and took it from Debbie and hung it up.

The girl looked even more puzzled as Jon turned to face her and whipped his shirt off. The girl just stood there and stared as Jon dropped his shorts to reveal a semi hard-on. She gasped a bit as Jon got the dress and slipped it over his head. By the time it slithered down his body, his semi became a full and the front of the dress rested on top of it. He lifted it over his dick and let it fall. He turned his back to the girl and asked her to zip him up. The mesmerised girl just did it. He turned round to face her showing the big tent in the front that the girl was staring at. Even Jon had to admit that he looked a right prat and all 3 of us burst out laughing. After a minute or so, even the girl laughed.

When we all stopped laughing, Jon turned his back to me and told me to unzip him. When I had, he took the dress off and turned to the girl. Her eyes were glued to his dick as he motioned her towards it. I watched her lick her lips as she bent down and took him in her mouth. Debbie put her hand on my pussy (neither of us had bothered to try the dresses on) but Jon said, “Self-satisfaction only girls,” so we both sat down and frigged ourselves. Jon didn’t last long and I saw the girl gulp down his gift to her.

The girl stood up and looked at us. When she saw what we were doing she lifted her skirt and her right hand started on her pussy (she wasn’t wearing any knickers). No sooner that she’d started the doorbell rang. She swore (I think), and went out. We dressed in our own clothes and went out. She stopped talking to the new customer and stared at us as we left.

We left one very frustrated girl in that shop. I’m sure she must have gone in the back when that customer left and relieved her tension.

We went back to the car to head back to the cottage, but Jon wouldn’t let us get back in until a man was passing. I climbed into the front and left one leg on the pavement whilst Debbie climbed onto the back seat on her hands and knees. What a sight we must have been.

Back at the cottage we unloaded the shopping and went in. Two things happened; firstly I dropped one of those French stick breads and didn’t even realise. John told me to pick up the ‘arm pit bread’ and I just looked at him blankly. When I asked him what he meant he pointed to the bread and said, “How do most of the French people carry their bread home? Have a look round next time were out.” The second thing that happened was that I forgot to take my clothes off as soon as I got into the cottage. Jon told me that I was going to be punished for that. Debbie has disappeared to the toilet and was naked when she returned and went outside for a swim.

It has been a few weeks since my backside had been tanned and I was (I admit it) getting a bit complacent at times. Jon looked round for something to warm my backside and came back with a spatula from the kitchen. We then went outside and I bent over and grabbed my ankles, which were about a foot apart. Jon then proceeded to give me 20 swats with me counting them and thanking him.

Debbie watched all this and then said to me, “I don’t know why you put up with Jon doing that?” I replied, “Two reasons, firstly I deserved it, and secondly I enjoyed it.” Debbie said, “Hmm, okay then, but I wouldn’t enjoy it.” “You just don’t know what you’re missing girl!” I said, and ran a finger over my wet pussy the licked it. Debbie did the same then licked her finger. I moaned a little as she touched my pussy. Debbie then said, “One day – maybe.”

That night we walked further down the road until we came to that little village. I wore a halter-top that wasn’t really big enough, and a thin cotton ‘A’ skirt (Jon’s choice, probably because it was windy). Debbie also wore a thin cotton ‘A’ skirt and the crop top that she wore to Pézenas.

We found the only café / bar in the place and doubled its customer count. We sat at a table outside and had a very pleasant evening. As I’ve said it was a bit windy and quite a few times when we were leaning back in our chairs, Debbie’s and / or my skirt flew up. A few men were looking at us but all they would have seen was our bare stomachs. The light wasn’t that good, and we had our legs quite close together.

As we left the village to go back to the cottage, Jon told us to strip off and we all walked back in the dark, naked. It was a good job the moon was out because there were no streetlights.

Jon wanted to get a good nights sleep that night so I slept with Debbie. After a long lesbian (I suppose) session we both fell asleep in each other’s arms.

#### Wednesday

I woke up early feeling very happy and sexy, to find Debbie playing with my clit. She’d just brought me to a beautiful orgasm when I heard Jon moving around in his bathroom. I wanted to return the complement to Debbie, but I just had to get up quick. I jumped up, kissed Debbie on her lower lips and left to get the breakfast.

As usual it was a lovely, warm, sunny morning and I set out the food on the table out the back. Jon came out, jumped in the pool and did a couple of lengths before coming for breakfast. As he was drinking his coffee he told me to bend over and touch my ankles. He then said, “I thought so; you’ve cum this morning haven’t you?” Feeling a bit guilty and submissive I said, “Yes, Master. Debbie woke me up by finger fucking me.” “Right then, get me hard then sit on my lap.” I didn’t need any more of an invitation; I squatted down and took him in my mouth. It wasn’t long before his dick was pointing towards the sky and I was lowering myself onto him. I was slowly going up and down on him when Debbie came out and said, "Already, I’m jealous,” and poured herself a coffee. She watched us have a long slow fuck as she eat her breakfast.

That day we went back to Cap d’Agde and had another very relaxing day. Well, not quite as relaxing as the Monday’s visit there. At breakfast Jon told me that I had to wear my Ben Wa balls all day. Not to be out done, Debbie decided that she’d wear hers as well. The walking about took twice as long as normal as both Debbie and me had to keep stopping either to avoid having an orgasm there and then, or to actually have one.

Even with the air temperature as high as it was both Debbie’s and my pussies were glistening with our juices all day. Swimming with Ben in was quite good as well, for some reason I expected to not feel the balls whilst swimming, but I did, and it was nice.

Jon found the whole episode quite amusing.

