Caught in the Pool

by CottonFarmer©

It was mid-afternoon on a Saturday and I had worked several hours to clean up

our swimming pool after a spring thunderstorm. First I had to brush the pool

sides and bottom, sweeping the twigs, leaves and other junk to the deep end so I

could vacuum it out. Then I took the filter apart to clean each cartridge with a

high pressure hose. Once I had the water looking good I set about cleaning up

the deck around the pool. A leaf blower made that fairly easy, but I had to do

it carefully so I wouldn't blow more junk into the water. The last step was to

reverse the leaf blower and use it like a vacuum cleaner to suck all the trash

into an attached canvas bag.

Dumping the bag and putting my tools away only took a minute and then I was able to take advantage of all my hard work. I stripped naked and dove into the water. My wife, Pamela, and I live in the middle of seven-plus wooded acres so I wasn't worried about anyone seeing anything they shouldn't. Our house and pool are not visible from the road or from other houses, and skinny dipping is normal for us. In some years the calendar is well into July or August before we have visitors

and one of my swimsuits gets wet. I absolutely love it.

I was tired and hot from my work, so I just sat in the shallow end and waited

until I cooled off a little. Then I hopped out of the water and set about

arranging the deck furniture. That only took a few minutes and then I dove in

again. I like to train my body for all the snorkeling I do when we go to the

ocean, so I spent several minutes holding my breath and swimming laps

underwater.

I would have enjoyed the pool more if my wife had been there to skinny dip with

me, but she was putting in some extra time at work to beat a looming deadline.

That's what I thought, anyway. When I came up for air I looked over and saw her

sitting at the table -- and she wasn't alone. Stephanie, one of my wife's

co-workers, was sitting next to her. They were both watching my every move.

"Hi, Mark," Stephanie said with a beaming grin.

"Hello, Stephanie."

"How's the water?" my wife deadpanned.

"Perfect," I replied as I took stock of the situation. My wife had obviously

been home long enough to change clothes, since she wasn't wearing what she had

on when she left that morning. She had changed into a green t-shirt dress that

she often used as a swimsuit cover. Stephanie was wearing what she usually wore

when she came to visit us: a t-shirt and a pair of knee-length basketball

shorts. I looked around the deck area for something with which to cover myself,

but there was nothing. My work clothes were not where I had left them and all

the towels were still in the storage closet. "Sorry about this, but I didn't

hear you drive in."

"You were using the leaf blower when we got here," Pamela told me. "It was noisy

so we just stayed in the kitchen. And then you got naked!"

"We watched your show from inside," Stephanie laughed. "I told Pam I thought you

looked pretty good, so she suggested we come out here for a better view."

"So, how about giving us a closer look?" said my wife, obviously delighted by my

embarrassment. "We want the Full Monty."

"How nice," I grumbled.

I stayed in the water and talked with them for a while, keeping close to the

wall of the pool so all they could see of me was my head and shoulders. I

practically begged for a towel or any sort of clothing, but it was all in vain.

Pamela and Stephanie knew I had to get out of the pool eventually and they were

waiting patiently for the show. I was embarrassed but also excited that both my

sexy wife and her attractive co-worker wanted to see me completely exposed.

They had me and they knew it, so I stroked my cock a few times to make sure it

was big. Giving them what they wanted, I made no effort to hurry or cover myself

as I climbed the steps out of the pool, giving them a good look at my bare ass.

Then I turned and walked straight towards them, ten steps that seemed like a

hundred.

"Very nice, Mark," Stephanie said in a slow drawl. "I'd say you've been working

out, huh?"

"Uh, yeah," I mumbled before I turned to address my wife. "Okay, show's over.

Can I have my clothes back now?"

"What do you think, Stephanie?" said Pamela. "Should we give them back to him?"

I felt like a mannequin on display in a store window. Stephanie looked me up and

down, taking her time. I remembered how I had looked at her a few months earlier

when I saw her in a pair of very short running shorts, and I wondered if she

thought I had stared too long. Her gaze lingered on my growing cock for a long

moment before she spoke.

