**The Beach House Dress Code**

By Chris Warner

**FRIDAY**

It was late on Friday morning when Tracy got the text from her uncle that we could have the beach house for the weekend.  Tracy’s uncle was rich enough to have a beach house on the Coromandel Peninsular that he hardly ever used.  However, because he had arranged for a company to rent it out for ridiculous amounts of money, it was almost never available, and since he normally only gave family a 30% discount we couldn’t have afforded it anyway.  Fortunately,Tracy is a bit of a favourite of her uncle, and she persuaded him to offer it to her for free if he had a last minute cancellation (in which case he would still get to keep the booking deposit).  Even then, we never expected to be lucky enough to be offered the house for the last weekend of the summer!

Tracy’s plan was for a girls’ weekend with Alison and me.  The three of us have been the closest of friends since we all started university together last year.  At the start of this year we decided to rent a house together.  It’s an old 3-bedroom villa with just one bathroom, but it’s close to the university, which is great because Alison is the only one of us with a car.  It’s also within walking distance of a lot of great bars and clubs, which is awesome because we have a common love of partying.  As far as studying is concerned, we all believe in doing just enough to get by.

Of the three of us, Alison is the most conscientious.  We sometime call her mum, even though she’s actually the youngest.  She’s the one who keeps us organised and makes sure the bills are paid and that we have fresh milk.  She had a steady boyfriend in high school who broke up with her last year.  While she seems happy to party with the guys, none of them ever meet her standards, and Tracy and I wonder if she’s still hurting.  Alison is the most fashion conscious of our group.  She is an avid follower of shows like *What Not To Wear*, and she is undeviating in following their advice.  She is self-conscious about her hips and she believes she is horribly pear shaped.  When we tell her that she proportions look fine, she responds that we only believe that because she always dresses in such a way to minimise her hips and bottom.  For Alison, it is her clothes which give her confidence.

In many ways Tracy is quite different.  She’s the most fun loving, adventurous and flirty one; the one who drives our social life.  She always has a number of guys circling and has plenty of short relationships, but never anything serious.  As far as looks are concerned, she’s the most daring of us.  She is short and petite with a flat stomach, great legs, and small breasts that don’t need much support, so Tracy delights in wearing midriff baring tops and short dresses with spaghetti straps without a bra.  She loves skirts and dresses and almost never wears trousers or jeans.  Her wardrobe is such a mixture of styles that it secretly horrifies Alison.  But Tracy has such abundant natural confidence that she always looks sensational no matter what she is wearing.

As for me, I don’t have any particular fashion sense at all.  On the positive side I think my face is pretty.  I like my eyes, my nose, and my mouth.  But as I’m fairly tall (over 5’ 10”) and I have quite large breasts, I’m always thinking that these are the only things people notice about me.  In the past I was never encouraged to dress up, so I tend to dress for comfort, frequently in jeans.

Since I became friends with Tracy and Alison, the one thing I am always hearing is “You’re not going to wear that, are you Helen?”  They both encourage me to pay more attention to my looks, usually by trying to get me to highlight my breasts and legs, but unfortunately they never entirely agree on their advice.  Sadly the result of this is that I have been steadily loosing confidence in how I look, and I’ve continued to take refuge in clothes which hide my body.

I’ve been going out with a guy named Craig for the last two months.  I’ve tried to get his opinion on my look and what I should wear.  Unfortunately he just plays it safe in his answers, telling me that I look great whatever I wear, leaving me none the wiser and a bit suspicious that he is disappointed in the way I dress but not brave enough to say so.

On the day we got the good news about the beach house it wasn’t possible to cut our last class of the day.  Once it was over we rushed home to pack some belongings and stopped by the supermarket and the bottle store to grab some supplies, but we weren’t quick enough to beat the heavy traffic out of town. After a long drive it was after 9pm by the team we reached the turnoff from the main road down to the beach house.

**FRIDAY EVENING**

The access road looked just like a farm track through some fields before winding down into the bay.  As the road neared the beach it split into three driveways, one for each of the three houses in the bay.  The beach is officially a public beach, but because the access is through private land in practice it is more like a private beach shared by the three houses that front onto it (unless you arrive by boat).  Of the three houses, the middle house was by far the most impressive.  Tracy referred to it as “The Palace.”  It apparently has 8 bedrooms.  The other two houses, including the house belonging to Tracy’s uncle, were far smaller by comparison, with just three bedrooms.

We opened the first bottle of rum the moment we arrived and started exploring the house.  Although it only had three bedrooms, everything was bigger and newer than the little villa we lived in, especially the luxury of all three bedrooms having their own bathroom.  As you can imagine, three women sharing a house with one bathroom causes a fair amount of congestion each morning.  After claiming our bedrooms we gathered in the lounge to drink more rum and watch the last of the twilight fade away.  The moon was half full, but the lack of city lights made the night seem a lot darker than normal.

I shouldn’t have been surprised when Tracy suddenly announced that it was compulsory to go skinny-dipping on the first night of any visit to the beach house. While the alcohol had reduced my inhibitions, my first reaction was still to be horrified and I could tell by the look on Alison’s face that she was horrified too. However, Tracy kept on about it being one of the rules of the place, and I could tell we were likely to give in.  Alison has this funny sense of honour that makes her keep promises and obey rules, even when they are obviously made up.  As for me, I’d have to say I’m more of a people pleaser.  It takes a lot for me to hold out against the persuasion of others.

After about 10 minutes of pressure from Tracy and another drink each, Alison and I had caved in to the pressure and we got to our feet and went to find our towels.  Because we had no idea if any of the other two houses were occupied or not, we walked down to the beach fully clothed.  When we got there, we could see that the house at the far end was dark and looked deserted.  However, there were lights showing at The Palace and we could make out a middle-aged Asian couple sitting on chairs on the deck.

