Some Fun While Painting the House

# By Carrie

Carrie1p@hotmail.com

**Reposting is permitted if you notify me by e-mail. No one is permitted to sell this story.**

I’ve been terrible busy lately having just bought a house with my fiancé Bob, Yes, I’m getting married. I doubt that it will mean that I’m going to turn over a new leaf and become a nun or anything but it will be a change that’s for sure. Bob isn’t quite as bad as Lisa is with dares and stuff but he know that I get really turned on doing these crazy stunts and he always loves the results. He once told me that it was the hottest form of foreplay and I agree. I always need relief after and he’s by far the best source and he knows it.

Anyway, We just bought a house back in May and we’ve been moving and unpacking and painting and buying all sorts of things. It was a lot of hard work but you know me, all work and now play. A girl has to have some play, right.

First let me quickly tell you a little about the house. It’s a small 3 bedroom L shaped ranch with a garage and basement, but by far the best part is that it has an in-ground pool. We need to plant some more bushes to make it a little more private but that hasn’t stopped me from working on my all over tan which is perfect right now. I stopped in the gym the other day and had some girls checking me out. One even commented on my tan and lack of tan lines.

I especially love the pool when I come home from work on a hot day. I often just strip off as soon as I get in the door and dive into the pool. Oh god does that feel good.

I do a couple of laps and the troubles of the day just float away. It’s actually more like turns. I’m getting good at my kick turns. It is however bringing out the nudist side of me. There have been a couple of nights where I haven’t put a thing on until I had to dress for work the next day. One night I decided to cook a nice meal for Bob when he got home. Well when he saw me he had other things in his mind than dinner. We did eventually get back to dinner but not before a little quicky.

Ok back to the story. Before we finished moving furniture we did some paining, lots of painting. We had some of Bob’s friend helping at first but last weekend it was just Bob and I painting the living room. We got everything ready and started painting. We left the windows open for ventilation which meant we couldn’t use the AC. Painting continued for about an hour when we decided to take a brake. Well the nice thing about having a pool is that when you get hot all you have to do is jump in a cool off.

Bob fixed us some drinks and some snacks while I changed into my bikini. Yes top and bottom for a change. It was one of my older Brazilian cut side tie bikinis, not a thong, with a simple triangle top. The back was probably no more than 5 inches wide and left must of my butt exposed. I tie it pretty tight so it would stay in place so I could actually swim a little without it slipping off. It was one of my favorite suits from years past but isn’t really in style anymore. I still love wearing it because it shows off me butt nicely.

I dove in and after making the mandatory adjustments swam over to where Bob was sitting with his feet hanging over the side. He handed me my drink and I sipped it while still standing in the pool. I then slid out and sat next to him while we munched on our snacks.

Well as often happens the snacks were forgotten and we started kissing and making out right there on the pool deck. It didn’t take Bob very long before he started untying my top. I really need to get some strap suits without the ties or maybe double knot them if I want to keep my bikini on for any amount of time. Things were getting pretty hot as my bottom got untied next. Eventually we deciding that the painting needed to get done and to get back to work, darn. I tied my bottom back together and slid it on and reached down for my top when Bob suggested I stay topless.

“No sense getting paint on any more clothes.” He reasoned.

I said. “I don’t exactly want to get covered with paint though.”

“I’ll clean you up later.” was his answer which came out in a real seductive voice.

“Promise.” I teased. We were both still a little worked up from our make out session so you know our minds weren’t exactly on painting.

“You’ll never be able to concentrate.” I told him as I arched my back and pushed my chest in his face in a provocative, teasing way.

I think I got his attention because as we stood there exchanging sexual innuendos, he reached out and began fondling my left breast with his hand.

“See, you already can’t keep your hands off me.” I told him which caused him to remove his hand momentarily.

“Are you sure?” I asked with and upturned eye brawl as I glanced down towards the bulge in his pants.

“Sure” he said defiantly, all the while fingering my nipple between his fingers.

“I bet you can’t.” I challenged back. Thinking that if I kept this up for another couple of minutes we’ll both end up in the bedroom.

“So what’s in it for me if I do.” He asked

“I don’t know, it looks like you come out pretty good either way.” I told him. “How about you buy that grill we were talking about and grill us some nice stakes if you get frisky with me before we finish painting.”

“Ok, then if I win, you wear those nipple clips and chain when we go out.” He told me.

I have this set of pierceless jewelry that he loves but I rarely wear because it drive me crazy. He likes them because he says it’s like foreplay. It get me turned on like you wouldn’t believe wearing them and he gets turned on knowing I have them on. The set consists of these nipple huggers which are little elastic hoop which wrap around the nipple to keep them erect and in the front of your mind. And if that isn’t enough, they have these little dangly things that hang from them and bounce around as you move, constantly aware of you nipples. There is also a little chain that hangs between them so any motion in one breast is felt by the other nipple. Now I have pieced nipples so I’ve worn it between my nipple rings but it isn’t near as distracting as it is with the nipple huggers. I have some other toys to but that’s another story.