The only article of clothing that we took with us (and it wasn’t really clothing) was a towel each. I hate to think what would have happened if we’d been stopped by the police, or had an accident.

That night was spent eating and drinking wine outside the back of the cottage.

I wish more days were as pleasant, relaxing and stimulating as that one.

#### Thursday

Jon decided that we were going swimming for the day. Not to the beach or the river, but to a public swimming pool. He decided that the best place to find one would be in a city so he put some shorts on and Debbie and I put on little skirts and tops and off we went. After what seemed like hours of driving we eventually found a big leisure centre in Marseille.

The first thing that struck me was that they had one big changing room with no separate areas for men and women. There were also areas on benches with clothes hooks as well as little changing cubicles. It looked like some people got changed in full view of anyone who happened to be there. Didn’t bother us.

Jon picked an area where a group of teenage boys were getting changed and told us to, “Get em off!” Some of the boys had already seen us and were looking at us as we put our bags down.

Debbie had taken my white Lycra swimsuit to wear, and I’d taken my new white Lycra ‘sling’ swimsuit (John likes white Lycra, especially when it gets wet). I think I’d better describe the swimsuits.

The ‘big’ swimsuit that Debbie wore is a one piece one that you put your head through then let it fall down your front. You then straighten the front out and then push the lower bits through your legs and grab the cords that then come round your waist to fasten near your belly button. To describe it another way, it started as a thin strap round the back of your neck, then expanded in two pieces to cover your breasts. It then goes down in a deep ‘V’ going over your pussy, still in two pieces that are only about an inch wide. They don’t actually meet each other but are both attached to the back part about half an inch apart just where your arse hole is. The back is like a full, high-cut bikini bottom back that comes round to the front as two thin tie cords. These cords can either be tied on top of, or underneath the front part. When I put it on and lean forward with it fastened underneath the front part, the front part hangs forward leaving my breasts and pubis exposed. I also have trouble keeping my clit inside the 2 front parts.

The ‘sling’ has even less material. It comprises of 2 front bits that nearly cover my breasts. They start with virtually nothing, spread apart to cover my breasts, then taper back to just the bit where the cords attach. The 2 cords then go down my front and have the top part of a triangle that covers my pubis attached to them. The triangle only covers the visible part of my pussy when I’m stood up. And the 2 cords go either side of my pussy and are fastened together where they meet to go up my ass crack. The 2 cords then part company as they come out of the top of ass cheeks and go over my shoulders to join to the top of breast bits. When you look at me from the side it looks as if I’m not wearing anything at all.

The swimsuit that Debbie wore is bad enough to keep in place, but the ‘sling’ one is virtually impossible. Even with the cords pulled tight it either disappears into my pussy or one of my breasts pops out with even the slightest quick move.

Anyway, I knew that Jon was expecting me to show what little flesh that was covered to the teenagers, and I wanted too as well. As I took my top off then dropped my skirt whilst facing them, they all went quiet and I felt my juices flow. That familiar tingling in my pussy was making me feel good.

I turned round with my back to the teenagers and bent over. They got a great view of my ass and pussy as I spent ages ‘looking’ for my swimsuit in my bag. When I did get it out I turned back to face them and the spent a long time untangling it before stepping into it.

I looked at Debbie and she was still naked, facing them, and pretending to have trouble untangling her swimsuit. When she got it over her neck and the front straightened out, she had to sit down to make it easy to fasten it round her waist. She made sure that her legs were wide open as she did so. I could see that she was wet as well.

Jon was naked facing a girl about my age who was getting a good eyeful of his semi. Jon put on a pair of his fine mesh net nylon undies, the type that if you look within a couple of yards of him, you can clearly see his dick.

With the teenagers still staring at us, we locked our clothes in a locker and went out to the pool. There were lots of people there, and many of women were wearing thong bikinis so we didn’t look that much out of place. The French are much more liberal than the British.

The pool is quite big with slides and a wave machine. There’s an outside part with sunbeds on the grass. Debbie and me did get a bit of attention from some of the teenage boys and men there, but not as much as I’d expected. I guess that it’s one of the differences between the French and the British. I’m sure that I’d have been asked to leave some of the British swimming pools.

Going up (and down) the slides was fun, each time I wanted to go up the stairs I’d wait until a man was about to go up and then get in front of him. A few times I could really feel their eyes staring at my pussy. Needless to say I’d bend over in front of each of them, just to make sure that they had a good look. It wasn’t just the water from the swimming pool that made me wet. Going down the slides was fun as well. Just about every time I got to the bottom, one of my nipples was showing.

Getting changed to go back to the cottage was fun as well. No one else was doing it, but the 3 of us used the communal shower naked. We got a couple of funny looks, but that’s all. The best bit was getting dried. The same group of teenage boys appeared just as we were getting our towels out of our locker. Needless to say that Debbie and me took our time, and paid special attention to the interesting bits. I have to confess to ‘tweaking’ my nipples a couple of times, and licking a finger that I’d slowly inserted into my pussy. That made a couple of the lads jaws drop. I did notice a couple of bulges in the teenager’s trunks, and when I stared at one of the lads, his face went bright red, but he didn’t stop looking. Anyway, we eventually put our skirts and tops on and we all left.

We had a pleasant evening eating and drinking by the pool before going to bed. Jon fucked me that night.

#### Friday

Jon surprised me a bit when we got up. I’d been expecting to stay there for the 2 weeks, but no sooner than we’d had breakfast he told us to pack our things and we set off down to the coast road and then west until we got to St Tropez. There we headed in-land to a place called St Raphael where Jon collected the keys to another cottage.

The journey might have only been about 100 miles, but it took hours. By the time we found the cottage we were all tired. It was a good job that we’d taken the food that was left in the first cottage.