“Oh well!” I said hopefully.  “We shouldn’t do anything that might upset your uncle’s neighbours.”

“Rubbish,” replied Tracy.  “From all the way over there they won’t be able to see a thing.  All the lights they have on will be ruining their night vision.  I’m still doing it, and I’ll be very disappointed if you guys chicken out.”

With this Tracy reached behind her back and unzipped her dress.  Within seconds it had dropped to her feet leaving her wearing only her panties.  She immediately pushed these down as well and stepped out of them before running down into the water.

We had long ago given up on any privacy in our house.  We never locked the bathroom door and it was common for someone to come in and use the sink while someone else was in the shower, and we were in and out of each other’s rooms as we were dressing to go out.  And every now and then Tracy would think nothing of briefly wandering through the house topless or even naked.  However, this was the first time I had seen her naked outside of our home, let alone on a public beach with perfect strangers in view.

Alison and I watched the couple on the deck carefully, but it was clear from their lack of reaction that they were oblivious to what was happening.  We looked at each other and shrugged, and I started unbuttoning my jeans while she started undoing her blouse.  We could barely make out Tracy in the water from where we were on the beach, so it made sense that we wouldn’t be seen from the deck.  I finished taking off my jeans and I quickly glanced at Alison.  Her blouse was completely unbuttoned and hanging open revealing a turquoise bra and I watched as she unzipped her black pants and pushed them down, revealing black panties.  Even when it came to underwear Alison often continued to obey her pear-shaped fashion rule of wearing bright colours on her top half and dark colours on her bottom half.

Alison caught my eye as she noticed I had slowed down.  In that moment I came close to chickening out.  It’s funny how, even if you are stripping naked, you naturally remove your clothes in the order which keeps you covered the longest.  I was wearing a t-shirt which hung down over my panties, and Alison would only need to pull her blouse closed at the front to conceal her underwear.  My heart was pounding as I realised what I was doing.  There were two complete strangers in view, only theoretically unable to see us, and we had no way of knowing for sure that nobody was watching from the nearby bushes.  I considered how easy Tracy had found it to get naked on the beach, and I suddenly had an overwhelming sense of jealousy that she could be so adventurous while I was comparatively hung up about it.  My determination returned and I quickly pulled my t-shirt off.

Despite my determination, it was still instinctive to face away from the house.  At this stage I no longer paid any attention to what Alison was doing.  I quickly undid my bra, pushed down my panties and ran for the water.  It was only once I was in that I was aware that Alison had followed close behind.  This was my first skinny-dipping experience and I have to say that it was a real buzz.  The feeling of absolute nakedness heightened my senses.  My breasts and pussy seemed to feel every puff of wind and every small current in the water.  We were trying not to make too much noise and call attention to ourselves, but this caused such fits of giggling that it’s a wonder we got away with it.

We didn’t stay in for long as the sea breeze was quite cold, so after only a few minutes we scurried up the beach, wrapped our towels around ourselves for warmth, grabbed our clothes and headed inside.  Once we were inside the house we all burst out laughing.  Tracy poured another round of drinks to celebrate the upholding of her rather dubious beach house tradition.  At the same time she had unwrapped the towel from her body and was using it to dry herself off. Her actions seemed so natural that Alison and I followed suit, so soon there were three naked women standing at the kitchen bench drinking and laughing together.

Having made plans to sleep late followed by a day on the beach, we suddenly remembered that we had a bathroom each, so we each said goodnight before heading off to our rooms and ensuites.  After a nice warm shower I pulled on my comfortable two-piece pyjamas and went to bed.

**SATURDAY BREAKFAST**

When I got up the following morning, Alison was already sitting having breakfast wearing just a robe.  I knew it was unlikely she would have anything on underneath as she usually slept in the nude.  This was confirmed a short time later when she got up to pour another coffee.  Her robe fell open revealing one round breast and her dark bush.  Despite us frequently seeing each other naked, including our skinny-dipping the previous evening, Alison still blushed deeply and pulled her robe closed again.  Some reactions are so ingrained that I wondered if it was ever possible to change them.  How did Tracy become so comfortable with herself?

As if to emphasise how different she was, Tracy chose that moment to make her appearance at breakfast.  She was already dressed for the beach wearing a very skimpy blue bikini.  Her small breasts, which required little support, were covered by small triangles of fabrics held in place by string tied in bows behind her back and her neck.  Her bottoms were also triangles of fabric, small at the front and only slightly larger at the back, again held in place by strings tied in bows on each hip.  It would take only a second to undo the strings, but Tracy apparently knew no fear.  A sunhat and a bottle of sunscreen completed her ensemble.  She obviously felt no need for any further cover.

While Tracy had her breakfast Alison and I went to change.  I knew that Alison would be wearing her trusty one-piece swimsuit.  It was brightly coloured at the top, with built in support for her breasts, and black from the waist down.  It certainly worked as Alison hoped, drawing the eyes to her breasts and away from her hips and bottom.  I knew Tracy didn’t think much of Alison’s dependence on her one-piece swimsuit, but she never bothered to comment.  When it came to their different ideas of fashion, they had come to somewhat of a truce.  Instead, they tended to focus their attention and their advice on me.