"Nah, I don't think so," she finally said. "I like things just the way they are."

"You're clothes are kind of dirty anyway, Mark," Pamela told me. "So why don't

you pull up a chair?"

I weighed my options. Pamela or Stephanie had obviously taken my clothes and

trying anything physical to get them back was just going to cause me even more

embarrassment, especially if I lost. They were both very fit women who would not

give up easily. I decided to sit on one of the deck chairs, pulling myself close

to the table to hide as much as possible. I also decided not to beg because that

might egg them on even more. I have read too many stories where someone promises to "do anything" and things usually just get worse. It was better to let the

situation play itself out and hope for the best.

Meanwhile, Pamela and Stephanie were watching me, probably trying to stay one

step ahead of me.

"It's locked, Mark," Pamela said when she saw me eying the door to the house.

"They're all locked."

"Okay, I don't mind staying out here a while," I said. I reached for the pile of

mail I had collected earlier and opened up a magazine. After a while, my two

tormenters apparently lost interest and began to talk about work. Evidently,

letting me get dressed was not very high on their priority list.

"Is it hot out here?" Stephanie asked after a few minutes. "Or is it just me?"

"It's not just you," Pamela replied. "This is the warmest it's been all spring."

"Why don't you go for a swim?" I offered. "The water's nice and cool, and it's

no fun being the only one who's naked."

"That's too bad," said Pamela. "You'll just have to get used to it."

I was going to have to get over being naked around the two of them, at least for

a little while. I was ashamed and humiliated by my situation, but also flattered

and aroused. Obviously there was no way they could have anticipated these

circumstances. They might have had a few minutes to make a plan before they came outside, but they had improvised fairly well. Given their advantage of numbers, and clothes, I had to accept the idea of them being in charge.

I couldn't concentrate on the magazine so I got up and jumped back into the

pool. When I came up for air I saw Pamela and Stephanie peeling off their

clothes. My hopes for a skin show were dashed when I saw they were wearing

swimsuits, but they were nice ones. Pamela was wearing a red and brown bikini

that I had seen many times. I liked it because her nipples always stood out

under the thin fabric of the top. Stephanie had once boasted of not owning any

kind of swimsuit other than thong bikinis, and she didn't disappoint me. Her

blue string bikini top and thong bottom left very little to the imagination.

Only the cool water kept me from getting an immediate erection as they joined me

in the pool. We raced a few laps, played keep-away with a rubber ball, and

wrestled over control of an inflatable float. I tried to "accidently" pull off

their bikini tops a couple of times, but I was met by icy stares and a level of

resistance that told me it wasn't going to happen. I did manage to cop a feel of

Stephanie's ass a couple of times, but I felt her hands on my butt and my cock

even more.

After a while I went under water so I could come up under the float and try to

dump Stephanie. I managed to turn her over but she clung to the float and

resisted my efforts to take it from her. We wrestled and laughed for a minute or

two with neither of us gaining an advantage. Meanwhile, Pamela had gotten out of

the pool and retrieved a towel from the storage closet. Stephanie gave up on

wrestling over the pool float and let me have it so she could follow Pamela out

of the pool. I figured our pool play was over for a little while, so I climbed

onto the float and lay on my back, no longer concerned that my cock and balls

were fully exposed.

It wasn't until I stopped moving, and thus squeaking my skin against the vinyl

float, that I heard voices and realized that Pamela and Stephanie were not the

only ones on the deck. They had been joined by two brunettes. I didn't recognize

the women, but Pamela and Stephanie apparently did. The four of them were lined

up beside to pool so they could all get a good look at me. I must have missed

the sound of their car coming up our long driveway when I was horsing around

with Stephanie. I rolled over into the water and used the float to shield my

nakedness.

"It's too late, Mark," Stephanie announced. "They already took pictures."

I looked at the newcomers and saw that one of them did indeed have a small

digital camera in her hand. Most of those things have a zoom lens, so it was

likely the pictures had captured me in all my glorious naked detail.

"Come here, Mark," said Pamela. "Our friends want to meet you."

