1. **Charlene at the Beach**

by TraceEkies

*Charlene likes an audience.*

"There is no football game this Saturday. How about we go out to Lake Travis?" Tommy suggested to Blake.

"Can't, my folks are going to be here - all day."

"Well then, I guess it'll just be Charlene and me. Not that that's all bad..." Tommy looked at Charlene, "...but it'd sure be fun if you could come too." Tommy continued looking in Charlene's direction, inviting her agreement.

"Of course it'd be great if Blake could go - but he can't," Charlene lamented, "so maybe we could invite those guys that were here last Sunday."

"Right," Tommy began, somewhat sarcastically, "And you're going to wear a towel, like you did then."

"Whoa, what the hell is this?" Blake asked, eyes wide, "I mean like Charlene in a towel? Who were the guys?"

"It was Josh, Leo and Robert," Tommy explained. "I invited them over - you were in Dallas - and I'd gone out for beer. Charlene answered the door in nothing but a towel."

"Not so!" Charlene asserted, "I was wearing panties, too, and besides, I thought it was you. It was an accident."

"Very convenient accident," Blake allowed, knowingly.

"It was an accident," Charlene insisted, "I thought it was Tommy, forgot his keys."

"Right," Tommy said, sarcasm still dripping from his mouth, "that's why you were still hanging out with them, in just the towel, when I did finally get back."

Charlene opened her mouth to argue, but Blake cut her off, "Forget about what happened last week. Question is, Charlene, what are you going to wear tomorrow?"

"Say what?" Charlene asked, seeking clarification.

"What I think Blake's asking," Tommy began as if talking to a fifth grader, "is what are you going to wear to the beach tomorrow?"

"Well, I guess, whatever you want me to," Charlene sheepishly replied.

Turning toward his friend, Tommy explained, "Blake, I've been trying to tell Charlene that she should never wear something, just because I want her to, and that she doesn't need my permission for anything she does want to wear. Do you think I'm wrong?"

"Oh no," Blake replied quickly. "So the question remains, Charlene, what do you want to wear?"

"How about the bikini you were going to wear that last day at Canyon Lake?" Tommy threw out.

"You mean the one I had to keep hidden from Daddy?" Charlene looked inquisitively in Tommy's direction. "Well, I guess I could... might need a cover up at least part of the time... but yes, I'd like to wear that, so long as Tommy's okay with it."

"You got a problem with that, Tommy?" Blake asked, turning to his friend.

"Course not," Tommy replied cheerily.

"And if we do invite those guys from last week, I'm still going to wear the bikini?" Charlene questioned.

"Sure, why not?" Tommy replied. "Unless, of course you'd be more comfortable in a towel," he added sarcastically.

"And if I was?" Charlene taunted.

While Tommy hesitated, seeking the right comeback, Blake remarked, "Now that would be interesting. You do that and I might even have to find some way to blow my parents off."

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Tommy was having a beer while awaiting the arrival of Robert, Josh and Leo. Charlene entered the room from the bedroom area. She was wearing a "Barely There" bikini which very definitely lived up to it's brand name.

“Jesus,” Tommy said as he took in the sight of Charlene in her bikini. “No wonder you kept it hidden. Your father would go ballistic if he saw you in that.” He took a deep breath as he looked her up and down. “That is sooo hot.”

Charlene put her hands behind her head and turned slowly from side to side. Grinning, she said, “I'm glad you like it. And you're sure you're okay with me wearing this around your friends?"

"Oh shit yeah!" Tommy exclaimed as a knock came on the door. He took his time getting to the door, looking lasciviously over his shoulder at Charlene as she headed in the direction of the bedrooms. As she disappeared up the hallway, Tommy opened the door to Robert, Josh & Leo.

"Aw shit," Robert blurted out as he saw it was Tommy, "We were hoping for Charlene again."

Tommy smirked as he came back with, "Sorry about that, but she is still trying on different towels, trying to find just the right one."

"For real?" Josh and Leo spit out in unison.

"Nah, just teasing," Tommy clarified with a grin. "She's finding something more appropriate for a public beach, but I'm sure you'll like it. Come in, have a seat. She won't be long."

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Charlene thrashed around in her closet looking for something to wear over the bikini. She grabbed a blouse she thought might work. Don't go overboard, she told herself. Don't make a big deal out of this. It's just three guys, Tommy's friends, and they've already seen you in a towel. They're expecting to see a little skin, so why not?

Charlene looked at the blouse. It was a flowery print, button up the front type. It didn't have a collar but it was a full cut with buttons that went to the neckline. It was also kind of heavy, though – not the least transparent. She held it up to herself and looked in the mirror. Yes, she thought, it is long enough to wear without jeans. My god, is that going to be hot or what?

Charlene put the blouse on over her bikini and buttoned it, all but the top two buttons, and again looked at herself in the mirror. Yep, that'll do. Definitely no jeans. She turned and walked out of the bedroom, down the short hall and into the living room.

Her entrance was met with a number of very appreciative stares and at least one low whistle. Charlene blushed a bit as she looked for a seat. Two of the guys were on either end of the couch and no way was she going to sit down between them. The third visitor was occupying the easy chair and Tommy was sitting on the floor. She plopped down next to Tommy.

“You've only met each other one time, so, just to be on the safe side..." Tommy turned toward Charlene. "...that's Josh and Leo,” he said, pointing in turn to each of the two on the couch. “And that's Robert,” he said, pointing to the chair. “And this lovely creature here...” He paused, a grin widening on his face. "...in case you didn't recognize her without the towel..." He angled a thumb toward his roommate, “... is Charlene.” The guys thought the towel reference was hilarious - Charlene did not.