This cottage was even more remote and bigger than the first one. The back garden was massive with grass hills to one side and a big wood to the other.

#### Saturday

We went for a walk (naked) out the back of the cottage. Never saw anyone.

After lunch Jon decided that we’d better find a supermarket and get stocked up. Debbie put a little skirt and halter-top on while Jon told me to wear my bikini skirt (the one that doesn’t go all the way round me, leaving it obvious that I wear nothing under it), and my white bikini top. I wore that top so loosely that I only had to lean forward a little bit and it was off my breasts.

We found a big supermarket in St Raphael and let a few people know what we weren’t wearing. One poor man dropped a bottle of wine when Debbie bent over in front of him.

As we were leaving the supermarket car park we saw an accident. This British mini-bus was driving in and got hit by a French person’s car as it reversed out of a parking space. There wasn’t much damage but one of the headlights on the mini-bus was smashed. Jon stopped and went to check that everyone was okay - they were; and he got talking to the people in the mini-bus. They were 8 Venture Scouts (3 lads and 5 girls) all about 16 to 19 years old, with 2 leaders, a man and woman in their late twenties. Jon went into the café in the supermarket to talk to them whilst the Scouts went and did their shopping. Debbie and me went with the Scouts, and had a bit more fun. The lads wanted to go round with us whilst the girls wanted to get on with the shopping. Needless to say that the lads got hard-ons from the show that Debbie and I put on.

When we got back to the mini-bus Jon and the leaders told us all that they had agreed that the Scouts would stay at our cottage that night while Jon and the leaders went to Cannes in the mini-bus to get it fixed. They expected to get back around midday on the Sunday.

On the drive back to the cottage Jon told us that he used to be a Venture Scout leader and had organised a few similar touring trips round Europe. He’d had a mini-bus breakdown on him and knew what problems you can have.

As we arrived back at the cottage Jon told Debbie and me to keep our clothes on until the kids got used to the idea. He told us to tell them about his rule after he and the leaders had left, and then decide on whether or not to take our clothes off dependent upon the kid’s reaction. Debbie said that they’ve already seen just about everything there was to see already so she couldn’t imagine that there would be a problem.

Anyway, after unpacking the mini-bus, showing the kids where to sleep and getting a drink, Jon and the leaders left. Debbie took charge and got everyone together. First of all she sorted out who was going to get the evening meal ready then told them about Jon’s house rule. I could see the lads eyes light up as one of the girls (Angie) said, “I hope that rule doesn’t apply to us because there’s no way that I’m walking around without my clothes on.” After a bit of discussion it was agreed that everyone could wear as much or as little as they wanted. After that we all dispersed and Debbie and I went to get out of what little clothes we were wearing.

When we went outside, all 8 of the kids were in or around the pool. The lads were in their swimming trunks, 2 of the girls were just wearing bikini bottoms, 1 was wearing a thong bikini, and the other 2 were wearing full bikinis. They all stopped and stared at Debbie and me as we walked out naked as the day we were born, and nearly as bald as the day we were born. After a few seconds (seemed like hours), the football started getting thrown around again and things went back to normal.

Debbie and me got chatting to the kids and discovered that they’re all from London and are quite a friendly lot. We got on well with them. Angie was the only one who wasn’t too happy about Debbie and me being naked, she didn’t say so, but I could tell.

At one point some of them had been in the pool and all but one (Tom) had got out. The others were telling him to get out, but he wouldn’t. Kirsty (the most outspoken of the girls) started ribbing him. She said that she bet he’d got a hard-on looking at Debbie and me. Tom denied it, but his face was red. Anyway, the others picked up on it and went in and dragged him out. Yes he did have a hard-on, and it was peeking out of the top of his trunks.

Debbie joined in and went and stood over him (the other kids had him pinned to the ground). Debbie said, “Don’t be shy Tom. I treat a hard-on as a compliment. You should be proud of it. Let’s have a proper look.” With that Debbie squatted down between his legs and pulled his trunks down. There were cheers from everyone as Tom (and some of the others probably, but I was only looking at Tom) stared at Debbie’s wide-open legs.

Debbie’s actions had stopped the others from concentrating on holding Tom down and he managed to get free and up. He was off and no one followed him. He came back about 10 minutes later wearing a different pair of trunks and no hard-on. One of the other lads said, “Had a good wank then?” Tom didn’t answer.

Shortly after that 2 of the girls went to start getting the food ready and Tom went and got some more wine and beer.

Day turned to evening, we ate, and the drink got everyone more livelily. We were all one happy bunch telling stories and jokes when one of the girls suggested we play ‘truth or dare’. Angie wasn’t too keen but alcohol had relaxed her and she finally agreed.

Jake said that we should all sit in a circle on the grass and play it by spinning an empty wine bottle. The one who the bottle top pointed to got to give anyone they liked a ‘truth or dare’.

It started very slowly with boring things like ‘tell us how old you were when you first kissed.’ Debbie was the first to get ‘brave’ when she asked Kirsty how old she was when she first masturbated. There was no delay from Kirsty, she immediately said, “12”. Angie said that she didn’t believe her but the game got going again.

Jake then dared Patsy to take her bikini top off. After a bit of persuasion she did. Out flopped these ‘large’ white breasts with dinky little hard nipples.

Next, Kirsty dared Tom to show everyone his cock again. No hesitation – only a semi.

Next, Karen asked Pete when he last had a blowjob. Pete blushed but said 3 weeks ago.

Next, I dared Kirsty to touch her own pussy. When she touched herself outside her bikini bottoms I said, “No, inside the bikini.” After a little pause she put her hand down the front and right over her pussy. I could see the top of her pubic hair.

