Carrie - Rollerblading with a Surprise

By Carrie

I’ve been pretty slow about posting anything of late but here a little story that I have to tell you about while it’s fresh in my mind.  Remember I told you I bought a set of Ben-wa balls - well, two actually.

Ok here’s what Bob and I did over the weekend.   We were suppose to go out to Long Island for the weekend but since it was going to be pretty cool we postponed it for a warmer weekend. With our original plans canceled we had nothing in particular to do on Saturday.  Bob came over and after fooling around for a bit,  I got board and wanted to do something. It turned out to be a pretty nice day, a little on the cool side but bright sun.  It seems I get in the most trouble when I have some unexpected free time on my hands.

Bob was still pretty frisky and still wanted to play around.  After a while he suggested we go rollerblading down at the beach. He had left his rollerblades over at my place from the last time we were out.  I told him it sounded pretty good but that it was still kind of  cool out and it’s usually cooler down at the water.  He’s telling me how the sun will keep us warm and then how he’ll keep me warm which led to some more playing around.

This is where he came up with his wild idea.  He starts whispering in my ear how hot I get when I wear my ben-wa balls under my outfit.   I start to get a little interested and we start making out again.

Eventually we got cleaned up and started to get ready.   I took a quick shower and when I came out he’s twirling my new crochet bikini bottom around his finger saying. “I want you to wear this.”

I dropped my towel on the floor and teased him saying he wouldn’t be able to keep his hands off me if I did.   Well we almost ended up back in bed but he maintained his self control and bet me dinner that he could.  The bet was really immaterial, but I loved teasing him and agreed, especially knowing what it usually led to after.  I thought nothing like a little teasing, a good workout and little artificial stimuli to make for a fun day.  Somehow I know neither of us would collect on that dinner tonight.

Bob road his new motor cycle over and wanted to take it to the beach. But since we had to bring our skates I ended up driving.  I wore a pair of shorts and a T shirt and carried my tiny bikini and skates with me to the car while Bob carried his backpack and skates.  Like so often happens I was caught between wanting to tease Bob a little more and being scared to actually wear that suit in public.

I had only just gotten it and had only worn it once to work on my tan.  The suit is really, really cute but Oh My God, there’s nothing to it. It’s white and loosely woven with this light yarn.  The ties were made of the same yarn and seem barely substantial enough to hold the suit together much less hold it in place.  It looks like if it started to fray the whole thing would just fall apart.  The weave is loose too.  It started out with a really loose weave with like ¼ inch holes and then gradually the weave got tighter as it gets nearer the important stuff like my nipples and pussy, but there are still openings in the weave and there is no lining behind it. I really wasn’t sure this met the legal requirements for being covered because you could see everything though it if you were close enough.

As we pulled in to park I was asking him if I could at least wear my shorts over my bottom. He said,  “No, of course not”, which kind of made me mad, especially the way he said it.

I grabbed the Ben-wa balls out if his hand and headed to the ladies room to put them in.  I was half way there when I realized I had forgotten my bikini. I said, “screw it”  figuring I would give him his initial tease by changing along side the car.

I found a stall and carefully got ready to slide them into their little home.   I decided on the larger ones for some reason which are hollow with another tiny ball inside.  These are a little more stimulating than the smaller solid ones but I thought since I’d be rollerbladding and not walking I’d be able to handle it.   I finished up and headed back to Bob.  I felt so full as I walked out of the ladies room and it probably showed in my walk.  It always feels so weird at first when I put them in.

As I got back to the car I looked around to see if anyone was around.  I had changed in parking lots before but I was a little extra nervous this time.  When I got close Bob, yelled, “What about the bikini?  Don’t tell me you’re chickening out.”

I gave him a fake sarcastic smile and said,  “What are you kidding. I just forgot to bring it in with me.”

He grabbed it from the back seat held it out for me.

Once I got it  away from him I tried to straightened it out and shook my head, saying,  “I don’t even know why I’m even bothering with this thing. I might as well just go buck naked.”

“Fine with me.” was his response.

Just as I stretched to pulled the T shirt up over my head, I felt the balls shift inside me and wobble around.  “Oh.” I stammered as I tossed the shirt at him sticking my bare boobs in his face.  He reached his hand forward as if to grab one and I thought I was going to win the bet before we even got started but he quickly realized his mistake and pulled his arm back.

I wanted to tease him some more but then saw a car drive into the parking lot and ducked down.  I saw the car pull into a space at the far end of the lot and got brave again.  I then moved back and unbuttoned my shorts and lowered the zipper as if doing a strip tease.  I slide them off and again threw them at Bob.   Standing completely naked between the cars, I gave him a seductive little wiggle and moved close to him. Just as I did another car pulled in.  I quickly grabbed my bikini bottom and started to pull it on.  I almost dropped my top just as the car drove past us.  When I got done arranging the suit I was still only a dozen or so square inches better covered than before.

