Foreign Standards

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Several years ago I was working on a large project with members of three other companies. Our team was one of many that were working on different aspects of a massive system design for worldwide communications. I can't really say more about the effort and it's not related to the story anyway.
Tom and I had recently celebrated our one-year anniversary when I had to go to Bonn Germany for the project. It was supposed to be for only one week, but I was there for three months. When I arrived in early May, the weather was breaking and it was warmer than usual for spring. Besides me, the team was made up of six others, Ed, from my company, Dottie and Phil from XYZ Company, one of our venders, and three from the German company, Helga, Marc and Suzie. We were all in our early to mid twenties except for ED who was 33. We all spoke German, which is one of the reasons we were selected for the job.
We worked 12 to 14 hours a day for the first three days, then eased off to 10 hour days the rest of the week and Saturday. We had our initial requirements set and the following week was less stressful. On Tuesday, our hosts packed a picnic lunch and we walked to a small park behind the office building where we spread out on a blanket and unpacked the goodies. After a delicious feast that included a glass of really good tasting wine, Helga and Suzie asked if we'd mind if they got some sun. The rest of us shrugged and were shocked when the girls stripped off their clothes. They very casually stretched out on their backs and closed their eyes. The rest of us looked at each other and at the girls with our mouths open, not knowing what to say. Marc saw our shocked looks and laughed. He said something in German to the girls who got up on their elbows and explained that public nudity was perfectly acceptable in Germany and once we get used to it, we'd get over our shock.
I couldn't believe what I was seeing and Ed and Phil were drooling. Both girls were totally naked and laying with their feet spread, but we could not see much through their thick hair. Strangely, what I was thinking about was what I'd be showing with my light blond and closely trimmed pubic hair. It was strange because there was no way I'd ever expose myself like that. Helga said something to Marc who proceeded to get naked and lay next to the girls. Now I was really freaking out.
Ed, Phil and Dottie tried to ignore them, but we couldn't help stealing glances. Marc had a nice sized unit and I marveled at how thick it was. Definitely thicker that Tom. After 30 or so minutes, the Germans got dressed and teased us about our obvious embarrassment as we walked back to the office.
Ed, Phil, Dottie and I met for dinner at the hotel and all we talked about was our naked team members. Phil said he read up on the local customs and found that indeed, public nudity was

acceptable, not only in Bonn, but throughout most of Europe. That didn't mean that people walked down the street naked, but it was not unusual to see people sunning themselves in their back yards and like today, in a public grassy area. He said most of the beaches in Europe are clothing optional and it's us Americans who have the problem accepting the practice. Both Dottie and I said we couldn't ever get naked in public, especially in front of Ed and Phil. The guys feigned disappointment.
Afterward, I went back to my room and called Tom. We talked about a number of things and I mentioned what happened at lunch. He asked me all the details and he said he was extra horny. He joked about getting calluses on his hand and told me not to wear out my vibrator. Then he asked if I was going to get some sun. When it dawned on me what Tom was really asking I said I wouldn't with Ed there and couldn't even if he wasn't there. Tom shocked me when he said it would be a real turn on for him if I did shed some clothes. Maybe not all, but just my top. I was speechless. Tom confessed that he enjoyed men looking at me and told me that on a few occasions he didn't say anything to me when I was showing more than I realized.
I was flabbergasted. He told me that last New Year's when I was a bit tipsy; my spaghetti strap kept falling off my shoulder, enough to expose my breast almost to the nipple. He said he and I were talking to several guys we knew and he worked the strap down far enough so that my areola was peeking out. He said the guys loved it and he had an erection the rest of the night. He reminded me that we had the best sex that night and said part of it was because the guys saw my tit.
I was at first pissed that he'd do something like that but the more I thought about it, the more turned on I got. I almost wore out my dildo that night. I even worked it in my ass and turned it on and came. I'd never done that before.
The next morning I opened the drapes and paraded around the room in the nude. No one could see me but I got a thrill just pretending. I thought about how Ed might react if I shed my clothes in front of him, but quickly put it out of my mind. What was happening to me? It was so out of character for me to be thinking and acting this way, shy, ole me. I thought back to the day before and admitted to myself that seeing our hosts, especially Marc, naked was titillating after the initial shock wore off. That, coupled with the conversation with Tom, had my head spinning. He actually let some guys see my tit up close and he wanted me to expose myself to my coworkers. Was he a pervert, or just a horny husband? Did all husbands think about their wives exposing themselves?
The next day Dottie and I were working by ourselves in a conference room when she leaned back in her chair and told me about the conversation she'd had with her husband, Alex. She said Alex suggested she get naked with the others and to send him some pictures. My mouth dropped open and I told her what Tom said.
I tapped into the Internet from my laptop and searched for some sites that might shed a little light on the subject. There wasn't much from a clinical perspective but I did find a few sites that featured stories about wives exposing themselves at their husband's request. I downloaded a few.
We went back to the park for lunch and the German's again got naked. Ed and Phil were gawking at the girl's crotches and I noticed they were moist down there. Apparently, some pleasure was being derived. Neither of the girls wore wedding bands, but we found out Helga was married with three