I thought about it for a second and then waded toward the steps, pushing the

float in front of me. I wasn't quite sure what to do, but my strongest urge was

to run away and hide. They had me surrounded, however, and all I could do was go

with the flow. I climbed out of the pool, still clutching the float and keeping

it between me and the two newcomers.

"Mark, this is Jamie and Jordan," said my wife.

"Nice to meet you," one of them said as they both extended their hands. (I

wasn't sure which one was which.)

I didn't know what else to do so I put out my right hand while I still clutched

the float with my left.

"They're joining us for a little party," Pamela told me as the strangers shook

my hand.

The newcomers looked at me and smiled. One of them seemed more timid than the

other, but I could relate to that. I was unsure of myself in front of them and I

avoided looking at them. Pamela told me their names again and I did my best to

act natural. The younger one was Jordan and the older one, the one with the

camera, was Jamie. Both were lean brunettes and were well above average in the

looks department. I learned that they had been working with my wife and

Stephanie earlier in the day and had accepted Pamela's invitation to spend an

afternoon in the country.

"But that was before I knew my husband would be putting on a skin show," Pamela

said to them as she concluded the explanations. "I hope you're okay with it,

though."

"We were surprised, of course," said Jamie. "In fact, I was afraid Jordan might

run back out to the car."

"I didn't want to intrude," Jordan said a bit coyly. She was obviously

embarrassed and was blushing as she spoke. "I've never seen anything like this.

I hope you don't mind that we stayed to watch."

"No problem," Pamela replied. "In fact, the more the merrier, right, Mark?"

"Uh, yeah," I said.

There was an awkward moment of silence while they looked at me until Stephanie

diffused the situation by asking Jamie to take a picture of me with Pamela and

herself.

Jamie agreed but I objected. Pamela ignored my protests and gently took the pool

float from me. Everything I had, including my growing cock, was now out in the

open. Pamela and Stephanie then lined up with beside the pool me, positioning me

so that I was in the middle. They turned sideways a little so they could each

pose with one hand on my cock while they waved at the camera with the other.

Two can play that game, I thought to myself.

I put my arms around them and slid my hands down until I had two handfuls of

butt cheeks. They weren't expecting that, and they made me pay for it with more

pictures. Pamela took a turn behind the camera as I posed with Jamie and Jordan,

and then I posed with each of the four women individually. The session ended

with them setting the camera on the table and using the camera's timer so all

four of them could be in the pictures with me.

The photo shoot ended and I now faced the prospect of being in the company of

four women while I was not only still naked, but also with a raging hard on. Not

that I minded. In fact I wanted Jamie and Jordan to put on swimsuits so I could

check out their bodies. Just the opposite happened, however. Pamela put her

dress back on while Stephanie wrapped herself in a big beach towel.

"Come, have a seat," Pamela said, urging everyone to the table. "We have plenty

of beer and wine."

I momentarily forgot about my nudity as I fetched an extra chair so the five of

us could sit together. I tried to get next to my wife for a little bit of security, but I wound up between Stephanie and Jamie. They were about the same age, I now noticed, and I wondered how long they had known each other.

"This is fun," Stephanie said. "I've always wanted a naked man at my side."

"Well, you've got me here," I responded. "What are you going to do with me now?"

It was Jamie who spoke up, interrupting any reply from Stephanie.

"We watched the three of you cavorting in the pool for a while before we came

outside," she said to Pamela. "Do you do this sort of thing a lot?"

"No," Pamela replied. "But there's a first time for everything."

"What did you think?" Stephanie asked, taking control of the conversation. "Did

you enjoy the show? Did we excite you?"

"Yes," Jamie said with a grin as she glanced at Jordan. "We certainly did enjoy it."

"I've heard about this sort of thing," Jordan added, "but I'd never been to one."

"One what?" Stephanie asked.

"A party for women where there's a naked man," Jordan replied. "But I kind of

like it."

"Haven't you ever been to a bachelorette party?" Pamela asked. "Or gone to one

of those male strip joints?"

"We had a stripper for my sister's bachelorette party," Jordan said, "but he

kept his g-string on."