Next, Angie asked Sarah how old she was when she gave her first blowjob.

Then Tom dared Patsy to take her bikini bottoms off and finger herself – She did.

Next, Pete dared Patsy to push her bikini bottoms all the way into her pussy – She did.

Next, Karen dared Jake to drop his trunks and wank until he shot his load.

Jake dared Debbie to make herself cum. There were cheers from the lads, and a couple of the girls, as Debbie spread her legs wide and started frigging. There was silence as Debbie worked on her pussy, and she didn’t tale long to start moaning, then cum.

By that time the only person who wasn’t naked or in just bikini bottoms was Angie. All 3 lads were naked and displaying fair sized erections.

Next, Kirsty dared me to tell everyone how I got my gold rings in my pussy, and then let Tom frig me. They listened in quiet fascination as I told them about me being suspended, spread-eagle, about 3 feet from the ground, about the vibe being left in me until I nearly came, then Jon using the leather workers hole punch to put the holes in my pussy lips. There were a few cringes as I told them the last bit, and then silence. I had to remind them about the second part of the dare, and Tom wasted no time in roughly plunging his fingers into me. Tom still has a lot to learn about giving a woman pleasure, but it was nice, and he did get me to cum.

Next Pete dared Angie to put a finger in herself. Angie flatly refused and after a couple of minutes Kirsty said, “This unit has a reputation to live up to, you have to do it or we’ll do it for you.” Angie still refused so Kirsty said, “Come on lets get her.” With that they all pounced on Angie and stripped her. Angie has quite a nice body and looked good as they all held her spread-eagle while Kirsty started pushing her fingers up her pussy. Kirsty said to Angie, “You were looking forward to that weren’t you?” as she moved her finger in and out Angie’s wet pussy.

A minute or so later Kirsty stopped and took Karen’s place and Karen put her fingers in Angie. They each took it in turn to finger fuck Angie, even the lads. By the time the fourth person was doing it, Angie had stopped struggling and was enjoying it. By the time Jake took over Angie was bucking and screaming – for more.

When they’d all finished, Kirsty turned to Debbie and me and said, “As our hosts we would be honoured if you would take part in our ritual. Please feel free to use Angie’s pussy as you want.” Debbie and I looked at each other then we got up. Debbie left the room and I walked over to Angie. Looking down on her she had this ‘pleading for more’ look on her face. At first I wasn’t sure what to do but then it came to me. I knelt either side of her head and lowered my pussy onto her face, then bent forward and started eating her pussy.

For a girl who gave the impression that she was a virgin before that night, she did a good job on my pussy. I was just getting her close to cumming when Debbie bent down in front of me. She had this big candle in her hand. I didn’t need to be told what she was going to do with it. As it went in, Angie almost screamed and bit my clit. I gasped and came. It only took a few strokes with the candle to make Angie cum.

Jake said that there was one more thing that that had to be done to Angie. He said that she needed cooling down, and went to the kitchen. I was expecting him to come back with a bucket of cold water, but I couldn’t see anything as he walked up to Angie, who was still spread-eagle. Jake put his hand to Angie’s pussy and she screamed as Jake moved back and pulled Angie’s legs together. “What’s he done?” Sarah asked. “Put some fucking ice cubes in my pussy, that’s what the bastard’s fucking done.” Angie said.

That brought the game of truth or dare to an end and we all just sat there in silence for a while before we started drinking and talking again.

Shortly afterwards Jake said he had an idea for another game. The only problem, he said, was that it was a ‘girls only’ game. When Jake described the game it was obvious that Debbie and I were the only 2 girls there that would have taken part – if the others were sober. Fortunately they weren’t, all of us were well lubricated – in more ways than one.

The game was that each of us girls had to pick up an empty wine bottle and move it over a line about 20 feet away. Only problem was that we could only use our hands to stand the bottle up again if it fell down. Debbie and I realised straight away that we had to use our pussies, but it took a minute or so for it to sink in with the others. When it did, there were a few comments like, “it won’t fit” or “it will fall out”. Angie just giggled; she was obviously well gone. Anyway, after a bit of persuasion we were all lined up with a bottle at our feet. Jake shouted ‘go’ and I squatted down and impaled myself on the bottle, lifted myself up, and waddled to the finishing line.

When I got there I turned round to see that only Sarah was having any success. The others (including Debbie) were all at various stages of impaling themselves onto their bottles, of the bottles falling out. Everyone was laughing.

This went on for a good 5 minutes before Sarah and Debbie managed to get their bottles over the line. Jake finally announced that I had won and that there was going to be another go at it, but that I was going to have a handicap. Jake went into the cottage and came back with a bottle of cheap champagne. He said that we wanted a full bottle of wine but there were none left so he brought the champagne.

Jake gave me the bottle; I looked at it and asked if I could take the wire and the big cork out. He said yes, but told me not to spill any of it, as he wanted to drink it. I carefully eased the cork out then put it on the ground ready to start. I knew that it wasn’t going to be as easy, my Vaginal Weight Lifting had toned-up my pussy muscles, but I was half-drunk and very wet.

When Jake started the race I managed to impale myself okay, but as I lifted it off the ground it started to slip out. It didn’t come right out, but it hit the ground with a thump.

Have you ever thumped an open can of coke on the table and then just watched it as it bubbles up and out of the can? Well this is what happened with the bottle of champagne. I’d just got started waddling along when I felt the bubbles start to rise into my pussy. Within a few seconds my pussy felt like it was being invaded by millions of ants. The pleasure was just too much. I dropped to my knees, grabbed the bottle to keep it in place, and then rolled onto my back. As I hit the ground I was cumming as good as ever. It felt a bit like the time that I put a hosepipe in my pussy and turned it on, but also like millions of ants were all biting me inside. Wow! Was it good? I was lying there, pulling the bottle in as far as I could, and moaning like hell.