small children and Suzie was engaged. Marc had a steady girlfriend.
I looked around the park and saw quite a few people were naked and lying on the grass. I recognized a few people I'd seen in the building. One guy by himself and two girls were together. Nearby, one girl who I'd noticed was very attractive was with two guys that I hadn't seen before. I found out later that she was married to one of the guys and the other guy worked with her husband. So, according to Tom and Alex, the girl's husband should be sexually aroused with his co-worker looking at his naked wife. If so, why didn't the husband have an erection? I leaned over and mentioned all this to Dottie. Her response made sense; we were in Europe not the US. Back home, the husband would be pointing to the sky. Smart girl.
Dottie pointed out a guy casually walking around who was fully dressed and it was obvious that he was getting off on the naked bodies. Marc jokingly said he was probably an American.
Marc, Helga and Suzie's manager Rudolph invited us all to his lakeside summer home for a party on Saturday. Marc casually mentioned that swim wear was optional. I thought at first he meant we could swim if we wished to, but Ed pointed out that he meant it was clothing optional.
We had a quick dinner then went back to work. It was almost ten before Dottie and I called it quits. Ed and Phil had more work to do and stayed, leaving us to walk to our hotel alone. It was only a few well-lit blocks and we had a chance to talk girl talk. No matter what the subject, the conversation kept coming back to public nudity. Dottie confessed that she and Alex were drifting apart and sex was more of an obligation than anything else. It was a minute or two of kissing and foreplay, stick it in and cum. Sometimes Alex would get her off manually, but she usually finished the job herself.
We went back to my room and read the stories I'd downloaded earlier. Dottie left and I was so horny I got myself off with minimal effort. I called Tom and woke him. The first thing he asked is if I'd shown anyone my tits. I said I hadn't but I was seriously considering it and told him about the party. He pleaded with me to get a few pictures.
Friday I bought a small, thin digital camera and a thong bikini. I had to try on the bikini and I did something I'd never considered before. One of the stories I read told about how a couple got their jollies by having the wife try on clothes in a changing room leaving a gap in the curtain so guys could see her inside while her husband watched them ogling her. I took several bikinis into a changing room and made sure the curtain was closed all the way. On impulse, I opened the curtain and stepped out then went right back inside and left the curtain slightly open. I forced myself to not look at who might be watching me as I slipped off my clothes. I had to get naked to try on the suit and I knew if anyone was there they could see everything. I was shaking and to my surprise my pussy was dripping.
I quickly tried on the first suit and turned around to see myself in the mirror. I took a quick glance at the lower part of the opening and saw there were indeed some guys there. No way could they not see me and I was really getting excited. I stripped naked and slowly tried on the next suit. The third suit fit best and I stayed naked as I put all three on hangars and straightened out the changing room. I was ready to cum without touching myself, but I held off. I bought the suit and rushed to the hotel and relieved my stress several times. I couldn't believe what I'd just done and started to get worked up again just thinking about Saturday.

Marc and his girlfriend picked us up at the hotel. I was wearing a short denim skirt with my thong bikini bottom underneath, a white tank top without a bra and sandals. I felt sexy and I knew I looked sexy with my erect nipples very evident. Ed did a double take when he saw me but he didn't say anything.

