**Chain Link**

by Anon ENF Fan

Things really began to sink in when I heard the click. It wasn’t like the handcuffs were uncomfortable, Layla at least made sure of that. They were actually kind of soft and smooth to the touch. That didn’t mean they were bad at their role, far from it. My wrists were still bound with a snug fit. I wanted to pull on them, but if the chain rattled against the fence, it would draw attention.  
  
“Um… y-you were just kidding, right? I don’t really have to do this, do I?” I was so nervous that it was difficult to steady my voice. I felt my heart beating rapidly. It accelerated as I watched Layla put the little key away in her bag.   
  
“What, are you backing down? That’s not like you, Alice!” Layla laughed at me. I tried to keep my eyes on her, as I watched her every move. This was too much for me, but she was only half interested in my concerns. “Oh, you’re doing it for sure. But hey, it’s not all bad, I made sure these weren’t the steel kind. These are easier on your wrists!”  
  
“I’m not worried about that,” I tried to keep my voice down. I looked in front of me, knowing I could easily be seen. I couldn’t risk making noise, but it was about the only thing I could do. “I’m worried about everyone over there,” I whispered as I pointed ahead of me.  
  
The public pool sat in front of us. Multiple swimmers were jumping in and doing laps. A few feet away laid some tanning chairs, and many of them were in use. Nobody seemed to be aware of us. At least not yet.  
  
“What? I’m making sure you’re being taken care of. The cuffs are low enough so you can bend your arms, isn’t that nice?” Layla taunted.   
  
It was true. The chain on my handcuffs weaved through the fence, almost level with my chest. I could relax a little bit, but I was still bound, and therefore, unable to move. Before I could say anything about it, I felt something fluffy touch up against my chest. I looked down and saw a white towel being held vertically against me. The soft fabric almost reached from my neck to my ankles.  
  
“Pin this under your chin for me, you’re almost ready.”   
  
I was confused at first. Why did I need a towel under my chin? When I didn’t do what I was told, I felt a tug on the back of my bikini top. “L-Layla!” I protested. “Don’t do that, I need that!”  
  
She got closer behind me and said, “pin the towel.” I could hear her grin. There was no choice, if I didn’t do it, she’d pull on the strings of my top. So I pressed my chin into the fabric, and let it dangle in front of me. The towel barely covered my chest, as it seemed to almost roll in on itself, narrowing and lessening my cover. A bikini clad body peeked around the sides of the towel. My face felt hot with blush. It was really happening.   
  
I was afraid that if I tried talking, the towel could slip. Instead, I hummed another protest, but Layla didn’t stop. I felt her fingers graze the back of my skin, taking her time in untying the knot. This only made me more nervous. My breathing was getting heavier. I almost swallowed my tongue when I felt a loss of tension around my back. Layla pressed her body right up against mine, letting one of her hands snake up the towel.   
  
“Heh heh, you look so cute when you’re blushing like that!” Layla smirked as I felt the fabric of my top shift. It was slowly pulled off my body, leaving me bare-chested. The towel pinned under my chin is now my main source of decency. There were some bushes behind us, but that only embarrassed me further. It looked like I was being set up as a display piece.  
  
She knelt down behind me, and her fingers began toying with the ties that held the bottom half of my swimsuit to my body. Once again, she took her time wanting to make sure I was aware of what she was doing. She slid a finger between my hip and the strings of my swimsuit, and pulled outward.  
  
All I could think about was those little knots. If I weren't so worried about those falling apart in the pool, I would have easily left Layla treading in my wake. I wasn't sure if they could have handled my full speed though. That was probably why Layla said I should wear it. So she could beat me.  
  
One knot came undone, and I felt the bottom half of my suit loosen. My knees began to shake because I knew what was happening. I could only react by pressing my legs together to try and pin my cover in place. But with my arms bound, I had no way to defend the other knot from my forfeit.   
  
I couldn’t see how it looked when tension was completely lost. What I did know was that it made Layla giggle. She was drinking in my reaction, and she wasn’t even looking me in the face. How my swimsuit looked was left to my imagination, but it was still held between my thighs.  
  
I tried to protest with more hums, but the only response was giggling, followed by more tugs on my swimsuit. My legs were pressed tightly together, but before long the smooth fabric slipped between them. The towel still protected me from the view of the pool, but I was essentially naked now.  
  