When my brain came ‘back to earth’, I looked up and saw that everyone was stood around me looking down at me. Pete had a camera and was taking pictures of me.

I eased the bottle out and passed it to Jake who complained saying that it was only half full. With that I pressed on my stomach which forced the rest out of my pussy like a fountain. “There it is!” I said.

That game died and the talking continued. Patsy was sat on Jake’s lap and Sarah on Tom’s. Pete (complete with hard-on) was still taking photographs of all the naked bodies. Angie said that he’d never get them developed, but I heard Pete tell Kirsty that it was a digital camera, no developing.

The drinking and talking went on for quite a while. At one point Jake drew our attention to Angie who had drunk so much that she’d passed out on one of the chairs. About half an hour later Jake said, “I’ve got an idea. You know how Angie can be a bit of a stuck-up bitch at times, how about we give her something to remember this holiday by.” After one or two ‘what’ and ‘okay', Jake said, “A shave.” One or two people were a bit slow on the uptake, but after a couple of minutes everyone agreed.

There was a bit of doubt as to whether or not Angie would wake up so Jake said, “Okay, come on Tom, give me a hand to carry her inside. If she wakes up we’ll leave her alone, if she doesn’t then it’s off with the muff.” Tom picked up Angie's top half from behind her with his hands holding her tits, and Jake picked up her bottom half by standing in between her legs and holding her knees round his hips.

Not too gently, they carried her in and plonked her down on her sleeping bag. When she didn’t even stir, Patsy said, “Right, that’s it, the stuck-up bitch gets her lesson.” With that Jake and Patsy went and got the shaving gear. It didn’t take Jake and Patsy long to complete the task without waking Angie and we all left leaving Angie with her legs wide apart.

Shortly after that we all went to bed. Debbie and I slept in her bed.

#### Sunday

I woke up with one hand on Debbie’s right breast and I started playing with her nipple. She moaned a bit so I moved my hand down to her pussy and started caressing it. It wasn’t long before her legs opened to give me better access to her rapidly wetting pussy. I played with her clit and finger-fucked her until she came. All the time she had kept her eyes shut. At the time I thought she was just relaxing and enjoying the moment, but even after she came she never moved or opened her eyes. In the end I got up and had a shower.

I went and put the kettle on and did a bit of tidying-up before going back to her room. She was sitting-up and looking a bit puzzled when I went in so I asked her what was up. She said that her pussy was all wet but she didn’t know why. I waved my right hand in the air and smiled saying, “ten minutes ago.” Debbie still looked puzzled and said, “You didn’t did you? I can’t remember a thing about it.” “You enjoyed it.” I said and left her to get up.

I went round the rest of the rooms to see who was where, and who was up. I found Pete curled up with Kirsty, both still naked, in one room, and Sara bouncing up and down on Tom (fucking) in another room.

The others were all in another room all still dead to the world. Angie was still spread-eagle on her sleeping bag. I have to admit that Angie did look good with her small tits, slender figure and bald pussy.

I went and got a coffee and sat outside in the beautiful morning sun. Eventually everyone, except Angie, emerged in various states of dress or undress, and we had some breakfast. By mid morning everyone, except Angie who still hadn’t appeared, was starting to come to life. Someone asked about Angie and Sarah went to see where she was. A few minutes later Sarah was back saying that Angie was still dead to the world.

About 30 minutes later we heard Angie shouting and cursing. She came outside and demanded to know who had done the deed. Of course no one admitted to it, all most people could do was laugh at her. In the end she went inside and had a shower. When she came back out she was still naked and she sat by the pool eating some breakfast.

We couldn’t all go anywhere because we only had our car, so everyone was just messing about round the pool, enjoying the sun. Most of the kids were either naked or had just bikini bottoms or trunks on. They had got used to the nudity and even the lad’s no longer had permanent erections.

A bit later it was decided that some of us should go and replace the booze that we’d all downed the previous night so Kirsty, Jake and myself put a few clothes on and went to the supermarket. On the ride there Jake asked if I liked being nearly naked all the time. I told him that I’m usually naked at home and that I don’t own any knickers, bras, trousers, leggings, tights or shorts. Both Kirsty and Jake seemed a little surprised and I could see that Jake was getting a little aroused.

No fun in the supermarket and we were soon on our way back to the cottage.

No sooner that we’d unloaded the car back at the cottage than Jon, Carla and Dean arrived back. I think the 2 Leaders got a bit of a shock when they came round the back of the cottage and saw us all naked or semi-naked round the pool. Jon of course, never batted an eyelid.

After something to eat, Carla and Dean decided that it was time that they moved on and to a few protests, the kids put some clothes on, packed the mini bus and they all left.

That evening we put just enough clothing on to cover our interesting bits and Jon drove us to St Raphael where we found a café an had a pleasant evening eating and drinking. Debbie and me had a few admiring looks from men, and I sat with my legs slightly apart for most of the evening, but that was about it.

#### Monday

Monday was another ‘going out with no clothes’ day for us. The most exciting thing of that day was that just before going out Jon called me into his bedroom and told me to bend over with my legs apart. He then pushed my little (2 inches long by 1 inch diameter) remote controlled vibrator right into my pussy. I was a little dry and it hurt a bit as he forced it right inside me. He switched it on to low speed and told me not to tell Debbie about it.