It was still early in the day and there was no rush to get to the beach. Charlene chatted nervously with the three visitors, still slightly miffed over the remark Tommy had made about the towel business. Fortunately, no mention was made of that and Charlene gradually warmed to the looks she was getting from each of them. Her legs were crossed, but carelessly so, and the blouse was riding up some, exposing her upper thighs and causing her otherwise bare legs to attract a considerable amount of attention.

Charlene whispered in Tommy's ear, "Good thing I decided on the blouse or we might never get out of here."

"Yeah, I think you're right."

"You sure you're okay with me wearing this bikini, the one you saw me in a few minutes ago?”

Tommy cupped his hand over his mouth, directing his reply to Charlene only. “I thought you wanted to wear it. Is there some reason you don't?”

“Well, there's not much to it, especially the bottoms.”

“Uh huh,” Tommy mumbled under his breath. Then again shielding his response from the others he asserted, “The guys'll love it.”

Charlene swallowed deeply before saying aloud, “Good thing Daddy's not here.”

Tommy nodded almost imperceptibly as he addressed the others. “You guys ready for a trip to the beach?"

Charlene uncrossed her legs. The blouse had been creeping higher each time she bent to whisper to Tommy. The bottom to her bikini was now nearly visible. The three had all heard Charlene's remark about Daddy, and with eyes glued to the spot between her bare thighs, each nodded in response to Tommy's question, expecting to see even more of Charlene when they got to the lake.

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First out of the car, Josh and Leo charged off toward the beach. Leo turned back to confirm that the others were following. “Holy shit!” he exclaimed. Josh turned to see what had caused Leo's outburst. They were about twenty-five yards from the car where Charlene had just removed the blouse and was tossing it into the backseat of the car.

Both Josh and Leo had stopped in their tracks. “Oh my god,” Josh said quietly. “Easy to see why she was afraid of what her father might think.”

They were both turned, looking in Charlene's direction. They spoke quietly. “Well, one thing's for certain,” Leo remarked.

“And...”

“It's for sure she's clean shaved. If she even had a landing strip it'd be showing.”

“For sure and oh jesus, god, will you look at that - she's tugging it even lower.”

“And can you believe? Tommy doesn't seem to care.”

“How'd you like to be living with something like that?”

“Are you kidding me? I'd have a boner all the time. I mean like jesus, if she'll wear that bikini in public, can you imagine what she must wear around the apartment?”

Charlene had caught Tommy's attention. Leo and Josh couldn't hear what was being said but they could see that Charlene was sort of posing. It looked to them as if Charlene was asking Tommy's approval of her new suit. He was standing a few feet away and appeared to be inspecting it, especially the lower half.

“You could leave the blouse on if you'd rather," Tommy suggested.

Charlene leaned toward Tommy and whispered. “Can't, spilled my coke on it - besides, I kind of like it this way.” She wiggled her very bare hips and added teasingly, “Me wearing this was your idea, I seem to recall.”

"Yes it was and if you're okay with it..." Tommy took another approving look. "...well, I sure am too.”

Robert came around from the other side of the car. He was trying to behave himself but the expanse of teenage flesh was too much for him to ignore - he whistled low and nodded his approval. Charlene blushed slightly at the attention Robert was paying her nearly naked body. As they walked toward where Josh and Leo were standing, Robert made regular side glances at Charlene, who certainly was enjoying the attention.

Down the path a way, Leo said to Josh, “Uh, I think we better wait. Besides this is way too good to miss,” making it clear that he did not intend to move from that spot.

“No argument from me,” acknowledged Josh. Then cupping his hand toward Leo, added, “I mean like jesus god, all you'd have to do is slip your finger in the top of that suit to be rubbing on her clitty.”

“No way can that pussy be far away. Has to be right between her legs. I mean, can you imagine having those beautiful stems wrapped around your neck?”

Josh and Leo shut up as Charlene, Tommy and Robert approached. “Thanks for waiting,” Charlene chirped.

“Not a problem,” replied Josh as Leo nodded his agreement. Both were giving Charlene the serious elevator treatment – looking up and down. “We were enjoying watching—”

“Let's get to the beach,” Robert cut in with his finger to his lips. “We got all afternoon to talk.”

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Charlene was lying on a towel she had spread out on the sand, with the guys surrounding her. There was no doubt she had their attention. She was constantly fiddling with the side ties on the bikini bottoms, first pulling them up, then pushing them back down until she was barely covered.

At one point she even undid the ties for a few minutes. She didn't actually remove the bottoms but she did keep lifting the edge a bit and looking at herself. Then she dropped it back in place and looked at each of the guys, checking to be sure she had their attention. She retied it such that the bottom of the bikini was barely hanging from her hips.

With the sides of the bottoms loosely tied and pushed down as far as she dared, Charlene rolled onto her stomach. The bottoms weren't the thong type but they didn't cover a lot either. And she had let them slip down to where the crack in her ass extended an inch or two above the upper edge of the bikini bottom. She looked around to be sure everyone was watching.

Satisfied that all eyes were on her, Charlene reached behind herself and untied the string to her top. A collective gasp was heard as she dropped the strings to the ground, baring the sides of her breasts. “You guys don't mind do you?” she needlessly asked. “I don't want any tan lines on my back.”

She was assured by everyone that having the top untied was perfectly okay. The conversation continued with Charlene raising up a little every time she spoke. While still showing enough to keep dicks hard, she was careful to keep her nipples buried in the bikini top.

During a lull in the conversation, Charlene took hold of the strings and pulled them behind her back. Then holding them together, but still untied, she sat up. Charlene looked over her shoulder at Tommy who was behind her. "I need you to tie this for me."

"How tight do you want it," Tommy asked quietly.

In a low voice, almost a whisper, so as not to be heard by anyone other than Tommy, Charlene replied, "Not too tight."

"As far as I'm concerned," Tommy murmured confidentially, "you could leave it off."

"That might be okay with you," Charlene whispered teasingly over her shoulder, "but for now, it's staying on."

