**At the Pool**

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As summer got into full swing, the long Texas days became unbearably hot, and the nights weren't much different. With the unusually high levels of humidity in the air, 105 could easily feel like 115, and with overnight lows barely getting below 85, it seemed like there was no escaping the heat.  
  
I was in the middle of an afternoon nap on my couch when my phone rang, it was my friend Claire, which was out of the ordinary for her as she usually preferred texting over talking, except in person, in person it seemed like all she did was talk. We had gone to high school together, but didn't become friends until years later after we'd both wound up moving back near our hometown. After many sleepless night filled with coffee and conversation, we became quite close, and eventually she moved in to the extra bedroom I had in my house at the time. Claire had always been a bit strange compared to most people, but she owned it, and never acted like she gave a damn what other people thought of her. I had always admired that about her, and that's part of what made us such great friends, even after she moved out.  
  
"Hey, Jason" she said when I answered the phone with a sleepy grumble. "What are you up to today?"  
  
"Well, I was napping but whatever," I said, sarcasm dripping off my words as they were spoken. "What's up?"  
  
"It's freaking hot outside today," she stated, as if it was something only she was capable of noticing. She did this a lot it seemed, and often I mused that she just liked to hear herself talk, in fact I sometimes referred to her as she who speaks much, and says little.  
  
"Really!?" I said, sounding surprised. "I hadn't noticed, I guess I should probably put my coat back in the closet then."   
  
"Yeah, that's probably a good idea," she said with a laugh. "Anyway, Amy invited a few of us over to swim and cool off in her pool, I thought I'd see if you wanted to tag along with me."  
  
Although I was enjoying my nap, a dip in a pool sounded like a better idea, and seeing Claire and Amy in their bikinis made the thought even better. "Sure, you mind picking me up on the way?"   
  
"I was already planning on it," she stated. "I'll be there in ten."  
  
"Okay, cool." I said as I got up from the couch and walked back to my room to change and grab a towel. "See you then." I put on my swim trunks and threw a t-shirt on, taking a towel from the bathroom on my way back to the couch.  
  
Ten minutes later, I heard Claire's truck pull into the driveway. She shut the engine off and walked up to the front door, letting herself in like she normally did. "Hey, I figured I'd get changed here but I forgot to bring a towel, you mind if I borrow one?"  
  
"Nah, go for it," I offered. "You want some coffee before we head out?"  
  
"That sounds great," she said with enthusiasm. It never mattered what time of the day or night it was, Claire loved coffee, and always accepted a cup of it. "I'm going to change real quick," she noted as she walked back to the bathroom.   
  
I got back up from the couch and walked to the kitchen to get the coffee started. "Hey," she called from the bathroom, "I might crash here tonight if that's cool. The AC in my house has been having a hard time keeping up with this heat, and I need at least one night of relief from it."  
  
"Of course," I yelled back to her, "you know you're always welcome here." I knew damn good and well that the air conditioning in her parents house was phenomenal, but she hated staying there so far out of town. I'd moved to a smaller place after she moved out, and only had the one room so although she was welcome to, moving back in with me wasn't really a good option for her.  
  
"Awesome! Thanks," she said as she walked into the kitchen. I turned to face her after turning the coffee maker on and admired her slim figure in her swimsuit. She was a few inches shorter than I was, but still seemed quite tall with her long, toned legs. Her breasts were small, though you'd never guess with the way she usually dressed. She wore a push-up bra most of the time, and when she'd walk around without one, the difference was striking. Not that I minded of course, I never liked girls with large breasts, and it didn't matter anyway because we were purely platonic. I did quite enjoy looking at her though, especially when we'd lived together and she'd be dressed much more casually. Seeing her walk out of her room in the mornings in just a tank top and short shorts was always the secret highlight of my mornings.  
  
Over the years she'd gained some weight and lost the six pack she had going for a while after college, but it wasn't anything extreme, and I still found her to be incredibly attractive. She decided to wear a yellow bikini top that didn't do much to hide her nipples, and the small black bottom she was wearing made her slender waist stand out with the contrast.  
  