Just the idea of wearing them got me a little excited and got me thinking that maybe I didn’t want to win. But I still wanted to tease Bob. Maybe I’ll wear them even if I do win, but I didn’t tell him that.

Ok, With that settled we headed back to the dinning room, Bob in his old shorts and T shirt and me in my tiny bikini bottom. It actually felt pretty cool with it being as hot as it was. Just jump in the pool when you get hot and easy cleanup. I did put on my old boat shoes and a little white painters cap which made for a really hot painting outfit.

Bob didn’t stand a chance.

I know guys can’t take their eye off a girl adjusting her bikini, hoping they might see something they’re not suppose to, so while Bob was looking I purpose did the old stretch the back out of my crack before I started painting. I also turned to face him and adjusted the tiny triangle up front, running my fingers along the edge of the material so he got a really good show. I don’t think he missed much.

I then opened the can of paint and poured it into my roller tray, purposely facing away from him so he got a good look at my ass. I glanced back and caught him looking. I picked up the roller and started painting the far wall. I must admit that it really felt cool not being encumbered by cloths as I worked and I must have been quite a site as I stretched to reach the high spots. I got into it but got a little carried away, getting some paint on the switch plate cover. I grabbed a rag and wiped if off and ended up getting a screw driver and taking it off.

One of the difficulty dressed as I was, was that I had no pockets or any place to put things. I then had an idea to really get Bob’s attentions. I tucked the rag under the strap to my bikini on the right side and slid the screw driver under the other side towards the front. I laughed to myself thinking how ironic, a screw driver, getting screwed. I know it was silly but it was still funny.

We had already masked the door frame but I decided it needed a little fixing up. I stretch to reach the top which was quite a site. Unfortunately it only gave Bob a profile shot. It was quite a shot none the less. Stretched as far as I could which really thrust my boobs out and stretched my tummy.

“It’s not going to work.” Bob said as he looked over.

“What’s not going to work?” I asked innocently.

After finishing that I got an even better idea. I finished that wall and told Bob I’d do the ceiling. I got the step ladder and loaded up my paint tray. I climbed up a couple of steps, making sure I was facing towards Bob, and stretched towards the ceiling. Oh my god if this didn’t getting him nothing would. The whole idea of what I was showing was actually getting me a little aroused. When I ran the roller across the ceiling I got sprayed with a little paint splatter from the roller. I looked down and I noticed lots of little tiny white dots all over my arms, shoulder and chest, like white freckles. I tried to wipe some off but it just left a smear of white on my tan skin. It was latex pain so it should simply wash off but I wanted to make sure so I climbed down and ran to the bathroom to see.

By the time I got the bathroom it had dried on my skin and it did come off with little effort so I wasn’t worried. While I was there though another devilish idea came to mind. I untied the one side on my bikini bottom and re did it looser. Usually I’m tying it tighter but this time I decided to loosen it up just a little bit to tease Bob even more.

I re-tucked my equipment into my makeshift tool belt which pulled my bottom down almost to the point where it wouldn’t stay up. I retied it once again just a little bit tighter so it didn’t fall off completely and headed back. I didn’t want to strip myself as I worked. I only wanted to tease Bob to the point that he couldn’t take it any longer.

Back in the dinning room I climbed the ladder and started painting again. Like before I got splattered with a little paint off the roller which took away from my arousal a bit but not after I felt my bottom slip a little as I reached for a far spot.

One thing that really gets me going is when my cloths are just barely covering me or at risk of showing something. I looked down as I stretched to see what was going on and wow. My makeshift tool belt was struggling. With the way my bottom fits across my hip bones it naturally leave a little gap down my front and with the screwdriver and paint scrapper tucked in it pulled it even further away from my tummy. I’m completely shaved and it was a good thing. My bottom had not only slipped but it was gaping open in the front so could see all the way down to my pussy which was only an inch or two below the top of my suit. Bob didn’t have the right angle for that view but I’m sure he could see a lot especially as I stretched.

I resisted reaching down and tugging it back up since I had some paint on my hands now. I wasn’t worried about getting paint on my bikini, figuring this was going to be my work bikini for those days working around the house. I just wanted to see how long Bob could resist. The back had slid down far enough to show the top of my crack to but that wasn’t near as bad as the front. There was a lot more cloth back there.

I refilled my roller and continued. It continued to slip threatening to expose the rest of me right them and there. I let out a little squeal as if surprised which was more intended to attack Bobs attention that express my surprise. It certainly worked because he stopped what he was doing and stared.