"Yes ma'am," Tommy agreed saucily, "Just tight enough so you can make like you're still wearing it." Tommy did pretty much as he said he would, leaving it loose enough to where it was nearly falling off but still tight enough to keep Charlene's nipples covered, although questionably so. "How's that," he asked when finished.

"Uhm, I like it. I guess this means you'll be okay if it slips a little while I'm swimming."

"Accidentally, you mean," Tommy whispered conspiratorially.

"Of course," Charlene acknowledged with a grin.

Tommy's friends salivated over the sight presented by Charlene in her loosely tied bikini. Tommy stood to his feet. "You guys ready for a swim," he asked unnecessarily. Without taking their eyes off Charlene, all nodded in unison. Charlene jumped to her feet and with Tommy and his friends following, sprinted toward the lake. At water's edge, she splashed onward until the water was up to her knees. Sitting down she let the water splash over her, soaking her and her barely existent bikini. Tommy and his friends caught up with Charlene and parked themselves in a semi-circle, all facing her, anxious to see what effect the water would have on the bikini.

As they conversed inanely about anything that came to mind, the moderate wave action of the lake did its work, pushing Charlene's bikini ever lower, until only her nipples were covered, and then just barely. As they were about to be exposed, Charlene stood and waded off toward shore. Stopping short of the water's edge, in no more than three or four inches of water, Charlene stretched out on the sandy bottom, the water lightly washing over her, waiting for the guys to catch up with her.

One by one they gathered around her, Tommy the closest, the others just out of reach. Charlene reclined on her elbows, her legs open in the direction of her male admirers, her mound barely covered by the tiny bikini bottom. With her fingers she played with the top of her bikini, pushing it upward to where the undersides of her breasts were deliciously exposed, and adjusting the material until all but her nipples were showing. She smiled at the sight of the hard cocks surrounding her. "Are we having fun?" she teasingly asked of the group in general.

"Shit yeah!" blurted out Leo, "I wouldn't be missing this for the world."

"And Charlene, you got to be having fun, too," suggested Robert.

"Uh huh, I think I am," Charlene allowed, her face turning red.

"And I would guess too, that this is not your first time to be hanging out with a bunch of guys in not too many clothes," Robert observed.

Charlene looked at Tommy, expecting him to speak up, eliminating the necessity of an embarrasing response. He, however, seemed as anxious as Robert, to hear her answer. She choked and reluctantly admitted, in a voice so low as to be barely heard, "Uh no, not the first time."

Robert pressed on, "I been watching you playing with that top." He held up, not sure how to continue, or even if he should. After some consideration, he ventured forth with, "And I'm thinking you'd just rather take it off. You could, you know - it'd be fun for all of us, including you and Tommy."

Charlene looked at Tommy, smiling. "Oh I'm sure he'd love it if I did, but actually I was thinking it was time to get out of the water and put some more clothes on, before I get chilled." With that, she stood and headed off toward where they had left their things, leaving behind three, more likely four, very disappointed young men.

As Charlene rummaged through her duffle bag, Tommy and the other three joined her. Pulling a t-shirt from her bag, she handed it to Tommy, politely requesting, "Help me get this on."

Tommy did as requested. Inspecting the tee-shirt as he pulled it over Charlene's head, he found it was actually a wife-beater type shirt, nearly new and more substantial than not.

Tommy quietly offered to help his roommate and lover retie the top of her bikini, but Charlene had other ideas. "No, just pull the shirt down over me and untie and take the bikini top out from under as you do."

"Just so I'm clear," Tommy said with a trace of surprise in his voice, "the bikini top comes off as the shirt goes on?"

"Uh huh, that's right, unless you got a problem with it," Charlene confirmed, looking over her shoulder to see Tommy's reaction.

"Uh no, with this shirt damp and stretched tight over your bare tits, my friends are sure not going to complain..." Tommy was speaking quietly, so as not to heard by the guys. "...and you sure as hell aren't going to hear any objections from me." He pulled the shirt down and over Charlene's wet breasts as he dragged the bikini top free.

Charlene looked down at herself. She was covered, but the wife-beater tee had quickly soaked up the moisture from her wet body. Little was left to the imagination. But Tommy had to know what this would look like when he pulled it over my head. And yet, he appears to be as excited as I am. And to think, back at the car, he even suggested I might want to leave the blouse on.

The guys were definitely enjoying the sight. Charlene's headlights were full on and very noticeable. Josh wasted no time in exclaiming, "Wow! And I thought the bikini was hot!"

"Bet you wouldn't dare swim in that," Leo challenged.

Charlene, who didn't know how to back down from a dare, looked quickly to Tommy for approval, then jumped up and dashed for the water. Although the breeze had only picked up some since their arrival, the waves coming ashore on the lake were now approaching the one foot mark. Charlene raced through what little surf there was and dove headlong into one of the larger waves as it came toward the shore.

She could tell before the wave passed that its force had dislodged her bikini bottom. She grabbed hold of it and tugged it back into position. Unalterably though, the water had finished the job started by her wet body. Her shirt was now transparent to the point of looking as if she was topless. Although well aware of this, Charlene pretended not to know as she stood and turned to face the guys. In response to their stares though, she was finally forced to look down, pretending surprise and embarassment at finding herself so exposed.

Charlene tugged the shirt loose from her tits to where it didn't seem quite so transparent. She took a few steps closer to the shore, then sat down in the surf. Leaning back on her elbows, she looked down and adjusted the shirt so as to minimize the appearance of nudity. Charlene then motioned for the guys to join her. Tommy appeared to have enjoyed the view she had afforded him and the others when she had stood facing them in the wet shirt. Charlene was confident that Tommy wasn't going to object about the view she was continuing to provide.

