Three Girls on Holiday – Friday

Little Joe

The girls were deciding where to go on holiday together. Not surprisingly they all had different ideas. For Kitty, the madcap, the only place would be somewhere with plenty of exciting action: somewhere hot (in all senses of the word) with plenty of clubs, plenty of sun and plenty of boys – Ayia Napa perhaps or Ibiza. Janey, the bossy one, wanted somewhere with sophistication, sun, sea and sand, yes, but sophistication as well – Nice, Antibes or that little French island in the Caribbean. Fiona, the shy one, fancied a walking holiday bird watching in the Outer Hebrides (but who took any notice of her). So quite how they ended up in the hotel just outside Penzance was a bit of a mystery. Perhaps it had something to do with Janey not fancying the mosquitoes, or Kitty deciding that she didn’t like flying, or Fiona discovering that a red backed shrike had been seen in the area. Or perhaps it had something to do with the fact that on looking at their savings accounts, and the plummeting pound, they discovered that it was all they could afford. Whatever the reason Penzance offered a bit of something for everybody. It had night life (of a sort), it had sophistication (in limited quantities), it had sun (when it wasn’t raining) and it held out the promise of a red backed shrike.

They were to travel down on the train on Friday from Paddington (£15 advance booking, off peak, limited offer, with special voucher from The Sun newspaper). And they clambered on board at ten o’clock that Friday morning dragging their bags behind them. Fiona had her things in a handy rucksack, Janey had a smart designer suitcase, and Kitty had three of those big floppy carry bags that everyone uses nowadays. Quite why she needed quite so many clothes, Fiona couldn’t begin to understand.

It didn’t take Kitty long to come up with one of her madcap schemes.

“We need to liven this holiday up a bit. I know. I’ve got a little dare for Fiona.”

“Oh no you don’t,” said Fiona, she had all too vivid memories of Kitty’s last madcap dare!

“But it’s just a little dare!”

“I don’t care if it’s absolutely Lilliputian, there’s no way I’m going to do it. Why does it have to be me anyway? Why don’t you do it?”

“There’s a very good reason for that,” said Kitty.

“And that is?”

“I thought of it. Anyway, it’s much funnier if you do it.”

“Girls, girls,” said Janey, “stop squabbling. I’ll decide who does the dares. What is it anyway?”

“Just to go to the loo and leave the door unlocked. Not much really,” pouted Kitty sulking slightly.

“No way!” said Fiona, “No bloody way!”

“Chicken,” said Kitty, “Scaredy-cat!”

She got up and moved out into the aisle.

“Where are you going,” asked Fiona.

“To the loo.”

“What! You’re not going to leave the door unlocked are you?”

“Bloody hell no! I’m not a complete idiot!”

Fiona, didn’t like the implication. The implication being that she, Fiona, was a complete idiot who would be persuaded to do such a thing. She determined on a little revenge for Kitty, a revenge that Kitty well and truly deserved. As Kitty moved down the aisle she put her finger silently to her lips and motioned to Janey to follow her. They were just in time to see Kitty go into the loo at the end of the carriage and they heard the door firmly bolt shut.

They crept up to the door. Now you may not know it, but there is a way to unlock the doors on these toilets from the outside. There has to be, in case somebody collapses inside. Why should Fiona know this? From whence had she obtained this recondite knowledge? That, we will never know, we just know that she put this knowledge to good use and slowly and silently manipulated the lock from the outside so that it slid unlocked.

“Serve her right,” thought Fiona as she and Janey retreated back down the carriage. They looked round and were pleased to see a young man making his way down the aisle. They were even more pleased by the loud shriek that emanated from inside when he opened the door.

Kitty came storming back up the carriage.

“Who did that!” she demanded, “I know it was one of you. Which one was it?”

Janey wouldn’t have let on, but it must have been plain to see, because Fiona’s face turned bright red. Not for the first time Fiona cursed her terrible propensity to blush at the first sign of anything embarrassing.

Kitty looked at Fiona, her dark enamelled eyes flashing and her auburn hair glinting.

“I’ll get you back for that!” she said, her light Donegal brogue just breaking through in her anger, “Just you wait. I’ll get you back for that!”