"Well, when you get married we'll make sure to get one who goes all the way for

your bachelorette party," Stephanie told her. "Some things should just be done

right. If a stripper doesn't strip then he's just a dancer."

"Here, here!" Jamie agreed.

"Maybe Mark will do it," Pamela offered. "What do you think about that?"

"I, uh... sure," I stammered. "If the pay is good, I suppose. I don't come

cheap, but I'd certainly consider any offer over thousand dollars."

"Like that'll ever happen," Stephanie laughed.

"Don't forget about the pictures," Jamie interjected. "We can use them to

blackmail you."

That certainly pressed my panic button. Stephanie and my wife had an extensive

network of friends and I was worried about who might eventually see the

pictures. But another part of me was thrilled beyond belief that I was naked in

front of my wife and her friends. I was more aroused than I had been in years,

and although I was definitely embarrassed and even somewhat humiliated, I wanted to experience more. It was very confusing.

While I was brooding over my situation, Stephanie suggested we move our little

party inside.

"The cooler's just about empty," she declared.

"We also need to go over our presentation," Pamela added. "And the bugs will be

out before long."

Stephanie gathered her clothes and slipped into the house ahead of the rest of

us. Jamie and Jordan collected the empty bottles while Pamela picked up the

towels and the mail. That left the cooler for me to carry into the house.

"Are you okay with this?" Pamela asked when we lagged behind the others for a

moment.

"I'm fine," I told her. I was pretty sure she expected me to remain naked, but

when we got to the kitchen I decided to make a play for my modesty. "I'll just

run upstairs and get dressed. This little game has gone on long enough."

"Oh, no you don't," said Pamela. "What do you say, Stephanie?"

"I vote Mark should stay nude," Stephanie replied. I noted with disappointment

that she had gotten dressed, trading her thong bikini for her t-shirt and

basketball shorts. "After all, he hasn't got anything we haven't seen already

today."

"Jamie? Jordan?" Pamela said, addressing the others.

"Naked," Jordan agreed. "It's more fun."

"Skin City," Jamie said. "Definitely."

I felt my erection returning as the four women looked on. Out by the pool I was

frequently nude, but the inside of our house with its polished wood and leather

furniture was much more formal. The addition of four fully-clothed women to the

setting made me feel much more naked than I had for the previous hour. I

wondered what was going to happen next and how it was all going to end.

"We're going to make ourselves comfortable in the den," Pamela said to me. "You

can make yourself useful by bringing us all a drink."

I took their drink orders and went to the kitchen for three glasses of wine and

a beer. I couldn't carry it all at once and the women enjoyed themselves as I

made two trips, since it gave them more chances to ogle my naked body. I made

another trip to the kitchen to fix a drink for myself and when I reentered the

den Stephanie and my wife were recounting the events of the day, explaining in

detail to Jamie and Jordan how I had come to be naked. They giggled as Stephanie

and Pamela related how they had watched me strip down, swim, move the deck

furniture and then swim some more.

"We grabbed his clothes when he was swimming underwater," Pamela concluded.

"Then we sat at the table and waited for him to notice us."

"He actually came up for air twice and didn't see us," Stephanie said. "I got a

good long look at him."

"Lucky you," Jamie replied. "But now we can all have fun."

"Sit down with us, Mark," Stephanie said. "Jamie and Jordan have been helping

your wife and me with our project at work, and we thought we'd invite them over

to celebrate now that we're finished."

"Pam tells us you do most of her computer work for her," Jamie said to me. "It's

nice to know that you're not just a naked hunk. You're a naked hunk with some

brains."

"Thanks, I guess," I said. "Just as long as you know I've never done anything

like this before."

"Yeah, sure," Stephanie said teasingly. "I happen to know you've done a

striptease or two in your lifetime. Pam showed me the pictures."

"That was for an audience of one," I objected, looking to my wife for support.

"It was foreplay."

"He's right," Pamela said with a smile. "He did strip for me a couple of times

before we were married and he's done it a few times since then, usually on

Valentine's Day or our anniversary. But this is the first time for anything like

this."