Putting on a swimsuit heightened my insecurities and indecision.  The swimsuit I had brought with me was actually an assortment of matching black separates. For my top half I had the choice of bra shaped bikini top or a camisole top which covered me from above my breasts down to my waist.  For the bottom half there was a skimpy bikini bottom or a pair of shorts which hung nearly halfway down my thigh.  To be honest, whenever I went to the pool I tended to wear all of it together.  The camisole top kept my stomach covered while the bra-style bikini top underneath supported my breasts.  I was never daring enough to wear the bikini bottoms by themselves, but I still usually wore them underneath the shorts just in case the shorts gaped open too much around my legs.

On this particular morning I couldn’t make up my mind.  I put on the bikini top and bottom and looked in the mirror.  All I seemed to see was large expanses of skin.  My first instinct was to reach for the camisole and shorts, but I knew that I would be heavily criticized by Tracy and maybe Alison as well.  I had another look in the mirror and had another think about it.  Turning this way and that, I conceded that although my stomach was very white, it was only slightly more rounded than I would have preferred.  My breasts and back looked fine.  I couldn’t cope with just wearing the skimpy bikini bottoms though.  They were cut high on the sides, showing slightly more of my bikini line than my normal panties.  I hadn’t trimmed my bush in such a long time, and I hadn’t brought anything with me to sort it out now.  The visible line of hair made up my mind for me.  I pulled on my shorts and went out to join the others, hoping that the compromised of leaving off the camisole would be enough to save me from criticism.  I was wrong.

“Helen!” exclaimed Alison.  “Those shorts do nothing for your legs.  And your bum looks far larger than it really is.”

“You can’t spend the day sunbathing in those things,” chimed in Tracy.  “You’ll end up with a huge white band on your body.  Is that what Craig will want to see?”

I blushed.  I already made sure that Craig hardly ever saw me naked.  I didn’t say anything, but I’m sure Tracy caught the meaning of my blush and she pushed on with renewed enthusiasm.  “What else have you got?  I thought this swimsuit came with a bikini bottom.  Where is it?”

“Um, I’ve got them on already.”

“Well take off the shorts then.  Come on.  What are you afraid of?”

“I can’t!” I replied, but I couldn’t bring myself to give my reasons.

Tracy surprised me by grabbing at the waistband of my shorts and giving them a quick tug.  They came down slightly, revealing a small portion of the underneath layer.  Once she saw this, Tracy continued with increased vigour.  She quickly pulled open the Velcro fastener and using both hands she pulled the shorts down to my ankles.  I was obliged to step out of them.  I could feel all eyes were on my crotch.

“You see, there’s a problem with…” I started.  “I didn’t bring anything to…”

“Wait here!” commanded Tracy.  Quick as a flash, she ran to her room and returned with a small rechargeable hair trimmer.  I was too stunned to react asTracy pushed me back until I was perched on the arm of the sofa and she crouched down between my legs.  I jumped at the vibration of the trimmer the moment it first touched the top of my thigh, but Tracy ordered me to keep still.  I found myself obeying her command, blushing self-consciously as she quickly trimmed the visible hairs in a very business-like fashion.

“There you go,” she smiled once she had finished.  “You’re all ready for a day in the sun.  Off we go.”

Carrying towels, a chilly bin for our drinks, and a bag with our collected sunscreens and other bits and pieces, the three of us trooped out of the house in just our swimsuits.

**ODDJOB**

As we reached the beach we could see the Asian couple sitting on deck chairs about 50 metres away.  The woman gave us a wave as we set out our stuff and we returned her wave.  Suddenly, two men appeared from the bushes close to where the couple were sitting and walked towards us.  Leading the way was a tall and handsome Caucasian man wearing sunglasses and dark fatigues.  He looked to be in his late 20s.  Following him was a shorter Asian man wearing similar clothes.  He looked to be about 10 years older.  While the taller man had a nice smile, the shorter man had a scowl on his face.  He remained silent while his companion greeted us in a friendly manner.

“Good morning ladies,” he said.  “My name is Constable Grant Wilson.  I’m a member of the Police Diplomatic Protection Service.  I’m here with the Foreign Minister of Singapore and his wife.  My companion here is a member of their personal security staff.”  The shorter Asian man gave a small stiff bow.

Grant pulled out a small notebook and continued his conversation with us.  “Now, which of you is Tracy Anderson?”

“How do you know my name?” exclaimed Tracy in surprise.

“It’s all part of the job,” said Grant.  “We contacted the owners of both the other houses to ask who would be here this weekend.  Your uncle, I believe, told us that you would be here with two guests.  Now, could I please have the rest of your names please?”  Alison and I provided our names and contact details, and Grant wrote them down in his notebook.

“I’m sorry to bother you ladies, but Mr Oddjob here has asked that I have a quick search of your bags.”  The Asian man looked irritated at this remark but said nothing.  I couldn’t tell if he got the reference to the Oddjob character in the Bond movie Goldfinger, but he obviously knew Grant was poking fun at him. We all shared a smile and willingly allowed Grant to look through our bags.  Then he and ‘Oddjob’ took their leave and wandered away up the beach.

This turn of events naturally occupied our conversation as we settled down on our towels.  All three of us were lying on our fronts, and Tracy immediately untied the back of her bikini top to avoid tan lines.  I was hesitant to do the same, knowing that we were under surveillance, but after a while I too felt daring enough to undo the hooks that held it together at the back.

As soon as I had unhooked my top, I immediately regretted it as we soon found that Grant was walking towards us, alone this time, holding three glasses of bubbly.

“Hello again, ladies.  These drinks are compliments of the Foreign Minister to apologise for our intrusive security.  Don’t get too excited, though.  I’m afraid they’re non-alcoholic.”