We looked each other over for a moment, when she commented "Wow, it's really weird seeing you in shorts, dude." I usually wore jeans everywhere, even in the summertime, but obviously couldn't wear them to swim in.  
  
"With this heat, you might have to just get used to it," I joked, though it was nice to have the extra airflow on my legs.  
  
Claire laughed and smiled at me, "I suppose I could do that," she said, eyeing me up and down again. That kind of caught me off guard at that moment, as she rarely checked me out so openly. I knew she would from time to time when we lived together, especially when I'd walk out of my room in the morning just wearing a pair of boxer briefs, but she wasn't ever so obvious about it.  
  
With that, she turned to walk into the living room and sat down on the couch to wait for the coffee, I stayed behind and grabbed a couple of coffee cups from the cabinet, then poured it up for us.   
  
We sat and chatted a little while we sipped our drinks, it didn't really matter that it was so blazing hot outside, we both agreed that it was always a good time for coffee. After we finished and took our cups back to the sink, we got in her truck and started driving to Amy's house.  
  
Amy lived in a small house in town, with a nice big backyard complete with in-ground pool, and a hot tub by the back door. The yard faced an empty field behind the house, but was surrounded by thick, towering hedges all the way around, giving total privacy from anyone outside the yard.   
  
When we got to her house, Amy answered the door in her bikini with a cold beer in her hand. She was shorter than Claire, but with much larger breasts that strained against her top, she was also wider in the hips, but still fit and certainly still attractive. She smiled when she saw that Claire had brought me along.  
  
"Hey Jason!" She smiled as she gave me a hug, "I'm so glad you came! I haven't seen you in forever." Amy and I only ever got together because of Claire, and truth be told, I never really liked her that much. She always struck me as having the personality of a cardboard box, and when she'd talk about anything, it always made me kind of tired. She had this high energy way of speaking, and couldn't hold a single topic of conversation for very long at a time, so trying to follow anything she said required, what I thought to be, way too much effort.   
  
"Yeah, I figured it'd be nice to have a guy around today," Claire offered, smirking as she looked at me from the corner of her eye. Amy smiled, but in a different kind of way. Looking back on it, I should have suspected they were plotting something.  
  
We walked in her house and she offered us a beer, which we both gladly accepted. Her other friend, Stacy walked out from the bathroom and joined us in the living room. I'd met Stacy before, but only once and in passing. She was short and small, with blonde hair, and freckles on her cheeks that I found to be quite adorable. In her small black bikini top and matching bottoms, she looked really cute, and the smile she gave really lit up the room I thought.   
  
"Jason, you remember Stacy, right?" Amy asked, as she handed Claire and I our beers.  
  
"Yeah, we met once, over at Steve's party wasn't it?" I replied.  
  
"I think so," Stacy said. "It's good to see you again, Jason."  
  
"Same here," I said as I smiled at her and nodded. "So, are we going to swim, or just sit inside wearing our bathing suits and drinking beer?"  
  
Claire laughed and agreed, saying "Yeah, lets get in the pool already!"  
  
With that, Amy led us all out to the backyard, setting our beers down on the patio table, then taking a running jump into the pool. The rest of us followed after I took my shirt off, and soon we were all splashing around and having a good time.  
  
I dove underwater a few times and swam a few laps in the water while the girls watched. I then swam to the middle of the pool and dove down to touch the bottom before reemerging. After wiping the water from my face, I saw Stacy and Amy looking behind me and giggling to themselves. Before I could even register the fact that I couldn't see Claire, it was too late.  
  
She had gone underwater and snuck up behind me. All of a sudden, I felt her grab the legs of my shorts and pull, almost pulling me underwater before the fabric let go and, oh no, she'd pulled my shorts down to my knees and was trying to completely remove them. I was able to fight it for a few moments, struggling to tread water, but eventually Claire had won.  
  