The station in Penzance was grey and misty, with a light drizzle falling when they arrived. They forlornly bundled their cases into a taxi and headed for The Manor Hotel, where they had booked a weekend break (Summer Super Saver, £60 a day, three in a room, continental breakfast included, no refunds, ten coupons from the Guardian newspaper).

It was, it must be said, a nice hotel. The sort which is converted from an old Country House by the addition of a bedroom block and patronised principally by business conferences, which was why business was slow in August when businessmen go on holiday (to Tuscany, not Penzance).

They had a nice room with a big king size double bed and a put down sofa bed.

“Oh dear!” said Kitty to Janey disingenuously, “I didn’t know we’d be sharing a double bed.”

“It’s all right, we don’t have to sleep with a sword between us you know,” replied Janey winking.

“Why do you assume that I’m getting the little bed,” interposed Fiona.

“Because you’re little,” replied Kitty, as if this were an obvious conclusion.

“Well, I want to be in the big bed,” replied Fiona

“Oh! Three in a bed,” said Janey, “we are getting kinky. I didn’t think you had it in you.”

“Er… I’m taking a shower,” said Fiona, blushing again and embarrassed at the turn the conversation was taking, and she scampered off to the bathroom, carefully locking the door behind her, aware of the fact that Kitty would still be plotting her revenge.

Kitty was indeed plotting her revenge and Janey was all too ready to form an alliance against her. This may be thought a bit mean, but Janey wanted a bit of revenge for being left in the pillory on her birthday. As they heard the shower water start to run, they whispered together.

Little Fiona was in the shower. It had been a long hot day and she was sweaty from the journey. She loved the feel of the hot water stinging against her skin. What she liked to do particularly was run the water freezing cold until her skin was like ice, and then turn it quickly to hot so that the stinging jets turned her bare skin bright red and it tingled all over. It was an amazingly erotic sensation and it made her nipples stand out proud and erect. She rubbed them sensitively. That felt good. Her other hand automatically found its way to its accustomed place and she massaged gently. That felt good as well. She was glad to be on holiday. She could sense they were going to have fun.

Then suddenly she was plunged into pitch darkness. The bathroom was on the interior wall of the bedroom and had no external window, and the light switch was, as required by British safety regulations, on the outside of the door. The girls had switched off the light and plunged her into total blackness. She leapt out the shower, stumbled over to the door and banged on it.

The rotters! If this was Kitty’s idea of revenge, it was a bloody silly one. She banged on the door again. All was silent. She heard the outside door of the room open and close. The bloody rotters! They’d gone off and left her in the dark!

She opened the door. The bedroom was in darkness as well. Still naked she opened the door a bit wider to feel round for the light switch. Suddenly a hand grabbed her wrist and she was pulled out of the bathroom. Her wrist was twisted so that her arm was held behind her back. Then suddenly the light was switched on and she saw Janey standing in front of her holding the door into the corridor open. Fiona suddenly realised what was going to happen.

“Kitty! No, please, no!”

This was Kitty’s revenge. Fiona realised that Kitty was going to push her out into the corridor stark naked. And then how on earth would she get back in!

Kitty held her immobile looking at the open door into the corridor. It was good to let her contemplate her fate for a while. And then Fiona felt Kitty’s free hand feel round her front, down there, where her sensitive spot was, where her own hand was accustomed to go, and she felt Kitty massaging it gently.

“Kitty! Please! No!”

“Got to get you worked up, Fi, we all know you like it,” it would be nice to hear her beg.

“Kitty, please! Please!” she felt herself damp between her legs.

“Say you’re sorry, Fiona. Say you’ve been very, very naughty and you won’t do it again!”, and she gave her another tweak in her sensitive spot.

“Please Kitty. I’m sorry Kitty. I’ve been a very, very naughty girl and I won’t do it again,” she was feeling positively wet between the legs.

“Beg,” said Fiona.

“I’m begging. I’m begging. Please Kitty. No!”

Kitty just smiled. She’d got her apology. Fiona could now go out.

Poor Fiona. Her entreaties had been all to no avail. She found herself propelled out into the corridor and the door slammed behind her. She looked up and down horrified. There was nobody there. She banged on the door and shouted, “Kitty! Janey! Let me in. Please! I’m a naughty girl. I’m begging. Please!”