As we drove to the beach I was getting quite warmed-up and wet. Jon had shut all the car windows and turned on the air conditioning and after about 30 minutes Debbie suddenly leaned over the seat and put her hand onto my pussy. Needless to say her hand got all wet and she pulled it back saying, “Thought so, you horny little bitch.” When I asked her what she meant she said, “I can smell your pussy. That delightful aroma has been getting stronger ever since we left the cottage. Somebody’s got to do something about that.” Jon just looked at us, smiled and we drove the rest of the way to the beach in silence.

There was a bit of traffic on the road and we were stationary quite a bit. No one took a blind bit of notice that all 3 of us were stark naked. We did get a double take from one motorcyclist, but there again we were staring at her. She was small and blond and riding a big motorcycle. The bit that looked odd was the fact that she was wearing only a very brief thong bikini. Not even a crash hat. It just looked ‘strange’.

We pulled off the road onto a car park behind a beach near a river outlet. There were one or two people in the car park so Jon told me to get out first. When no one took any notice of the fact that I was naked, Debbie and Jon got out as well. We got our towels, suntan lotion and bottles of water and walked to the beach. Jon decided that we’d set ourselves out in the small dunes.

After about an hour Debbie and Jon decide that they wanted to go for a walk. Jon told me to stay there and look after the towels, so off they went leaving me sunbathing on my own with my legs wide apart.

As we’d arrived at the beach Jon had switched the remote controlled vibe off, but he switched it back on (in slow mode) just before they left. About 10 minutes later I was just getting close to having my first orgasm of the day when a man came up and squatted down between my legs. He startled me a bit because I had been concentrating on that lovely feeling in my pussy and hadn’t heard or seen him come up to me.

When I sat up a bit and leaned on my elbows I could see that his eyes were looking straight at my very wet pussy. I squeezed my pussy to make sure that the vibe was well hidden inside me and said, “What!” He held an unlit cigarette out and said what I presumed to be ‘have you got a light?’ I don’t know where he expected me to get a match from as there were no bags, no clothes and just 3 towels there. I tried my best “Non parlez vous francais” bit and he eventually got the message and left, but not before having a good stare.

I’d just settled down to a nice dreamy, exciting and frustrating session when I heard this almighty roar and bloody big aeroplane flew overhead. It was so low that I could feel the draft of air as it went passed. Any ‘excitement’ that had been building up in me disappeared quicker than that plane did.

In the next hour or so I had 3 more men come to try to chat me up. The light for a cigarette must be a standard chat-up line down there because they all used it. All 4 of them were naked, and one of them was quite a hunk, and he did have a big semi hard-on as he stood between my feet. I think we both spent a full minute mesmerised looking at each other’s genitals before he finally left. I was glad that he did because the second he left I had my second orgasm of the day, and it was stronger than the first. I guess it was something to do with looking at the man’s big dick (much bigger than Jon’s – sorry Jon, but it was gigantic).

When Debbie and Jon finally got back, Jon switched the vibe off as Debbie got down beside me. When she saw my sopping pussy she said, “God girl, have you been frigging yourself all the time we were away?” All I could think of to say was, “Well you weren’t here to take care of the itch.” She smiled and lay next to me.

We had a great day on the beach, swimming and tanning. Jon was with me for the rest of the day and I didn’t get any more men asking me for a light.

Jon had me keep the vibe in me all day. He kept switching it on and off, stopping it each time that he saw that I was on the verge of cumming. Debbie kept asking me what was wrong with me, and I still don’t think that she knows about it to this day.

About mid afternoon we put the towels in the car and went for a walk by the river that went under the main coast road. None of us thought anything of it when we had to cross the road to continue up the side of the river. That was until a couple of cars sounded the horns. Jon told us to get a move on; he didn’t want to get us arrested.

We walked up the side of the river and came to this airfield. It must have been from there that the plane that startled me came from. Just as we were deciding to turn back, this jeep with some military looking men in it drove up and watched us. I could see a smile on one of the men’s faces but we didn’t hang around for long.

Back at the beach we walked the opposite way to what Debbie and Jon did in the morning. We came across a campsite and wandered round. We got a few funny looks, but no one stopped us or said anything.

That night we had a quiet night round the pool. You could say that it was a bit of an orgy. All 3 of us enjoyed each other. Jon wanted a repeat of the bottle carrying competition that we had with the Venture Scouts. I won again, and Debbie made me promise to let her borrow my pussy weight lifting equipment.

After the wine bottles, Jon told me to go and get every bottle that there was in the cottage. There was quite a variety, but the ones Jon was interested in were the wide ones. The next half hour was taken up with Debbie and Jon pushing bottles into my pussy. The first one that went in (after the neck of the wine bottles) was a Coke bottle. The contents of a few wine bottles were inside my stomach and I was happy and relaxed so the Coke bottle went in quite easy. At one point Debbie was worried that it might go right in and that we’d have trouble getting it out. It got so far, and so slippery, that it was difficult for Jon or Debbie to get a grip on it. I just said, “Easy”, stood up and squeezed it out using my muscles.

After that a few bottle made it in, but the biggest was a black German wine bottle, it had a very short neck then bulged out to the main part which was a good 3 inches in diameter. That took a bit of easing in, but Debbie playing with my clit made me relax more and it finally went in. When it came out Jon told Debbie to put her hand in, before my muscles tightened up again. Debbie was a bit hesitant, she’d heard of ‘fisting’, but never seen it before. She was frightened that I might get hurt. When I told her that Jon had had his fist in me a few times she had a go. I’m sure that she enjoyed it as much as I did.

