# The Pool Party

# By Carrie

[Carrie1p@hotmail.com](mailto:Carrie1p@hotmail.com)

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

 Back in June, my friend Jen had a pool party while her parents were away on vacation. Don’t worry it wasn’t one of those crazy parties where the house gets trashed while your parents are away - I’m getting a little too old for that kind of scene. It wasn’t that type of party, but it was a little bigger than Jen had led her parents to believe though.

Jen is a good friend of mine who lives at home with her parents in this gorgeous place. The place has a huge very private back yard with a huge pool. Her parents are also the coolest, allowing us to lie out and work on our tans in the buff whenever we want which is where most of my all-over tan comes from.

Well this party had about 25 people, some of which I knew including my b/f Bob, my housemates Karen and Sue, and some others that I didn’t know. It was a beautiful warm day so we all expected to spend a lot of time in the pool. I arrived early to help Jen get ready and as you can expect it was a mad rush to get everything done.

When I arrived, I told Jen I was going to change into my bikini and she started kidding me that I rarely wear one over here - so why am I starting now. What can I say, modesty got the better of me and I changed into this black bikini that I was relatively covered in - by my standards. It was a simple triangle top that left a lot of my breast exposed but not that bad. The bottom was a low cut side tie bikini, not a thong but with a minimal back. It just came up high enough to cover my butt crack when it was in place.

I came back and helped Jen get things out before the guests started arriving. Bob was one of the first to arrive with the beer. We loaded up the cooler and frantically got things out before the bulk of the people arrived. Karen and Sue came over along with Karen’s boyfriend and everybody started to get comfortable with beers in hand. I was encouraging people to get into their suits since I was the only one in a swim suit at that point. Eventually Karen changed and soon more people started going in the pool.

Well everyone did there typical socializing as they got a good buzz going and that’s when things started to get more lively. It wasn’t long before both Jen and I got thrown in the pool. It wasn’t that bad for me since I was already in my bikini and it was a hot day and after some loud screams and failed attempts to splash the ones that threw us in we just settled down and enjoyed the refreshing dip.

Now that we were in the water, we got a couple of others in the pool and soon we had a dozen people in pool. People were in an out and getting wilder as the day went on. Eventually as people consumed more alcohol someone got the idea of having chicken fights with the girls on the guy’s shoulders and seeing who could knock who off. Well I jumped on Bob’s shoulders and Karen on her boyfriend’s shoulders and we went at it. Now I didn’t exactly expect to be having chicken fights so the bikini I wore wasn’t exactly made for that level of activity. In the position I sat on Bob’s shoulder’s I’m sure half my ass must have been hanging out of my bottom since it sat a little low to start with. Karen was a surprisingly good adversary and quite aggressive. She and Greg had us off balance and on the defensive as she slapped at my shoulder and side. She got me good a couple of times before we turned the tables and got them turned around and pushed towards the deep end. It took a lot of work but eventually I got Karen around the arm and pulled her off to win the first round. I adjusted my suit and slid off Bob’s back as we let the next set of couples go at it.

It was then that this other woman, Christa, who I didn’t even know until then started challenging Bob and I to a match. She was a pretty big girl but not as tall as me so I figured I had a longer reach and had a chance. The thing was, she was teaming up with this gorilla that was even bigger than Bob and he’s 6’ 1”.

She definitely had the mouth and was starting to get to me. Neither Bob nor I had ever been the type to back down from a challenge so we jumped back in the pool and got ready for the next match. Bob bent down for me to slide up on his shoulders and as I did I felt my bottom slip down. I twisted around as Bob stood up and I pulled my bottom up as best I could but there was still a good bit of butt crack showing, even after I tugged it up. Before we had even gotten set Christa and Bruce were on us.

At first it was fairly tame but it soon escalated into a full scale battle with water flying everywhere and a loud crowd cheering the action. I didn’t have time to look but I’m sure we had everyone in the yard’s attention from the noise everyone was making.

Christa was quite the competitor. She had me on the defensive right from the start slapping at my arms and side connecting more often than I cared for. Bob was not backing down which put me well within Christa’s reach. She was quite strong and it was hard for me to get anything going. I twisted and turned and swung my arms to ward off her attack which put my boobs in constant danger of popping out of my tiny top.