Kitty shouted at her through the door, “Don’t worry Fi, we left the door key card at the end of the corridor, you’ve only got to run down to the end to get it.”

“You rotters! You bloody rotters!” shouted Fiona, but quietly as she suddenly was aware that she might be attracting attention.

The she realised that she was wasting time. She had to get to the end of a very long corridor and back before anybody came – completely in the nude! There was nothing for it. She was going to have to run! Fortunately for Fiona she was slim, not to say lithe, and quite athletic. She could run quite fast. Running naked though wasn’t really that easy. I don’t know if you’ve seen a naked girl running. If you have you’ll know that unsupported bosoms bounce up and down. Fiona’s weren’t large. But on the other hand, they weren’t small either. She grabbed one in either hand and set off, scampering down the corridor. She passed bedrooms, she passed the lifts, she passed the emergency fire stairs and at last she reached the end of the corridor. With a sigh of relief she found the card key stuck in a potted plant.

She picked it up and turned to scamper back and as she did so she heard an ominous sound. The lift coming to a halt on her floor. Any second now the doors would start to open and she would be trapped. There was only one thing she could think of to do. She fled to the fire stairs and hid in there. She heard the people come out of the lift and stop in the corridor to chat. Oh well! She’d just have to wait until they moved on, except that she heard a noise from further down the stairs. Some stupid super-fit fools had decided to walk up the stairs rather than take the lift. Fiona was trapped. It was the top floor and she couldn’t go up any further. She had two options – to walk out on to the corridor or to wait for the people coming up. Her mouth went dry and she could hear her heart pounding in her ears.

That half remembered sensation – a mixture of excitement and embarrassment – that she had experienced on her birthday came back to her. She was going to get caught – naked! And there was nothing she could do about it. She felt that sudden rush of moisture between her legs again, and her bare nipples hardened as she found her fingers working herself up into the necessary state of excitement: excited enough to give her the courage to act.

For she had determined on a course of action. She didn’t want to get caught skulking on the stairs, so she would have to walk back along he corridor to the room. After all, she reasoned, this was England, the country where nobody likes to make a fuss. The most likely reaction of an Englishman to seeing a naked girl emerge into a corridor would be to go bright red and pretend nothing unusual was happening.

So, legs trembling, heart thumping, face like a tomato and covered in goose pimples she emerged into the corridor and steeled herself to walking back to the room. Three men were standing in the corridor, so that she would almost have to push past them.

At first Jonathan didn’t notice her; then he turned to look – my God, there was a naked girl walking down the corridor. His heart missed a beat, he went bright red and tried to pretend nothing unusual was happening.

Fiona approached him; if nobody moved out of the way soon, she was definitely going to have to push past. At last, when she was almost there, Jonathan moved.

“Sorry, I was about to block your passage,” he croaked, submitting to the uncontrollable urge everyone feels to say something in an embarrassing situation. He suddenly realised he had said something vaguely rude to a naked girl.

Fiona felt another rush of wet excitement and her nipples hardened even more; she was trying hard to control herself as her deep breathing threatened to give her state away.

“Oh dear! Those are big breasts. I mean breaths,” the poor man couldn’t resist the urge to say something, and had only made it worse.

Fiona’s nerve broke and she ran shrieking down the corridor, before she had an orgasm on the spot, and banged on the door, trying desperately to get the key card to work. Eventually she managed to get the door open and flung herself onto the put down bed banging it with her left hand as her back arched and her muscles contracted, her right hand in its accustomed place bringing her to a climax..

“You rotters,” she shouted as she lay there relaxing, drenched in perspiration, “you double dog rotters. There’s no way I’m getting into bed with you now!”

She looked round. The other two had already gone to bed and they weren’t listening. From the sound of it they didn’t seem to have a sword between them.

She climbed into her own bed.

“Rotters!” she said to herself. They weren’t going to get away with it!

Three Girls on Holiday - Saturday

Fiona glowered at the other two over breakfast the next morning, but they only laughed uproariously at the account of her adventure. The girls stared out of the window. The rain was coming down in torrents outside.

“Never mind,” said Kitty there’s a great indoor pool and gym here. We can go there this morning.

The hotel thoughtfully provided towelling robes to wear down to the pool so the girls decided to change into their costumes in the room. Janey slipped on her new skimpy bikini. Kitty looked at her aghast.