Rudolph's house was beautiful and exquisitely decorated. We were the last to arrive and everyone was on the back patio drinking a heavily spiked punch (I found out later.) After introductions, a few people headed for the lake. Marc and his girlfriend stripped naked and raced into the water. Rudolph's wife Marta and her daughter wore small bikini bottoms without tops, as did the other girls there. The other guys wore bathing suits and they were all splashing around in the cold water. All except me, Ed, Dottie, Phil, and Rudolph.

Rudolph smiled and asked if we were going to join the rest of the party. I was the first to speak up and said, "Hell, why not." I went inside the house and quickly put on my bikini bra. I ran to the water with my tits and ass bouncing. The water was freezing and my nipples were like rocks. I got used to the cold and joined the frolicking. He guys were tossing the girls out of the water and copping a feel in the process. Celie, Mark's girlfriend, was giving the guys a thrill with her naked pussy bouncing out of the water.

Dottie, Ed and the others except Rudolph finally got brave and joined us. Dottie wore a small bikini, but didn't show as much ass as mine did. The guys wore long swim trunks. With more guys in the water the frolicking got a bit rough. I had just been dunked by Ed and while I was trying to catch my breath, Marc grabbed me and pulled my up and out of the water. Ed was behind me and my bra strap in back got caught on the front of his trunks and voila, I was topless. I screamed and covered myself with my hands and ducked under the water. The Germans thought it was very funny that I was covering up especially since the girls were standing around with their tits exposed. Marta told me to loosen up and enjoy the freedom of European customs. The others joined in and I finally decided to give it a try. I stood up with my hands still over my tits and slowly dropped my hands to my sides. Everyone applauded and I felt a familiar tingling between my legs.

The guys didn't waste time grabbing my tits, accidentally, of course. Even Ed got a few handfuls before I got out of the water and warmed up in the sun. I left my top off. It was exhilarating. I snuck over to Rudolph and asked if he'd take some pictures with my new camera and he happily agreed. I posed topless with almost everyone there and even with Marc and Celie while they were naked. There was one picture of me sitting on Ed's lap. My bare ass cheeks were right on his cock and my arm was around his neck pulling his face to my tit.

Tom was in shock when he got the pictures in his email. He said he didn't think I'd do it, but was ecstatic that I did. I told him who the people were. He only knew Ed and I thought I detected a bit of jealousy, but Tom denied it. He said he was going to show the pictures around his office and was even more surprised when I said if I knew he was going to do that, I would have removed the thong.

On Sunday, Dottie and I went to the hotel pool and I got her to take off her bathing suit top. She didn't flinch when Ed and Phil joined us and let me take pictures of her and the guys. Ed asked if I was going to join the Germans and get naked on Monday at lunch. I answered that I was thinking about it