My nipples were already hard which made it that much more difficult to position my top.  They immediately caught the holes and prevented the material from sliding. I had to literally lift the material away from my breasts and center it over my breasts. I was already turned on like crazy and we hadn’t even put my skates on.

We then both put on our skates and got ready to get going.  I had my skates on first and skated around to the other side and stood there on my skates right in front of Bob as he tied his skates.  With my skates on, my crotch was inches away from his face as he straightened up.  I knew he could see everything through the open weave as close as he was to me.  He hesitated and I moved even closer daring him to grab me. I was hoping he was as excited as I was and we could end this crazy bet right there.

Apparently he had better will power than I had thought because he just muttered something, saying it wasn’t going to be that easy.

I just sighed and rolled back to my side of the car to finish getting ready.

As Bob worked on his skates, I continued to fidget with my suit.  Both my nipples had worked there way through holes in the weave and the tips were visible.  My areolas were also visible through the suit and as well as around the inside edge of my top.  It looked like the slightest movement would cause them to pop free but with my nipples stuck in the weave the suit wasn’t going anywhere easily.

The bottom wasn’t much better.  The tiny bottom barely covered my mound and the way it sat low on my hip left a pretty good gap down my front.  I could see a couple of wisps of my bush from my vantage point and with the loose weave at the top of the suit, I’m sure others could as well.  The outline of my pussy could also be seen below that.  Actually I think it was more than just an outline with that weave.  The back, well what back.  It was a thong or more correctly a G-String as my friends called it, since there was nothing there but string.  I thought it really looked hot tanning since it really didn’t leave tan lines, but it may have been a bit much for rollerblading in.   The tiny woven string was well buried between my butt cheeks emerging as two tiny threads arching over the top of my cheeks. I was actually worried how well it would stay up while rollerblading since the tiny strings split so low and ran so low across my butt that they threatened to slip off.

Eventually Bob finished and we started on out way.  Bob had a little back pack with him but purposely left all my cloths back in the car.  As we skated off,  I immediately felt the balls wobbling around inside me.  It was unmistakable.  Every time I pushed off,  I felt the little balls inside bounce and send the rest in motion.  I had worn them several times before but  it felt different because they were kind of swishing around as opposed to moving up and down like when I walk.  If rollerblading in a tiny bikini wasn’t enough to get my juices going. Having those balls swishing around inside me was going to make for one exciting day.

It was a rather cool day probably barely 75 degrees with a wind so there weren’t that many people at the beach, but that’s actually the way I like it.  I love that feeling of a cool breeze blowing across my bare skin.  I was covered with goose bumps but didn’t feel cold at all.  It actually felt quite exhilarating.

It was pretty empty for a June day, but it wasn’t long before we came across a couple on bikes coming the other way.  It was a guy and his girlfriend I’d guess and they both gave me a double take.  I could just feel the guys eyes burning a whole in my naked butt as we passed.

The sun was out bright and I felt really great as we rollerbladed along even though it was a pretty cool day.  The breeze across my body was tickling me in places that I usually didn’t feel it which made me feel even more naked and got me that much more excited.

We had only skated a little ways before I remembered that we had not put any sun block on.  I thought to myself that this might be my chance to get Bob since he always got turned on spreading the sun block on me and in this suit I needed sun block absolutely everywhere. We had stopped at a place that was pretty hidden but only because the trail curved ahead of us. I could see that there was no one behind us but I couldn’t see around the bend to the right.  I thought that this was a great time to seduce Bob out of that dinner bet but was a little worried someone might come around the bend and surprise us at any moment.

I really did need to put some sun block on so I really didn’t have much choice in it, but how I went about it was a whole other story.  I did my face and arms and then asked Bob to do my back.  He started off pretty nonchalant about it until he reached my butt.  I could tell he was getting a little more into it and kind of played up to it.

“Oh that feels good.” I cooed as her rubbed away.

He worked his way down my legs and I continued to play up to him.  It actually felt really good and I was getting into it as well, forgetting we were standing in the middle of a bike path. He was really into it now also.  When he finished my legs I turned around and without saying a word he started doing my tummy. He then moved up my tummy and pushed the top of my suit up and stated massaging the lotion into my breast. My nipples which had been hard from the beginning all but sprang out of the top as Bob slid it up.  It felt so, so good as he made sure he didn’t miss anything.   He was rubbing my chest from neck to belly and our breathing picked up.

I was pretty wound up myself but managed to whisper, “I think you owe me dinner.”  in Bob’s ear.

“Shit,  You tricked me.”  He yelled back, instantly taking his hands away.