As they joined her in the surf, Charlene sat up, actually bending over some, such that the wet shirt fell away from her body. Her nipples were still quite visible but she could tell by the tent in Tommy's jams that he approved. Emboldened by Tommy's obvious approval and the looks she was getting from his friends, Charlene leaned back on her elbows, allowing the wet shirt to mold itself around her tits. The guys, Tommy too, were sitting in a sort of semi-circle, their backs to the beach, facing Charlene. They were watching her and she was watching them.

Tommy, looking at the lake behind Charlene, warned, “Looks like another big one coming.”

“Can't get any wetter,” Charlene shouted as she jumped up and faced the wave head-on. As it slammed against her, she felt the bottom of her bikini slipping, nearly to the point of falling off. Tugging it back in place she turned excitedly to face the guys, her soaked shirt once again making her appear topless.

Tommy and his friends had a new reason for staring. Charlene did really look to be topless and she was only a few feet away. Charlene had everyone's attention and she milked it for all it was worth.

At the apartment Tommy had been quite anxious for the guys to see Charlene in her skimpy bikini. However, when they got to the beach, he wasn't quite so sure, even giving her the option of leaving the blouse on. But with Charlene's body as the focus of everyone's attention, especially now that she was wearing only tiny bikini pants and a thoroughly soaked t-shirt, Tommy was becoming turned on by the way she was flaunting her nudity before him and his buddies. She was obviously having fun and so was he. “Oh shit,” he screamed, “Here comes another one!”

“Yahoo,” screeched Charlene as she flattened her back against the sand. She spread her arms wide as the wave crashed over her. While there wasn't much more the water could do to her shirt, it did push her already daringly low bottoms even lower. There was no doubt that Charlene was cleanly shaven. She hastily tugged the bottoms back into place. Looking at Tommy and his friends, she shouted, “What? Never seen one before?” There was silence. No one responded.

Tommy got up slowly and came to sit next to her. “I guess I did get a little carried away," Charlene whispered to Tommy, "You pissed?"

Tommy spoke only loud enough to be heard by Charlene. “Not hardly, loving it actually." Charlene looked questioningly at him. “In fact you could take it off if you want.”

Charlene went wide eyed. “Oh wow! You really mean that?" she asked.

"Not so loud,” Tommy said in a voice just above a whisper. “Well, I mean, it's got to be something you want to do, but you'll get no static from me, whatever you decide.” Turned in the direction of his friends, he continued in the same low voice, adding, "And don't look so serious.”

“Oh yeah,” replied Charlene as she turned her head and eyes toward the other three. She resumed her teasing, splashing water on her shirt, fiddling with the strings at the sides of the bottoms. Then without turning her head, she said to Tommy, “But I hardly know these guys.”

“Didn't seem to bother you last week at the door,” Tommy said, also without turning his head.

Charlene turned and looked at Tommy before replying. “Well it's not going to happen!” She looked back at Tommy's friends and resumed splashing herself, smiling at the guys as she did.

Tommy was quiet. He turned and stared at the empty beach. Without turning his head, in a voice that was barely audible, he said, “Well you could take the shirt off.”

Charlene looked at Tommy. In a much more demure tone she asked, “You really do mean that, don't you?”

Tommy turned back to Charlene. “Uhm uh... yeah.”

“And you really wouldn't mind?”

“I don't think so, at least not if you wanted to.”

Charlene saw the look on their faces – another big wave was coming. Seconds before it crashed over them Charlene bent forward, her face an inch or so from the shallow surf. As the wave hit, Charlene kicked her legs behind her and flattened the front of her body against the sand. There was a collective groan from Tommy's friends as they realized what she had done – her tits were now well hidden.

“I think it will be better if I just stay this way,” she said loudly enough for all to hear. There were pretended comments of understanding but the overall disappointment was evident. For the most part, Charlene's front side, breasts and nipples, remained buried in the sand and shallow surf. But, after a time, she got to rolling around in the surf. Then emboldened by the guys renewed interest, she sat up and leaned back on her elbows, enjoying the looks her barely concealed breasts were getting.

Charlene made certain that with every wave her shirt got totally soaked. It was obvious that the guys liked her wet look, and she was enjoying having them look. Between waves, an inane sort of conversation continued, talks about everything but what was really on everyone's mind – Charlene's body! But Leo finally opened even that door. “You ever been topless?” he asked.

Charlene showed no sign of being irritated by the bold question. After all, they were talking about her and she kinda liked it. The question was a reasonable one. “You mean, like with guys watching? That is what you want to know isn't it?” They nodded. She had a pretty good idea where this might lead. She hesitated before answering. “I guess I have a time or two."

"So when was the first time?"

Charlene put her hand to her chin as if deep in thought. After a time, she replied, "It had to be in the spring of my Junior year, so maybe a year and a half ago."

"Your Junior year? How old were you?" Leo questioned.

"Well, I guess I would have been sixteen."

"Sixteen? Holy shit, and you were topless?"

"Uh yeah... I was on a boat, with my boyfriend and his buddies." Charlene looked quickly at Tommy, then at his three friends. “So you guys think I should go topless here?” she asked.

“Sure, why not,” Leo replied. “You're on the beach, you're already half way there, Tommy's with you and well, you just ought to do it.”

“This is a public beach, no more than an hour's drive from the university. Somebody sees me, and it'll be all over school by tomorrow.”

Robert the peacemaker finally spoke. “In case you haven't been watching, there's been no-one on this part of the beach all day.”

“Well, there's still you guys. You'd have everybody talking about me before noon tomorrow. Hell they'd probably put out a special edition of the school paper, 'Charlene Goes Topless at Lake Travis'.” She broke out laughing. The others laughed with her.

Robert felt it necessary to explain, "On the other side of that pile of rocks..." he pointed to one side of the beach,"...is Hippy Hollow, where the girls don't just go topless - they get naked. And most of the people over there, also go to the same school we do. Even if you were to get seen, no one would care."