My eyes were wide as I looked down at the ground. I still only saw the towel from my chin to my ankles. It narrowed as the sides rolled in, giving hints to my curves. I never saw Layla take my swimsuit off because it blocked my view, but I knew I was naked. She took my swimsuit from me, and I couldn’t even see what Layla was going to do with it. Somehow, I’d have to keep that towel pinned down, or else I’d be exposed to the other side of the fence.  
  
“There we go, got it!” Layla said. She had both pieces of my swimsuit now, and my hands were still bound to the fence. It was a small blessing that nobody noticed us, but I still felt helpless. I couldn’t leave if I wanted to. Even complaining was difficult. All I could do was wait and see what she was going to do next.  
  
“Hmm… you know, you didn’t really dry off after we swam, did you?” She said. “It would be really hard to do when you’re handcuffed to the fence like that, wouldn’t it?”   
  
I couldn’t answer her. Simply moving my mouth could have caused the towel to slip. If that fell, I’d have no cover. Everyone could see me completely nude and stuck in place with some colorful handcuffs on my wrists.   
  
There was a tug on the towel, and the fluffy fabrics began to slide against my collarbone. My heart skipped a beat when I realized Layla was taking that too! I pressed my chin down towards my chest as hard as I can, but it didn’t matter. The towel slipped away, and it was in Layla’s hands.   
  
I was now able to confirm with my own eyes that my swimsuit was gone. My breasts were exposed, their ample shape greeting the summer air. Further down towards my hips, my kitty had an uncommon meeting with the sun. There wasn’t even a single hair to hide it.  
  
I was completely uncovered, but I had regained the ability to complain. “L-Layla, stop! They’re gonna see!” My arms were allowed enough freedom so I could try to hide my breasts behind my elbows. I was also able to lift one leg and try to conceal my private area. However, neither action could shroud my total lack of clothing. That was obvious for anybody that decided to glance our way.  
  
The towel returned, but I only felt the fabric pressing against my back, being dragged against my skin. It was hard to look behind me, because of how worried I was about being seen. The towel pressed against my back and shoulders with an up and down motion.  
  
“What are you doing?” I asked silently so I wouldn’t alert the tanners.  
  
“Drying you off of course! You can’t do it yourself with those handcuffs, and I don’t want you catching a chill,” she reasoned.   
  
“B-but Layla,” I bit my lip. “I’m still naked, they might see!”  
  
“I told you, relax,” Layla said. “It’s not like there’s THAT many people here right now. Now lower your leg so I can dry off this cute little tush of yours! The sooner you’re all dry, the sooner I’ll wrap this around you.”  
  
Her hands found their way around my legs and tried to force them apart. She wanted to tease me and keep me uncovered as much as she could, but I knew she understood how nervous I was. I’d be covered soon enough. I bit my lip and lowered my leg. Layla put her hands on my petite tummy and back as she encouraged me to lean forward. My backside felt more exposed, but I did what she wanted.   
  
Unfortunately for me, this stance made it harder to contain my breasts. I felt them slip out from behind my elbows. They briefly swayed, and settled in place. My hardening nipples pointed to the ground.  
  
She was humming as she rubbed the towel over my butt. I felt so helpless, having someone else dry me off while I stood there completely naked. A gasp escaped my lips as the soft fabric pushed up between my thighs. My blush felt hot, and my knees began to wobble. I tried to push my legs together again, as another giggle echoed in my ears.   
  
“Oh you are adorable like this,” Layla smirked, working the towel lower towards my knees. If I had to be honest, her touch was nice. It was gentle and tender everywhere it went, as was expected of a talented masseuse like her. I only wished I could have appreciated it more, but I was more worried about being noticed. Those tanners were going to hear my whining.  
  
“J-just hurry up and cover me,” I said. I wanted to sound forceful, but I knew I failed miserably.   
  
“Alright, I think you’re dry enough,” Layla smirked. “I’ll wrap you up, just like we agreed.”   
  
I sighed with relief. It was awkward to have to stay here for the rest of the challenge, but once the towel was in place, I would be covered. “Thank you, Layla.”  
  