“Be a dear and give me a hand, I don’t want to mess up the paint.”

“Not a chance sexy. I’m not falling for that trick. He answered.

My ploy didn’t work so I had climbed down the ladder and fix my bottom else it would be around my ankles in a second. I took the screw driver and scrapper out of my bottom figuring it didn’t need and help slipping down.

I did notice a tent in his pants so I was definitely having and effect. My little charade was also having and effect on me as my nipples stood erect. They looked really cute with their little pink tops dotted with white paint.

I ran my hand over my chest and down my front as I complained that I was getting covered with paint. I thought I had him as he tried to look away but couldn’t. I was expecting him to come over but he didn’t. Damn, this was going to be tougher than I thought. What did I have to do pour paint over my boobs and ask him clean them off?

I move the ladder closer to where he was working and climb up again. I was now only a couple of feet away and my bottom was only a couple of feet from his eyes. This time even without my tools tucked in my bottom I was sure he got a great view. It was so sexy teasing him like this that and I was getting excited with anticipation. I was almost ready to tell him the hell with the bet and just jump him but I couldn’t let on so I tried to act cool.

Again my bottom slipped and I was really starting to get wet. I was certain that he could tell by the musk in the air. I was beginning to think that he was playing me. He knows me and he had to know I was teasing him by my actions but he was hanging tough. What did I have to do let my bottom slip to the floor?

I refilled my roller for the third time with out adjusting my bottom and this time I really thought it might fall. I didn’t stretch quite as far this time which helped keep it from falling. This really got me going. I finished, put my roller down and climb down holding my bikini bottom from falling as I did.

That’s when it happened. I turned my back as I step to the ground and Bob grabbed me around the waist and spun me around I jumped from the surprise as he pushed me up against the wall and all but tore my bikini bottom off me. He pushed me back and started kissing me as he held me there. Somewhere along the way he unzipped his shorts and pulled his rock hard penis out and before I knew it he was inside me.

“What took you so long?” I gasped as he thrust forward. Oh God did that feel good.

He pinned me against the wall and I wrapped my legs tight around his waist with my arms around his neck as he pounded me against the wall with each thrusts. He grasped me around my hips to increase his outward movement since I was holding on like there was no tomorrow. Since my back had no place to go, every thrust ended with him bottoming out against me. I was in the verge of having and orgasm in moments. I gasped louder with each thrust.

Just a couple more trusts was all it took as every muscles start to tighten all at once and I let out a scream. No one ever accused me of being slow, or quiet for that matter. I was so loud that the neighbors must have been able to hear especially since the windows were open. I wonder what they thought of their new neighbors. A sweat broke out all over my body as I climaxed. I was in heaven. My vaginal tightened around Bob’s penis and he started to cum with a couple of really powerful thrusts that I thought was going to put me through the wall. That would have been interesting explaining where a whole in the wall about the size of my back and butt came from.

“ahh, I’ll have my stake medium rare.” I whispered in his ear as a big grin broke out on both our faces.

“You’re terrible.”

“Oh, tell me you didn’t enjoy it.” I countered.

We slowly recovered with my arms and legs still wrapped around Bob with him pinning me against the wall. Eventually Bob just carried me out of the room to the pool with his penis still inside me as he threw me in the pool. The felling was quite delightful until I realized what he was about to do. I tried to pull Bob in with me but couldn’t quite manage it as he threw me almost to the middle of the pool. It snapped me back to reality really quick but I was still I a playful mood and eventually coaxed Bob in as well. Again I wrapped my arms around him as we kissed and made out in the pool. God I love this pool. After a bit I jumped out of the pool still naked and ran inside to get some more drinks and snacks. Luckily the water was pretty warm because we spend a good half and hour floating around the pool before finally getting back to work.

Bob is such a prude compared to me because he immediately ran to our room to change while I continued to wander around naked. It wasn’t until we got back to painting that I finally duck my bikini bottom out from a pile of drop cloths where it landed after Bob tore it off me. I stayed topless hoping for a repeat performance.

At one point Bob tried his hand at body painting me but that was probably a mistake as I found out when we tried to get it off. As it turns out latex paint is actually pretty hard to get off once it dries onto skin. He started out by doing just my nipples which tickled, then he tried drawing some sort of top on me followed by a line from the top of my bikini line straight up my front. His lack of artistic skills and the use of white latex didn’t help. The end result wouldn’t have won any contests, that’s for sure.

We eventually got the room finished somehow despite it taking all afternoon. Cleaning me up in the shower was another wild adventure, almost as much fun as our mid afternoon interlude except for getting the paint off me which left my skin which left a lovely shade of pink from the rubbing.

Carrie mailto:Carrie1p@hotmail.comCarrie1p@hotmail.com