She sprang up from the water, holding my shorts high up in the air like a trophy to excited laughter from the other two. Amy put her hand up in the air and called to Claire, "Over here!"  
  
Claire tossed my shorts over to her, and she balled them up, holding them in the air.  
  
"Not cool, y'all!" I protested, still treading water but far enough away from everyone that they couldn't get a good look at anything. I wanted to stay back from them, but I had to get my shorts back. I started to swim towards Amy, feeling the air hit my now exposed backside. As soon as I got close to her though, she passed my stolen covering over to Stacy, who then threw them back to Claire.  
  
"Not for you," Amy teased, "but it kinda is for us!" They all giggled and laughed at the position I'd found myself in. Naked, in the pool with three attractive women. I should have probably enjoyed it more at the time, but I was way too embarrassed by being suddenly so exposed. The water did help obscure the view, but even with that, anyone looking could tell I was nude.  
  
They took turns throwing my suit back and forth a few times, and as they'd pass it over me, I'd try to jump up and grab it, with no success. "Should we give them back now?" Stacy asked, clearly somewhat sympathetic to my predicament.  
  
"Hell no!" Laughed Amy, "In fact, I think he should stay that way!" And with that she turned and threw my shorts over the hedge into the field behind the house. I was mortified, and I could feel my face turning red as the situation started to sink in. Here I was, naked in the pool with three girls, and now my only hope for cover was gone.  
  
"Oh my God!" Exclaimed Stacy, "I can't believe you just did that, Amy."  
  
Amy just laughed, swimming backwards towards the shallow end of the pool, keeping an eye on me as she went. She sat on one side of the step, her top sitting up out of the water. Claire soon followed and sat next to her, leaving me in the middle, and Stacy off to one side. I looked over at Stacy, a pleading look in my eyes, silently begging her for help.  
  
She saw this, and climbed out of the water, hopefully going to retrieve my lost swimwear. She had other ideas in mind however, and walked over behind Claire and Amy who were still sitting in the water, watching me, no doubt plotting how they would get me out of the pool.  
  
They didn't notice Stacy behind them though, so they were quite surprised when she pulled the strings on both of their tops at the same time. Amy was able to catch hers before it was pulled free, but Claire wasn't so lucky, and certainly didn't have the advantage of the extra resistance provided by Amy's large breasts. Now, I was still naked, but at least Claire was in a bad spot, too. She sat there in shock, her hands covering both of her small tits as she turned to get up to chase Stacy. She couldn't make a grab for her top without exposing at least one of her boobs though, and quickly gave up, standing by the pool with a defeated look on her face.   
  
Amy, after retying her top, got out and suddenly pulled Claire's bottoms down to her ankles. Claire shrieked and sat down in a wet, naked ball on the ground. Amy pushed her over, giving me a nice view of her ass and a little more, as Amy pulled the rest of Claire's bikini from around her feet. Now Claire was totally naked, and didn't have to luxury of the water for cover like I did. I felt a little better about it, but still was mortified by my own situation.  
  
Claire stood up, facing away from me as she covered her breasts with one arm, and covering her lower parts with her other hand. She then turned around and jumped back in the pool with me.  
  
Amy and Stacy looked at each other, then at the same time both threw Claire's bikini over the hedge to join my shorts. Amy then turned and began to chase Stacy around the pool, trying to grab for her clothes as well. Stacy evaded her, and jumped in the water with Amy close behind.  
  
They swam around until Amy finally caught her. They struggled with each other until Claire, apparently having either forgotten her nudity, or given up on it, joined the struggle and soon Stacy was naked, too.  
  
Now, all attention turned to Amy, who was the only one still covered. The two naked girls began their swim towards her, flanking her on both sides. She swam towards me, but didn't get past before I reached out and grabbed her. I turned her around and held both of her arms, forcing her to kick her feet up to try and get away. She was essentially now floating on her back and Claire and Stacy took the opportunity to their advantage.   
  