“Janey,” she admonished, “you can’t wear that!”

“Why not, it’s not as small as yours.”

“Well, you can’t wear one as small as me.”

“What do you mean. ‘Can’t wear one as small as you’?”

“I would have thought that was obvious.”

“Well it isn’t”

“If you insist on me spelling it out then. My bottom isn’t as big as yours.”

“Are you saying I’ve got a big bottom!”

“I didn’t say that. It’s just that it’s too big for that bikini”

“It’s no bigger than your bottom”

Kitty was horrified. Janey had actually implied that she had a big bottom; she who was so proud of her figure. Her bottom was voluptuous, not big! Janey was going to regret that remark.

They set off down to the pool: Janey in her little bikini, Kitty in her even littler bikini and Fiona in her one piece swimsuit. They slipped off their robes beside the pool. Kitty didn’t say anything; a plan was forming in her brain. She slipped behind Janey as she moved to the end of the pool to dive in. Janey’s little bikini bottom was tied at the side in little bows with tapes. Kitty had noticed this and had worked out that if she just got hold of the end of one of the tapes on either side and held on while Janey dived in, then the little bikini bottom would come right off in her hands. The temptation was too great: as Janey moved to dive Kitty grabbed hold of the tapes and held on. It worked a treat, Janey went headlong into the pool and Kitty was left holding the bikini bottom in her hands convulsed with laughter.

It must be said that she probably wouldn’t have done it if the swimming pool hadn’t been empty except for the three girls, so Janey had no real right to be so upset when it was suddenly invaded by the group of men that Fiona had encountered the day before, escaping from the rain as well.

Kitty laughed even more. Everybody was going to see how big Janey’s bottom was now! Janey glowered at Kitty.

“Do you want some help?” mouthed Kitty

“Bastard,” replied Janey, and Kitty plunged in beside her.

But instead of handing her back her bikini bottom as she had expected she was taken totally by surprise as Kitty unfastened the back of her bikini top. Poor Janey unable to move for fear of exposing her bare posterior suddenly found she had nothing on at all and she was trapped in the water until the men went away.

“Bastard, bastard,” she whispered at Kitty. She would of course have yelled, had it not been for her fear of attracting attention.

If Kitty was pleased Fiona was ecstatic. That rotter Janey had conspired to embarrass her the day before and made her sleep in the little bed; it just wasn’t enough for her to hide in the water. She had to be properly punished. She had to be humiliated and a crazy idea occurred to her. The little, wouldn’t say boo to a goose Fiona, on impulse, turned round and accidentally on purpose bashed the fire alarm button. Janey was going not only to vacate the pool. She was going to have to vacate the building. And they were going to make sure she didn’t have any clothes when she did so!

Kitty and Fiona dashed out taking Janey’s bikini and their clothes with them. Janey was left stranded in the pool hugging the side so as not to be seen. The men started to leave. Jonathan noticed the girl still in the pool; she obviously hadn’t heard the alarm.

“Er.. Miss,” he said, “we have to leave the building.”

Janey pretended not to hear.

“That’s the fire alarm Miss. You have to leave.”

Janey realised she was going to have to get out. She had seen who had pressed the alarm. Little Goodie-two-shoes Fiona was going to have to pay for this.

Jonathan stayed back to make sure the girl got out safely. Oh Dear! He turned bright red as a majestic, and rather broad in the beam girl rose, naked like Venus in a Botticelli painting, from the water and stalked towards him.

“What are you staring at,” she demanded, as if it wasn’t obvious.

“Nothing. I mean er… Just you’re a Botticelli,.” Jonathan blushed even redder.

And Janey blushed even redder. Even he was looking at her bottie! She ran for the changing room to get a towel.

When she joined the others on the lawn, towel wrapped round her, the hotel staff determined it was a false alarm. She glowered at little Fiona.

“Just you wait,” she said. The battle was on.

Fiona, still intoxicated by her success, just got hold of the towel and pulled it off.

Janey shrieked and high tailed it for the hotel.

“Just you wait!” She shouted back at Fiona, “You’ll see. Just you wait!”