When she saw that it didn’t hurt me, Debbie decided that she wanted to try it. She wanted to, but she was scared. To make sure that she didn’t chicken-out, she asked us to tie her down and then to gag her so that she couldn’t back out. We couldn’t find any rope so we went into the kitchen and used some belts and trousers (Jon’s) to tie her arms and legs to the table legs. I foolishly said that we should use her knickers to gag her. Jon told me to stop being stupid, all her knickers were back in England. I think my brain must have been wine-logged.

Anyway, Debbie was nice and wet in anticipation, but Jon told me to get to work on relaxing her. I started with my mouth and played with her little clit for ages. While I was doing that Jon came up behind me and slipped his dick in me. I hardly felt him (sorry Jon) because my hole was still quite wide. I did feel Jon cum in me when he grabbed my hips and pulled me back on to him.

Debbie was starting to relax and Jon told me to move out of the way. He stared with 2 fingers then gently eased 3 then 4 in. I could see the look of pleasure on Debbie’s face as Jon worked on her pussy. It took about 5 minutes and the odd wince from Debbie, but Jon finally made it. His whole hand had disappeared.

Wanting to make the most of it for Debbie, Jon frigged her until she orgasmed. He didn’t stop when she came, but went on for another couple of minutes until she came again. He then gently pulled his hand out and told me to un-tie her. As soon as I released one of her hands she pulled the gag out and said, “The big bottle, I want the big bottle inside me”. Jon told me to go and get it. When I gave it to Debbie she squatted down and eased it inside her pussy. “God that’s good” she said as she stood up showing about 5 inches of it protruding out of her pussy.

We drank a bit more and watched Debbie experiment with a few bottles. She tried one of the wine bottles in her ass. Jon wasn’t keen on that idea. He said that it reminded him of gay men too much.

Debbie and I slept either side of Jon that night. I think that he had a hand inside Debbie when she went to sleep; I know that his left hand was inside me when I went to sleep.

#### Tuesday

A bit sore first thing, but it went away as I walked about getting breakfast.

Went for a walk in the countryside around the cottage. All 3 of us naked. The sun and the lack of people was so relaxing. Not a lot else happened.

#### Wednesday

That morning Jon told us to put a dress on and take our swimsuits with us. We went to Cannes for the day. I might have only been about 25 miles along the coast but it took us nearly 2 hours to get there. The place and the people there amazed both Debbie and myself. It was obviously full of quite rich people – or people pretending to be rich.

After walking round the streets with their big hotels, Jon decided that we would have a walk along the beach and the seafront. We hit the seafront not far from where we had parked the car, and when Debbie commented on the large number of women walking along the seafront in their thong bikinis, Jon decided that Debbie and I should do the same. We went to the car and changed into our swimsuits outside the car. Of course it was easiest to whip our dresses off and stand there naked while we arranged our swimsuits. I wore my sling swimsuit and Debbie wore my other swimsuit, the one that she wore at the swimming pool in Marseille. She said that all of hers were way too big for the South of France.

One poor old man nearly crashed his car in the car park when he turned the corner just as Debbie and I whipped our dresses off.

Walking along the seafront like that I felt daring, very exposed, and excited. At one point a policeman came up to Debbie and me. I thought I was going to be arrested for exposure or something, but all he did was give us a rollicking for crossing over the road to get an ice cream at a place where there wasn’t a pedestrian crossing.

That evening we had a meal at a very expensive restaurant. All through the meal my dress up round my waist and the waiter could easily see my pussy. He took it all in his stride. Jon said that either he’d seen it all hundreds of times before, or he was gay.

#### Thursday

Thursday was another day for travelling. Jon took us to Monte Carlo. Again Jon told us to take a smart dress, short skirt, top and enough gear to make ourselves presentable. He told us that we were going to the famous Casino in Monte Carlo. It took us 3 hours to get there going along the coast road through Cannes and Nice. Jon told us to ride in the car naked and we had some good flashing sessions whenever we were stopped alongside a car or lorry that had a man driving.

When we finally got there and parked Jon told us to put just a skirt and top on (I wore my bikini skirt and a very loose crop top). We then split up; Jon went for a walk round part of the Grand Prix circuit and told us to go for a walk round the harbour area. When he told us that I thought that it was going to be boring. It wasn’t, it was amazing. There wasn’t a fishing boat anywhere to be seen. The whole place was full of expensive yachts. Hundreds of them, and I reckon most of them cost more than a million pounds each. There was even a couple that had helicopter landing pads on them. One had the helicopter there as well. I lost count of the number that had cars parked on them.

Quite a number had their own crews, all very smartly dressed in white uniforms.

One that excited me had a crew of young women. Don’t know if it was the full crew or just part of them. We counted 7 of them. They were dressed in a similar way to Debbie and me. One of them bent over and I saw all her backside. She may have been wearing a thong; it was difficult to tell at that distance. Anyway it gave the impression that there could have been some ‘interesting’ times on that yacht.

We got chatted up twice. Asked if we wanted a job on the yachts. It sounded like it could have been fun, but neither of us had the courage, or the real desire to say ‘yes’.

Eventually, after walking what seemed like miles, we found Jon and went to a café and had some food and a couple of bottles of wine. Jon spotted one man who always appeared to be looking our way so Jon told me to move my chair round a bit so that he could get a proper look up my skirt. He was sat on my left, which is the side where the front and back of the skirt don’t meet. All there is on my left hip is the thin cord that ties the skirt together. Jon thought that he was trying to confirm that I had nothing on underneath it. I gave him a good ten minutes of him having a good look at the 2 little rings in my pussy.

After there we walked back to the car and got changed. Again outside the car. A couple of kids (a girl and a boy) about 10 or 11 watched us all the time. We just ignored them.