"Well, be sure to invite me if you ever do it again," Jamie said. She was

looking at me intently when she said it and I knew she was serious.

"Me, too," Jordan laughed. "And I'll want to invite all my friends!"

Everyone had a good laugh at that and I hoped that she, at least, was not being

serious. I took a big sip of my drink and began to get more and more relaxed as

the conversation started to pick up. The women talked about work and I was glad

that for a while I was not the center of attention. I went for another round of

drinks while Pamela went to change clothes. When she came back downstairs she

summoned me to the kitchen to help prepare some food.

I wanted to rip off her clothes and jump her bones right there, party or no

party, but I managed to control myself. Instead I helped her set up a buffet

line in the kitchen. Pamela took care of the lettuce and tomato while I shredded

cheese and cooked up some taco meat. Then I stood to one side as the four women

filled their plates and settled into chairs around our dining room table. There

was only room for four chairs, so my job was to fetch and carry whenever anyone

wanted anything. In the meantime I sat on one of our bar stools, well above the

level of the dining table where the women could look at me if they wanted to.

﻿

"This is by far my favorite meal in a long time," Stephanie exclaimed. "I love

taco salad, and the fact that the waiter is naked just makes it so much better."

That and similar comments left no doubt in my mind that they enjoyed the

situation -- a lot.

"Let's look at the pictures," Jamie said to the others after dinner was finished

and we had finished cleaning up the kitchen. They went to the den where she took

a cable from her camera case and connected her camera to our TV. I followed

along and stood behind them as Jamie worked the camera buttons.

"Look at that!" Jordan exclaimed as my nude form appeared on the big screen.

"Oh, yeah," Stephanie said with a big grin on her face. "Nothing's left to the

imagination, is it?"

There were at least fifty pictures and it took fifteen or twenty minutes for

them to look at them all. Jamie and Jordan had obviously taken several pictures

before Pamela, Stephanie or I knew they were there, because the first series of

pictures showed us wrestling over the pool float. I started to get hard as I

looked at an image of Stephanie's thong-clad butt on the TV screen, and I was

soon very fully erect. Without really being aware of it, I began to stroke

myself.

All the women eventually noticed what I was doing, but I wasn't aware of their

attention until the last of the group photos was displayed on the TV.

"Are you going to masturbate for us now, Mark?" my wife asked with just a touch

of sarcasm in her voice.

"I, uh..."

"You might as well," she added. "I'd say you're almost done anyway."

"Yeah, jack off for us," Stephanie she said as she moved closer to me and put

her hand on my shoulder. "Go ahead."

"You want to," said Jordan. "And we want you to."

"But take your time," said Jamie. "Make it last as long as you can."

I hesitated and looked at Pamela. It really surprised me when she merely nodded

her head, indicating that I should do it. I was incredibly sensitive after so

much physical and mental stimulation and I had to switch to just using my

fingertips to stroke myself. Powerful feelings began coursing through my body. I

was standing in the middle of the den and there wasn't anything within reach to

hold onto or lean against. I was afraid I might lose my balance and fall, but

Stephanie recognized what was happening and moved even closer, allowing me to

put my left arm on her shoulder.

I was aware of her hand on my butt and then a moment later I could feel two

hands back there. I wasn't sure who the second hand belonged to as I began to

develop tunnel vision. I was vaguely aware of other hands on my thighs and my

chest, sending me into sensory overload.

"He's almost there," I heard someone say. "He can't hold out much longer.

"Come for us, Mark," another of them said. "Shoot your load."

I leaned against Stephanie as I continued to stroke my erection in full view of

the four women. Perhaps that should have bothered my conscience, but all I cared

about was the glorious feelings I was experiencing. In reality the women were

dressed and standing around me, but in my mind's eye they were kneeling in front

of me, nude.

And then I started to shoot. It was the longest and most forceful orgasm of

recent memory.

"Wow!" Jamie exclaimed. "He's coming like a horny teenager!"

She was right. I spurted four times, each more powerful than the one before. And

then, after a long moment, I spurted twice more. My legs started to give out

from under me and I realized that Stephanie and my wife were actually holding me

upright.