Tracy and Alison immediately propped themselves up on their elbows and reached out for a glass.  The movement caused Tracy’s top to shift, giving me a side-on glimpse of her nipple.  I doubt Grant could have seen anything from where he was, but he surely must have been aware of the possibilities.  Personally I wasn’t brave enough to move with my top undone at the back, so I had an embarrassing moment where I was lying on my front with both hands reaching behind my back to do up my top.  I felt very silly.

“While I’m here,” continued Grant, “I feel the need to raise another matter – clothing!  Our guests from Singapore are very moral people, and would be most offended by any toplessness or nudity.  They are already uncomfortable with the little you are currently wearing, but they realise they must accommodate New Zealand standards.  But there should not be a repeat of last night’s antics.”

All three of us reacted in surprise and horror.

“You couldn’t have seen anything,” exclaimed Tracy.  “You had all those lights on.”

“It’s true that our guests didn’t see anything,” Grant said.  “But I was standing in the bushes just behind you.”

“Oh my god!” I said.  “Do you mean you watched us?  Are we in trouble?”

“No, you’re not in any trouble.  Fortunately I was the only one who saw you.  You see, nudity itself isn’t against the law.  It’s all about whether or not you are acting in an offensive manner.  Personally, I wasn’t the least bit offended.  You are lucky that old Oddjob was inside at the time.  He would have insisted I did something instead of, you know, just watching.”  He smiled.

“So anyway, I suppose I need to give you a friendly caution.  Our guests will consider any nudity offensive and will expect me to act accordingly.  That security guy in particular seems to be watching you carefully – he seems pretty keen not to miss anything that might offend him, if you know what I mean.  You may not want to take even small risks.  It might be prudent to keep all your strings and things done up.”

It was Tracy who reacted the strongest to this, showing her disappointment with this imposition on her tanning plans.  Still, the news that security guy might be hiding in the bushes in the hope of having us arrested was sobering news.  This time it was Tracy’s turn to try to do up her bikini top.  Grant offered to hold her glass, which cunningly gave him an excuse to stand there and watch while she wriggled around trying to tie a knot behind her back.  This is quite difficult to do, and after failing in her efforts she asked for some assistance.  Alison jumped up to tie the knot for her.  I suspect that Alison was keen to have some attention shown to her.  She has a thing for policemen, and I suspect she fancied Grant.

Tracy continued to grumble about tan lines.  “Hey, I’m disappointed too,” laughed Grant.  “I’ll tell you what.  Our guests and their staff will be leaving tomorrow morning by chopper.  Once the chopper has gone, it will only be James, Stephen and myself left here.  Believe me, we promise not to be offended by any bits of skin.”  He explained that James and Stephen were the other policemen assigned to the job.  Unfortunately for them, James was watching the quiet end of the beach while Stephen was watching to road access.  Grant happily claimed to have the best job.

Having nothing left to keep him there, Grant wandered off up the beach and into the bushes, no doubt joining Oddjob there to keep an eye on us.  Apart from reappearing briefly half an hour later to retrieve the wine glasses, we didn’t see him again that day.  While I think that all three of us were letting our imaginations consider what tomorrow might bring, the fun had certainly been sucked out of today.  In the end we were not disappointed when it clouded over and started to drizzle.  We returned to the beach house to dress and took the car into Whitianga to look through the shops and galleries.  Then we split a bottle of wine over a meal in a small restaurant before driving back to the beach house.

**SATURDAY EVENING**

Once we got back to the beach house we started some serious drinking.  When we’re together we tend to have an “all for one” attitude to drinking.  Tracy and I didn’t get drunk at the restaurant because we knew Alison had to be sober enough to drive.  Now that we were back at the house, we got stuck in together. Funnily enough, I did notice that Tracy wasn’t drinking as much Alison and me, but at the time it didn’t strike me as suspicious.  Tracy, because of her small size, is a bit of a lightweight when it comes to alcohol, so she will sometimes go a bit slower.  So I had no idea what she was up to.

I don’t remember much of that evening.  Some of the bits I do remember were discussions about our clothing choices.  Tracy was recalling my untrimmed bush and lack of concern about uneven tanning from the morning, and hassling me about not making any effort for my boyfriend.  She then started teasing Alison about her one-piece swimsuit, asking her what the point was of trying to dress to impress the cute policeman when surely he was more interested in what she looked like undressed.

After that I have no memories of the evening.  I obviously passed out in the lounge because I woke there fully dressed at about 4am.  I dragged myself to my room, struggled into my pyjamas, and climbed into bed.

**SUNDAY MORNING AT THE HOUSE**

When I woke up again late that morning, it was because of the sound of a helicopter landing on the lawn outside The Palace.  The memory of what this meant came back to me and put me in a good mood.  Soon it would be just the three of us, maybe with the addition of the policemen.  I wondered how daring Tracywould be if they planned to hang about.

I wandered out to the kitchen to discover that Tracy was already up and busy making some breakfast for us all.  She was dressed in a cute summer dress over the top of her bikini, and as always she looked self-confident and beautiful.  She seemed in such a good mood that I asked why this was, but she refused to comment until Alison joined us.  This struck me as odd, but I waited patiently.

Alison didn’t emerge until the sound of the chopper departing finally roused her.  She came out wearing just her robe and had two quick cups of coffee to wake herself up.  Tracy continued to fuss around organising Alison’s breakfast with her ongoing good mood, so I finally insisted that she tell us what was going on.

Tracy stood before us with the attitude of someone with an announcement to make.  She produced two sheets of paper and handed them to us, one each, and said “I wonder if you two will remember these from last night.”

I looked down at the sheet of paper in front of me.  It was hand-written in my own handwriting, and I recognised my signature at the bottom of it.  I read with increasing horror at what I had written.