I managed to smile when I felt the fluffy towel wrapped around my body. Layla’s hands came with each corner. She pressed my breasts together and secured the towel to my chest. My shoulders were still exposed with no hint of swimwear, but I was at least covered.  
  
“Alright, I’ll be back in a little bit. Don’t go anywhere!” Layla whispered into my ear. Her hands briefly rubbed my shoulders. Like her towel work, her practiced hands were normally relaxing, but I was still on edge. I felt really vulnerable without a swimsuit under my towel. Not being able to use my hands made things worse. Layla walked away, leaving me alone.  
  
I gulped and tried to stay quiet so I wouldn’t draw attention. Seeing everyone else at the pool was still nerve-wracking. If I made eye contact with someone, would they come closer to me? Anyone could see the handcuffs, but would they notice that I only have a towel? It was too big of a risk, so instead, I looked down at my feet. As soon as I lowered my head, however, I immediately regretted it. I saw the edges of the towel formed a “V” shape.  
  
It was wide open at my hips.  
  
My heart rate accelerated and my eyes widened in horror. How could Layla leave me like that!? I was exposed! She left everything between my legs revealed to the open air! Anyone could see my clean shaven womanhood. I took a deep breath and tried to look for Layla. The towel needed to be fixed, but she was nowhere to be found. I had to carefully turn so the chains of the handcuffs wouldn’t rattle. That would give away my position, people would hear me, and then they would see me.  
  
I tried to steady my breathing as best I could, but the reality of my situation had fully sunk in. I was handcuffed to the fence, with a towel that didn’t adequately cover my naked body. Some people were only a few feet away from me on the other side of the fence. Sure, they were tanning and not paying attention to anything, but that couldn’t last. I was unable to move away or even try to fix my cover. All I could do was fidget nervously.  
  
Eventually, Layla came back into view, only she was on the other side of the fence. She carried a bag with a few basic pool supplies. My swimsuit was in there, too. That same side tie bikini that made me hesitate during our race and got me into this mess. Layla seemed to be humming to herself, as she set the bag down beside the lounge chair closest to me.   
  
“Layla!” I whispered. “Layla! C-come back here, you have to fix the towel!”   
  
She gave me a knowing gaze. “Oh? Is there something wrong with it?”   
  
I clamped my legs together to hide my exposed sex. It was hard to tell, but I thought I was starting to warm up. The mere thought of it only made me blush harder. “It’s… it’s not covering me good enough.”  
  
There was a maddening giggle, and she whispered back, “Oh well that’s too bad. I think it frames you nicely,” Layla said with a seductive wink. “Just try not to squirm too much. That towel is a little heavier than it should be from drying you off.” Layla started to lay down on the lounge chair.  
  
She was right. The towel was noticeably damp. I probably wouldn’t have noticed if Layla didn’t say anything. That only made me more worried though. It was tight over my chest, but I could feel my breasts trying to push outward towards freedom.   
  
I looked back at Layla. This wouldn’t last long. Between the added weight of moisture and how tight it was around my chest, it would only be a matter of time until the towel fell. With my hands bound, there would be no way I could fix it either. The only person who could help me was on the other side of the fence.  
  
“H-how long do I have to be like this again?” I asked. My voice had a noticeable shake. I already felt the fibers of the towel start to move. It was already slowly coming undone.  
  
Layla smirked and turned her head to one of the sunbathers next to her. My eyes widened in horror, was she about to tell someone about me!?   
  
“Hey, how long should I tan in one position before turning over?” She said out loud.  
  
The was towel loosening. In a desperate attempt to save it, I drove my elbows into my chest. It’s one of the only movements I could make while handcuffed to the fence. That immediately proved to be a mistake. The corners of the towel met in a spot between my breasts. Tension was lost, and the soft tips tickled my skin. It fell slack, and I saw the center of my chest was exposed. My elbows were the only thing holding the towel to my body now.  
  
I wanted to say something to Layla, but it seemed the other woman was responding to her. I held my breath, praying she didn’t look my way. So much of my body was exposed, and it was plain as day that I didn’t have a swimsuit.  
  
“Hmm?” The woman sat up. “Oh, about twenty to thirty minutes, depending on how well progressed your base tan is.” She looked Layla over. “You should probably start with twenty.”  
  