At one point I started to slip from Bob’s shoulders and he retreated a bit to let me recover. This gave me a chance to rearrange my top and get back into position on Bob’s shoulders. Once back in place we dove back. Now I had a slight upper hand and I went on the offensive. I tried to grab Christa’s arm like had worked earlier but she was much stronger than Karen and I wasn’t able to make much progress but I was keeping her from attacking me - or so I thought. What she did manage was to get me slightly turned sideways. I thought she was trying to grab a handful of hair but what she apparently was doing was reaching for the ties to my bikini top. Before I knew what happened I felt this tug at my neck and hip,

I screamed and reached to hold my top just as Christa pulled it off. Then she went after my bottom. As I tried to hold my bottom in place, I lost my balance and slid off and into the water. I came up to see Christa triumphantly waving my top over her head to the cheers of the crowd while I held my bottom in place with my hand - trying to keep some over zealous spectators at bay. There I was standing in the middle of the pool all but naked holding my bikini bottom from floating away. My bottom was obscured by the water, but my boobs were in plain site since I was a little preoccupied to cover up. I was going to try to reach for my top but was afraid of loosing my bottoms in the process. I decided that I need to secure my bottoms before doing anything else, so I tried to ignore the commotion around me and tie my bottoms back in place.

I had several guys offer to help and almost got knocked down but eventually managed to get my bottoms secured. As soon as I approached Christa though, she tossed my top to someone else and when I went to that person they threw it over my head to a third person. It didn’t take me long to see where this was going. I wasn’t going to play the part of the monkey in the middle so I just yelled out something to the effect, “just keep it then” which seemed to ruin their game of keep away.

I’ve always been pretty confident with my body and a bit of an exhibitionist so I figured what the hell. It wasn’t exactly like I had never been topless in Jen’s pool and after a couple of moments the excitement seemed to settled down a bit and people started heading over to the beer. I kind of sunk down and moved over to where Bob had been standing and moved in for some comfort. He asked me if I was ok which I was and things seemed to get back to normal except for a couple of people that seemed to collect around us in the pool.

I had my boobs buried in Bob’s chest so no one was seeing anything more than my bare back. We hugged and floated around the pool for a while as people left the pool. His hands, rubbing my back and legs wasn’t that bad either. I’ve always been a sucker for a gentle caressing massage. Feeling the bulge in his bathing suit as I wrapped my legs around his waist also gave me a warm feeling if not a sense of satisfaction that I was tuning him on.

He was becoming increasingly frisky with his massage and I finally had to push him back as I was afraid of it getting out of hand. This only reminded me of that fact that I had no top on. I asked Bob to find my top but he just said he liked the view and told me I had great boobs and should shove them in the face of Christa for ripping your top off. I told him I couldn’t just walk around topless in front of all these people but all he said is why not.

We went back and forth and I was starting to consider it when a couple of guys came over and started eyeing me up even though I was crouched down in the water. They were trying to be cool about it but their glances down at my chest as I bobbed around gave them away. My breasts remained well below the water but it didn’t exactly hide anything. These guys all had full glasses of beer and as the conversation continued I began to think they were just waiting to see what I was going to do since my top was no where to be seen.

After a while I moved over to the side and yelled to Christa, “what the hell did you do with my top?” but she only taunted me.

Bob said, “Just show her your tits. That should shut her up.”

My front was hidden by the side of the pool but our yelling just drew attention to me so I shut up and looked back at Bob who had come up behind me grabbed my breasts from behind and started playing with my nipples. I think he was the hero to the other guys that were in the pool with us.

Bob, working my nipples must have brought out the exhibitionist side in me because after a couple of minutes of that I really didn’t care if everyone saw me topless or not. I finally pulled myself away from Bob accidentally flashing my breasts at the guys behind him as I splashed him. My nipples were very erect already, partially from the water and partly from the massage they had just received. He splashed me back and by then I had all but forgotten that my bare boobs were on display.

I had had enough of the pool by then and wanted to get out and get a drink so I made my way to the steps. I was half way up the steps when I notice all eyes were one me. I felt a combination of embarrassment and excitement but didn’t stop. I figured there was no tuning back at that point so I just kept walking up the steps and out of the pool. When I got to the top I reached back and tugged my bottom up and carefully adjusted my tiny bottom to make sure my pussy was covered and as much of my ass as it would allow.