*I, Helen Morton, hereby promise that tomorrow (Sunday, \_\_\_\_\_\_) I will wear no more than ONE item of clothing at any time.  This will apply from the moment I wake in the morning to midnight on Sunday night.  For every failure to keep this agreement, I promise to undergo a penalty set byTracy.  Signed \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

I looked back and forward between Tracy and Alison.  Tracy looked very pleased with herself, while Alison shared my look of horror.  With an unspoken agreement we swapped papers.  I easily recognised her handwriting and signature.  The text, however, was slightly different.

*I, Alison Bennett, hereby promise that tomorrow (Sunday, \_\_\_\_\_\_) I will wear no more than TWO items of clothing at any time.  This will apply from the moment I wake in the morning to midnight on Sunday night.  However, I promise I will not wear my one piece swimsuit.  Instead, I promise I will wear a bikini loaned to me by Tracy. For every failure to keep this agreement, I promise to undergo a penalty set by Tracy.  Signed \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

There followed a fairly lively discussion.  Alison and I wanted to know what tricks Tracy had used, while Tracy kept telling us that we had been entirely persuaded by what she had been saying to us, that we both admitted that we wished we were more carefree and daring, and that we had eagerly made these promises.  She looked very pleased with herself, and she kept going on about how we would regret it if we changed our mind, and how wrong it would be to not keep our promise.

I looked at Alison carefully.  As I’ve said before, Alison has this strong code of honour thing that makes her keep promises.  Signing a contract, even one as bogus as this one, was a big thing for her.  I could already see that she was caving in and thinking furiously about how she could keep her promise without undue embarrassment.  After all, her promise wasn’t as difficult to keep as mine.

For me, signing a promise wasn’t a big deal.  My issue is that I’m a people pleaser.  If Alison had refused to participate, I would have refused as well. However, if Alison agreed, I knew that I would give in to the pressure also.  I couldn’t cope with the idea of both of them being unhappy with me.  I made up my mind to do whatever Alison decided.  There was a part of me that found the idea very exciting.  I remembered that feeling of jealousy of Tracy’s confidence, and I did believe that I had probably wanted to sign this promise during my drunkenness last night.  I waited for Alison to pronounce her decision on behalf of us both.  Eventually she spoke.

“I’ll do it if the bikini fits me properly.”

Tracy laughed with delight and the house came alive with excited planning.  Tracy and Alison ran to Tracy’s room to look at the bikini in question, while I went alone to my own room to ponder my plans.  I had never gone topless on a beach.  I knew Tracy had.  In fact, I’m sure that she would have ended up topless yesterday if the security guys hadn’t been there.  Going topless as well was something that I might have been willing to do if we were alone and I was feeling brave.  This was quite different from the idea of arriving at the beach topless knowing that three policemen were likely to be watching us.  I couldn’t get my mind around the idea.

I was still sitting there in my pyjamas when Tracy and Alison joined me.  Alison was looking self-conscious a bright yellow bikini.  It first glance it didn’t seem as daring as the bikini Tracy had worn yesterday, but it was still a lot smaller than Alison was used to wearing.  The top was in the same style consisting of two triangles of fabric over each breast.  They had strings tied behind her neck and a strap around the back held together by a simple clasp.  Alison’s breasts are larger than Tracy’s so they weren’t as fully contained, but it wasn’t obviously obscene.

The bikini bottoms were certainly a lot more daring that Alison was used to.  Blushing, Alison gave me a quick twirl, revealing that they were a thong.  Her round buttocks were hanging out in a way which I’m sure was difficult for her to cope with, but she gave me a nervous smile.  Maybe she was realising that she was still luckier than me.  I guess she was, because suddenly she burst forth with an idea for me.

“You could wear my one-piece if you want.  That’s not against the rules.”

Tracy howled with disappointment, but she had to agree that this idea was permissible.  It was my own reaction that surprised me.  I found myself feeling a bit cheated by the idea.  It was too easy.  I pondered this thought as Alison rushed off to her room and came back with her swimsuit.

As the others watched I pulled off my pyjamas and pulled on the swimsuit.  It immediately became obvious that it wouldn’t work.  Alison is shorter in the trunk than I am.  As I pulled the straps up over my shoulders the material was extremely stretched and was digging painfully into my pussy and butt crack.  There was no way I could wear it.

I took it off and sat naked on the side of the bed looking at my bikini options.  My thoughts returned to going topless for the first time.  I pulled on my shorts and looked in the mirror.  The others didn’t have to say a thing – as soon as I saw myself I saw this big expanse of fabric and I could imagine the huge patch of pale white skin it would leave underneath.  What’s more, the shorts, if anything, just made my breasts look more naked.  I took the shorts off and pulled on my bikini bottoms.  I have to admit that I was quite pleased with what I saw in the mirror.  Our eyes normally focus on the imperfections, but every now and then we allow ourselves to see ourselves as a horny guy would see us.  I could feel my confidence rising.

It didn’t last, however.  The enormity of the task overwhelmed me again and I started to beg Tracy for mercy.  I told her that it was too much to go topless the whole time.  Her answer surprised me.  “Why don’t you wear a dress down to the beach?  Then if you want to get a tan you can change into your bikini bottoms then.”

**SUNDAY MORNING AT THE HOUSE (Part 2)**

The answer was so simple and obvious I couldn’t believe how stupid I had been to miss it, and I immediately agreed to her plan.  I couldn't work out why she was suddenly being so nice and letting me off so easily, so I asked her.

"This isn’t about trying to be mean to you," she replied.  "Hell, I wish I had been able to record our conversation last night.  Don't you get it?  I know you really want this because you told me so.  Still, what you wanted was to be more confident and daring versions of yourselves, not to become sluts or porn stars.  Of course you can wear a dress on your way down to the beach if you want to."