but hadn’t decided. Then I said that I would if he did. We all laughed when he blushed.
Dottie and I spent the afternoon sunning and getting horny at having all the guys at the pool ogle us. Ed eagerly agreed to put lotion on my back and I didn’t react when he spread it over my ass. I stopped him when he got too close to my pussy and finished the job myself. I was really getting into the exhibition thing. The guys bought us hot dogs and cokes and I placed my legs on each side of the lounge chair and exposed the thin thong barely covering my pussy. I put the plate right in front of me and saw the guys staring and I assumed trying to see the outline of my pussy lips. I was really getting into this exhibition thing. We took some pictures and Dottie asked me to email those of her to Alex.
I sent the next set of pictures to Tom and a copy to Alex. Tom was thrilled when I told him that I was seriously thinking of getting naked at lunch the next day. Again, he pleaded with me to take pictures. Well, I didn’t do it on Monday because we had to work through lunch and Rudolph had a tray brought in. However, on Tuesday I waited until the Germans stripped before I took off my top. I was wearing a short denim skirt and my legs were curled under me but I was showing a lot of thigh. I asked Ed if he was ready to get some all-over sun and he turned red and said something unintelligible causing a round of giggles. I got on my knees and said, “chicken” then pulled off my skirt followed by my panties. There I was, stretched out naked as the day I was born with people I knew looking at my sex from a few feet away. I mean, ‘looking at my sex’ because my blond pubic hair didn’t cover a thing. My entire slit was completely on display.
I tossed my camera to Ed and told him to make himself useful. I was lying next to Marc who was starting to get hard when Ed began snapping away. Dottie took off her top and lay beside me. I hammed it up a bit by spreading my legs so the pictures would show everything exposed. Ed was having a ball as was Phil and some guys who just happened to be passing by. They stopped to get an eyeful of the naked ladies. As I mentioned, Helga and Suzie both looked like they’d never trimmed their dark pubic hair and that provided a modicum of modesty whereas my slit was completely exposed. As a special gift for Tom, I had a picture taken of me standing in front of four fully clothed guys. One of the guys got carried away and picked me up like a bride being carried over a threshold. Ed caught the action on the camera and when I downloaded it to my laptop I saw the guy had one hand on my tit. It all happened so fast that I didn’t feel it at the time. Needless to say, Tom loved it. He said he used the picture to cum three times before I called him. Tom said he showed the pictures to the guys in his office and a few of our neighbors and they were begging him to send them copies. He asked me if it was OK to post some of the pictures on a Web site and I said it was as long as my face was distorted. I didn’t want either of our families to see me like that. Neither of our parents would be too happy although Tom’s dad might not object too loudly.
We didn’t go to the park every day but when we did I got naked. After a while, Dottie loosened up and shed her skirt and panties. It wasn’t long before Ed and Phil were enjoying an all-over tan.
We were working late on evening and the air-conditioning went out. The windows didn’t open and it got very stuffy. It wasn’t long before we were all working naked. The cleaning crew didn’t know what to make of it, but they certainly didn’t object. At one point we were in a conference room with papers spread out on the table. I was kneeling on a chair and leaning over the table with my ass in the air

and wasn’t thinking about what I was showing. Ed and Helga who were on the other side of the table were looking at me and smiling. Ed motioned behind me with his eyes. I turned to see one of the cleaning crew dusting a credenza but staring at my asshole and pussy. I ignored him and continued as I was.

I was somewhat surprised that the guys weren’t sporting erections all the time. They did get hard every so often and it was usually as a result of us girls teasing them. The night we worked naked, we were all in the lunchroom taking a break when Dottie and I began discussing cock sizes. We were talking to each other but making sure everyone heard us. I wondered out loud which of the three guys had the longer and thicker cock. We ended up measuring the guys with a cloth tape. Ed was eight inches long and three and a quarter inches around. Marc was seven and a half long and also three inches around. Phil was six and a half long and two and a half around. There was definitely a sexual tension in the air because Dottie measured Phi, Suzie measured Marc and I measured Ed. It felt like Ed was going to shoot his load when I touched him. I know my hands were shaking, but I don’t think it was obvious.

This went on the rest of the time we were in Germany. On weekends, Phil, ED Dottie and I went sightseeing and usually ended up at the hotel pool on Sunday afternoon. Dottie and I were over our inhibitions and didn’t wear our bathing suits and didn’t cover up when we walked around the pool area. The bar in the hotel lounge had a counter with stools on the patio next to the pool. Dottie and I would sit on the stools and flirt with the bartender and anyone else who came around. Of course this led to some propositions that we turned down. I enjoyed the fact that my body could aroused the guys especially when they were fully clothed and right next to me. A few times I got caught up in the excitement and let some guys touch my tits. I just let them see how hard my nipples were.

Tom expressed some concern that I might be going too far because it seemed every time we talked, there was more for me to tell him. First I bared my tits, then my pussy. I touched Ed’s cock and let some guys poke my nipples. I assured him that I wouldn’t have sex with anyone but him.

Tom asked how Ed was handling all the nudity and I told him Ed was being a gentleman, but that he probably beat his meat at least every night. I figured Ed was as horny as I was and I got myself off twice, sometimes three times a day. I joked that maybe I’d offer Ed a hand job and I wasn’t totally shocked when Tom said If I did, I’d better tell him all about it.