"Well I guess we went to the wrong beach then," Charlene smirked. Then choking back her laughter she added, “But I still need you guys to promise you won't tell anyone, okay.”

Leo said, “No way will we ever say anything, we promise.” The other two echoed his words.

Charlene turned to Tommy. “You trust these guys?”

“Yeah, I think so,” he replied.

“Well, you better, this isn't just my reputation, it's yours too.”

“You guys aren't going to say anything, are you?” he said pointedly to his three friends. Tommy didn't want to sound too anxious, but he was kind of looking forward to Charlene getting topless.

Robert looked to Josh and Leo. A silent understanding was made between them. He looked back at Tommy and Charlene. “No,” he said, “Whatever happens here is just between us.”

“Whatever happens here?” Charlene snapped. “What do you think is going to happen, anyway?”

Tommy looked back and forth between Charlene and Robert. Robert spoke, a tone of apology in his voice. “Uh, I think we were just talking about you maybe removing your shirt.”

“And nothing else, right?” Charlene asked.

“No, of course not, nothing else,” Robert affirmed.

For several seconds, Charlene looked sternly from one to another of the guys, including Tommy. A tingling between her legs slowly developed as she imagined being topless. A hint of a smile emerged as she turned to Tommy. “You okay?” she asked.

He nodded. Charlene stood and pulled the shirt over her head. She tossed it to Tommy. In a voice loud enough to be heard by his friends, she said, “Don't let it get too far. I might be wanting it back.” Robert, Josh and Leo exchanged looks. They had gotten the message - they could look at those beautiful bare tits all they wanted, but it better not go any further than that.

Over the next few minutes, all pretended nothing had changed, actually discussing the teachers each had had in high school. Charlene flattened herself into the sand, her elbows spread to either side. The three guys were of course paying close attention, but Tommy too was mesmerized by Charlene's actions. Strange, he thought, Charlene wasn't concerned about getting topless, just whether or not the guys might tell someone.

Charlene was excited by her new level of exposure and became bolder. Each time a wave washed over them, she brought her elbows a little closer together, eventually raising her upper body until not only her breasts, but her nipples too, were fully exposed.

Tommy saw what she was doing and noted his friends' rapt attention. There was a broad smile on Charlene's face. He looked at the shirt he held in his hands. “How 'bout if I take this and put it with our things on the beach?” he asked.

Charlene hesitated, looked at Tommy, then at his friends. “Uh yeah, I guess that's okay,” she replied. “I doubt very seriously if these guys would ever let me to put it back on anyway.” She smiled at Tommy. “And bring the suntan lotion.”

When Tommy stood, his erection was obvious. He walked to the beach and deposited the shirt alongside the rest of their belongings. As he picked up the suntan lotion, he wondered, who will she ask to put the suntan lotion on her? Still wondering about that as he returned, he tossed the bottle to Charlene, who had to raise up even more to catch it. Tommy then sat alongside his friends, anticipating the show that was about to begin.

Charlene put a finger to her lips. I could do this myself, but that would really be showing off. Having one of Tommy's friends do it might be fun, but also might be kinda dangerous. Besides, there is no way - at least I don't think so – that Tommy would want their hands on my tits. Now his hands, that's something else. She tossed the suntan lotion to Tommy. “Be a good roommate and put some of this on me.”

Tommy was surprised. He had expected Charlene to have one of the other guys do it. But then these are guys I see several times a week. And after today, will likely be ringing our doorbell on a pretty regular basis. Tommy jumped up and knelt beside Charlene.

“Do my legs first, then my back,” Charlene suggested softly enough so as not to be heard by anyone other than Tommy. He started on her feet. “Uhm, that feels good,” she purred.

Tommy continued up her legs, under the side strings on the bikini bottom and over her mostly bare butt. He stopped just short of the material between her legs. “I'd like to let my fingers slip under the edge of this but I don't think I better,” he whispered.

“I'd like that too,” Charlene responded quietly, “But I agree – not a good idea. But do get my back and sides.” Tommy did as requested, even brushing the sides of her breasts. Charlene looked at Leo, Josh and Robert. She knew what they were hoping for. “Want me to turn over?” she asked quietly.

“You want to?” Tommy asked in return .

“I think it'd be okay. They're acting pretty tame. Up to you though.”

Tommy looked at his friends. His cock got ramrod stiff as he thought about rubbing Charlene's tits while his friends watched. “Yeah, do it,” he whispered.

What am I doing? Charlene asked herself as she struggled to turn over. “Jesus christ, I'm not believing this,” one of Tommy's friends said. Tommy's hands shook as he busied himself with the lotion bottle. He turned slightly so he couldn't see his friends' faces.

Charlene was flat on her back, her arms at her sides and her tits fully exposed to four pairs of male eyes. Tommy looked lovingly at Charlene. “You still okay?” he quietly asked.

Tommy's front side was turned slightly away from their three observers, hiding what Charlene then did. Her hand went between Tommy's legs and snaked up the inside of his jams. She wrapped her hand around his very stiff cock and looked into his eyes. “Uh huh... and it seems you are too. Let's be sure to get home sometime soon.”

Tommy nodded his agreement as he dribbled the suntan lotion over Charlene's bare torso. Charlene continued fondling his cock as Tommy's hands shakily rubbed the lotion into her bare skin. He spread it carefully over her breasts, pinching her nipples as he did so, over her stomach and to the edge of her bikini bottoms.

Charlene held his cock tightly. “Just under the edge, please.” She stroked his cock suggestively. “You go too far and I'll have to fuck you right here.”

Just under the edge, Tommy's fingers found Charlene's clit. As he touched it, she spasmed and squeezed his cock. A wave crashed over them. A gush of sperm shot out of Tommy's cock. Charlene cupped her hand around the head. As the water washed over them, Tommy's cock shot out rope after rope of cum.