By the afternoon the sun had got out so the girls went down to the beach. Kitty remained silent on the subject of bottoms and Janey even more silent on the subject of fire alarms. She had however taken the opportunity to visit one of the local shops which she had noticed along the sea front. Once more Janey and Kitty were in their little bikinis and Fiona put on her one piece swimsuit. The sun was hot the wind was cool and the water was wet. By six o’clock the sun was setting into the western bay and Janey, judging the time right and that by now Fiona would be off her guard, took a little packet out of her bag. She went over to Fiona and before little Fiona knew what was happening she had grabbed the front of her demure one piece swimsuit, pulled the top forwards and poured the content of the packet down the front.

“What are you doing?” gasped Fiona

“Paying you back,” said Janey, unable to hide the grin on her face, “that was itching powder. I got from the joke shop in town and it’s just gone all down your front! Come on Kitty! Run!” and the two girls picked up all the things and hared back to the room. Poor little Fiona could only scamper on behind, the effects of the itching powder already becoming all too obvious. She was not only starting to itch between her bosoms and down her stomach, but the powder had gone all the way down the front, working it’s way down her stomach and right between her legs. And as she ran, once it got there it worked its way in between her private lips where it itched tormentingly and embarrassingly. Fiona began to scratch. And the more she scratched, the more it worked its way in and the more it itched, until she was standing in the hotel lift in her swim suit, poking her fingers inside and scratching for all she was worth between her legs, only stopping when people started coming in. She ran along the corridor to the bedroom and banged on the door.

“You Rotters!” she shouted, “let me in, I’ve got to get this costume off!”

“Well, take it off then,” said Janey, “we’re not stopping you!”

“I can’t take it off in the corridor; I’ve got nothing else to put on.”

“Tough!” said Janey.

Poor Fiona banged on the door and banged again, but all to no avail. The itching ‘down below’ was getting intolerable; she just had to get the costume off, but she couldn’t just strip off in the corridor. Rubbing furiously with her hand in the front of her costume she rushed to the fire stairs. She was hoping to run down to the Ladies restroom and take it off there, but once she was on the stairs she knew she wasn’t going to make it. She looked around. The fire stairs were deserted. Well only super-fit idiots walked up five floors of fire stairs when there was a perfectly good lift. She tore off her costume. It was heaven. It wasn’t that the itching stopped, but it was so much nicer too be in the nude, so much more soothing. She still needed to scratch, but at least now she could scratch in comfort. She closed her eyes, put her head back, opened her legs wide apart and gently massaged between her labia. Oooooh! It was lovely, just what it needed. Such a relief and well…. Rather stimulating as well. She was thinking what she would have to do. She’d have to go down the stairs and put the wretched costume back on to go to the Ladies, then perhaps she could take it off and rinse it out. She was rubbing gently, soothingly; it was so nice when suddenly.

Aaaatchhoo! A loud sneeze broke the silence.

Jonathan could never be bothered to wait for lifts. Only lazy people took lifts anyway. He reckoned he could run up the stairs as fast as anybody taking the lift. That was unless there was somebody blocking the way! The sight of the girl sent him into paroxysms of embarrassment again. What on earth was going on in this hotel? He knew men who would have taken advantage of the situation, but seeing her sitting there stark naked, legs wide apart rubbing her… well you know what… he didn’t quite even like to say the word to himself. His only thought was to tiptoe back down quietly before she realised he was there. The only problem was that his nose had started itching furiously, almost as bad as if there was itching powder floating about in the air. He mustn’t sneeze, he said to himself, as he backed carefully down. He mustn’t sneeze, but of course he did.

Fiona sat up with a start, ramming her legs together so fast she caught her fingers between them still inside and sat staring at the man with her hand in that compromising position.

“Oh! I wasn’t er… I mean I wouldn’t er….” She was so embarrassed she didn’t quite know what to say.

“Oh I’m sorry,” said Jonathan, bright red, and trying to avert his gaze, “I was just looking up…. Er I mean I saw you getting up er…” his voice tailed away as he realised he was just making things worse. He turned and ran down the stairs as quickly as he could.

Poor little Fiona put the wretched costume back on and made her way in a torture of itchiness down to the Ladies rest room, where she rinsed out the costume and sat morosely in the cubicle until she hoped she had paid enough penance to be allowed back into the bedroom. Then she crept back up the stairs. The door of the bedroom had been left open and the other two seemed to have retired to bed early.

