**Back Yard Photos**

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It was our first house. We were the 3rd. to buy on the street. The neighbor's house went in the following summer, we weren't particularly overjoyed that it was so close to our property line and set about 4 feet higher than ours. When they moved in, we found them to be a very friendly family of 5, wife in her late 30's, husband about 15 years older, three boys - two were 19 and the youngest 18 years old. The older was by her 1st. husband and the middle was his by his first wife, the third was theirs. Kind of a yours, mine and ours situation. The youngest was a senior in high school.

The year they moved in, we had a pool put in and a 6 ft. cedar stockade fence around the complete back yard. If you were standing away from the fence, it blocked the view, but if you stood next to it, you could see between the pickets.

From the start, we swam mostly in the nude, at night, but during the day my Linda would slip into the smallest bikini she could find just in case there was someone looking.

Over the next couple of months, Linda just seemed to get more casual about her nudity and would walk from the wood deck by the house to the pool, sometimes topless, sometimes naked. If we knew the boys were in their back yard, most of the time she would be careful to cover up.

When one of the boys took photography in high school, eventually all three would do so, he came to me to get information about camera settings and about shooting in available light conditions. I even took them to my company's photo lab to help them develop some of their b/w film. Their stuff was typical teenage boy material, friends hamming it up for the camera, a few cute teen girls, and sports, unfortunately nothing exciting.

I had never shown any of them nor their father any of the nudes I had shot of Linda.

I was doing some early morning yard work one day when I spotted one of those black plastic 35mm film containers laying on in the grass between our two houses. I thought it odd to be there, but thought maybe the boys had been fooling around throwing it at each other.

When I picked it up, there was film in it; okay maybe they dropped it accidentally. When I looked at it, I saw that the film was color and it had been exposed because the leader had been rewound into the cassette. Now my curiosity was really stoked, I couldn't think of any logical reason why a film container would be in that area. Being a long time voyeur, my mind went to the possibility that someone was taking pictures of our back yard without our knowledge. I asked Linda if she knew anything about it, she didn't.

Later that day when I was out and about doing other things I dropped the film at a place that I knew sent them out of town to be processed. I had sent mild nudes there before and had no problem with them. It would be three days before I would get them back.

Three days later, I picked up the prints; needless to say I had butterflies in my stomach as I carried the folder to my car.

Sitting in the parking lot, my hands shaking, I opened the photos and what I hoped wouldn't be, was.

There was picture after picture of my wife in our back yard, naked. Some appeared to have been shot through the spaces in the fence from various locations. Some seemed to be shot over the fence, while she was walking away from the photographer or putting a towel down to sunbathe on. Some were when she was on her back, spread open with her goodies in plain view. Most looked like they had used a telephoto lens because they were very close up. They weren't all taken on the same day, her hair was fixed differently and there were different towels around the pool area. This looked like something that had been thought out rather than just photos of opportunity. The ones that were the most incriminating were shot from a high angle that could have only come from the patio of the house next door.

There were 36 prints in all, all of my wife completely naked. There wasn't any part of her that they hadn't photographed; there wasn't any part that wasn't fully exposed.

I must admit that I was stunned I knew who the photographer(s) were, the three teen-age boys had invaded our privacy.

I was pissed off, and turned on. Pissed off because they had done something so invading to my wife, and turned on because I was holding the proof that they had over time not only looked at my wife's naked body but had made an effort to photograph her. I couldn't really blame them. Hell, I would have done the same thing if the opportunity had presented itself when I was their age. The longer I sat there looking at the photos of my wife, the harder I got. I had to admit they had some damned sexy photos of her.

I had a dilemma, I couldn't just ignore this, I wasn't sure who they may show these kind of photos to, or if they already had. What if they called friends over to their house and others brought their cameras. I was hoping that this hadn't already happened. I know if it had happened to me at their age, I would have had all my friends over to see her. This could get out of control really fast, that is if it hadn't already. The thought just occurred to me, what if this wasn't their first time, how many times had they taken photos of my wife naked? I had to do something soon and somehow keep the friendship of our neighbors. Shit, I couldn't go to their parents and complain, neither of them had seen her naked and they might just turn it around and say Linda was exposing herself on purpose.

Whatever I was going to do I needed to do it soon.

Driving home, I decided I needed to go directly to the source of the problem and firmly but diplomatically convince them it wouldn't be to their best interest to continue their new photo hobby.

When I got home, one of the boys' car was in their driveway. Their parents were still at work, so I figured this was the best time to do it.

I took the pictures and knocked on the door. The 18 year old answered the door and I asked to come in and talk to them for a few minutes. They looked puzzled until I asked how their photography hobby was shaping up. Their faces lost all the color they had and I thought one was going to faint and another was going to puke, the third had the start of tears in his eyes. If I hadn't been so pissed off, I would have laughed my ass off.

I took the photos out of the envelope and tossed them on the table between us and told them to take a look at their handiwork. They slowly picked them up and thumbed through all the photos. I figured they had already seen her in the flesh so looking at nude photos that they had taken wouldn't amount to my exposing her further.

They all looked like they were going to cry and started to stammer an explanation and an apology at the same time. I let them sweat for a few minutes then told them the facts of life. In no uncertain terms I told them that these little photo sessions were over, not so much that I objected them taking a look if the opportunity presented itself, I just didn't want them to document it on film. I told them that I was afraid that something like this could fall into the wrong hands and cause a lot of pain and embarrassment for some innocent parties. I told them that if I ever caught them at their little game again, I would make sure their assholes would be repositioned around their necks.I also told them that if I found out that they had been up to this foolishness again that I wouldn't hesitate to tell their parents. I knew it would be embarrassing to Linda and me, but nothing like what it would be for them. They made it clear that they had been thinking with their peckers not their brains and had learned the error of their ways and it would never happen again.

I just had to ask them one more question, did they have any more photos that I should know about. The way they hung their heads and didn't answer immediately told me they had more. I told them to give me every one they had and that they had better not hold any back. They brought me a bunch of black and white photos and the negatives. They said that they had developed and printed them in the school photo lab after school. They swore that no one else saw any of the prints (I wondered if that was the real truth). There were both 4 by 5 and 8 by 10 prints. They had made larger prints of the ones where my wife was totally naked and showing very clearly her pussy and breasts.

Before I left them, I told them that under the circumstances I knew that they would definitely have the opportunity to see her naked again. I didn't think we wanted to change our personal freedom because of them. I told them that I couldn't stop them from looking, I wasn't condoning it, but that is all I ever wanted them to do. Looking was one thing, but nothing more.

They swore that they wouldn't take any more photos. I had to take their word, but I wouldn't swear that they didn't.

Later when I told my wife the whole story, from finding the film can to talking with the boys, she at first nearly freaked out about the young men seeing her naked. When she saw the photos, she swore she was never going naked again. She said she could never face them again. It took a lot of talking and reassuring to convince her that this was a young man's fantasy, spying on a naked woman especially a beautiful naked woman and then taking photos of her. They probably thought they had died and gone to heaven.

Finally after I got her laughing about it, we went through the photos and she began to get turned on seeing that they had seen her up close and very personal. She asked me if I thought they had liked what they saw; I reassured her that they had most likely jacked off to the sight of her more than once. She said maybe she should tell them that they had to jack off in front of her just to see how embarrassing it is to be exposed. I reminded her that it was also a turn on to be exposed and she didn't need to encourage them any more.

After a few days of being extra careful about her attire in our back yard, Linda finally accepted the fact that from time to time she probably had an audience.