As the water subsided he removed his hand from her bikini bottom. Charlene removed her hand from Tommy's jams and brought it to her lips. The cum was mixed with lake water, but she could still taste it. She licked until she got all of it.

Rubbing the water from his eyes, Josh knew he had not really seen anything, but he could guess. “Did you see that?” he asked.

“What?” whispered Leo, who clearly hadn't seen anything either.

“Her jackin him off and sucking his cum off her fingers?”

“Shut up,” Robert said hastily. Whispering he added, “No way you saw anything, but you keep it up and this party'll be over.”

“I hope that lotion's waterproof,” Tommy remarked as he tossed the empty bottle to the beach. He got up and ran toward the open lake, diving into a small wave coming at them. Under water he hastily rinsed the cum away.

As he turned back toward shore, Charlene was getting to her feet. She walked straight at Tommy's friends, her breasts bared. She adjusted her bikini bottoms to be assured she was covered. Turning her head over her shoulder she shouted, “No, it's not waterproof, and if I don't get out of the water and get that towel wrapped around me and quick, I am going to burn.”

Charlene made a motion to cover her bare tits with her hands but then thought differently. She dropped her hands to her side and strode confidently through the middle of the three guys. Seconds later, Tommy, Robert, Josh and Leo headed toward shore too. Charlene pulled an extra towel out of her duffle and wrapped it around herself. The towel was bath-sized, large enough to cover a goodly portion of her breasts and most of her butt while leaving legs, upper chest and shoulders, temptingly bare. She was joined by the other four as she sat down on the sand. As Tommy sat down next to Charlene, she wondered, Is he marking his territory or just being friendly?

Tommy's first whispered question did nothing to answer her question. "You really worried about burning or concerned that your bare tits might lead to something else?"

"Bare is just not as exciting as almost bare." Charlene had been holding the towel tightly around herself - she allowed it to loosen to where her breasts were mostly exposed. The guys, Tommy too, went instantly hard. Charlene grinned as she "checked" them out. "See what I mean?" she whispered giddily.

Tommy's friends had been conversing quietly amongst themselves, but when the towel "slipped", their conversation stopped. Robert turned toward Charlene and drawled, "Now if that towel were to slip just a bit more, us guys might want to stay a bit longer."

Charlene looked at Tommy and whispered, "And if they want to leave, we have to go too?"

"Uh huh," he breathed, "It's Robert's car so we leave when they do."

Charlene swallowed hard and fought with herself over what to do next. On the one hand, she did want the towel to 'slip' some more, maybe even come off, and she was sure Tommy would like that too - it's just she didn't like being forced to do it. Tommy, Robert and the others waited patiently while Charlene weighed the alternatives. Satisfied she was making the right decision, Charlene surprised all of them with her reply to Robert, "Thought we were having fun, but I agree, it is time to leave."

"What the hell are you doing?" Tommy whispered hastily, "He's just trying to get you topless -"

"Oh, I didn't say we were ready to leave." Robert was backpedaling even before Tommy was finished. "In fact we'd be happy to stay longer."

Charlene covered her mouth with her hand and spoke in a low voice, just loud enough for Tommy to hear, "Trust me, the day is far from over. Just play along like you agree with everything I'm saying." Then to Robert and the other two, she doubled down with, "Not necessary, we need to be getting back too." Charlene stood and snugged the towel around her body.

"Right," Tommy sing-songed, "We both got things that need doing. We really do need to get back." Tommy stood as if to leave.

"Well, if we must," Robert lamented as he stood, "I guess I did bring it up." All grabbed up the things they had brought to the beach in preparation for their trek back to the car.

"You aren't going to change?" Tommy asked unbelievingly, addressing Charlene who was still wearing the towel.

"At the car, I will. Only dry thing I have is the blouse I left there," she replied. They all headed off, up the path, toward the car, Charlene leading the way.

As they left the beach, Leo chided Robert, "You sure fucked things up!"

Robert hung his head, "Yeah, but I was just trying to get her to take off the towel."

"Right, but if you'd just kept your mouth shut, she probably would have done it anyway," Josh remarked.

At the car, Charlene reached in and grabbed the blouse. "Oh shit," she said, "No way can I wear this."

"Right, I forgot too," Tommy added, "You spilled your coke on it as we were getting out - got to be a sticky mess."

Charlene took a deep breath, wadded the blouse in a ball and stuffed it in her bag. "Looks like I'll have to wear the towel for the trip home." The statement was met with four smiling faces and likely four hard cocks. Sharing the concern that was evident on Tommy's face, she blubbered out, "Robert," capturing the driver's attention, "Leo needs to ride up front with you. I'm going to sit in the back with Josh and Tommy."

"What's this all about," Leo quizzed, "You don't like me?"

"Oh, far from it," announced Charlene, "but with me in a towel, I trust Josh more to keep his hands to himself."

"And you can count on that," Josh said excitedly to nods all around as they climbed into the car.

Enroute back to Austin, Josh was true to his word, but that didn't stop him from drooling over Charlene's deliciously bare legs. Leo was turned around, hanging over the back of his seat and Robert adjusted his mirror so that he too could feast his eyes on Charlene. Even Tommy's imagination was captured by her mostly bare breasts and occasional flashes of the still damp fabric between her legs. For most of the ride back, Tommy's friends were content to look. They were not going to make the mistake they did at the beach.

As they neared the turnoff to the apartment, Tommy turned to Charlene and said, "When we get home, I know I've got that book I need to finish, but what are you planning to do?"

"I'm sure you've already guessed," Charlene replied to Tommy in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear, "that when I walk through that door, this towel is coming off." She looked up at Leo, then at Josh, and finally in the mirror at Robert. "And no, you guys are not invited." With a huff, Charlene adjusted and cinched the towel, doing more to puntuate her statement than to cover up. "And then I'm going to shower and wash my hair - get the sand out."

"After which," Tommy conjectured, "you'll sit in the window and brush out your hair."