Whatever it had been in the itching powder having worked its way up between her labia, she was still tormented by an itch ‘down there’. A pleasurable torment in some ways, but a torment nevertheless. ‘The Rotters!’ she said to herself. She decided that she would have to wash herself clean. She crept in through the bathroom door, closing it tight, and then switched on the little light over the mirror which she found could be operated by a pull cord inside the bathroom. She slipped off her costume and allowed herself one delightful scratch before turning on the shower jet. Unfortunately it wasn’t one of those jets she could detach from the wall, so in order to direct the water up her… well just up her, she had to lie on her back in the bath, bend her knees and open her legs wide. The jet of water hit just where it was needed. It was so soothing that she could only close her eyes again and enjoy the sensation.

Janey and Kitty heard her come in, and when they heard the shower turned on they had a good idea what she was doing. She’d be trying to wash off the itching powder. The sneaked over to the bathroom, slowly opened the door and… they had expected to see Fiona in the bath, so the sight of her lying eyes closed, head back, legs in the air, displaying her everything for their delight came as a bit of a surprise. A not unpleasurable surprise however. A sight which gave rise to a temptation they could not resist.

Fiona lying on her back with her eyes closed felt the fingers massaging and soothing her – just where they were needed. And as the fingers worked she felt the pleasure begin to mount; she groaned, and panted, her back arched and as the pleasure exploded within her she found out there were some advantages after all to being extra-sensitive ‘down there’.

Three Girls on Holiday - Sunday

The next day the sun could be seen outside, brightly shining on the curtains. Fiona lay in her little bed plotting revenge for the trick played on her the day before. She rubbed again ‘down below’ where the itch still hadn’t quite gone away. She looked round the room. From the sight of two nighties lying on the floor it looked as if Janey and Kitty hadn’t bothered with the sword in the bed. It must be explained here that whereas Fiona always wore a pair of floral print cotton pyjamas the other two girls wore nightdresses – Janey a fashionable work of French lingerie and Kitty a rather sheer little sexy ‘Baby Doll’ affair. Both these items of clothing could be seen lying unworn on the bedroom carpet. The bedclothes were turned back and the heaving bosoms of the two girls, still sleeping after their nightly activities, could be seen clearly in the morning light. This gave Fiona a wicked little idea.

She slipped into the bathroom where there was a telephone and rang down to room service ordering breakfast in the room for the three of them. Then she sat back and waited. Ten minutes later there came a little knock on the door. Before the other girls could react she had flung the door open and the waiter walked in with the breakfast tray.

His face was a picture, but to his credit he managed to place the breakfast tray down beside the bed without actually spilling anything. His entry however had woken the sleeping girls. It took them a few moments to realise that there was: a) a strange man in the room and, b) they were lying in bed together stark naked and bare breasted.

For the waiter the view made his morning, as he had not seen such an adorable sight for many a long day. Kitty’s bosoms were particularly adorable being so nicely rounded and wobbly, but they weren’t the only sight of interest in the room. His eyes wandered over the goodies on display. He felt himself turn pink and then red and then he managed just a little stammered, “Your breakfast ladies. Bon appétit,” and disappeared out of the room (somewhat reluctantly it must be admitted.)

The girls all dissolved into gales of laughter. Fiona, expecting retribution from the others, looked on slightly confused.

“Fiona!” gasped Kitty, “want do you think your doing.”

“I just thought he’d enjoy the view.”

“I’m sure he did,” said Kitty, “you forgot to put your pyjama bottoms on!”

Fiona looked down in horror. She remembered all of a sudden that the urge to rub herself during the night had been so great that she had taken off her pyjama pants and thrown them on the floor to make it easier. She had been so engrossed in her little plot that she had forgotten all about this. She felt herself again. Oh my God! Her jacket only came down to her waist; hoist by her own petard, she had just shown the poor man everything!

She put her hand to her mouth, and suddenly saw the funny side. She started to giggle, “What must he have thought!” she said and soon the girls were laughing so much that they had extreme difficulty buttering their toast.

“What shall we do today?” asked Kitty.

“I vote we go to the beach, “said Fiona.

Janey was not one for votes. Janey was one for deciding herself what was going to be done. It was a good job she wanted to go to the beach as well.