The other two left me alone to go and organise the food and drink, leaving me to dig through my bag for the only dress I had brought with me.  The dress was normally the most daring I ever got in public, given that it was the shortest dress I owned, coming down to mid thigh.  I would have to be careful.  I was also conscious of how thin the pale yellow fabric was.  I normally only wore white bras underneath it.  As I put it on, I carefully examined myself in the mirror and I was sure I could make out the dark circles of my aureoles, although maybe I was being too self-conscious.  The black fabric of my bikini bottoms showed through, which reminded me that I was wearing one too many items of clothing.  I pulled them off, had one last look in the mirror, and then went out to join Tracy and Alison.

The first thing I noticed was that Alison was wearing a dress too.  Since she knew that I would be wearing one, she had obviously had second thoughts about wearing the skimpy thong bikini bottoms down to the beach.  I could see the straps of her bikini top showing at the top of her dress, so I presumed that she had taken off the bikini bottoms.

This was confirmed a moment later by Tracy, who had casually stepped between us both and quickly pulled up our dresses, briefly flashing our pussies and bums to each other.  “Good, good,” said Tracy.  “I just wanted to make sure you weren’t breaking the rules.  Or should I say, breaking the rules *again* in Helen’s case.”

“What?” I shrieked.

“You broke the rules at breakfast time,” responded Tracy.  “Your pyjamas were a clear violation.  And now, I think, I will dish out the first punishment.  I want you to come into my bathroom.”

I didn’t take this without an argument, but Tracy insisted on referring back to the written promise which did specify that the agreement started the moment I woke up.  Tracy was laughing and arguing that I wouldn’t have written it if I hadn’t meant it.  I turned to Alison for help, but all she said was that it was probably better to accept the penalty here in the beach house, as Tracy could just have easily insisted on punishing me on the beach.  This effectively silenced my argument, and I followed Tracy into her bathroom.

Tracy had the master bedroom, and her ensuite had a fancy spa bath.  She ordered me to climb in and lie down.  Fortunately it was dry.  Then she produced her hair trimmer and told me that it was time to deal with my “unacceptable hair situation.”  She argued yet again that this was something I had talked about and agreed to last night.  In this case she was probably telling the truth.  I had been embarrassed yesterday by my wild bush.  I trimmed it every now and then, but I was lazy about it.  Still, there was a huge difference between trimming my own bush and having it trimmed for me by one of my best friends.  I was mortified.

I lay back and closed my eyes and tried to calm myself down.  I sensed Tracy kneeling down between my legs and I felt her lifting up the front of my dress.  I felt totally exposed.  I heard the gentle buzz of the trimmer, and I mentally prepared myself for its touch.  I flinched, but only slightly, when I felt its vibrations on my upper thighs and lower stomach.  I kept my eyes shut and kept my reactions under control.  My heart was pounding with fear or excitement, I’m not sure which.  I started to become aware of a familiar tingling sensation in my pussy and I realised I was turned on.  My breathing was becoming ragged and I was starting to tremble.  The fear of this being noticed by the others only served to increase the adrenalin going through my body, and I started having real fears that I would do something embarrassing like starting to moan.

Finally Tracy stopped what she was doing and invited me to admire her handiwork.  I opened my eyes and looked down and I was shocked by what I saw. My reaction elicited loud laughs from Tracy and Alison.  Tracy had trimmed my bush right back to a thin landing strip.  It was far more trimmed than she trimmed her own.  So much for not being mean to me.  I looked like a stripper and I told her so.

“Ok,” she agreed with a winning smile.  “I suppose it is just a bit about being mean to you.  After all, it was meant to be a punishment, you know.”

I sat up and looked down at my mostly shaved pussy.  The excitement and adrenalin were still having an effect, and I started to marvel at how it looked.  It was like I was looking at myself as a new person.  Suddenly I realised that the others were still watching me, so I quickly pulled down my dress.  This brought another laugh from Alison, but this time a knowing look from Tracy.

**SUNDAY ON THE BEACH (ALONE)**

We were finally ready to walk down to the beach, each of us wearing a dress.  Tracy also had on her full bikini.  Alison only had her bikini top underneath her dress, while I was wearing nothing underneath mine, in accordance with the bizarre and daring agreements we had made.

It was almost midday when we arrived on the beach.  The beach itself was deserted.  Looking over at The Palace we could see Grant and two other men sitting on the deck enjoying a quiet beer.  They were about 50 metres away.  Tracy gave them a wave, possibly making sure they were aware of our presence, and this was answered by three waves in return.

This was the moment of truth.  Deep down I knew I was going to get topless today, and I knew it would be easier to start while the men were so far away.  I suspected that if they came over and joined us it would be so much harder to take off my dress.  I pulled my bikini bottoms out of my bag and slipped them on under my dress.  Alison was doing likewise, while Tracy was already taking her dress off.  Again, I’m sure she was making a big show of doing this to make sure the men’s attention was directed in our direction.

Once Alison had her bikini bottoms on, she turned and daringly faced the Palace deck and unfastened her dress, which was buttoned all the way down the front.  Slipping it off, she lay face up on her towel and watched me.  Tracy was also lying there looking up at me.  Her bikini top was still firmly in place, making it that much more difficult for me to go ahead with the dare.  The dress I was wearing was the type you pull off over your head like a t-shirt – an action guaranteed to attract attention.  I knew the easy option would be to turn my back to the policemen, but I was feeling ready to take it to the next level.  Once my decision was made I immediately grabbed my dress and pulled it up and off.  My actions brought an immediate reaction as a wolf whistle rang out from one of the men, bringing an involuntary smile to my blushing face.  It also resulted in me instinctively covering my breasts with my hands as I sank down onto my towel.  I had partially chickened out, but I was still pleased with myself for being far more daring that I could have imagined before the weekend.  Tracycongratulated me warmly.  Alison also said a few encouraging words, although I suspect she was a bit jealous of the attention I had received.