I could see Claire's tits clearly as she grabbed for Amy's bottoms, as well as Stacy's. I was surprised to see that Stacy was quite flat-chested compared to Claire, and now neither one seemed at all bothered by me seeing them. They made their attack on Amy's suit, and within a few seconds of struggling, both pieces were now off of Amy's body. Her large, round tits bobbed up above the water, and because I still had her arms, her whole torso was exposed to the warm summer air.  
  
She had a small patch of pubic hair that was neatly trimmed, and no tan lines from where her bikini once was. I guessed that she often took advantage of her backyard and sunbathed naked by the pool. Once Claire and Stacy were out of the water again, I let Amy go and watched the two small, naked bodies run over and throw Amy's bikini to join the rest of the now useless swimwear.   
  
Amy was scrambling to get out of the water to stop them, but just wasn't quick enough. She leaped out of the water, but stopped a step away from the edge when she saw her bikini disappear behind the hedges. She turned around and faced me, hands by her side, saying "Well, I guess this is fair."  
  
Claire and Stacy started walking back towards the pool, both trying to cover themselves until they saw Amy. The three of them stood by the edge of the pool, totally naked and exposed, and looked down at me with anticipation. It was my turn to get out and put myself on full display.  
  
While Amy had a little strip of hair covering her lower half, the other two were both completely shaven. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, three attractive women, standing there totally naked, watching me, waiting for me to get out of the water.  
  
"C'mon Jason!" They all shouted. "Let's see what you got!" I knew I'd have to get out eventually, so I figured I'd go ahead and get it over with. I started to move towards the steps where the girls stood, but before I got to the edge, I instinctively covered myself with my left hand and walked up the steps, out of the pool.   
  
I started to walk towards my towel on the patio table, but was stopped when Claire grabbed my arm. "Nope, you gotta show us now," she said with a teasing tone in her voice. Before I could respond, Amy grabbed my other arm, and pulled my hand away from my privates. Stacy was standing right in front of me and got the full view.  
  
They all giggled and laughed when they saw my dick there, hanging between my legs. Stacy looked impressed at the size of it, and I couldn't tell what the other two thought because they were still beside me, holding my arms. They soon let go, and joined Stacy to drink in the view.  
  
Amy was the first to say anything. "Nice," she said as she looked me over a few times. "Well, I guess we ought to get some sun now that we've all seen everything."  
  
The other two seemed to agree, and the three of them laid down on the lounge chairs on the other end of the pool. "Jason," Stacy said,"why don't you go inside and get us some beers."  
  
"Yeah," Claire added, "that sounds good." I walked into the house and grabbed a beer for each of us, and when I returned outside, they'd rearranged the lounge chairs so that the three they were on were close together, and the other one was sat facing them. I handed the three girls their drinks, and took my place on the chair in front of them.  
  
Now we were all on full display, I watched while sipping my beer, as Stacy who was in the middle, slowly brought her feet towards her and spread her legs. Now I could see everything, and her tight, little pussy was glistening as the rest of the pool water rolled down her features. As soon as they saw what she was doing, the other two followed and positioned themselves the same way.  
  
They all three started intently at my crotch as they watched my cock slowly rise to a full erection. "Holy shit, dude!" Claire exclaimed. "If I'd known you were that well hung, I'd have fucked you years ago," she laughed.   
  
"I know, right!?" Amy added. Stacy just licked her lips in response, clearly enjoying what she was seeing.  
  
"Speaking of which" I said, "how are we going to get home now? All of our clothes are on the other side of the hedges."  
  
"I guess we'll just have to wear our towels, won't we?" Claire said, raising an eyebrow at the thought of it. She got up and wrapped her towel around her, then turned back to me. "You ready to go?"  
  
"Yeah," I said, getting up and grabbing my own towel, "Amy, thanks for the swim, and Stacy, it was great seeing you again."  
  
"We'll have to do this again soon," Amy said, smiling at me.  
  
"Yes we do," Stacy concurred with a wink.  
  
With that, Claire and I made the drive back to my house, wearing only our towels, dropping them as soon as we got in the door. Needless to say, she didn't stay on the couch that night.