That got me thinking about it, but before I approached Ed, I found out he sent some pictures of me to our office and I was pissed that he did it behind my back. He’d borrowed my camera and said he had his own disk. I should have removed my disk, but didn’t think of it. One of my girlfriends at my office sent me one of the pictures and asked if it was really me. It was a full frontal and it was definitely me. Her email said that there were about fifteen pictures making the rounds not only in our office but also throughout the rest of the company. At first I was mortified, then as I thought about it and discussed it with Dottie and Tom, I realized that I was turned on that these people were seeing my naked body. Tom pointed out that there was no difference between my office seeing me and his office and our neighbors seeing me and I didn’t seem to be concerned with the latter two groups. I emailed back to my friend that it was me and asked what people were saying. She replied that everyone was

surprised that I was so uninhibited and they thought I was really sexy. She said even my boss enjoyed the pictures.

The project was ending and we were putting the final touches on our report. Dottie and Phil had left on Tuesday and Ed and I were flying out on Thursday. We had checked out of our rooms and were preparing to leave for the airport when a call came in from the Project Manager telling us we had to revise some of our figures. We had to scramble to change out plane reservations and when we contacted the hotel they said there was only one room left. They tried to find us other accommodations, but without success. Seems there was a festival that week and all rooms were booked.

The one available room had two double beds so we agreed to share it. I told Ed there better not be any funny stuff and he agreed, but blushed making me think he was considering other possibilities.

We checked in late and were both noticeably nervous. I had thrown things in my suitcases and couldn't find anything to sleep in. I barely found clean underclothes. Everything was wrinkled and I'd have to wear the same outer clothes to go home in. Ed had the same problem.

I went in the bathroom first and decided to have a little fun with Ed. I showered and came out wrapped in a towel and told Ed it was his turn. He came out wearing boxers and I was still in my towel watching TV. I was sitting in a chair with my feet on the edge of one of the beds. The towel was open down my side and I was naked from just above my hip. Ed smiled and asked if I was comfortable. I looked down and said I was and that he shouldn't mind since he'd seen a lot more than I was showing now. Ed agreed and asked why I was wearing the towel, if I felt that way. I shrugged and took off the towel. His boxers tented immediately.

I said he'd seen me naked almost every day for several months and I'd only seen his cock twice in all that time. He thought for a moment and slipped off the boxers. Ed sat on the bed next to me and made small talk.

It was strange, two naked people in a bedroom, both sexually excited, and both waiting for the other to make a move. I finally admitted that I was horny as hell and would appreciate it if he got me off and I'd reciprocate. Ed looked shocked, but quickly recovered and pulled me next to him on the bed. We kissed and explored each other and he began rubbing my clit. I stopped him and got into the 69 position and we went down on each other. We both came within minutes and I swallowed him. He recovered quickly and we went at it again. We both came again but it took a while longer.

There wasn't much conversation and we dozed off. It was still dark when I was awakened to feel Ed's tongue in me. I came again and he asked if he could just stick it in me. I wanted him to but I said no. We fell asleep again and woke up in each other's arms. Since our plane didn't leave until late afternoon and we didn't have to go to the office we started touching and ended up eating each other again.

We showered together and Ed seemed to be perpetually hard. I blew him in the shower. I asked if he would shave me and he readily agreed. He took his time and licked me to another orgasm. We stayed naked until it was time to get ready to go to the airport. We were lying in each other's arms on the bed and Ed asked again if he could enter me. I didn't answer right away and he took that to mean

I was considering it. I was. We were on our backs and he placed my left leg over his hip as he rolled on his side. His cock was just inches from my vagina and I could feel him coming closer. I sucked in my breath when his head touched my opening. He stopped and waited for some sign from me. Not getting one, he pushed closer and the head entered me. Still, I didn’t react and he pushed more. I felt his head slip all the way in and I gasped. Ed stopped and I could feel him twitching. He went in another inch, then another, then another until he hit bottom. I couldn’t stand it. I threw my leg over him and pulled him on top of me screaming for him to fuck me. Ed had just cum several times and was not ready to do it again, at least for a while. He pounded me with a fury and I had my legs wrapped around his back, pulling him into me. I lost count of my orgasms and finally Ed came. Hardly anything came out but the sensation was still there. His cock was red and sore but he didn’t mind a bit.
On the plane we talked about our experience and agreed that it couldn’t happen again. Then we looked at each other and left our seats to join the mile-high club. Tom thought the excess moisture was because I was horny.