“Thank you,” Layla said softly. She smirked and turned her head towards me, and put a hand over her mouth. I knew she could see just how exposed I was.   
  
“Layla, help,” I squeaked silently. Gravity was still pulling on the towel. There was no way I could keep my arms pressed firmly for long, they were already tired from the swim. I squeezed my legs together with a pleading look in my eye.   
  
My arms grew weak. One corner of the towel slipped free, and the other followed soon after. I tried to lean forward as a last chance to save the towel, but I was too late. It slid down my backside and fell into a pile on the ground.   
  
I was completely exposed again. Naked and handcuffed to a fence. My cover was at my feet, and I couldn’t do anything to fix it. My pulse was almost deafening, as I tried to squeeze my legs together. To make matters worse, I can feel the inside of my thighs getting slick. I was turned on. I lifted one of my legs like I did earlier to cover myself, but the fact that I’m starting to feel hot now is only making things more difficult.  
  
“Layla, please!” I whispered my begging. I knew the sunbather might hear me. It was a huge risk, but I needed Layla to do something. We had an agreement not to cross certain lines, and this was too far.  
  
“Hmm…” The sunbather hummed. “Oh, before I forget,” she looked at Layla. “This might sound a little counterproductive, but you should still use suntan lotion. It’s important to protect your skin from getting a burn. Especially since you don’t have much of a base tan yet.”  
  
Layla put a hand to her chin. Her eyes pointed towards my exposed form, and a subtle smile appeared on her face. “Ooh, that does sound important. Thanks for the advice! I’m gonna run to my car real quick, I think I forgot mine!”   
  
“I’ll hold your spot,” the sunbather said casually, as she went back to her tanning position.  
  
I watched as Layla ran off with the bag in hand and left me alone. I had no idea what, if anything, I could do. The towel sat at my feet, but I couldn’t fix it because of the handcuffs. My only options were raising a leg and pulling my elbows in. There were no other options but just wait and watch.   
  
People were jumping into the pool. They were splashing and having a good time. Directly in front of me were sunbathers barely paying attention to the world. If anyone saw me, I could easily see myself becoming a spectacle. Everyone would be wondering why a naked girl was handcuffed to the fence. I shivered, wondering if I could even bring myself to ask for help.

**Chain Link Part 2**

“Dropped your towel, huh?” Layla’s voice said.   
  
I suddenly turned my head and saw my dark haired friend approaching. “L-Layla, p-please, take the handcuffs off!” I whispered my plea, but Layla’s smirk told me it wasn’t going to be answered.   
  
“Oh don’t worry your pretty little head. I’ll let you free soon enough,” she said, as she reached down and picked up the towel. “But you’re not getting out of the bet,” Layla winked and moved closer to me. She held the towel vertically and reached in front of me. “Hold the towel against the fence,” she whispered.  
  
I knew if I tried to ask why or argued, she’d probably make things worse. It would be hard to say how, but if there was a way, she’d find it. So, I obediently lifted my hands from the fence, and took the corners of the towel into my palms before pushing back against it. I held it as wide open as my handcuffs would allow. Unfortunately, that wasn’t very wide at all. Only a little bit wider than my own shoulders, and the towel still tried to roll into itself. I let my covering leg go back down.  
  
“D-do I have to hold it like this now?” I asked. “I-I can’t do this forever!”  
  
“Mmm, that part of it is your problem, not mine,” Layla giggled as moved directly behind me. I couldn’t be sure, but I thought she was reaching into the bag.  
  
“P-part of it? What do you mean?” I looked back towards the pool, and only then realized that my view has been obscured by white fabric. I couldn’t see anything in front of me anymore.  
  
“Oh I’m making you do something naughty, but I’m not mean! I have to protect that cute little tush of yours from the sun!” Layla said jubilantly.  
  
Before I could say anything, I felt something cold on my butt. I nearly yelped in surprise, but I resisted. It isn’t long before the smell of coconuts started flooding my nostrils, and more of that cold feeling spread to my lower back.  
  