I felt good walking to the Casino in 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. Debbie looked good in a backless, low cut front dress. It’s so short that she can’t bend without showing her ass.

As we were walking up to the Casino entrance I saw all the rich people arriving in their Rolls Royces and other expensive cars. I thought that there would be no chance of us getting in, but we just walked straight in, Debbie and me each on one of Jon’s arms.

Inside it was incredible. We watched people loosing hundreds of thousands of pounds in seconds. They never even batted an eyelid. It was just awesome.

Debbie was feeling brave and went and stood right next to one old man. They got talking and he was letting Debbie play for him. Afterwards she told me that she won £20,000 in one hand, and then lost the lot, the next hand. She was talking to, and ‘helping’ him for about 15 minutes, and for the last 5 he had one hand round the back of her legs and up her dress. Debbie later told me that she let him put his fingers in her pussy. He didn’t give her anything other than a bit of pleasure.

Eventually Jon decided that we’d turned green enough (with envy) and we left. I took my dress of before getting into the car and slept most of the way back to the cottage.

#### Friday

Beach day. St Tropez beach day. Plage de Pampelonne was about an hour’s drive away. Jon told us that we might need a dress or skirt and top with us, but no other clothes. We didn’t wear anything until late afternoon. We had a most relaxing day on the beach doing nothing at all. When we did leave Jon to us to Port Grimaud, a little village right on the coast with very nice looking small houses surrounded by water. I’ve not been to Venice, but it looked like the bits of Venice that I’ve seen on the TV. Water taking up as much ground space as the building. The houses looked small, but I bet they cost a fortune.

The dress that I wore was a crochet one that could almost be mistaken for a black string vest. It consists of nothing more than hundreds of holes, all big enough to get my index finger (or nipples) through. There was only one man that took any interest in my see-through dress. When we saw a couple of women walking around wearing only bikini bottoms, Debbie decided to take her top off. I felt over-dressed.

On the way back to the cottage Jon decided to buy some fruit from a roadside stall. As we were pulling up we saw that 2 teenage girls were looking after the stall. Jon decided that he’d better put some shorts on, but told us to stay naked. He said that it’s the difference between what a man can get away with, and what a woman can get away with. Totally unfair, but life.

The teenagers were a bit amused by our nakedness, and were probably talking about is. I couldn’t understand. A couple of cars honked their horns as they went passed us.

That evening we all got a bit drunk. Jon said that as it was our last night we had to drink all the wine that we had left. We ended up fucking each other in and around the pool, and then we all slept in the same bed

#### Saturday

Bit of a bad head when I woke up. I lay there for a while whilst Jon fucked Debbie next to me. I didn’t feel up to joining in and Jon didn’t invite me.

We spent all that day driving up France. We stayed naked all the time except for when we stopped for petrol or food. Not one car gave any impression that they’d seen naked people. A bit disappointing really.

Going round the Paris ring road was a bit more interesting, both Debbie and myself took it in turns to press our backsides or tits against the windows whenever we managed to attract a man’s attention by waving at them. It was amazing that we didn’t cause an accident.

Just north of Paris we pulled off the motorway and into a small village. Jon found a little old hotel for the night so we put some clothes on and went in. The old woman who ran the reception gave us a filthy look when Jon asked for one room with a big bed for all 3 of us. The room was a fair size, but in the bathroom they have what Jon told me was one of the old style French toilets. There’s nothing to sit on, just 2 places for your feet and a hole in the floor. You have to squat down and do your business. It was the first time that I’d seen one of those and Jon said that he thought that they’d become extinct years ago.

Squatting down to have a pee like that reminded me of the time that Jon told me to do that one time when we were out walking. I’d just got into mid flow when 2 men came through the gate to be confronted by me with my skirt round my waist and making a big puddle on the grass. I’m sure that Jon did it on purpose.

That night we had our last night on French soil. We walked to a little café and turned a few heads when Debbie and I walked in, one on each of Jon’s arms. I don’t know if it was the way we held onto Jon, or what we were wearing that turned the heads. Debbie was wearing a halter top, that didn’t hide much of her lovely breasts, and a skirt that only just covered her ass. I wore just my crochet dress. The majority of people in the café were old men, but a young couple did come in later on and spent quite a bit of time staring at us. Jon told me to let them have a good look (I was sat facing them) so Debbie moved over a bit and I opened my legs quite wide. When they left the man had quite a bulge in the front of his trousers. I smiled and thought, ‘lucky girl’ when Jon said, “I bet I know what he’ll be after when they get home.”

Both Debbie and I got quite happy on the wine and Jon just about had to carry me back to the hotel. It was a good job that it was dark as I’m sure that my dress was round my waist most of the way back; and I can’t imaging what the old man who opened the door at the hotel thought. It wasn’t that quiet a night as well; I can still vaguely remember Jon fucking Debbie and me.

#### Sunday

My head hurt. I could only face coffee (in one of those big bowls that the French drink out of) for breakfast. Jon told me to wear a ‘respectable’ dress, which was okay by me; I didn’t much feel like flashing anyone.

Instead of going over the Channel we went under it. I was impressed as to how quick it was. I was just starting to feel almost human again when we arrived back home.

Just to end the perfect holiday with a perfect fucking (well as perfect as a machine can give), Jon made me (ha!) spend an hour on the fucking machine (read my Journal) before going to bed. He had to just about carry me to bed afterwards.

Well, that’s how our holiday in the South of France went. I have other experiences that Jon has told me to document. I’m sure that Jon will get me to publish all of them on my web pages as and when he’s read them and is happy with them.

Love

Vanessa