"I guess it was good for you, huh, Mark?" Stephanie laughed as I regained my

sense of balance.

"Yeah," I managed as I tried to catch my breath. "Incredible."

"Good show, Mark," my wife said.

As my breathing returned to normal and I came down from the afterglow of my

orgasm, I became increasingly embarrassed. I was still naked in front of my wife

and her three friends, and a huge load of cum was all over the floor of the den.

I hurried to the kitchen and came back with a roll of paper towels. The women

were talking as I sopped up cum from the carpet. I was afraid they might be

making fun of me but they were talking about their project, agreeing on a few

details for the presentation they had to give next week. That took about fifteen

minutes and then it became apparent that they had run out of things to talk

about. The situation became increasingly awkward with a naked man in the room,

and after some idle chitchat they started making comments about how it was time

for them to be heading home.

Pamela led the others out the front door and down the stone walkway to their

cars. I followed them, mostly to make sure they were really leaving. The women

hugged each other as they said their goodbyes, while I stood out of the way.

Jamie and Jordan each shook my hand before they got in their car, but Stephanie

gave me a tight hug before she got into hers. My wife and I then stood together

and, without saying a word, watched as they drove away.

Not knowing what to say next, I hugged my wife and kissed her. The kiss served

the purpose of keeping her from saying anything sarcastic, but I also knew I had

to have her soon. The kiss was a long one and it became more passionate. I

pulled up her dress until I could put my right hand in her panties and feel her

ass. Feeling the space between her ass cheeks is something I never tire of, and

I know she likes me to do it. I moved my other hand up her back, planning to

remove her bra, but I discovered that she wasn't wearing one.

The kissing and the fondling had the desired effect and I led her back inside

the house and to our bedroom. I pushed her onto the bed, grabbed her hips and

slowly pulled down her panties while kissing the insides of her thighs. I moved

my hands and mouth back up as she pulled her dress over her head. At long last

there was more than one naked person in the house.

Pamela reclined against the pillows and I kissed my way slowly downwards. I

explored her lips with two fingers, easing them open to allow my tongue access

to her pussy and her clit. My wife loves sex but getting her ready always takes

a long time. Keeping my tongue on her pussy, I eased her legs over my shoulders.

Her fabulous legs are two of the reasons I was first attracted to her and I love

the feel of her thighs against my neck and the sides of my head. And I like the

idea of it even more.

I leaned back and pulled her down the bed until I was able to rest my knees on

the floor. Once I no longer had to strain my back and neck I was able to fully

concentrate on the task at hand, or tongue. Pamela rested on her back, playing

with her nipples, as I used my tongue to write each letter of the alphabet on

her pussy. When I felt her getting wetter and closer to orgasm I switched to a

more direct flicking of the tip of my tongue on her clitoris. She tensed her

body and let out a soft squeal as I continued to pleasure her with my tongue. I

reached up for her hand, squeezing gently when I found it. Moments later she

squealed again and her whole body went rigid.

Her hands slid to my forehead and she held me back. I knew her clit was too

sensitive for any stimulation at this point, and I was content to wait for her.

She was ready for more after a minute or so, and this time her orgasm came much

more quickly. She thrashed the bed covers with her arms and legs while I kept my

tongue pressed softly against her clit. She signaled for me to continue and I

brought her off twice more in rapid succession.

Keeping my fingers on her pussy for some soft stimulation, I moved up on the bed

and then worked the shaft of my hard cock against her clit. She came again

quickly, and then I entered her. Her orgasms were almost continuous as I fucked

her, harder and longer than I had in many years. What had happened that day had

rekindled a fire, or flipped on a switch in my brain, and brought to life the

sexual beast that was inside me. My own climax, when it happened at long last,

wasn't as intense as when I had jacked off earlier, but it lasted much longer.

Finally, completely spent, I rolled off of her and onto my back.

"That was the best," my wife whispered as she snuggled up beside me and wrapped

her hand around my penis. "I'm going to have to show you off again sometime."