"Bingo!" Charlene exclaimed, grinning as she did so, "Yes, I do like sitting on that window ledge when I'm brushing my hair, and that is almost certainly what I'm going to do today."

"Uh huh, and I would also suspect," Tommy began with a smirk, "that considering what you are usually wearing, the guys across the way are going to be getting quite a show."

Charlene loosened the towel, exposing even more skin. "That may be, but today, with the sun still out," Charlene countered, "they aren't going to see much."

Leo wanted to hear more, but as they turned into the parking lot, the subject changed.

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The parking spots in the two rows closest to the apartment building were occupied, forcing Robert to park in the third row. Josh, Robert and Leo all got out to help Tommy and Charlene with their stuff. As Charlene crawled out of the back seat, the guys warned her about the group on the far side of the lot, but Charlene refused to show concern, insisting instead that, "If I can go topless at the beach, then I can surely get by with a towel in the parking lot."

Her towel did attract numerous catcalls and whistles as she and Tommy crossed the parking lot and climbed the apartment-house stairs. As they passed out of sight, Robert and Josh turned toward the car, but Leo held back, commenting, "She sure is fun to watch."

"That's for damn sure," Robert affirmed as he reached for the car door.

"I don't think we should be in any hurry to leave," Leo asserted boldly.

"And why not?" Josh demanded, turning from the car and addressing Leo, "Charlene did say we weren't getting invited in."

"Uh huh, but I have the feeling that her sitting in the window might be worth the wait."

"The sun is going to be shining for several hours more and like she said, there'll be nothing to see." Josh argued.

Robert was feeling pretty much to blame for their day being cut short and hadn't really said a lot, at least not until he heard this last part. He turned loose of the car door handle and carefully offered, "Leo might be right. This side of the building is facing North and with summer nearly gone, the window is already in shadow. Charlene might be more exposed than she thinks."

Josh was beginning to see the picture, "Yeah and that business about the towel coming off when she gets home..." excitement growing as he continued, "...and about sitting in the window while brushing her hair... and that thing Tommy said about all the attention she would likely be gettting! Leo is right! We should wait."

"That may be, but let's not step on our dicks," Robert cautioned. "If we are going to watch - and you can bet your bippy, I think we should - then we need an excuse for staying here."

Leo jumped in with, "Raise the hood - make it look like the car broke down."

"Good thinking," concurred Robert as he raced around to the front of the car and lifted the hood. "You two get on either side and make like you're looking into the engine compartment. We need it to look like the car won't start, but you two also got to be watching the window - just don't let yourself be seen doing it."

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Tommy kicked the apartment door closed behind Charlene and himself. As it closed, Charlene released the towel and let it fall to the floor. But as Tommy reached for her nearly naked body, Charlene slipped away and marched off toward the bathroom, saying, "Shower and shampoo. You get started on your book." As Charlene disappeared down the hallway, she added, "And turn on the light so you can see better."

And turn on the light so I can see better? That's a laugh. Not going to do much good - sun's plenty bright. Tommy was mumbling to himself. From the stack of books at the end of the couch, Tommy dug out the book he needed to be reading. As he spread out on the couch, he flipped on the table lamp.

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"Nobody in the window, yet," Josh announced without looking up.

"Yeah, but a light did get turned on," Leo stated, "and with that cloud that just came over, the view really is pretty good."

Considerable time passed without any change, then...

"Alright," Josh announced, "Charlene has just appeared."

"Can either of you tell what she's wearing?" Robert asked, his back still to the window.

Leo responded, "Looks like a man's dress shirt - pretty long - looks like no panties, but I can't tell for sure... plenty of bare leg though." Leo had taken a chance and gotten a good look.

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"Uhm, looks good," Tommy remarked as Charlene headed for the window, "but where did you get that? Doesn't look like one of mine."

"The shirt? It was Daddy's. He was about to throw it out because of all the missing buttons, but I salvaged it."

"Well, considering there are only two buttons left, I'm guessing he doesn't know you have it."

"And he'd absolutely shit if he knew I was wearing it without anything under it."

"No panties either?" Tommy asked as Charlene climbed up onto the window ledge.

"Nope, wanna see?"

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"She's gotten up on the window ledge," Josh reported, "but she's still wearing that shirt.

"Well she might be wearing the shirt," Leo countered, "but with her knees up and the hem of it in her lap" He snatched another quick look. "Most of the buttons are undone... and it looks like her bare ass is on the window ledge - that's assuming she really isn't wearing panties." Leo looked back once more. "My god! What a gorgeous pair of legs on that girl."

Robert was still bent over under the hood of the car. "Good looking for sure - and she knows it too. But I'd like to know, does she suspect we're watching?"

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Tommy got up from the couch and walked to the window. "Of course I'd like to see," Tommy replied to Charlene's teasing. He looked out the window. "Oh that's interesting, my friends haven't left yet."

"They're still there?" Charlene quizzed, turning to the window in an effort to spot them.

"Yeah, still in the same spot where they let us off, hood raised, looks like car trouble."

"Well, they're not looking this way and even if they were, they wouldn't be seeing anything - too bright." Charlene's hand slid up a leg-hole of Tommy's jams.

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"Holy shit," Josh exclaimed excitedly, "She's got her hand inside his pants."

"Yeah, probably playing with his cock," Leo surmised.

"Got to see this," Robert said, hastily withdrawing from under the hood and turning toward the action.

"Shit yeah," Leo intoned, "I mean, like christ, they're not paying any attention -"

"Jesus, god," Josh said, interupting Leo, "Tommy's got his hand between her legs - probably fingering her."

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"Oh my god, that is so good," Charlene cooed as Tommy stroked her slippery pussy lips.

Her hand, busy inside his jams, caressed the head of Tommy's cock. "What you're doing isn't all bad either," Tommy breathed as she took hold of it's full length. Looking out the window he could see that his friends appeared to be looking in his direction. He struggled to say, "Uh, the guys are looking this way, but no way could they be seeing anything."