Layla’s hands began to caress and rub the sun lotion into my skin, paying more attention to my backside. I tried to control my reactions, but I knew I was trembling. She was touching me, caressing my skin, and rubbing in the lotion. The towel in my hands is the only thing protecting my decency, and I was sure it was doing a poor job of it. To make matters worse, I could feel myself steadily getting wetter between my legs. It was only a matter of time until Layla discovered that. Her hands left my body, which I could only assume was for more lotion.  
  
I gasped when her hands returned, pushing more sunscreen into my skin. All I can think about is how helpless I felt. First I couldn’t dry myself off, now I have to let Layla rub lotion all over me. She had more reasons to do it than merely preventing a sunburn, too. What she really wanted was to touch every inch of my skin she could.   
  
Her hands moved their way up my back, as she began to coat my bare shoulders. I was able to press my thighs together and hide my arousal. I wanted to calm down, but I couldn’t. Every part of my body that she touched reminded me that I’m naked. All of the splashing in the pool also told me that I was outside and in public.   
  
When she finished putting lotion on my shoulders and arms, her hands returned to my chest. Each palm had a lot of lotion on it too. This time, I couldn’t control my reaction. Her squeezing earned a gasp out of me, and I shivered.   
  
“L-Layla…” I moaned.  
  
“What? If you’re gonna tan nude, you gotta protect your whole body!” She hummed seductively in my ear, squeezing my breasts and spreading lotion on them. Preventing sunburn was Layla’s cover story, not that she needed one. I was at her mercy, and she could touch me all she wanted. More lotion was rubbed all over my chest, and she lingered on my breasts, tweaking my nipples and letting them slip against her fingers.   
  
My pulse was constantly increasing as I tried to focus on holding the towel against the fence. If anyone saw what was happening, I would be eye candy. Trying to keep the towel in place was difficult though. It only got harder when I felt Layla’s hands moving onto my stomach. She took her time, and I knew it was because she was delaying getting to my most sensitive area.   
  
Her hands left my body again. I took a deep breath. It felt so wet between my legs. There was no way she wouldn’t notice. Once she knew how I was really reacting to my situation, there would be no turning back. She was probably going to pet my delicate lips and tease me. Before long, I would be begging.  
  
I braced myself for the touch. Layla's hands were on my smooth stomach. They were going to move down soon. At least, I thought they were. Instead, they moved to my sides and slid down to my hips. They caressed everywhere they passed. Then they left. She was going to surprise me. It was going to be sudden. She wanted me to scream. I braced myself.  
  
A cool feeling made contact with my left ankle.  
  
As a hum escaped my lips, I trembled. Layla slowly worked her way up my leg. I had to bite my lip to fight off another moan. I reminded myself that we were in public. I needed to control my reactions. It only got harder when she reached my legs. My lips were starting to pulsate, begging for my lover's fingers. She was ignoring them. Instead, she put lotion on my outer thigh.  
  
She continued, moving onto my other leg and working her way up.Why didn’t she say anything? I thought it was obvious I was aroused. Maybe she knew, and she had a big grin on her face. I tried to turn around to see, but I couldn’t get a clear look. I couldn’t turn as much as I would have needed to thanks to the handcuffs. Her hands were working their way up my right leg now, working the outer thigh.  
  
“Alright… I think you’re all nice and evenly coated,” Layla said, as she stood up and wiped her hands against each other. “You just have to stay there for about twenty minutes, and then I’ll let you go.”  
  
That was it? She was done? “U-um…” I hesitated and began to blush furiously. When she giggled, I knew I was trapped. I thought she was teasing me by ignoring my kitty, but I had only figured out half of her plan to embarrass me. “You um…”   
  
“Hmm? What’s wrong Alice? Did I miss a spot?” She tried to fight off another giggle.  
  
“Y-yes,” I answered weakly. Damn it.  
  
“Oh my, I’m sorry!” She feigned ignorance. “Well then, tell me where I missed and I’ll make sure to cover it right up. I don’t want you to get a sunburn, after all.”   
  
To tell the truth, since my lips rarely saw the sun, that was probably the most vulnerable spot on my body. It needed protection, but I also really wanted her to touch me. My knees were buckling inward as I tried to find the words.  
  
“U-um… you need to… um… t-touch… umm… I mean… do my… my…” I was shaking, and I felt her hands on my back, slowly rubbing up and down. She was well trained in the art of giving a massage, and I was often used for practice. Layla usually did that to help me calm down if I got too nervous. Or, if she wanted me to say something. In this case, she wanted a specific word.  
  