I regretted my timing as he stopped his rubbing but didn’t have a chance to think about it for long as a couple of bikers came around the bend.  I quickly turned my back to them and tucked my boobs back into my tiny top.  They acted cool as they passed but I’m sure they knew what was going on.   Regrettably, I had to finish applying the lotion myself and eventually we got going again.

Further down the trail we came across some people walking going in the same direction as we were.  I heard the woman gasp as we passed and heard some other comments from the guys. I just kept on skating and never looked back.  That seemed like the common response from people that didn’t see us coming.   Ones that were going the other way were worse.  They could see me coming and I could feel them checking me out as we got closer.

The breeze felt so nice caressing practically my entire body as we glided along and if that wasn’t enough the rhythmic motion of the Ben-wa balls were keeping me pretty wound up.  I was getting really turned on and I’m sure Bob could tell.

With the bet decided, we both seemed to have more fun.  It was much more enjoyable teasing Bob when you know you’ll get a pleasant reaction versus when you know he’s trying to resist you.  We stopped a couple more times and at one point I was so turned on I almost wanted to drag Bob off into the bushes and do it right there, but we settled on some kissing and caressing instead.

At one point he asked if I needed any more lotion.  I laughed and told him that he had done a pretty good job earlier but that he didn’t need an excuse to rub my boobs.  With that I pulled my top up and he did a most excellent job of massaging my breasts.   He paid special attention to my nipples which brought several heavy sighs from me. Then he said,  “ don’t think I got down here before”, as he rubbed my pussy though my tiny bikini bottom. I almost fell with the rush of emotion that caused.

He got out his lotion and proceeded to finish what he had started earlier. If I wasn’t already turned on enough, the possibility of someone coming around the bend, while we fooled around and catching us was almost enough to put me over the edge. He really had me going this time and he knew it.  He was doing a lot more down there than just spreading the lotion if you know what I mean, and I was feeling like I might have an orgasm right there, when I spotted two people coming down the trail towards us. I was so close that I didn’t want  to stop him, but we had to.   It was really hard to tell Bob to stop and I don’t think he wanted to either knowing how he had me, but we had to.  It was just too public to be messing around like that.  Once again I did the quick turn and adjustment as they approached.

As they got closer I could tell that they were two women in their thirties I would guess.  Bob and I were just standing their collecting ourselves with me standing in front of Bob hiding the obvious budge in his pants.    How ironic I thought.  There I am standing in front of him hiding his obvious hard on while I’m practically naked with just about everything visible. We gave them a shy hello as they approach and just our luck they decided to stop and chat.  Even in my clouded stated of mind, it didn’t take me long before I figured out why.  I don’t know why I was standing in front of Bob.  They didn’t seem to have any interest in him but made no attempt at hiding their interest in me.

Oh My God,  Talk about being obvious.  I had a horny guy behind me and two obvious lesbians in front of me.

“I like your suit.” The one said.

Wow, I wonder why, I thought to myself.

They told us their names and where they were from and asked us if we came there often and where we were from and all sorts of stuff.  The whole time they’re checking me out from head to toe.  I was still really excited and was trying to calm my breathing down but it wasn’t working. I knew I wasn’t hiding much of anything with my crochet bikini and with my vulva as swollen as it was I was afraid of just how much of my pussy they could see.  You see most of the concealment in a crochet bikini comes from the fine threads of the wool that fray away from the wool center.  The problem now was that my bikini, especially my bottom, was fairly damp from a combination of my perspiration and my wetness.  This caused the little frayed threads to all adhere to each other and make the weave that much finer and the holes that much larger.   That thought just made me that much more turned on and I was getting more excited instead of less.  I quickly suggested to Bob that we get going.  I actually just took off leaving Bob and headed back the way we came at a pretty good clip.

By then my heart felt like it was going to explode.  As I skated off though, it just focused more attention on the sensations the balls were creating between my legs. I skated off pretty fast and I had to stop for a breather as I felt a couple of twinges between my legs.

When we stopped, my breath was coming is gasps and I was ready to explode. I felt a couple more of those tell tail twitches of an approaching orgasm and I think Bob knew what was going on with me.  He held me tight as he reached behind me and untied my top.  I didn’t even realize he had done it.  He then reached in and gently rubbed my right nipple.  His first touch caused me to shudder and his second almost put me over the edge so I pulled back.  As I did I felt my top slide loose. I held it to my chest as I rolled off.

I had only gone a couple of yards when sensation between my legs became too much and I knew it was over.  There was another twitch and I then I gasped. As Bob caught up to me and held me again.  That was it.  I felt two more quick twitches as a warm feeling swept over my body....Oh my God, what a feeling.  I felt like my legs were cramping as my muscles stiffened. I was lucky Bob was there because I was feeling very light headed and actually seeing stars as Bob held me up.  He wrapped his arm around me and kept me from falling as my climax peaked.