Charlene's mouth dropped open as Tommy slipped first one, then another of his fingers between, her pussy lips. Her breath came in bursts as she stammered, "Well, if they could, I'm not sure I'd care, right now."

"Not sure I would either," Tommy breathlessly agreed as he struggled to unbutton his jams. As they dropped to the floor he added, “Really do like it, that I'm not wearing any underwear.”

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"They keep looking this way," Leo remarked. "Can they tell we're watching?"

"My god, would you look at what she's doing to his cock," Robert said, unconcerned by Leo's question.

"Well if they can," Josh replied, "They sure don't seem to care."

"No, that's for sure," acknowledged Leo, "And holy shit, look at the way she's licking her lips - she wants that thing in her mouth."

Robert followed with, "Yeah, but she's going to get naked first. That blouse is coming off."

"Oh jesus, those are some beautiful tits," one of the others said, "How'd you like to go to sleep with those in your face?"

"I was thinking more in terms of having those legs wrapped around my neck," another said.

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"Well if they are watching, they're sure getting a hell of a show," Tommy observed excitedly.

"I was thinking the same thing," Charlene concurred, twisting her naked upper body in the direction of the parking lot.

"I don't think you'd really care if they were," Tommy put forth with a smile on his face.

"Uh, probably not," Charlene allowed, sneaking a peek out the window, "So, did your friends think I was hot enough?”

“Shit yes, couldn't you tell?” Tommy gushed as Charlene continued stroking his cock.

"Yeah, I guess they were pretty obvious, especially when I got topless." Charlene thrust her naked tits toward Tommy's face. “You think they wanted to fuck me?” Charlene inquired, spreading her legs and thrusting her hips forward.

Tommy licked his lips. “Well, they might have wanted to eat you first, but yeah, for sure, they were wanting to fuck you. In fact, it's a good thing we got out of there when we did. If you'd taken that towel off, which it looked like you were about to, you very likely would have gotten gang raped.”

Charlene swung her hips in Tommy's direction, put her hands behind her head and turned her upper body seductively from side to side. “Well you wouldn't of let 'em do it would you?”

“I'm not sure I could have stopped 'em.”

“Did you want to fuck me too?”

“Like I said, maybe eat you first, but fuck you too? Oh hell yes!”

Charlene glanced out the window, then looked over at Tommy. “You still want to fuck me?”

Tommy stood there naked, his cock pounding. “Oh my god, yes!”

“You wanna eat me too?” Charlene removed Tommy's hand from between her legs, plunged her own finger into her pussy, then pulled it out and put it in her mouth.

Tommy stood there, as if in a spell, watching her suck the pussy juice off her finger. “Do I have to beg?”

“Just lay on the floor. I'll do the rest.”

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"I think the show is about to end," Robert said as Tommy dropped from view.

Josh and Leo watched as Charlene waved a hand toward them, then disappeared from the window. "I think it just did," Leo commented sadly.

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Tommy lay on the floor, his feet toward Charlene, his hands clasped behind his head, his cock standing nearly straight up. Charlene spread her legs and walked over top of Tommy, pausing right above his cock. She made a motion like she was going to sit down on it, but then took a couple more steps until she was over his face. She squatted, her dripping pussy inches from his lips. “Stick your tongue out,” she suggested teasingly, “I wanna run my pussy across it.”

He did as she suggested. Charlene lowered herself until her pussy lips were just grazing Tommy's tongue. She moved her body slowly, letting his tongue slide along her crack. Then she abruptly sat down, clamping his face between her legs.

Tommy pushed his tongue into his roommate as far as he could. Charlene rode his face like she might have ridden a horse. Tommy was drowning in her juices but munched away as if attacking a section of watermelon.

Charlene gulped deep breaths of air. She pinched her nipples – hard as rocks. She leaned back, smothering Tommy's face with her pussy, grabbed his cock and began to stroke it.

After a few strokes she blurted, “Oh god, I have got to have this in me.” She jumped up and threw herself spread-eagle on the couch. “Quick, fuck me. I have got to have your cock.”

Tommy dove for the couch. He grabbed Charlene and flipped her over. With her ass raised before him he jammed his cock between her legs. There was nothing gentle about it. They weren't making love, they were fucking. “Oh yes, fuck me!” Charlene screeched. Tommy wrapped his arms around her and held onto her tits as he drove his cock even deeper.

It didn't take long. Charlene was screaming, “Yes, yes, fuck me, fuck me harder,” as Tommy, panting for breath, pistoned his rigid cock in and out of her. With one powerful thrust he shot his sperm into her. Charlene's mouth flew open with a long, low, moan as her body jerked in spasms of delight.

Charlene fell forward, Tommy's cock slipping free. “My god,” she said with a burst of breath, “I have been wanting that all day.”

Tommy was still trying to catch his breath. “You mean,” he managed to say between breaths, “like even when you were uh, half naked with us guys, at the beach?”

“Oh yeah... and you are right, it really is a good thing we got out of there when we did.”

“Meaning?”

“Ummmh... Promise you won't get mad?”

Tommy's breathing was nearly back to normal. Still he hesitated before replying. “Okay. I promise I won't get mad. So tell me.”

“Watching four stiff cocks all day,” she began. “Well, let's put it this way. I don't think it would have been rape.” Charlene buried her face in the pillow. She didn't want to see what she was sure would be an angry look on Tommy's face.

He hesitated a few seconds, processing what he had just heard. “You mean,” he began slowly, “you might have fucked us all?”

Charlene turned her head and looked squarely at Tommy, who was lying at her side. “Well I know it never would have happened, but...” She wrapped her fingers around Tommy's now limp cock. “...the thought did cross my mind.” She grinned.

And she's not even eighteen, yet?