“We’re going to Sandy Cove,” she said, “according to the Guide Book it’s a lovely secluded beach about a mile and a half down the coast.”

“What are we going to do there?” asked Kitty.

“After that little trick she played this morning,” said Janey, looking pointedly at Fiona, “a certain naughty little girl is going to be stripped naked and made to walk all the way back in her birthday suit.”

Fiona just laughed. Janey would have her little joke.

They dressed in their costumes under their beach clothes for the walk along the cliff top to the beach - Janey in her little bikini, Kitty in her even littler bikini and Fiona in her one piece swimsuit. They took a picnic with them so that they could have lunch on the beach.

For once the weather was good. The sand was golden, the sea was warm and the eye of heaven shined for once, if not too hot, at least hot enough for a liberal application of suntan oil.

“Do me back for us, Fi,” said Janey, lying on her stomach on her towel and unhitching the hook on her bikini top, having liberally oiled her front against the sun’s rays. She put her head on her hands and closed her eyes. The sensation of Fiona’s hands massaging the oil into her back was really rather pleasant - rubbing gently into the small of her back, her feet, her calves, her thighs, her bottom. Her bottom!

She jumped up quickly and her bikini bottom fell down. Fiona had unfastened it at the sides and was even now scampering down to the waters edge, safe in the knowledge that Janey was in no position to chase after her.

“I’m going for a plodge,” she shouted back over her shoulder as Janey struggled to do up her bikini bottom. Janey looked at the retreating figure, trying to work out a way in which she could really make the girl walk back to the hotel in her birthday suit.

The rest of the day passed peacefully enough, but it wasn’t until late afternoon that Fiona at last plucked up the courage to try a swim in the big rollers that pounded on the beach.

She came back up the beach dripping wet.

“I’m having one last lie in the sun to warm up,” she said, and lay down on the sand. “Ugh… this costume’s horrible and wet,” she gasped as she lay back.

“Well, you should have proper bikini like us,” said Kitty, “mine dries off in no time.”

“I don’t want to lie in this, “said Fiona, “and I only brought one costume.”

“More fool you,” said Janey, “you’ll just have to sunbathe in the altogether.”

“Ha ha! Very funny,” said Fiona.

“Seriously,” said Janey, “Take your costume off under the towel, then you can lie on the beach with the towel covering you.”

“Only if you promise, promise, promise, not to pull the towel off when I’ve got nothing on underneath.”

“We promise,” said Kitty.

“Absolutely,” said Janey

“All right then, “said Fiona and she wrapped the towel round herself and slipped her costume off.

No sooner was the costume off, though, and safely put on a rock to dry, than Kitty grabbed hold of the towel and whipped it off, leaving poor Fiona starkers in the middle of the beach.

“You Rotters! Rotters! Double Dog Rotters!” shouted Fiona, “You promised! You promised!” and she tried to grab the towel, but as she went for it, Kitty threw it over her head to Janey standing behind Fiona. Fiona, being only little couldn’t reach it even by jumping as high as she could. Janey caught it and as Fiona made a grab for it again, she threw it back over her head to Kitty. The other people on the beach looked on in evident delight at this game of nude piggy in the middle. Evidently a variation on the game which they had not witnessed before.

Eventually Janey took pity on her and handed her the towel. Fiona took it sulking and lay back on the sand, putting the towel over herself to catch the last rays of the sun. She was tired after her disturbed night sleep with all that itching ‘down below’ and she soon fell asleep. The last words which the others heard before her regular breathing told them she had nodded off were, “Double Dog Rotters! You promised!”

Janey and Kitty let her sleep for a while then Kitty said, “Better be getting back then.”

“Better had,” said Janey and they packed up all the clothes into their bags.

“Better pack Fiona’s clothes then,” said Kitty looking at the still recumbent figure, “she’ll not be needing them.”

“Better had,” said Janey.

“Better take her towel as well,” said Kitty, “she’ll not be needing that.

“Better had,” said Janey, and they gently removed the towel from the still sleeping figure and packed it. The two girls crept silently away and it wasn’t until they were well out of earshot that they collapsed into hysterical laughter.

Fiona woke with a sudden start. Was that a red backed shrike she had heard calling? But in a few seconds all thoughts of red backed shrikes disappeared from her head. The beach was totally deserted, the sun was sinking unseen west and she was in the nude. She shrieked louder even than a red backed shrike.