“What is it? I gotta know what it is…” She slowly whispered into my ear. Her hand slowly slid down my back, to my butt. Then she gave me a light squeeze.  
  
“M-my… f-front side needs it,” I stuttered out.   
  
“Hmmm? Where on your front side?” Layla asked as she continued to caress my back end.  
  
“B-between… my legs. M-my… my...” My voice faltered to barely a whisper, “my pussy…”  
  
“Oooohhh,” Layla giggled. There was a light pat on my naked cheeks. “You want me to protect your precious little lips, don’t you?”  
  
I gave her a weak nod. My whole body quivered. I could almost imagine her finally touching me.  
  
“Heh heh, now Alice, this stuff says for external use only, right on the bottle. So I can’t do that,” she whispered into my ear.   
  
I wanted to scream. I was so worked up, and I badly needed her to do it.   
  
Layla stepped to my side, and moved her hands to wipe some excess lotion off on the towel. “Hmm… but I still can’t just leave you in the sun like that though, can I?”  
  
“L-Layla…” I struggled to build up the next words I wanted to say. I badly wanted to reach down and do it myself, but my bounds prevented that. It had to be her.  
  
“Hmm… maybe tanning’s overrated. I can think of something that’s a lot more fun,” she grinned and leaned into me. I felt her body against mine. The material of her swimsuit brushed over my skin, reminding me that I wasn’t wearing anything but a thin coat of sun lotion. Her hands reached for the towel I was holding, and gently plucked it from my grip.  
  
“L-Layla!” I gasped, as the active pool came back into view. I was exposed again! I looked towards my friend and saw her wiping her hands off with the towel. When she finished, she gave me a wicked grin, and drapped the towel over my face. My vision was obscured, and I couldn’t see. I had no way of knowing if anyone noticed us. To make matters worse, I couldn’t move the towel thanks to my handcuffs. I was effectively blindfolded.  
  
Her fingers began to trace around my inner thighs. I gasped, and my knees shook. They buckled inward to sustain what little balance they could.   
  
“Oh my, someone’s excited. It’s almost like I didn’t dry you off at all,” Layla grinned. Her hand slowly slid up the inside of my legs.   
  
I could hear the pool, but I couldn’t see it. Layla’s hands were inching closer. My body was shaking. I wasn’t sure what would happen if we were seen. I wasn’t sure if I cared. All I knew was how bad I wanted it. How much I had been pent up. My breathing grew heavier. I was ready to start begging. Her hand moved in.  
  
She touched me.  
  
I gasped again. I can’t see anything, but my body is shaking. Quaking. I couldn’t move. Layla was giving slow, gentle strokes. It felt amazing, but I needed more. I needed it faster.  
  
“L-Layla… please!” I begged.  
  
“Shhh… they’re going to hear you if you can’t control yourself,” Layla giggled as her hand continued. I felt one of her fingers petting away. The feelings were building, swelling within me. They slowed down, and I knew why. She wanted me to calm down. Layla was a huge pervert, but she was smart. It wouldn’t look good on her to be caught pleasuring a handcuffed girl like me.   
  
I did my best to steady my breathing. “K-keep going,” I said quietly. Layla’s hand began moving, albeit slower this time. She knew to go slowly so I could control myself. I felt her press her chest into my back.   
  
“So, must be exciting huh? You can’t move because of the handcuffs, and you can’t see because of the towel,” Layla said.  
  
“Mmm,” I hummed and gritted my teeth. It’s true. Not being able to see forced me to focus on what Layla was doing to me. I tried to keep my legs open so she could have better access. I knew that made me a little more visible. My heart was racing, and I knew I was leaking all over her fingers.  
  
She pressed harder, and I barely contained my moan. I leaned forward as my strength failed me. The handcuffs were just low enough to where I could sit on my knees, which is what I began to do. My arms were still bound, and were raised above me. I couldn’t pull my elbows into my breasts anymore. I felt the air, and I knew I was exposed.  
  
Layla lowered down with me. I needed relief so bad. She kept rubbing away.  
  
“Are you close?” Layla whispered into my ear.  
  