Alison and Tracy remained lying on their backs in the sun while I lay on my front.  Neither of them made any attempt to remove their bikini tops, leaving me, normally the least confident one, the only one topless.  Eventually Tracy rolled over onto her stomach, and with this she reached back and untied her top, allowing the strings to lie loosely at her sides to avoid tan lines.  Not wanting to be outdone, Alison also did the same.  I had no idea how daring Alison was willing to be, but I knew she was already outside her comfort zone with the thong bikini bottoms she was wearing.  She normally tried so hard to draw attention away from her bottom, which she imagines to be disproportionately large.

The sun was pouring down onto my back and I was starting to feel uncomfortable.  Looking over at The Palace, I could still see all three men sitting there, half a football field away.  In the context of the situation, there was unlikely to be a safer time to roll over onto my back and let my naked breasts point up to the sky.  Again, as soon as I had that thought I immediately put it into action.  I could feel my heart beating faster as I turned over, and I was very sensitive to the feeling of the warm sun and the cool breeze on the exposed skin of my breasts.  Again Tracy said a few encouraging words.

After a while Alison, who was keeping a close eye on The Palace, reported with a hint of disappointment that the three men had gone inside.  I was feeling disappointed too.  It wasn’t that I was particularly interested in any of them.  Apart from the fact I was already seeing someone, I felt they were all too old for me.  That may even have contributed to what I was feeling.  I felt like I was making such an effort to be more confident that it seemed a pity not to have the audience there to keep it daring.

The heat was starting to make us thirsty, so it seemed the ideal time to grab some food and drink from our gear.  Being the closest to the supplies, I sat up and started getting things ready.  Tracy and Alison both chose to sit up too, leaving their bikini tops hanging loosely from the straps around their necks.  Tracyreached up and quickly untied hers, and Alison followed suit, leaving all three of us sitting topless.  Tracy looked at each of us in turn and smiled.

“So girls, how does it feel?”

By this stage I was feeling good about how things were going and I told her so.  Alison also said that she was having fun.

“Excellent,” replied Tracy.  “I hoped you would say that, because I would like to raise the issue of your next penalty.”

“What penalty?” I asked.

“We haven’t done anything wrong,” said Alison.

“Oh yes you have!” gloated Tracy.  “When both of you were taking off your dresses, you put your panties on first.  You each had one too many bits of clothing on.”

She had us.  Both of us had made this mistake and Tracy had noticed and kept her silence until now.  Since we had both just admitted we were ok with being topless, I had a feeling Tracy was now going to push us a lot further.  I was right!

“Your penalty is that, at some point today, I am going to make you get naked on the beach.  I’m going to try to do it in a subtle and tasteful way, but you will have to obey me immediately or else I will make it a lot worse for you.”

“But what if the guys come back?” asked Alison.

“That’s the idea,” said Tracy.  “Let’s just say that I probably won’t bother with the penalty if they don’t come back.”

Alison and I thought about this in silence.  I couldn’t remember a time when a guy had properly seen me naked.  When I got naked with guys the lights were normally out.  Now the chances were high that I would be naked in broad daylight in front of three men.  I thought about Grant, the only one of the police officers that we had actually met, and I was reassured by the fact that he seemed a nice enough guy.  I didn’t feel at all unsafe.  So I allowed myself to fantasise about being naked in front of him, and imagining him admiring and appreciating my body, even being turned on by me.  I could certainly feel myself getting turned on.  I was certainly feeling very hot, so I suggested going for a swim.  The other two quickly agreed.  I wonder if they were going through the same thing.

We jumped to our feet and ran down into the water.  It was refreshing and cooling, but did little to dampen my arousal.  Without knowing what I was doing I found myself with my fingers inside my bikini bottoms.  My fingers explored my recently shaved pubic hair, then found their way inevitably to my pussy and clitoris.  I was becoming more and more aroused, and I started to wonder if I could get away with bringing myself to orgasm there in the water.

**SUNDAY MORNING ON THE BEACH (WITH COMPANY)**

It wasn’t to be, because before I could finish we caught sight of the three policemen coming out of The Palace and wandering down to the beach.  They purposefully walked over to where our towels were and sat themselves down.  They had obviously decided to socialise with us.  Tracy and Alison immediately came over to where I was, leaving me no option but to take my hand out of my pants.  Alison was having a confidence crisis and was trying to persuade Tracyto go and get her towel and her bikini top.  Tracy had no intention of giving in to her.

Even in my aroused state I was surprised at how self assured and desirable I was feeling.  It was actually me that led the way out of the water, leading the other two up the beach to say hello to the three men that were waiting there.  Grant introduced us to Stephen and James.  Stephen looked to be in his mid 20s.  He was very handsome, even though his hair was starting to thin on top.  James looked a bit older than his companions, maybe mid 30s.  I noticed he was wearing a wedding ring.  All the men greeted us politely, making an effort to make eye contact instead of just staring at our chests.  Still, it was obvious they were pleased with what they saw.