I slowly made my way over to the beer keg to kind of get myself out of the spotlight but it seemed that the spotlight just followed me. Jen came up to me and asked me if I wanted to borrow a T-shirt but in a particularly bold move I declined saying I was ok (with a hint of nervousness in my voice). There I was, just a couple of square inches short of being completely naked in front of 20 or so people. I quickly filled my glass as Bob came over to join me smiling from ear to ear.

One of Jen’s friends who was standing nearby came over said, “Go girl,” which made me feel a little better. Most of the guys just stared. I’d been topless plenty of times before but this was one of the first times around this many people that I knew. My nipples grew even harder from the attention and I felt a little tingle down below as my lower lips swelled as well. My nervousness came across as I continually fidgeted with my bottom as if it could somehow cover me more.

I finished my beer and had another as more people started gathering around the keg. I was concerned about what the women would think of me but was surprised at the reaction and a couple even complemented me on having a great figure. The guys weren’t quite as sophisticated in their choice of words. Eventually Jen came back and I suggested that she join me knowing that the two of us had spent many an hour sunbathing topless and nude right there in her back yard. She declined but two other girls said I had the right idea and was very brave so I tried to work on them.

I was about to give up when one looked at the other and said if you do I will. Well that was my opening and after a little more convincing, I got both of them to take off their top and join me. I felt much better with a couple of others joining me and started to relax a little after that.

It didn’t last long as someone came over and started organizing a volleyball game. I wanted to play but said I needed to put something on which resulted in a round of boos from the guys. Well by then I had had another beer while standing there and needed to work it off so to make a long story short I played topless. Looking back, I can’t believe I did it. There I was jumping around breasts bouncing every-which-way, wearing only this tiny string bikini bottom that needed an adjustment after ever volley.

What a game. We started off keeping score but after a while no one seemed to care. After a couple more games the burgers and other food came out and we all headed over to get something to eat after cooling off in the pool for a moment.

We refilled our glasses and took up our spots on the loungers and worked on our meals. After finishing I just tuned over and lay out and worked on my tan for a while as my food digested. Bob lubed me up with some more suntan lotion which felt so good I almost fell asleep at least until he started getting a little carried away with doing my bottom.

He had already worked the lotion in all down my back and legs, spending more than enough time on the areas around my bikini bottom but he didn’t stop there. Just as I thought he was done, he tucked his thumb under my bottom right where a little of the crack of my ass shows and starts to gently tug it down saying he didn’t want me to burn if my bikini slipped a little. I was almost asleep by then so I barely reacted which he seemed to take as an ok to continue. The next think I feel is his hand on the strap by my side. I told him to stop and sort of slapped at his hand but he continue until he had my bottom half way off.

Now I wasn’t showing anything more than when I wear a thong but I wasn’t about to have him strip me with all those people around so I pushed his arm away and pushed him off the chaise. I quickly tried to pull my bottom back up as I flipped over probably flashing my partially exposed pussy at whoever was looking my way at the time.

Bob then offered to do my front, but I knew how he does that and the effect it has on me so I told him I’d do that myself. I started with my arms and legs and them the area around my bikini bottom followed by my stomach. I had probably made a mistake in not doing my breasts first because by the time I reached them I noticed I had attracted quite a few admirers. Not wanting to put on a complete show I turned a little sideways on the chaise before finishing my breasts.

Bob and I went in the pool a couple more time before the party seemed to wind down. I offered to give Jen a hand cleaning up but she had a couple of other friends staying over so she told me to go and take care of my man. Bob had been pretty horny since I had lost my top and was anxious for some sex and Jen and I knew it so we gathered our stuff. I looked one more time for my top with no luck. I guess one of the guys took it as a souvenir or something.

I put on my T Shirt but threw my shorts in my bag figuring they’d be coming off soon enough. Besides I know Bob would love the tease. Bob had driven separately but I followed him over to his place where we had our own private party.

Carrie  [Carrie1p@hotmail.com](mailto:Carrie1p@hotmail.com)