I nodded.  
  
“I’m gonna speed up. Try to stay quiet,” Layla said.  
  
I nodded again. I took a deep breath to try and get a grip on myself. Layla's hands began to rub more firmly. My thighs instinctively clamped together to hide my treasure but instead pressed her hand against it.   
  
She was going faster now. My mouth was wide open, and my breathing was heavy. I could feel the pressure building inside me, approving of Layla’s touch. My body quaked in response, as if it had a mind of its. It was familiar with Layla’s hand.   
  
Every tug on my skin made be clench my toes. My muscles tightened as my lover’s fingers pushed quickly and firmly. I gritted my teeth, throwing my head in a few different directions. Another moan escapes me, barely muffled by the towel.  
  
I can feel Layla lean into my back, her swimsuit touching my unocvered body, reminding me I was completely naked. “You gotta keep it down, or else someone’s gonna see,” she said in a taunting voice. I felt her hand pull away from my trembling legs. It didn’t go far though. I could almost sense it.   
  
“L-Layla… please! J-just finish… I need it…” I begged. My arms shuffled in what little freedom they had. I leaned forward, causing my breasts to sway.   
  
“Hmm... I can’t quite tell,” Layla whispered in my ear, as her hand cupped me. I almost fell apart right there. “I think somebody’s watching.”  
  
The towel was still on my face. I was effectively blindfolded. Was she telling the truth? Was somebody watching? I was so close though! “Layla…!”   
  
“Do you want to cum? I could easily let you, but someone might be watching!” she said seductively in my ear.  
  
“I wanna cum! I wanna cum! Oh pleaaase let me cum!” I pleaded to her.   
  
“Shhh, alright. Keep your voice down as best you can,” she warned.  
  
Her hands sped up. The final run began. I was at the edge. I was at my limit. I couldn’t fight it any longer.  
  
My mind was racing. Handcuffs held me in place. Layla took my swimsuit. I was completely naked. Her hands were pleasuring my body. A towel obscured my vision. People could be watching. I had no way to tell.   
  
I didn’t care anymore.  
  
It hit. I thrashed my head around, almost violently as I tried to be quiet. My orgasm was rocking my body as I bucked my hips outward. Layla wrapped her free arm around me to try and keep my steady. The chains of my handcuffs jingled in my ears, the only reminder that I was outside. My juices were nearly flooding Layla’s hand as my body convulsed.   
  
Layla kept rubbing, trying to draw out my release as much as possible. My hips began to move on their own, shifting forward and back in time with that wonderful hand. The world had gone silent and nothing else seemed to exit besides the euphoric feelings boiling over in my brain. I smiled as I started to go limp.  
  
I leaned my head forward as my pulse raced in my ears. My face felt hot with blush because I knew I could easily have been seen by anyone at the pool. But damn I felt good. The towel slid off my head and blanketed over the front of my body. My vision was almost hazy, but I could see Layla reaching into the bag. Her hands returned with a key.  
  
I was released from my bonds, and my wrists collapsed at my sides. A renewed warmth went back into my arms as I was finally able to relax. I was still trying to steady my breathing when I looked up at Layla.   
  
She smiled, and leaned in, giving me a little kiss on the cheek. “Good job staying quiet, I don’t think anyone noticed. I think you need little break though.” She picked up the towel and wrapped it around my chest, covering me properly unlike how she set me up before. Once again she’s tending to me like I was helpless. But I felt so good coming down from my high, I didn’t care. If anything, I was enjoying her pampering.  
  
“Now, I can give you your suit back, BUT, If you’re brave enough to ride home as you are, I’ll give you a full massage," she said seductively.   
  
I was still in the afterglow of orgasm. All I really wanted to do was lay down and giggle. However, that idea sounded wonderful to my ears. I had an idea of my own, though. Maybe I was crazy. Maybe I was in a more playful mood than usual. But there was a question in my mind that I couldn’t resist.  
  
“What if I go without the towel?” I asked as she helped me stand on my unsteady feet.  
  
Layla looked surprised but then smirked. “If you’re that brave, you’ll get a happy ending along with it.”  
  
I hesitated for a few seconds. Then, I gathered what little strength I had left, and pushed the towel off my body.