I sat down on my towel, firstly with my knees drawn up in front of my chest before I forced myself to stick my legs out straight in front of me.  Tracy was sitting in a similar position while Alison was lying on her side.  We were all making an effort not to cover up.  Meanwhile, the men were continuing to be polite and trying not to stare unless they thought they could get away with it.  Despite being grown men, they occasionally blushed or stammered like shy teenage boys, and I’m certain they were finding it exciting to be with us.  I found myself having fun.  At one point I sat cross-legged, conscious that my pussy was only covered by the thin piece of fabric stretched across it, and the increase in furtive glances continued to make me feel good.

Unfortunately the men were only able to sit with us for about an hour before they would have to drive home.  It turned out that not only was James married, but both Grant and Stephen had girlfriends.  I could tell that Alison was disappointed, but the effect of this news was that we increased our flirting and teasing, knowing that they were at our mercy, getting them turned on with no option of them receiving any relief.

When James started dropping hints about leaving, I wondered if Tracy would find the opportunity to follow through on her threatened penalty.  She suddenly seemed to find fresh inspiration.  She told the guys that she had always wanted to see inside The Palace, and asked them if we could have a look inside before they left.  I had no idea where she was going with this, but I was convinced that she had a plan that involved Alison and me being totally exposed.

The men enthusiastically agreed to Tracy’s request, but they were obviously disappointed when she asked them to wait there on the beach for us to rinse ourselves off and put on some clothes.  It was only once she had dragged us away that she told us what was expected of us.

“Here’s what you have to do.  When we get down to the water, you are both going to take off your bikinis and rinse them out in the water, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.  Then you are going to walk back naked, dry yourself off, and put on your dresses.”

Given how far I had already stepped outside my comfort zone today, in my mind Tracy’s proposal didn’t seem too difficult.  However, my subconscious told a different story.  I could feel my face going red, my legs and arms started to tremble, and my heart rate and breathing both got faster.  It was adrenalin and excitement all mixed together with fear and embarrassment.  Three men would be looking at my naked pussy, with its bush recently trimmed right back to almost nothing.

Alison and I caught each other’s eyes.  It was one of those moments when we needed a little solidarity.  This quick look confirmed that I wasn’t in this alone.  I could see the excitement on her face, and her look seemed to be begging me not to chicken out on her.  I responded by pushing down my pants and stepping out of them one leg at a time.  Alison did that same.  Tracy, meanwhile, was watching us with a big grin on her face.  She didn’t make any move to get naked herself, the cow.  Since normally she was the only one of us who would ever have dared to do this before, today she was making it harder on us by being a bit more modest herself than she was forcing us to be.  It was working too.  Seeing her wearing her tiny bikini bottoms made me feel all the more naked in comparison.

We walked up the beach side by side.  As the men watched us approach they seemed dumfounded, making no attempt to conceal their staring.  They made no sound, as if there was a magic spell that would be broken if they did.  I noticed that as Alison picked up her towel she made no attempt to turn away or conceal herself as she tried herself off, so I made sure to follow her lead.  Tracy was already dry and zipping up her dress while Alison and I were still drying ourselves.  As I was drying my legs, drying higher and higher until I reached my crotch, I then rubbed the towel in my pussy.  This is something I do every day after my shower and I normally think nothing of it.  Today, however, the feeling was electric due to being so turned on all day.  I felt my knees buckle and I felt close to collapsing.

By this stage Alison had her dress on over her naked body, slowly doing up the buttons.  I picked up my own dress and pulled it on over my head, allowing it to fall down over my body to my thighs.  The men remained mute until Tracy declared that we were ready for our tour of the house.  This made them come alive, and they were again polite and attentive as they showed us around The Palace, although again I frequently caught glimpses of them checking us out when they thought they weren’t being watched, no doubt looking to see what body parts they may glimpse through the thin fabric of our dresses.

**GOING HOME**

To be honest, I was so worked up that I hardly remember anything of the inside of The Palace.  Immediately after the tour we watched the three policemen drive away.  The weather was starting to cloud over, so we decided to head back to our own beach house to pack and hit the road.  I kept surreptitiously fondling myself when the others weren’t looking, longing to give myself some relief, but the opportunity never came and I only ended up making things harder on myself.  Tracy had assigned herself to cleaning the bathrooms, so she practically made me make one last toilet trip before she cleaned my ensuite.  There was no way I was going to be able to bring myself off with her waiting outside.  I was even toying with the idea of quietly doing it on the drive home, but again it was Tracy who foiled this plan by grabbing the back seat before I could.

My arousal only partly subsided on the long drive home.  Every bump in the road seemed to push it back up again.  I was desperate to get home to the privacy of my own bedroom.  However, as we entered the city on the last leg of our journey, I noticed we were passing close to where Craig lived.  I immediately blurted out that I wanted to be dropped off at his place.  Naturally enough Tracy and Alison didn’t miss the opportunity to tease me, but I was beyond caring.  As soon as we arrived I jumped out of the car, still wearing only my short thin dress, and I knocked on the door.

I don’t intend to go into details about what happen when I arrived.  Some things are still a bit personal.  However, I will mention a couple of details.  The first was the curious look on the face of Craig’s flatmate when he opened the door.  He couldn’t seem to drag his eyes away from my chest as he greeted me.  He stammered that Craig was in his room and he offered to go and get him.  I confidently told him there was no need for that as I marched down the hallway towards the bedroom.  The second thing I will mention is the totally delighted look on Craig’s face when I marched into his room as he was lying on his bed reading a textbook.  Closing the door behind me, I immediately pulled my dress off, immediately revealing my naked body including my newly styled landing strip.

The sex that followed wasn’t particularly remarkable.  Craig came very quickly in his excitement and ended up having to bring me off with his fingers. However, I can certainly say that the weekend at the beach house was the start of a permanent change for the better.

The End