The Rotters! They had actually done it. They had actually left her to walk back to the hotel stark naked. She looked vainly round for them. They’d really left her naked on the beach. Tears came to her eyes. They were so rotten. They must think it really funny to humiliate her liken that. Not only would she have to walk back along the cliff top in the nude, she’d have to get back through the hotel, probably have to ask at reception for a key to let her in. It was too embarrassing. Too humiliating. They were being so rotten to her! She just played silly little tricks on them and they were being so rotten to her. With tears rolling down her face she started to creep back along the cliff top path. It was late, but still quite light in August and she had to keep a careful eye out for evening strollers. Oh My God! There was a man coming. She went down on her hands and knees and crept off the path.

For Jonathan an evening stroll was one of the best parts of the day, and at least he wouldn’t be surprised by naked girls here. Rather strangely he found himself a little disappointed by the thought that he wouldn’t be surprised by a naked girl here. Little did he know. Fiona, on her hands and knees in the shrubbery, saw him approaching, she realised she was still visible from the path, and she backed further into the shrubbery. Suddenly she felt an intense burning in her bottom.

“Aaaargh!” she leapt out of the shrubbery straight in front of Jonathan. She had unknowingly backed straight into a patch of stinging nettles of the most vicious kind. She rubbed her bottom vigorously; she had been stung all over it.

Jonathan looked on mouth open and eyes even wider open.

“Oooooh! I’ve been stung on my bottom!” gasped Fiona.

“Let’s have a look,” said Jonathan, “Oh sorry, I didn’t mean I wanted to look at your bottom, I meant I could have a look at the stings and well I suppose that it does mean looking at your bottom, but I thought that maybe if I could find a dock leaf then perhaps I could rub it in, in your bottom that is, but I couldn’t do that without looking at it I suppose, so I suppose I do need to look at your bottom, but what I mean was I wasn’t saying I wanted to look at your bottom just for the sake of looking at your bottom,” he stopped, realising that he was gabbling.

“Oh, just look at my bottom and have done with it,” said Fiona turning round and bending over.

“That’s a nasty sting,” said Jonathan, “I think those are dock leaves over there.”

“I’m not really sure dock leaves really help,” said Fiona, wiping her tear stained face.

“It’s probably just the rubbing,” said Jonathan, massaging the crushed dock leaves gently in.

Fiona smiled; there really was something quite nice about having her sore bottom soothed by a passing stranger.

“Don’t stop,” she said, “I think there’s some more dock leaves over there.”

Jonathan was only too happy to oblige, and whether it was the dock leaves or not, Fiona’s bottom felt a lot better for the attention it was getting.

Jonathan lent her his shirt and they walked back to the hotel together. Fiona attracted a few strange looks at reception asking for a duplicate key patently wearing a man’s shirt and nothing else, but I suppose somewhat fewer than if she hadn’t been wearing even the shirt. She promised to return Jonathan’s shirt to him in the morning. She winked, she might be going to get lucky there, she thought. Jonathan thought he had got lucky already.

Armed with her key card Fiona made her way back to the room and slipped in. The girls had already gone to bed, nighties untouched. Fiona decided to do the same. She pulled out her little sofa bed, took off the shirt, put on her pyjamas and slipped beneath the sheets. Thinking of her little adventure, and the pleasure of having her bottom rubbed, her hand moved down between her legs. Oh yes! She would have to! She pulled her pyjama bottoms down and drawing up her knees opened her legs wide. She started rubbing, working her fingers, insinuating them soothingly inside, it was not only soothing, it was really rather pleasurable. She started working her self up into a state of some excitement.

Janey and Kitty could hear little groans coming from Fiona’s bed. Janey nudged Kitty and they both giggled.

“Sounds like Fiona’s enjoying herself,” said Janey

“Is that what they call it?” said Kitty, “I’d have called it something else entirely. Well I think she should start enjoying us instead.”

At that moment the shouts of Fiona’s ecstasy echoed round the room.

“Come on Fi!” said Janey, “You don’t have to keep it all to yourself. There’s room in the bed for three, and for God’s sake take those ridiculous pyjamas off, Kitty’s already thrown the sword on the floor!”