When I came down I felt faint and my body was drenched in perspiration.  More like sweat to be honest. All I managed was “Wow, That was something”, as Bob gave me a big kiss. He continued holding me as my orgasm passed and I regained my senses a bit. I just collapse back onto the grass with my top just laying on my chest not even bothering to see if it was covering anything or not.  Instead of covering me, Bob simple played with my nipples as I laid there.

“That’s not helping.”  I told him as I tried to recover.

Luckily those women nor anyone else came along so Bob continued.  After a couple of minutes I felt much better and sat up and pulled my top over my breast leaving the straps hang at my sides.   He kissed me again and put his hand between my legs this time.

“How about we head home and take care of this where it’s a little more private.”  I suggested as I got up.

“Why,  It’s just getting interesting.” Was his answer.

Having recovered my senses enough and still being pretty turned on, I took a quick look up and down the trail.  I started to roll backwards away from Bob when I smiled at him and reached up and pulled the lone remaining strap to my bikini top over my head and said,  “Catch me if you can.” as I took off trailing my bikini top behind me.

I looked back and saw him jumping to his feet and come racing after me.  I had once before taken my T shirt off briefly when roller balding but this was a whole other experience.  Between the left over excitement, Bobs chasing after me, the ben- wa balls bouncing around in my sex and the fact that I was rollerblading along a couple square inches short of completely naked now,  I felt another orgasm coming on fast.  I didn’t think I could handle another one without falling so I slowed up and let Bob catch me.  Just as he caught me a guy on a bike came racing down the path.  He had on his racing suite and was intent on his training but almost went sailing off the trail into the bushes when he saw me.

I hugged Bob and tuned my bare back to him just as he passed.  It really wasn’t funny,  but Bob and I couldn’t help but laugh as we watched him almost go into the bushes.

I stopped laughing quickly as I saw a couple of other bikers approaching.  I was still so excited that I was almost tempted to say the hell with it and continue skating topless but thought the better of it.  I quickly pulled my top over my head and asked him to tie me.

He complained but reluctantly tied me in and we got going again.  I told him just save that thought for when we get home.

When we got back to the car I was still so wound up that I needed something to calm me down so after we took off our skates we walked down to the beach.  There were surprisingly few people there probably because it was pretty cold for a beach day and the forecast had been even worse.  I was getting a bunch of looks which was doing nothing to calm me down and the bouncing action wasn’t helping either, so I suggested we go for a dip. Bob didn’t want to have anything to do with that.    I raced ahead and ran into the water.  Oh My God was that water  cold.  I ran in and out so fast that I think I hardly got wet but did the shock ever cool my excitement.  It felt like taking a bath in ice water.  I ran up the beach and into Bobs arms.  He initially complained about me being wet but then held me tight to warm me up.  I was covered with goose bumps.

“Lets go home and I’ll warm you up right.” He whispered in my ear.

Well with a line like that who was I to disagree so we headed back to the car.  As I walked I noticed that the suit now hid nothing.  The areas that were kind of hidden by the little hairs before were all open and the larger openings by the edges were wide open.

I looked down and gasped.  Damn.  My areolas were as plain as day and down below you could see my bush and below that the darker out line of my pussy lips.  I saw that and took off running back to the car before someone reported me and I got arrested.  The effect of the Ben-wa balls did not go unnoticed.  The effect as I ran was twice as strong as when I was rollerblading. On top of that the tiny little ties on my bikini, top and bottom, since they were made out of the same wool material, provide hardly any elasticity and did little to hold the now heavy wet material in place.      The top stayed on pretty well despite my boobs bouncing every which way because my nipples were wedged in two of the holes in the weave. The bottom however threatened to slide off my ass cheeks as I ran.

When I reached the car I went to jump in but realized my keys were in Bob’s back pack.  I kind of cowarded between the cars until Bob caught up.  When he opened the doors I jumped in and grabbed my shorts and quickly wiggled into them.  I reached for my T shirt but Bob grabbed it first and tucked it in his back pack. Saying he liked me like that.  One of my favorite looks was shorts and a bikini top but this bikini, especially now that it was wet, was a little more revealing than most people would accept as decent, so I hesitated.  He wasn’t giving it back so I drove off like that.

When we got home Karen and Sue were nowhere to be found so Bob all but tore off my clothes as I opened door.  By then I had calmed down considerably but Bob apparently was ready for more.  He dragged me into the bedroom and was taking off his shorts and my bikini bottom when I told him,  “Aren’t you forgetting something.  I still have the ben-wa balls in.”

He had forgotten but wasted no time in fishing them out. That alone got me back in the mode again.

The End.